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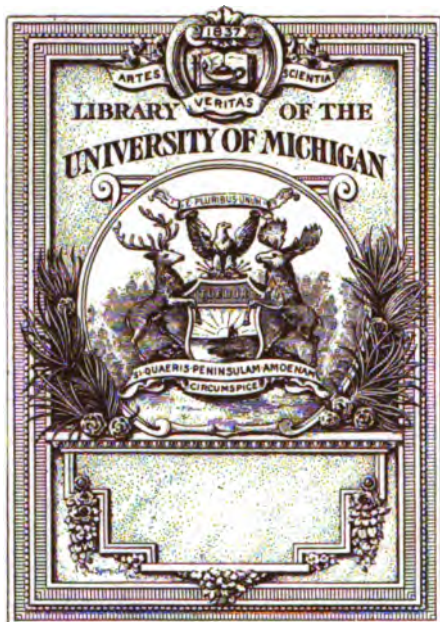
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# THE IDLER

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE

EDITED BY  
JEROME K. JEROME

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# THE IDLER.

VOL. X.

AUGUST, 1896.

NO. I.

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## THE BUTTERFLY.

FROM THE WATER-COLOUR DRAWING BY HAL HURST, R.B.A.

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# THE CHOICE OF CYRIL HARJOHN.\*

BY JEROME K. JEROME.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. DEWAR.



BETWEEN a junior resident master of twenty-one, and a backward lad of fifteen, there yawns an impassable gulf. Between a struggling journalist of one-and-thirty, and an M.D. of twenty-five, with a brilliant record behind him, and a career of exceptional promise before him, a close friendship is permissible.

My introduction to Cyril Harjohn was through the Rev. Charles Fauerberg.

"Our young friend," said the Rev. Mr. Fauerberg, standing in the most appropried tutorial attitude, with his hand upon his pupil's shoulders; "—our young friend has been somewhat neglected, but I see in him possibilities warranting hope—warranting, I may say, very great hope. For the present, he will be under my especial care; and you will not therefore concern yourself with his studies. He will sleep with Milling and the others in dormitory number two."

The lad formed a liking for me, and I think, and hope, I rendered his sojourn at "Alpha House" less irksome than otherwise it might have been. The Reverend Charles' method with the backward was on all fours with that adopted for the bringing on of geese; he cooped them up and crammed them. The process is profitable to the trainer, but painful to the goose.

Young Harjohn and myself left "Alpha House" at the end of the same term; he bound for Brasenose, I for Bloomsbury. He made a point of never coming up to London without calling on me, when we

would dine together in one of Soho's many dingy, garlic-scented restaurants; and afterwards, over our bottle of cheap Beaune, discuss the coming of our lives; and when he entered Guy's I left John Street, and took chambers close to his in Staple Inn. Those were pleasant days; childhood is an overrated period, fuller of sorrow than of joy. I would not take my childhood back, were it a gift; but I would give the rest of my life to live the twenties over again.

To Cyril I was the man of the world, and he looked to me for wisdom, not seeing always, I fear, that he got it; while from him, I gathered enthusiasm, and learnt the profit that comes to a man from the keeping of ideals.

Often as we have talked, I have felt as though a visible light came from him, framing his face as with the halo of some pictured saint. Nature had wasted him, putting him into this nineteenth century of ours. Her victories are accomplished. Her army of heroes, the few sung, the many forgotten, is disbanded. The long peace won by their blood and pain is settled on the land. She had fashioned Cyril Harjohn for one of her soldiers. He would have been a martyr, in the days when thought led to the stake, a fighter for the truth, when to speak one's mind meant death. To lead some forlorn hope for Civilisation would have been his true work; Fate had condemned him to scientific sentry duty in a well ordered barrack.

But there is work to be done in the world, though the labour lies now in the vineyard, not on the battlefield. A small

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but sufficient fortune purchased for him freedom. To most men, an assured income is the grave of ambition ; to Cyril, it was the foundation of his hopes. Relieved from the necessity of working to live, he could afford the luxury of living to work. His profession was to him a passion ; he regarded it, not with the cold curiosity of the scientist, but with the imaginative devotion of the enthusiast. To help to push its frontiers forward, to carry its flag farther into the untravelled desert that ever lies beyond the moving boundary of human knowledge, was his dream.

One summer evening, I remember, we were sitting in his rooms ; and during a silence there came to us through the open window the moaning of the city, as of a tired child. He rose and stretched his arms out towards the darkening streets, as if he would gather to him all the toiling men and women and comfort them.

"Oh, that I could help you !" he cried, "my brothers and my sisters. Take my life, oh God, and spend it for me among your people."

The speech sounds theatrical, as I read it, written down, but to the young, such words are not ridiculous, as to us older men.

In the natural order of events, he fell in love, and with just the woman one would expect to attract him and to be attracted by him. Elspeth Grant was of the type from which the world, by instinct rather than by convention, has drawn its Madonnas and its saints. To describe a woman in words is impossible. Her beauty was not a possession to be catalogued, but herself. One felt it as one feels the beauty of a summer's dawn, breaking the shadows of a sleeping city ; but one cannot set it down. I often met her, and, when talking to her, I knew myself,—I, hack-journalist, frequenter of Fleet Street bars, retailer of smoke-room stories—a great gentleman, incapable of meanness, fit for all noble deeds.

In her presence life became a thing beautiful and gracious ; a school for courtesy, and tenderness, and simplicity.

I have wondered since, coming to see a little more clearly into the ways of men, whether it would not have been better had she been less spiritual, had her nature possessed a greater alloy of earth, making it more fit for the uses of this work-a-day world. But at the time, these two friends of mine seemed to me to have been created for one another.

She appealed to all that was highest in Cyril's character, and he worshipped her with an unconcealed adoration that, from any man less high-minded, would have appeared affectation, and which she accepted with the sweet content that Artemis might have accorded to the homage of Endymion.

There was no formal engagement between them. Cyril seemed to shrink from the materialising of his love by any thought of marriage. To him she was an ideal of womanhood rather than a flesh-and-blood woman. His love for her was a religion ; it had no taint of earthly passion in its composition.

Had I known the world better I might have anticipated the result ; for the red blood ran in my friend's veins : and, alas, we dream our poems, not live them. But at the time, the idea of any other woman coming between them would have appeared to me folly. The suggestion that that other woman might be Geraldine Fawley I should have resented as an insult to my intelligence : that is the point of the story I do not understand to this day.

That he should be attracted by her, that he should love to linger near her, watching the dark flush come and go across her face, seeking to call the fire into her dark eyes was another matter, and quite comprehensible ; for the girl was wonderfully handsome, with a bold, voluptuous beauty which invited while it dared. But considered in any other light



"I THINK HER THE EMBODIMENT OF ALL THAT IS EVIL IN WOMANHOOD."

than that of an animal, she repelled. At times when, for her ends, it seemed worth the exertion, she would assume a certain wayward sweetness; but her acting was always clumsy and exaggerated, capable of deceiving no one except a fool.

Cyril, at all events, was not taken in by it. One evening, at a Bohemian gathering, the *entrée* to which was notoriety rather than character, they had been talking together for some considerable time when, wishing to speak to Cyril, I strolled up to join them. As I came towards them she moved away, her dislike for me being equal to mine for her; a thing which was, perhaps, well for me.

"Miss Fawley prefers two as company to three," I observed, looking after her retreating figure.

"I am afraid she finds you what we should call an anti-sympathetic element," he replied, laughing.

"Do you like her?" I asked him, somewhat bluntly.

His eyes rested upon her as she stood

in the doorway, talking to a small, black-bearded man who had just been introduced to her. After a few moments she went out upon his arm, and then Cyril turned to me.

"I think her," he replied, speaking, as was necessary, very low, "the embodiment of all that is evil in womanhood. In old days she would have been a Cleopatra, a Theodora, a Delilah. To-day, lacking opportunity, she is the 'smart woman' grubbing for an opening into society—and old Fawley's daughter. I'm tired; let's go home."

His allusion to her parentage was significant. Few people thought of connecting clever, handsome Geraldine Fawley with "Rogue Fawley," Jew, renegade, ex-gaol-bird, and outside broker; who, having expectations from his daughter, took care not to hamper her by ever being seen in her company. But no one who had once met the father could ever forget the relationship while talking to the daughter. The older face,

with its cruelty, its cunning, and its greed stood reproduced, feature for feature, line for line. It was as though Nature, for an artistic freak, had set herself the task of fashioning hideousness and beauty from precisely the same materials. Between the leer of the man and the smile of the girl, where lay the difference? It would have puzzled any student of anatomy to point it out. Yet the one sickened, while to gain the other most men would have given much.

Cyril's answer to my question satisfied me for the time. He met the girl often, as was natural. She was a singer of some repute, and our social circle was what is commonly called "literary and artistic." To do her justice, however, she made no attempt to fascinate him, nor even to be particularly agreeable to him. Indeed, she seemed to be at pains to show him her natural—in other words, her most objectionable side.

Coming out of the theatre one first night, we met her in the lobby. I was following Cyril at some little distance, but as he stopped to speak to her the movement of the crowd placed me just behind them.

"Will you be at the Leightons' to-morrow?" I heard him ask her in a low tone.

"Yes," she answered, "and I wish you wouldn't come."

"Why not?"

"Because you're a fool, and you bore me."

Under ordinary circumstances I should have taken the speech for badinage—it was the kind of wit the woman would have indulged in. But Cyril's face clouded with anger and vexation. I said nothing. I did not wish him to know that I had overheard. I tried to believe that he was amusing himself, but my own explanation did not satisfy me.

Next evening I went to the Leightons' by myself. The Grants were in town, and Cyril was dining with them. I found

I did not know many people, and cared little for those I did. I was about to escape when Miss Fawley's name was announced. I was close to the door, and she had to stop and speak to me. We exchanged a few commonplaces. She either made love to a man or was rude to him. She generally talked to me without looking at me, nodding and smiling meanwhile to people around. I have met many women equally ill-mannered, and without her excuse. For a moment, however, she turned her eyes to mine.

"Where's your friend, Mr. Harjohn?" she asked. "I thought you were inseparables."

I looked at her in astonishment. "He's dining out to-night," I replied. "I do not think he will come."

She laughed; I think it was the worst part about the woman, her laugh; it suggested so much cruelty.

"I think he will," she said.

It angered me into an indiscretion. She was moving away. I stepped in front of her and stopped her.

"What makes you think so?" I asked, and my voice, I know, betrayed the anxiety I felt as to her reply. She looked me straight in the face; there was one virtue she possessed—the virtue that animals hold above mankind—truthfulness. She knew I disliked her—hate would be, perhaps, a more exact expression, did not the word sound out of date, and she made no pretence of not knowing it and returning the compliment.

"Because I am here," she answered. "Why don't you save him? Have you no influence over him? Tell the Saint to keep him; I don't want him. You heard what I said to him last night. I shall only marry him for the sake of his position, and the money he can earn if he likes to work and not play the fool. Tell him what I have said, I shan't deny it."

She passed on to greet a decrepit old lord with a languishing smile, and I stood



I STEPPED IN FRONT OF HER, AND STOPPED HER.

staring after her with, I fear, a somewhat stupid expression, until some young fool came up grinning, to ask me whether I had seen a ghost or backed a "wrong-un."

There was no need to wait; I felt no curiosity. Something told me the woman had spoken the truth. It was mere want of motive that made me linger. I saw him come in, and watched him hanging round her, like a dog, waiting for a kind word, or, failing that, a kick. I knew she saw me, and I knew it added to her zest that I was there. Not till we were in the street did I speak to him. He started as I touched him. We were neither of us good actors; he must have read much in my face, and I saw that he had read it; and we walked side by side in silence, I thinking what to say, wondering whether I should do good or harm, wishing that we were anywhere but in these silent, life-packed streets, so filled with the unseen. The Leightons' house was in Chelsea, but it was not till we had nearly reached the Albert Hall that we broke the silence. Then it was he who spoke:

"Do you think I haven't told myself all that?" he said. "Do you think I don't know I'm a damned fool, a cad, a liar! What the devil's the good of talking about it?"

"But I can't understand it," I said.

"No," he replied, "because you're a fool, because you have only seen one side of me. You think me a grand gentleman, because I talk big, and am full of noble sentiment. Why, you idiot, the Devil himself could take you in. *He* has his fine moods, I suppose, talks like a saint, and says his prayers like the rest of us. Do you remember the first night at Old Fauerberg's? You poked your silly head into the dormitory, and saw me kneeling by the bedside, while the other fellows stood by grinning. You closed the door softly—you thought I never saw you. I was not praying, I was trying to pray."

"It showed that you had pluck, if it

showed nothing else," I answered. "Most boys would not have tried, and you kept it up."

"Ah, yes," he answered, "I promised the Mater I would, and I did. Poor old soul, she was as big a fool as you are. She believed in me. But don't you remember finding me one Saturday afternoon all alone, stuffing myself with cake and jam?"

I laughed at the recollection, though Heaven knows I was feeling in no laughing mood. I had found him with an array of pastry spread out before him, sufficient to make him ill for a week, and I had boxed his ears, and had thrown the whole collection into the road.

"The Mater gave me half-a-crown a week for pocket-money," he continued, "and I told the fellows I had only a shilling, so that I could gorge myself with the other eighteen-pence undisturbed. Pah! I was a little beast even in those days!"

"It was only a schoolboy trick," I argued, "it was natural enough."

"Yes," he answered, "and this is only a man's trick, and is natural enough; but it is going to ruin my life, to turn me into a beast instead of a man. Good God! do you think I don't know what that woman will do for me? She will drag me down, down, down, to her own level. All my ideals, all my ambition, all my life's work will be bartered for a smug practice, among paying patients. I shall scheme and plot to make a big income that we may live like a couple of plump animals, that we may dress ourselves gaudily and parade our wealth. Nothing will satisfy her; such women are leeches; their only cry is 'give, give, give.' So long as I can supply her with money she will tolerate me, and to get it for her, I shall sell my heart, and my brain, and my soul. She will load herself with jewels, and go about from house to house, half-naked, to leer at every man she comes across: that is life to such women. And



I shall trot behind her, the laughing-stock of every fool, the contempt of every man."

His vehemence made any words I could say sound weak before they were uttered. What argument could I show stronger than that he had already put before himself. I knew his answers to everything I could urge.

My mistake had been in imagining him different from other men. I began to see that he was like the rest of us: part angel, part devil. But the new point he revealed to me, was that the higher the one, the lower the other. It seems as if nature must balance her work; the nearer the leaves to heaven, the deeper the roots striking down into the darkness. I knew that his passion for this woman made no change in his truer love. The one was a spiritual, the other a mere animal passion. The memory of incidents that had puzzled me came back to enlighten me. I remembered how often on nights when I had sat up late, working, I had heard his steps pass my door, heavy and uncertain; how once in a dingy quarter of London, I had met one who had strangely resembled him. I had followed him to speak, but the man's bleared eyes had stared angrily at me, and I had turned away, calling myself a fool for my mistake. But as I looked at the face beside me now, I understood.

And then there rose up before my eyes, the face I knew better, the eager noble face that to merely look upon had been good. We had reached a small, evil-smelling street, leading from Leicester Square towards Holborn. I caught him by the shoulders and turned him round with his back against some church railings. I forget what I said. We are strange mixtures; I thought of the shy, backward boy I had coached and bullied at old Fauerberg's; of the laughing handsome lad I had watched grow into manhood. The very restaurant we had most frequented in his old Oxford days—where we

had poured out our souls to one another, was in this street where we were standing. For the moment, I felt towards him as perhaps his mother might have felt; I wanted to scold him and to cry with him; to shake him and put my arms about him. I pleaded with him, and urged him, and called him every name I could put my tongue to. It must have seemed an odd conversation. A passing policeman, making a not unnatural mistake, turned his bull's-eye upon us, and advised us sternly to go home. We laughed; and with that laugh, Cyril came back to his own self, and we walked on to Staple Inn more soberly. He promised me to go away by the very first train the next morning, and to travel for some four or five months, and I undertook to make all the necessary explanations for him.

We both felt better for our talk, and when I wished him good-night at his door, it was the real Cyril Harjohn whose hand I gripped,—the real Cyril because the best that is in a man is his real self. If there be any future for man beyond this world, it is the good that is in him that will live. The other side of him is of the earth; it is that he will leave behind him.

He kept his word. In the morning he was gone, and I never saw him again. I had many letters from him, hopeful at first, full of strong resolves. He told me he had written Elspeth, not telling her everything, for that she would not understand, but so much as would explain; and from her, he had had sweet womanly letters in reply. I feared she might have been cold and unsympathetic, for often good women, untouched by temptation themselves, have small tenderness for those who struggle. But her goodness was something more than a mere passive quantity; she loved him the better because he had need of her. I believe she would have saved him from himself, had not fate interfered and taken the matter out of her hands. Women are capable of

big sacrifices ; I think this woman would have been content to lower herself, if by so doing she could have raised him.

But it was not to be. From India he wrote me that he was coming home. I had not met the Fawley woman for some time, and she had gone out of my mind until one day, chancing upon a theatrical paper, some weeks old, I read that "Miss Fawley had sailed for Calcutta to fulfil an engagement of long standing."

I had his last letter in my pocket ; I sat down and worked out the question of date. She would arrive in Calcutta the day before he left. Whether it was chance or intention on her part I never knew ; as likely as not the former, for there is a fatalism in this world, shaping our ends.

I heard no more from him, I hardly expected to do so, but three months later a mutual acquaintance stopped me on the Club steps.

"Have you heard the news," he said, "about young Harjohn ?"

"No," I replied. "Is he married ?"

"Married," he answered. "No, poor devil, he's dead !"

"Thank God," was on my lips, but fortunately I checked myself. "How did it happen ?" I asked.

"At a shooting party, up at some Rajah's place. Must have caught his gun in some brambles, I suppose. The bullet went clean through his head."

"Dear me," I said, "how very sad !" I could think of nothing else to say at the moment.



*Ada Clapp.*



CONUNDRUMS.

*By Max Cowper.*

"Why is this bottle like the villain of the piece?"

"Because it's foiled."

"And like the comic old man?"

"Because it's made up to look like eighty-four, but isn't."

"And like the auditorium?"

"Because it will soon be empty. *Buons!*"

# PHROSO: A ROMANCE.\*

BY ANTHONY HOPE.

ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. MILLAR.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### THE SMILES OF MOURAKI PASHA.



THIS dinner-table Mouraki proved a charming companion. His official reserve and pride vanished; he called me by my name simply, and extorted a similar mode of address from my modesty. He professed rapture at meeting a civilised and pleasant companion in such an out-of-the-way-place; he postponed the troubles of Neopalia in favour of a profusion of amusing reminiscences and anecdotes. He gave me a delightful evening, and bade me the most cordial of good-nights. I did not know whether his purpose had been to captivate or merely to analyse me; he had gone near to the former, and I doubted not that he had succeeded entirely in the latter. Well, there was nothing I wanted to conceal—unless it might be something that I was still striving to conceal even from myself.

I rose very early the next morning; the Pasha was not expected to appear for two or three hours, and he had not requested my presence till ten o'clock breakfast. I hastened off to the harbour, boarded the yacht, enjoyed a merry cup of coffee and a glorious bathe with Denny. Denny was anxious to know my plans—whether I meant to return or to stay. The idea of departure was odious to me; I enlarged on the beauties of the island, but Denny's shrug insinuated a doubt of my candour. I declared that I saw no reason for going, but must be guided by the Pasha.

"Where's the girl?" asked Denny abruptly.

"She's up at the house," I answered carelessly.

"Hum! Heard anything about Constantine being hanged?"

"Not a word; Mouraki has not touched on business."

Denny had projected a sail, and was not turned from his purpose by my inability to accompany him. Promising to meet him again in the evening, I took my way back up the street, where a day or two ago my life would have paid for my venturing, where now I was as safe as in Hyde Park. Women gave me civil greetings; the men did the like or, at worst, ignored me. I saw the soldiers on guard at Constantine's prison, and pursued my path to the house. My island was beautiful that morning, and the blood flowed merrily in my veins. I thought of Phroso; where was the remorse that I vainly summoned?

Suddenly I saw Kortès before me, walking along slowly. He was relieved of his duty, then, and Constantine was no longer in his hands. Overtaking him, I began to talk. He listened for a little, and then raised his calm honest eyes to mine.

"And the Lady Phroso?" he said gently. "What of her?"

I told him what I knew, softening the story of Mouraki's harshness.

"And you have not spoken to her yet?" he asked. Then, coming a step nearer, he said, "She shuns you perhaps?"

"I don't know," said I, feeling embarrassed under the man's direct gaze.

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**I SAW KORTES BEFORE ME.**

"It is natural, but only till she has seen you once. I pray you not to linger, my lord. For she suffers shame at having told her love, even though it was to save you. It is hard for a maiden to speak unasked."

I leant my back against the rocky bank by the road.

"Lose no time in telling her your love, my lord," he urged. "It may be that she guesses, but her shame will trouble her till she hears it from your lips. Seek her, seek her without delay."

I had forgotten the beauty of the island,

and I felt my eyes drop before Kortes' look. But I shrugged my shoulders, saying carelessly:

"It was only a friendly device the Lady Phroso played to save me. She does not really love me. It was a trick. I will thank her for it, for it was of great help to me, and a hard thing for her to do."

"It was no trick. You know it was none. Was not the love in every tone of her voice? Is it not in every glance of her eye when she is with you—and most when she will not look at you?"

"How came you to read her looks so well?" I asked.

"From studying them deeply," said he simply. "I do not know if I love her, my lord, for she is so much above me that my thoughts have not dared to fly to the height. But I would die for her, and I love no other. To me, you, my lord, should be the happiest, proudest man alive. Pray speak to her soon, my lord. My sister, whom you saw hold her in her arms, would have made me sure if I had doubted. The lady murmurs your name in her sleep."

A sudden irresistible exultation took hold on me. I think it turned my face red, for Kortés smiled, saying, "Ah, you believe now, my lord?"

"Believe!" I cried. "No, I don't believe. A thousand times, no! I don't believe!" For I was crushing that exultation now as a man crushes the foulest temptings.

A puzzled look spread over Kortés' eyes, and there was silence between us for some moments.

"It's absurd," said I, in weak protest. "She has known me only a few days, only a few hours rather, and there were other things to think of then than love-making."

"Love," said he, "is made most readily when a man does not think of it, and a stout arm serves a suitor better than soft words. You fought for her; you proved yourself a man before her eyes. Fear not, my lord; she loves you."

"Fear not!" I exclaimed, in a low bitter whisper.

"She said it herself," continued Kortés. "'As her life, and more.'"

"Hold your tongue, man!" I cried fiercely. "In the devil's name, what has it to do with you?"

A great wonder showed on his face, then a doubting fear; he came closer to me and whispered so low that I hardly heard:

"What ails you? Is it not well that she should love you?"

"Let me alone," I cried, "I'll not answer your questions!" Why was the fellow to cross-examine me? Ah, there's the guilty man's old question; he loves a fine mock-indignation, and hugs it to his heart.

Kortés drew back a pace and bowed, as though in apology; but there was no apology in the glance he fixed on me. I would not look him in the face. I drew myself up as tall as I could, and put on my haughtiest air. If he could have seen how small I felt inside!

"Enough, Kortés," said I, with a lordly air. "No doubt your intentions are good, but you forget what is becoming from you to me."

He was not awed; and I think he perceived some of the truth—not all; for he said, "You made her love you; that does not happen unless a man's own acts help it."

"Do girls never rush uninvited on love, then?" I sneered.

"Yes, but she would not," he answered steadily.

He said no more; I nodded to him and set forward on my way. He bowed slightly, and stood still where he was, watching me. I felt his eyes on me after we had parted. I was in a very tumult of discomfort. The man had humiliated me to the ground. I hoped against hope that he was wrong; and again, in helpless self-contradiction, my heart cried out, insisting on its shameful joy because he was right. Right or wrong, wrong or right, what did it matter? Either way now lay misery, either way now lay a struggle that I shrank from and abhorred.

I was somewhat delayed by this interview, and when I arrived at the house I found Mouraki already at breakfast. He apologised for not having awaited my coming, saying, "I have transacted much business. Oh, I have not been in bed all the time! And I grew hungry. I have been receiving some reports on the state of the island."

"It is quiet enough now. Your arrival has had a most calming effect."

"Yes, they know me. They are very much afraid, for they think I shall be very hard on them. They remember my last visit."

He made no reference to Constantine, and, although I wondered rather at his silence, I did not venture again to question him. I wished that I knew what had happened on his last visit. A man with a mouth like Mouraki's might cause anything to happen.

"I shall keep them in suspense a little while," he pursued, smiling. "It's good for them. Oh, by the way, Wheatley, you may as well take this. Or shall I tear it up?" And he suddenly held out to me the document which I had written and given to Phroso when I restored the island to her.

"She gave you this?" I cried.

"She?" asked Mouraki, with a smile of mockery. "Is there, then, only one woman in the world?" he seemed to ask sneeringly.

"The Lady Euphrosyne, to whom I gave it," I explained with what dignity I could.

"The Lady Phroso, yes," said he. ("Hang his 'Phroso!'" thought I.) "I had her before me this morning and made her give it up."

"I can only give it back to her, you know."

"My dear Wheatley, if you like to amuse yourself in that way, I can have no possible objection. Until, however, you obtain a firman, you will continue to be Lord of Neopalia and this Phroso no more than a very rebellious young lady. But you will enjoy a pleasant interview and no harm will be done. Give it back by all means." And he smiled again, shrugging his shoulders, and lit a cigarette. His manner was the perfection of polite patient gentlemanly contempt.

"It seems easier to get an island than to get rid of one," said I, trying to carry off my annoyance with a laugh.

"It is the case with so many things," agreed Mouraki; "debts, diseases, enemies, wives,—lovers."

There was a little pause before the last word, so little that I could not tell whether it was intentional or not; and I had learnt to expect no enlightenment from Mouraki's face or eyes. But he chose himself to solve the mystery this time.

"Do I touch delicate ground?" he asked. "Ah, my dear lord, I find from my reports that in the accounts you gave me of your experiences you let modesty stand in the way of candour. It was natural perhaps. I do not blame you, since I have found out elsewhere what you did not tell me. Yet it was hardly a secret, for everybody in Neopalia knew it."

I smoked my cigarette, feeling highly embarrassed and very uncomfortable.

"And I am told," pursued Mouraki with his malicious smile, "that the idea of a Wheatley-Stefanopoulos dynasty is by no means unpopular. Constantine's little tricks have disgusted them with him."

"What are you going to do with him?" I ask, risking any offence now in order to turn the topic.

"Do you really like jumping from subject to subject?" asked Mouraki plaintively. "I am, I suppose, a slow-minded Oriental, and it fatigues me horribly."

I could have thrown the cigarette I was smoking in his face with keen pleasure.

"It is for your Excellency to choose the topic," said I, restraining my fury.

"Oh, don't let us have 'Excellencies' when we're alone together! Indeed, I congratulate you on your conquest. She is magnificent; and it was charming of her to make her declaration. That's what has pleased the islanders; they are romantic savages, after all, and the chivalry of it touches them."

"It must touch anybody," said I.

"Ah, I suppose so," said Mouraki, flicking away his ash; "I questioned her a little about it this morning."

"You questioned her?" For all I could do there was a quiver of anger in my voice. I heard it myself, and it did not escape my companion's notice. His smile grew broader.

"Precisely. I have to consider everything," said he. "I assure you, my dear Wheatley, that I did it in the most delicate possible manner."

"It couldn't be done in a delicate manner."

"I struggled," said Mouraki, assuming his plaintive tone again and spreading out deprecatory hands.

Was Mouraki merely amusing himself with a little "chaff," or had he a purpose? He seemed like a man who would have a purpose. I grew cool on the thought of it.

"And did the lady answer your questions?" I asked nonchalantly.

"Wouldn't it be a treachery in me to tell you what she said?" countered Mouraki.

"I think not; because there's no doubt that the whole thing was only a good-natured device of hers."

"Ah! A very good-natured device indeed! She must be an amiable girl," smiled the Pasha. "Precisely the sort of girl to make a man's home happy."

"She hasn't much chance of marriage in Neopalia," said I.

"Heaven makes a way," observed Mouraki piously. "By-the-bye, the device seems to have imposed on our acquaintance Kortès."

"Oh, perhaps," I shrugged. "He is a little smitten himself, I think, and so very ready to be jealous."

"How discriminating!" murmured Mouraki admiringly. "As a fact, my dear Wheatley, the lady said nothing. She chose to take offence."

"You surprise me!" I exclaimed, with elaborate sarcasm.

"And would not speak. But her blushes were most lovely—yes, most lovely. I envied you, upon my word I did."

"Since it's not true——"

"Oh, a thing may be very pleasant to hear, even if it's not true. Sincerity in love is an added charm, but not, my dear fellow, a necessity."

A pause followed this reflection of the Pasha's. Then he remarked:

"After all, we must not judge these people as we should judge ourselves. If Constantine had not already a wife——"

"What?" I cried, leaping up.

"And perhaps that difficulty is not insuperable."

"He deserves nothing but hanging."

"A reluctant wife is hardly better."

"Of course you don't mean it?"

"It seems to disturb you so much."

"It's a monstrous idea."

Mouraki laughed in quiet enjoyment of my excitement.

"Then Kortès?" he suggested.

"He is infinitely her inferior. Besides—forgive me—why is it your concern to marry her to anyone?"

"In a single state she is evidently a danger to the peace of the island," he answered, with assumed gravity. "Now, your young friend——"

"Oh, Denny's a boy."

"You reject everyone," he said, patetically, and his eyes dwelt on me in amused scrutiny.

"Your suggestions, my dear Pasha, seem hardly serious," said I huffily. He was too many for me, and I struggled in vain against betraying my ruffled temper.

"Well, then, I will make two serious ones; that is a handsome *amende*. And for the first—yourself!"

I waved my hand and gave an embarrassed laugh.

"You say nothing to that?"

"Oughtn't I to hear the alternative first?"

"Indeed it is only reasonable. Well, then, the alternative——" He paused, laughed, lit another cigarette. "The alternative is—myself," said he.



"Still not serious!" I exclaimed, forcing a smile.

"Absolutely serious," he asserted. "I have the misfortune to be a widower, and for the second time, so unkind is heaven. She is most charming. I have, perhaps, a position that would atone for some want of youth and romantic attractions."

"Of course, if she likes——"

"I don't think she would persist in refusing," said Mouraki, with a thoughtful smile; and he went on, "Three years ago when I came here, she struck me as a beautiful child, one likely to become a beautiful woman. You see for yourself that I am not disappointed. My wife was alive at that time, but in bad health. Still I hardly thought seriously of it then, and the idea did not recur to me till I saw Phroso again. You look surprised."

"Well, I am surprised."

"You don't think her attractive, then?"

"Frankly, that is not the reason for my surprise."

"Shall I go on? You think me old? It is a young man's delusion, my dear Wheatley."

Bear-baiting may have been excellent sport, its defenders so declare, but I do not remember that it was ever considered pleasant for the bear. I felt now much as the bear must have felt. I rose abruptly from the table.

"All these things require thought," said Mouraki gently. "We will talk of them again this afternoon. I have a little business to do now."

Saying this, he rose and took his way leisurely upstairs. I was left alone in the hall so familiar to me; and my first thought was a regret that I was not again a prisoner there, with Constantine seeking my life, Phroso depending on my protection, and Mouraki administering some other portion of his district. That condition of things had been, no doubt, rather too exciting to be pleasant; but it had not made me harassed, wretched, humiliated, exasperated almost beyond

endurance; and such was the mood in which the two conversations of the morning left me.

A light step sounded on the stair; and the figure that I wished least of all figures in the world to see then, that I took more joy in seeing than any in the world besides, appeared before me. Phroso came down. She reached the floor of the hall and she saw me. For a long moment we each rested as we were. Then she stepped towards me, and I rose with a bow. She was very pale, but a smile came on her lips as she murmured a greeting to me and passed on. I should have done better to let her go. I rose and followed. On the marble pavement by the threshold I overtook her; there we stood again, looking on the twinkling sea in the distance, as we had looked before. I was seeking what to say.

"I must thank you," I said, "yet I can't. It was magnificent."

Then the colour suddenly flooded her face.

"You understood?" she murmured. "You understood why? It seemed the only way. And I think it did help a little."

I bent down and kissed her hand.

"I don't care whether it helped," I said. "It was the thing itself."

"I didn't care for them—the people—but when I thought what you would think——" She could not go on, but drew her hand, which she had left an instant in mine as though forgetful of it, suddenly away.

"I—I knew, of course, that it was only a—a stratagem," said I. "Oh, yes, I knew that directly."

"Yes," whispered she, looking over the sea.

"Yes," said I, looking also over the sea.

"And you forgive it?"

"Forgive!" My voice came low and husky. I did not see why such things should be laid on a man; I did not



I BENT DOWN AND KISSED HER HAND.

know if I could endure them. Yet I could not have left her then for an angel's crown.

"And you will forget it? I mean, you——?" The whisper died into silence.

"So long as I live, I will not forget it," said I.

Then, by a seemingly irresistible impulse that came upon both of us, we looked in one another's eyes, a long look that lingered and was loth to end. As I looked, I saw, in joy that struggled with shame, a new light in the glowing depths of Phroso's eyes, a greeting of an undreamt happiness, a terrified delight. Then her lids drooped and she began to speak quietly and low.

"It came on me that I might help if I said it, because the islanders love me, and so, perhaps, they wouldn't hurt you. But I couldn't look at you. I only prayed you would understand, that you wouldn't think—oh, that you wouldn't think—that—of me, my lord! And I did not know how to meet you to day, but I had to."

I stood silent beside her, curiously conscious of every detail of nature's picture before me; for I had turned from her again, and my eyes roamed over sea and island. But at that moment there came from one of the narrow windows of the old house, directly above our heads, the sound of a low, amused, luxurious chuckle. A look of dread and shrinking spread over Phroso's face.

"Ah, that man!" she exclaimed in an agitated whisper.

"What of him?"

"He has been here before. I have seen him smile and heard him laugh like that when he sent men to death, and looked on while they died. Yes, men of our own island, men who had served us and were our friends. Ah, he frightens me, that man!" And she shuddered, stretching out her hand in an unconscious gesture as though she would ward off some horrible thing. "I have heard

him laugh like that when a woman asked her son's life of him and a girl her lover's. It kills me to be near him. He has no pity. My lord, intercede with him for the islanders. They are ignorant men, they did not know."

"Not one shall be hurt, if I can help it," said I earnestly. "But——" I stopped; yet I would go on, and I added, "Have you no fear of him yourself?"

"What can he do to me?" she asked. "He talked to me this morning about——about you. I hate to talk with him. But what can he do to me?"

I was silent. Mouraki had not hinted to her the idea that he had suggested, in puzzling ambiguity between jest and earnest, to me. Her eyes questioned me; then suddenly she laid her hand on my arm, and said:

"And you would protect me, my lord. While you were here, I should be safe."

"While!" The little word struck cold on my heart; my eyes showed her the blow; in a minute she understood. She raised her hand from where it lay and pointed out towards the sea. I saw the pretty trim little yacht running home for the harbour after her morning cruise.

"Yes, while you are here, my lord," she said with the most pitiful of brave smiles.

"As long as you want me, I shall be here," I assured her.

She raised her eyes to mine; the colour came again to her face.

"As long as you are in any danger," I added in explanation.

"Ah, yes!" said she, with a sigh and drooping eyelids; and she went on in a moment, as though recollecting a civility due and not paid, "You are very good to me, my lord. For your island has treated you unkindly, and you will be glad to sail away from it to your home."

"It is," said I, bending towards her, "the most beautiful island in the world, and I would love to stay in it all my life."

Again the pleased contented chuckle sounded from the window over our heads. It seemed to strike Phroso with a new fit of sudden fear. With a faint cry she darted her hand out and seized mine.

"Don't be afraid. He shan't hurt you," said I.

A moment later we heard steps descending the stairs inside the house. Mouraki appeared on the threshold. Phroso had sprung away from me and stood a few paces off. Yet Mouraki knew that we had not stood thus distantly before his steps were heard. He looked at Phroso and then at me: a blush from her, a scowl from me, filled any gaps in his knowledge. He stood there smiling—I began to hate the Pasha's smiles—for a moment, and then came forward. He bowed slightly but civilly enough to Phroso; then to my astonishment he took my hand and began to shake it with a great appearance of effusion.

"Really, I beg your pardon?" said I. "What's the matter?"

"The matter?" he cried in high good-humour or what seemed such. "The matter? Why, the matter, my dear Wheatley, is that you appear to be both a very discreet fellow and a very fortunate one."

"I don't understand yet," said I, trying to hide my growing irritation.

"Surely it is no secret?" he asked. "It is generally known, is it not?"

"What's generally known?" I fairly roared in an exasperation that mastered all self-control.

The Pasha was not in the very least disturbed. He held a bundle of letters in his left hand and he began now to sort them. He ended by choosing one, which he held up before me, with a malicious humour twinkling from under his heavy brows.

"I get behindhand in my correspondence when I am on a voyage," said he. "This letter came to Rhodes about a week ago, together with a mass of public

papers, and I have only this morning opened it. It concerns you."

"Concerns me? Pray in what way?"

"Or rather it mentions you."

"Who is it from?" I asked. The man's face was full of triumphant spite, and I grew uneasy.

"It is," said he "from our ambassador in London. I think you know him."

"Slightly."

"Precisely."

"Well?"

"He asks how you are getting on in Neopalia, or whether I have any news of you."

"You'll be able to answer him now."

"Yes, yes, with great satisfaction. And he will be able to satisfy some enquiries which he has had."

I knew what was coming now. Mouraki beamed pleasure. I set my face. At Phroso, who stood all this while in silence near, I dared not look.

"From a certain lady who is most anxious about you."

"Ah!"

"A Miss Hipgrave—Miss Beatrice Hipgrave."

"Ah, yes!"

"Who is a friend of yours?"

"Certainly, my dear Pasha."

"Who is, in fact—let me shake hands again—your future wife. A thousand congratulations!"

"Oh, thanks, you're very kind," said I. "Yes, she is."

I declare that I must have played that scene—no easy one—well, for Mouraki's rapturous amusement disappeared. He seemed rather put out. He looked (and I hope felt) a trifle foolish. I kept a cool careless glance on him.

But his triumph came from elsewhere. He turned from me to Phroso, and my eyes followed his. She stood rigid, frozen, lifeless; she devoured my face with an appealing gaze. She made no sign and uttered no sound. Mouraki smiled again; and I said:

"Any London news, my dear Pasha?"

## CHAPTER XIV.

## A STROKE IN THE GAME

I was glad; as soon as I was alone and had time to think over Mouraki's *coup* I was glad. He had ended a false position into which my weakness had led me; he had rendered it possible for me to serve Phroso in friendship pure and simple; he had decided a struggle which I had failed to decide for myself. It would be easy now for both of us to repose on the fiction of a good-natured device and leave our innermost feelings in decent obscurity, while we counter-worked the scheme which the Pasha had in view. This scheme he now proceeded to forward with all the patience and ability of which he was master. For the next week or so matters seemed to stand still, but to a closer study they revealed slow, yet uninterrupted, movement. I was left almost entirely alone at the house; but I could not bring myself to abandon my position and seek the society of my friends on the yacht. Though reduced to idleness and robbed of any part in the drama, I would not forsake the stage, but lagged a superfluous spectator of an unpleasing piece. Mouraki was at work. He saw Phroso every day and for long interviews. I hardly set my eyes on her. The affairs of the island afforded him a constant pretext for conferring with, or dictating to, its lady; I had no excuse for forcing an intercourse which Phroso was evidently at pains to avoid. I could imagine the Pasha's progress, not in favour or willing acceptance, for I knew her fear and hatred of him, but in beating down her courage and creating a despair which would serve him as well as love. Beyond doubt he was serious in his design; his cool patience spoke settled purpose, his obvious satisfaction declared a conviction of success. He acquiesced in Phroso's seclusion, save when he sent for her; he triumphed in watching me spend weary hours in solitary pacing up and down before the house: he would look at me with

a covert exultation and amuse himself by a renewal of sympathetic congratulations on my engagement. I do not think that he wished me away. I was the sauce to his dish, the garlic in the salad, the spice in the sweetmeat over which he licked appreciative lips. Thus passed eight or ten days, and I grew more out of temper, more sour, and more determined with every setting sun. Denny ceased to pray my company: I was not to be moved from the neighbourhood of the house. I waited, the Pasha waited; he paved his way, I lay in ambush by it; he was bent on conquering Phroso, I had no design, only a passionate resolve that he should try a fall with me first.

There came a dark stormy evening, when the clouds sent down a thick close rain, and the wind blew in mournful gusts. Having escaped from Mouraki's talk, I had watched him go upstairs, and myself had come out to pace again my useless beat. I strayed a few hundred yards from the house, and turned to look at the light in the Governor's window. It shone bright and steady, seeming to typify his relentless steady purpose; a sudden oath escaped from the weary sickness of my heart; and there came an unlooked-for answer from my elbow.

"He acts, you talk, my lord. He works, you are content to curse him. Which will win?" said a grave voice; and Kortes' handsome figure was dimly visible in the darkness. "He works, she weeps, you curse. Who will win?" he asked again, folding his arms.

"Your question carries its own answer, doesn't it?" I retorted angrily.

"Yes, if I have put it right," said he; there was a touch of scorn in his voice that I did not care to hear. "Yes, it carries its own answer, if you are content to leave it as I stated it."

"Content! Good God!"

He drew nearer to me and whispered:

"This morning he told her his purpose; this evening again—yes, now, while we

talk—he is forcing it upon her. And what help has she?”

“She won’t let me help her; she won’t let me see her.”

“How can you help her, you who do nothing but curse?”

“Look here, Kortés,” said I, “I know all that. I’m a fool, and a worm, and everything else you like to intimate. But your contempt doesn’t seem much more practical than my cursing. What’s in your mind?”

“You must keep faith with this lady in your own land?”

“You know of her?”

“My sister has told me—she who waits on the Lady Euphrosyne.”

“Ah! Yes, I must keep faith with her.”

“And with Mouraki?” he asked.

My mind travelled with his; I caught him eagerly by the arm. I had his idea in a moment.

“Why that?” I asked. “Yes, Kortés, why that?”

“I thought you were so scrupulous, my lord.”

“I have no scruples in deceiving this Mouraki.”

“That is better, my lord,” he answered, with a grim smile. “By heavens, I thought we were to dance together at the wedding!”

“The wedding?” I cried. “I think not. Kortés, do you mean——?” I made a gesture that indicated some violence to Mouraki. But I added, “It must be open fight though.”

“You must not touch a hair of his head. The island would answer bitterly for that.”

We stood in silence for a moment. Then I gave a short laugh.

“My character is my own,” said I. “I may blacken it, if I like.”

“It is only in the eyes of Mouraki Pasha,” said Kortés with a smile.

“And will she understand? There must be no more——”

“She will understand. You shall see her.”

“You can contrive that?”

“Yes, with my sister’s help. Will you tell Mouraki first?”

“No—her first. She may refuse.”

“She loathes him too much to refuse anything.”

“Good. When, then?”

“To-night. She will leave him soon.”

“But he watches her to her room?”

“Yes, but you, my lord, know that there is another way.”

“Yes, yes, by the roof? The ladder?”

“It shall be there for you in an hour.”

“And you, Kortés?”

“I will wait at the foot of it. The Pasha himself should not mount it alive.”

“Kortés, it is trusting me much.”

“I know, my lord. If you were not a man to be trusted, you would do what you are going to pretend.”

“I hope you’re right. Kortés, it sets me aflame now to be near her.”

“Cannot I understand that, my lord?” said he with a sad smile.

“By heaven, you’re a good fellow!”

“I am a servant of the Stefanopouloi.”

“Your sister will tell her before I come? I could not tell her myself.”

“Yes, she shall be told before you come.”

“In an hour, then?”

“Yes.” And, without another word, he strode by me. I caught his hand as he went, and pressed it. Then I was alone in the darkness again, but with a plan in my head and a weapon in my hand, and no more empty useless cursings in my mouth. Busily rehearsing the part I was to play, I resumed my quick pacing. It was a hard part, but a good part; I would match Mouraki with his own weapons; my cynicism should beat his, my indifference to the claims of honour overtop his shameless use of terror or of force. The smiles should now be not all the Pasha’s; I would have a smile too,

one that would, I trusted, compel a scowl even from his smooth inscrutable face.

I was walking quickly; on a sudden I came almost in contact with a man, who leapt on one side to avoid me. "Who's there?" I cried, standing on

A pause followed before his gruff voice answered :

"Harm to nobody. What harm can be done when my gracious lord the Governor is on the island and watches over it?"

"True, Demetri. He has small mercy



"HALF KILL HIM WITH THE LASH BEFORE HIS MOTHER'S EYES."

my defence, as I had learnt was wise in Neopalia.

"It is I; Demetri," answered a sullen voice.

"And what do you here, Demetri? And with your gun?"

"I walk by night, like my lord."

"Your walks by night have had a meaning before now."

"They mean no harm to you now."

"Harm to anyone?"

for wrongdoers and turbulent fellows, such as some I know of."

"I know him as well as you, my lord, and better," said the fellow, and his voice was charged with a passionate hate. "Yes, there are many in Neopalia who know Mouraki."

"So says Mouraki; and he says it as though it pleased him."

"One day he shall have proof enough to satisfy him," growled Demetri.

The savage rage of the fellow's tone had caught my attention, and I gazed intently into his face ; not even the darkness quite hid the angry gleam of his deep-set eyes.

"Demetri, Demetri," said I, "aren't you on a dangerous path? I see a long knife in your belt there, and that gun, is it not loaded? Come, go back to your home."

He seemed influenced by my remonstrances, but he denied the suggestion I made.

"I don't seek his life," he said sullenly "If we were strong enough to fight openly—well, I say nothing of that. He killed my brother, my lord."

"I killed a brother of yours too, Demetri."

"Yes, in honest fighting, when he sought to kill you. You did not half kill him with the lash, before his mother's eyes, and finish the work with a rope."

"And Mouraki did?"

"Yes, my lord. But it is nothing, my lord. I mean no harm."

"Look here, Demetri. I don't love Mouraki myself, and you did me a good turn a little while ago. But if I find you hanging about here again with your gun and your knife, I'll tell Mouraki, as sure as I'm alive. Where I come from, we don't assassinate. Do you see?"

"I hear, my lord. Indeed I had no such purpose."

"You know your purpose best ; and now you know what I shall do. Come, be off with you, and don't show yourself here again."

He cringed before me with renewed protestations ; but his invention provided no excuse for his presence. He swore to me that I wronged him. I contented myself with ordering him off, and at last he went off, striking back towards the village. "Upon my word," said I, "it's a nuisance to be honourably brought up." For it would have been marvellously convenient to let Demetri have a shot at

the Pasha with that gun of his, or a stab with the long knife he had fingered so affectionately.

This encounter had passed the time of waiting, and now I strolled back to the house. It was hard on midnight ; the light in Mouraki's window was extinguished ; two soldiers stood sentry by the closed door. They let me in and locked the door behind me ; this watch was not kept on me ; Mouraki knew very well that I had no desire to leave the island. Phroso was the prisoner and the prize that the Pasha guarded ; perhaps, also, he had an inkling that he was not popular in Neopalía, and that he would not be wise to trust to the loyalty of its inhabitants.

Soon I found myself in the compound at the back of the house. The ladder was placed ready ; Kortés stood beside it. There seemed to be nobody else about ; the rain still fell and the wind had risen till it whistled wildly in the wood.

"She is waiting for you," whispered Kortés. "She knows, and she will second the plan."

"Where is she?"

"On the roof. She is wrapped in my cloak ; she will take no hurt."

"And Mouraki?"

"He has gone to bed. She was with him two hours."

I mounted the ladder and found myself on the flat roof, where Phroso had once stood gazing up towards the cottage on the hill. We were fighting Constantine then : Mouraki was our foe now. Constantine lay a prisoner, harmless, as it seemed, and helpless. I prayed for a like good fortune in the new enterprise. And an instant later I found Phroso's hand in mine. I carried it to my lips, as I murmured my greeting in a hushed voice ; the first answer to it was a nervous sob, but Phroso followed it with a pleading apology.

"I am so tired," she said, "so tired.



I have fought him for two hours to-night. Forgive me. I will be brave, my lord."

I had determined on a cold business-like manner; I went as straight to the point as a busy man in his city office.

"You know the plan? You consent to it?" I asked.

"Yes. I think I understand it. It is good of you, my lord. For you may run great danger through me."

That was indeed true, and in more senses than one.

"I do for you what you did not hesitate to do for me," said I.

"Yes," said Phroso in a very low whisper.

"You pretended; well then, now I pretend." And my voice sounded now not only cold, but bitter and unpleasant. "I think it may succeed," I continued. "He will not dare to take any extreme steps against me. I don't see how he can prevent our going."

"He will let us go, you think?"

"I don't know how he can refuse. And where will you go?"

"I have some friends at Athens—people who knew my father."

"Good. I'll take you there and——" I paused. "I'll—I'll take you there and——" Again I paused, I could not help it. "And leave you there in safety," I ended at last in a gruff harsh whisper.

"Yes, my lord. And then you will go home in safety?"

"Perhaps. That doesn't matter."

"Yes, it does matter," said she softly. "For I would not be in safety unless you were."

"Ah, Phroso, don't do that!" I groaned inwardly.

"Yes, you will go back in safety, back to your own land—back to the lady——"

"Never mind——" I began.

"Back to the lady whom my lord loves," whispered Phroso. "And then you will forget this troublesome island, and the troublesome—the troublesome people on it."

Her face was no more than a foot from mine—pale, with sad eyes, and a smile that quivered on trembling lips—the fairest face in the world that I had seen or believed any man to have seen; and her hand rested in mine. There may live folk who would have looked over her head and not in those eyes—saints or dolts—I was neither; not I. I looked. I looked as though I should never look elsewhere again, nor cared to live if I could not look. But Phroso's hand was drawn from mine and her eyes fell. I had to end the silence.

"I shall go straight to Mouraki to-morrow morning," said I, "and tell him you have agreed to be my wife; that you will come with me under the care of Kortés and his sister, and that we shall be married on the first opportunity."

"But he knows about—about the lady you love."

"It will not surprise Mouraki to hear that I am going to break my faith with—the lady I love," said I.

"No," said Phroso, refusing resolutely to look at me again. "It will not surprise Mouraki."

"Perhaps it would not surprise anyone."

Phroso made no comment on this. And on the moment that I said it, I heard a voice from below, a voice I knew very well.

"What's the ladder here for, my friend?" it asked.

"It enables one to ascend or descend, my lord," answered Kortés' grave voice, without the least touch of irony.

"It's Mouraki," whispered Phroso, and at the time of danger her frightened eyes came back to mine, and she drew nearer to me. "It's Mouraki, my lord."

"I know it is," said I; "so much the better."

"That seems probable," observed Mouraki. "But to enable whom to ascend and descend, friend Kortés?"

"Anyone who desires, my lord,"



"A THOUSAND PARDONS, MY LORD!"

"Then I will ascend," said Mouraki.

"A thousand pardons, my lord!"

"Stand aside, sir. What, you dare—?"

"Run back to your room," I whispered.

"Quick. Good-night." I caught her hand and pressed it. She turned and disappeared swiftly through the door that gave access to the inside of the house, and thence to her room. And I—glad that the interview had been interrupted, for I

could have borne little more of it—walked to the battlements and looked over. Kortes stood like a wall between the astonished Mouraki and the ladder.

"Kortes, Kortes," I cried in a tone of grieved surprise, "is it possible that you don't recognise his Excellency?"

"Why, Wheatley!" cried Mouraki.

"Who else should it be, my dear Pasha? Will you come up, or shall I

come down and join you? Out of the way, Kortès."

Kortès, who would not obey Mouraki, obeyed me. Mouraki seemed to hesitate about mounting. I solved the difficulty by descending rapidly. I was smiling, and I took the Pasha by the arm, saying with a laugh:

"Caught that time, I'm afraid, eh? Well, I meant to tell you soon."

I had certainly succeeded in astonishing Mouraki this time. Kortès added to his wonder by springing nimbly up the ladder, and pulling it up after him.

"I thought you were in bed," said I. "And when the cat's away the mice will play, you know. Well, we are caught!"

"We?" asked the Pasha.

"Well, do you suppose I was alone? Is it the sort of night a man chooses to spend alone on a roof?"

"Who was with you, then?" he asked, suspicion alive in his crafty eyes.

I took him by the arm and led him into the house, through the kitchen, till we reached the hall, when I said:

"Am I not a man of taste? Who should it be?"

He sat down in the great arm-chair, and a heavy frown gathered on his brow. I cannot quite explain why, but I was radiant. The spirit of the game had entered into me; I forgot the reality that was so full of pain; I was as merry as though what I told him had been the happy truth, instead of a tantalising impossible vision.

"Oh, don't misunderstand me," I laughed, standing opposite to him, swaying on my feet, and burying my hands in my pockets. "Don't wrong me, my dear Pasha. It is all just as it should be. There is nothing going on that should not go on under your Excellency's roof. It is all on the most honourable footing."

"I don't understand your riddles or your mirth," said Mouraki.

"Ah! Now, once I did not quite appreciate yours. The wheel goes round, my dear Pasha. Every dog has his day.

Forgive me, I am naturally elated. I meant to tell you at breakfast to-morrow, but since you surprised our tender meeting, why, I will tell you now. Congratulate me. That charming girl has owned that her avowal of love for me was nothing but bare truth, and has consented to make me happy."

"To marry you?"

"My dear Pasha! What else could I mean?" And I took my hands out of my pockets, lit a cigarette, and puffed the smoke luxuriously. Mouraki sat motionless in his chair, his eyes cold and sharp on me, his brow puckered. At last he spoke.

"And Miss Hipgrave?" he asked sneeringly.

"Is there a breach of promise of marriage law in Neopalia?" said I. "In truth, my dear Pasha, I am a little to blame there; but you mustn't be hard on me. I had a moment of conscientious qualms. I confess it. But she's too lovely, she really is. And she's so fond of me—oh, I couldn't resist it!" And I simpered like any affected young lady-killer.

Mouraki was a clever fellow, but the blow had been a sudden one. It strains the control even of clever fellows when a formidable obstacle springs up, at a moment's notice, on a path that they have carefully prepared and levelled for their steps. The Pasha's rage mastered him.

"You've changed your mind rapidly, Lord Wheatley," said he.

"I know nothing," I rejoined, "that does change a man's mind so quickly as a pretty girl."

"Yet some men hold to their promises," said he with a savage sneer.

"Oh, a few, perhaps; very few in these days."

"And you don't aspire to be one?"

"Oh, I aspired," said I with a laugh. "But my aspirations have not stood out against Phroso's charms."

Then I took a step nearer to him, and, veiling impertinence under a thin show of sympathy, I said:

"I hope you're not really annoyed? You were not serious in the hint you gave of your own intentions? I thought you were only joking, you know. If you were serious, believe me, I am grieved. But it must be every man for himself in these little matters, mustn't it?"

He had borne as much as he could. He rose suddenly to his feet, and an oath hissed from between his teeth.

"You shan't have her!" said he. "You think you can laugh at me; men who think that find out their mistake."

I laughed again. I did not shrink from exasperating him to the uttermost. He would be no more dangerous; he might be less discreet.

"Pardon me," said I, "but I do not perceive how we need your permission, glad as we should, of course, be of your felicitations."

"I have some power in Neopalia," he reminded me with a threatening gleam in his eye.

"No doubt, but the power has to be carefully exercised when British subjects are in question—men, if I may add so much, of some position. I cannot be considered an islander of Neopalia for all purposes, my dear Pasha."

He seemed not to hear or not to heed what I said; but he both heard and heeded, or I mistook my man.

"I do not give up what I have resolved upon," said he.

"You describe my own temper to a nicety," said I. "Now I have resolved to marry Phroso."

"No," said Mouraki; and I greeted the word with a scornful shrug.

"You understand?" he continued. "It shall not be."

"We shall see," said I.

"You don't know the risk you're running."

"Come, come, isn't this rather near boasting?" I asked contemptuously. "Your Excellency is a great man, no doubt, but you can't afford to carry out

these dark designs against a man of my position." Then I changed to a more friendly tone, saying, "My dear Pasha, had you defeated me, I should have taken it quietly. Will you not best consult your dignity by doing the same?"

A long silence followed. I watched his face. Very gradually his brow cleared, his lips relaxed into a smile. He, in his turn, shrugged his shoulders; he took a step towards me: he held out his hand.

"Wheatley," said he, "it is true, I am a fool. A man is a fool in such matters. You must make allowances for me. I was honestly in love with her. I thought myself safe from you. I allowed my temper to get the better of me. Will you shake hands?"

"Ah, now you are like yourself, my dear friend," said I, grasping his hand.

"We'll speak again about it to-morrow. But my anger is over. Fear nothing. I will be reasonable."

I murmured grateful thanks and appreciation of his generosity.

"Good-night, good-night," said he. "I wish I had not found you to-night. I should not have lost my composure like this at any other time. You are sure you forgive my hasty words?"

"From the bottom of my heart," said I earnestly; and we pressed one another's hands. Mouraki passed on to the stairs and began to mount them slowly. He turned his head over his shoulders and said,

"How will you settle with Miss Hipgrave?"

"I must beg her forgiveness, as I must yours," said I.

"I hope you will be equally successful," said he, and his smile was in working order by now. It was the last I saw of him as he disappeared up the stairs.

"Now," said I, sitting down, "he's gone to think how he can get my throat cut without a scandal."

In fact, Mouraki and I were beginning to understand one another.



THE DECOY DUCK.

*By Dudley Hardy, R.B.A.*

# THE ASCETIC RAKE.

BY A. J. DAWSON.

ILLUSTRATED BY LEWIS BAUMER.

"——— So I saw the last of Waring.  
—You? Oh never star  
Was lost here, but it rose afar!  
Look east where whole new thousands are;  
In Vishnu land, what Avatar?"

—Waring.



AD Mr. Podsnap ever so-journed in the East, or on any of the world's beaches, he would have lost that lofty wave of the right arm with which Dickens made him sweep away the consideration of all things outside his own ken. He would have found it impossible to refuse belief in anything and everything foreign to his own experiences; and then—he would not have been Mr. Podsnap.

All that I actually know of "the ascetic rake," as Arnold Morton was called at Guy's, is simple enough, and for the most part known to others. My only reason for writing now what I know, is that I have been told something else—something Mr. Podsnap would have airily swept into oblivion.

Arnold Morton came to Guy's from Oxford with something of a reputation. He had been "sent down," and no one seemed to know exactly why. He was a thin, almost cadaverous-faced man, whom a friend of mine described as "hair-shirty" looking. He lived alone, and someone told me he studied Arabic and Eastern lore of various kinds. He certainly did not study hospital practice to any great extent.

One morning he startled a good many of us by sailing serenely into one of the women's wards in a state of hopeless and unmistakable drunkenness. He was re-

moved without any sort of difficulty, and managed to get out of the hospital, as far as I could make out, alone. Half-an-hour afterwards one of the staff physicians gave me a note to Morton, and asked me if I would mind taking it to the man's rooms, and ascertaining what he was doing.

I got into a hansom and drove round to the house in which Morton lodged. His landlady told me, with a toss of her head, that she believed "Doctor" Morton was in his room; but that I could go and see for myself. I knocked at the door she had pointed to, and hearing nothing, I opened it and walked into the room.

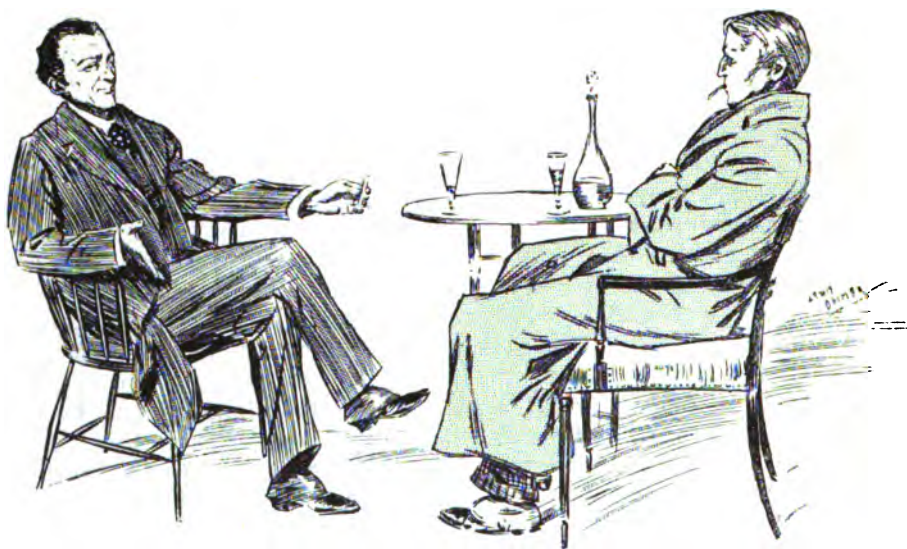
I have been in a good many queer rooms inhabited by medical students, but this place of Morton's made me stare. I was only there a few minutes and cannot describe the details; but there was a mummy in the room; there was a full-grown man's skeleton near the fireplace; there was a smell of incense that one could see; and, filling every nook and cranny, and hanging from walls and ceiling in every direction, there was a bristling uncanny mass of Eastern oddities that fairly made one's eyes ache. In the middle of all this, on his knees, and swaying to and fro like a fakir working up a far-reaching curse, was Arnold Morton, the man I had come to see. In his thin hands he held a black crucifix, and at intervals, in the frenzied prayer he was offering up, he paused to press his lips to this, with all an ascetic's fervour and intensity.

At last he heard my voice, and sprang

to his feet. Half-a-minute afterwards I was on the stairs of the lodging-house, and our interview was concluded in the street outside. There was not much doubt about Morton's sobriety then ; and in my mind was no doubt about anything. I simply wanted to get away. I felt as though I had broken one of the commands in Leviticus, about nakedness ; as though I had been listening at the bedroom door of a broken hearted girl.

The man did not know me from the Shah of Persia, and I did not speak. The bazaar-keeper told me afterwards that Morton was studying—Heaven knows what—under an old Joctanide ; a learned man. He looked it—and more. I passed on ; was in Aden a week later ; and so to London, and the old life.

Three years passed, and I forgot all about the man of liquor and fanaticism. Then, late one November evening, I strayed into an out-of-the way restaurant



HE PRESSED ME TO SMOKE A CIGARETTE WITH HIM.

Well, after that day, I saw Morton no more, neither at Guy's nor elsewhere, for four years. Then, having landed from a country-wallah at Sana, I was doing a little wandering in Arabia, and met Arnold Morton again. It was in one of the quaintest old vilayets in Yemen, and the last place on earth in which I should have expected to meet anyone I knew. He was standing under the window-shade of a little cloth and carpet bazaar, and his eyes went through my body like X rays, when he turned to look at me.

in Soho, called La Pomme d'Or. It was almost ten o'clock, and when I gave my order for *pot au feu* and *gigot*, the place was deserted, save for the presence of a grizzled old Frenchman, who was sipping absinthe from a green tumbler, and a dark, alert-looking little man, dressed all in black, who made way for me at his table.

I think he handed me the English mustard, or something of the sort. Anyhow, he drank black coffee with me afterwards ; and, later, he pressed me to smoke

a cigarette with him in his rooms, a few doors away from the restaurant. I went, and he gave me some curiously clean, delicate wine out of a thin, glass-stoppered flask. He was a Jesuit, and a Spaniard, educated in England. We talked theology, I cannot tell why; and something possessed me to play the part of an aggressive materialist, whilst my new friend argued the possibility of anything.

"Look here," I said, blatantly. "How can any power, natural or supernatural, make anything else, for instance, of two and two, but four?"

"Perhaps, my friend," replied José Aquilla, "that is one of the things which one cannot conceive as possible. But, take another instance. Can you not imagine that under some circumstances of which you know not, you—you who believe you are sitting in my arm-chair, looking at me—you may, in reality, be in the Pomme d'Or, or somewhere else?"

"No! Frankly, I can't."

I laughed, and I remember thinking how hollow and full of pretence my laugh sounded, after the intense, earnest tones of the Jesuit's voice. His eyes too; the man had very wonderful black eyes. I was not very sure.

"Listen, my friend." There was no need to bid me listen. "I was in Berlin early this year. I had been, one evening, to the Winter Garden, in the Central Hotel, you know; and towards midnight I was walking down Mauer Strasse to my rooms. I saw a man, a tall, thin fellow, staggering about under a lamp which hung over the entrance of a little *café chantant*. The man looked decent; he seemed a gentleman, though evidently he was pretty far gone in liquor. I did not like the appearance of two or three loafers, who were hanging about near him; so I stood still for a minute on the kerb, to watch developments.

"I saw that his face was intellectual-

looking, and distinctly striking, and under the brim of his hat I could see longish black hair pretty liberally streaked with grey. I was certain he was no German, and—well, something about the man, I don't know what, appealed to me, and made me want to help him.

"So I walked up and put my hand on his arm. He turned half round, and over one shoulder gave me the queerest look I have ever in my life seen on a man's face. It was as though your Charles Warner, playing Coupeau at that character's very drunkest, were to address some serious appeal to the prompter whilst still in the eyes of his audience acting the drunkard to perfection. The man's look was this, plus real pathos, even tragedy.

"It silenced me, and I felt embarrassed and awkward. Still the man did not speak, so at last I said, 'Look here, let me help you into a *droschke* or somewhere. You're just a little bit unsteady, are you not?'

"The man's fists were clenched, and the veins in his temples were as thick as wrinkles on the skin of passion fruit. He made a tremendous effort to speak, and his lips twitched and quivered, but he was only able to gasp and hiccough. There was no way of mistaking the signs—the glassy eyes, the staggering plunges of the body, and even the heavy breath reeking with wine fumes. 'The man is hopelessly drunk,' I thought, so I took him by the arm and began to lead him towards the *droschke* rank in Behren Strasse.

"The tall man was still staggering and plunging about to such an extent that I could hardly support him, and had half a mind to ask assistance of the first schultzman I could find. Suddenly I felt his whole frame straighten, and become rigid against my side. His thin face turned livid, and his teeth were set like the jaws of a vice, as he bent towards me, and said, 'Thank you—*droschke*—twenty-three, Potsdammer Strasse.'

"The words seemed fairly to hit me, as



he flung them out from between his grey lips ; and their intense earnestness coming from a man in that stage of drunkenness so astonished me, that I really hardly knew what I was doing when I helped him into a *droschke* at the corner. Once in the cab and driving towards Potsdammer Strasse, I thought he might quieten down and be all right. He did change certainly, but when I saw him gripping the *droschke* door and cushion, till his finger-tips were dead white and trembling ; when I saw big drops of sweat breaking out on his forehead, and the skin of his hollow cheeks twitching ; I wished he were under a doctor's care, or anywhere, rather than in a cab with me.

"Slowly then, his hold of the door and cushion began to relax, and I felt his whole body unbending. Great sobs came tearing up in his throat, sobs that I thought must choke him. But with every quiver of his chest he breathed a little more freely, and as the *droschke* turned into Potsdammer Strasse, he sighed like a man recovering from a fit. Then he leaned far back in the cab, evidently utterly exhausted, weak as a kitten, and drenched in perspiration. But he was sober then, if I have ever seen a man sober.

"'You mustn't think I have been drunk,' he murmured, weakly. 'God forbid ! But of course you will ; though Heaven knows I have been sober enough. It—ah, I know he will kill me soon. You will come into the house with me ? Or perhaps——But no ! You must know that I am no drunkard.'

"The *droschke* had stopped outside a small house near the centre of Potsdammer Strasse ; and, wondering whether my new friend might be a lunatic, or one suffering some new form of disease, I followed him up a flight of stone steps to a door which he opened with a latch-key. He led me into a long shadowy room, full of curious alcoves and embrasures. At one end of the apartment were burning two very tall tapers which stood on the

jutting brackets of a curious altar. This altar was half screened from view, and heavily draped in black velvet with silver embroidered crosses on its edges. Towering above it, behind the curtains, was an unusually large crucifix, apparently of silver. Before it was an ebony praying-stool, and a curiously-wrought iron pedestal stood close at hand, surmounted by a shallow dish, in which was burning some kind of incense that sent up a faint-smelling whitish vapour. The rest of this ghostly room was, as far as I could see in the dim light of the two tapers, furnished sparsely, and with great severity, in old oak and ebony. In a corner two easels, draped in some heavy black material, stood, one facing the other.

"The man's sunken eyes had such a strange smouldering glitter in them, and there was something in the very attenuation of his figure, his white face, and his almost transparent hands, which, combined with the general ghostliness of his surroundings, led me to wish I had left him outside.

"'I could never explain to you,' he said wearily, 'the causes of all you have seen in me this evening. You would not credit it ; and—I cannot. But I thank you very sincerely for your kindness.'

"The man sighed heavily, and rested his forehead on the finger-tips of one hand. There was no trace of a foreign accent in his English, and from the beginning he had addressed me in that language, though I had at first spoken in German to him. I begged him not to try to explain anything, and was on the point of rising from the queer little stool upon which I had seated myself, when he raised one of his grey hands, and continued speaking in a low, weak tone.

"'I have the feelings ; the—the feelings, of two lives to endure, though only one to live ; my own life now, which with heaven's help is clean ; and my old life which—which I cut off utterly from myself four years ago. My old self is strong,



"OH HOLY VIRGIN! SEE!"

with a fiend's strength; and sometimes I think it will kill me, myself.'

"I stared, as the tall man made the sign of the cross over his breast. Almost instantly afterwards he rose to his feet; one hand pressed to his side, the other outstretched; and with a short cry of pain he staggered towards me. The forefinger of his right hand pointed rigidly

before him, and his sunken eyes were staring with seeming horror over my shoulder.

"'Oh, Holy Virgin! See!' He clutched my shoulder, and the magnetism of his touch seemed to vibrate all through me. I wheeled round in hot and cold expectancy, but I saw nothing, save the black oak panelling of the wall behind me.

“‘For pity’s sake, sir! go—run to the Elysée rooms, in Graün Strasse. There will be murder done else. Oh, Mother of Heaven! Sir, I implore you to go while I pray here. You will see—it, there. Save him from committing murder!’

“The man lowered the hand which gripped my shoulder, and as I left the room, he sank on his knees by the altar in an agony of tears and nervous exhaustion.

“I might have stayed to take care of him. I might have gone for a doctor to place him under control. There were various things I might have done under the circumstances, and in the doing showed more sense than I did. As a matter of fact I did only what the tall man told me, and that without even a momentary inclination to hesitate. Half-way down Schonhauser Strasse I found a *droschke* and, jumping into it, told the man to drive like lightning. The streets were empty, and he drove like a maniac—as fast as though his horse’s legs were sound.

“I almost knocked over the gilt-laced hall-porter at the Elysée rooms; and as I rushed down the long corridor I heard a scream from the supper-hall; a scream which seemed to cut off my breath as though I had been stabbed. Two pistol shots rang out, as I reached the great *portière* curtains, and when I burst into the main hall, I caught a glimpse of a tall man, in evening dress, falling heavily across the *débris* of an overturned table.

“In another minute I had forced my way into the throng of men and women who crowded round the overturned table. Lying on the floor I saw a rather fine-looking woman, apparently dead, and bleeding from a bullet wound in her shapely white neck. But this was nothing to me. I was only conscious of it, as, without looking up, one sees the sky. My eyes were riveted on the figure of the man who lay across the table, with a revolver still smoking in his hand, and a

hole right in the centre of his high forehead.

“It was the man I had driven to Potsdammer Strasse, and in some way I felt that I had expected to find it so. I noted every tiny detail; seeing that this dead man was in evening dress, and had diamond studs, whilst the man I had left had worn a severe morning suit, and no kind of jewellery. Yet I could not by any chance mistake the sunken cheeks, the grey-streaked black hair, the hollow eyes, the attenuated frame, or the whole strange, monastic, ascetical look of the man. But stamped on these dead features, which I recognised, was an expression I did not know in connection with them, of ungovernable lust and sottishness, blended grotesquely with refined asceticism.

“I elbowed my way back through the crowd of hysterical *demi-mondaines* and excited men. Out to the street and into a *droschke* I hurried, and told the man to drive for his life to twenty-three, Potsdammer Strasse. What I expected I don’t know, but at that time I was thoroughly wrought up by the events of the evening, and I remember being filled with a breathless desire to get into that queer, shadowy room, and look down at the foot of the velvet-draped altar.

“Arrived at number twenty-three, I rang the bell furiously, and knocked on the door till the whole house echoed. Twice again I rang, and then, from an upper window, an old *frau’s* head appeared, and I was asked what I wanted.

“‘Come down at once,’ I shouted, in German, of course. ‘I want to see your master.’

“‘Master’s ill abed,’ mumbled the old woman. But the window closed, and in a few moments I heard her steps as she came slowly down the stairs, and finally opened the door to me.

“‘Master went to bed at eight o’clock,’ said the woman, shortly; ‘and I’ve to send for Dr. Grummel in the morning.’

"I stepped into the hall, and laid my hand on the old woman's arm.

"Go upstairs,' I said, 'and look in your master's room, like a good woman. Then come and tell me if he's asleep. I—I have brought a message from—his brother.'

"Brother—brother? Oh, from the church you mean?'

"Yes—from the church.'

"Well, well! Yes. Thank you, sir. Will you wait here a minute then?'

"Then the old woman went laboriously upstairs again, and I slipped into the long room on the left of the hall; the room in which the man had talked to me that evening. The tapers had burned a little lower, and the room seemed a little more cold and ghostly. There were the two easels and the other furniture as before. The thin cloud from the incense-stand still curled ceilingwards and distributed its sickly scent. Before me the small table near which the tall man had stood was overturned. At the foot of the altar the praying-stool lay on its side, and close to it a chair had been thrown down. But the room was unoccupied. No one was there; of that I was very certain.

"I stepped out into the hall in time to meet the old *haus-frau* as she came downstairs again.

"Good saints preserve us!' she said; 'but the master is nowhere in this house above stairs, and he went to bed at eight o'clock this night, ill. He must have gone out when I was asleep, and him ill, and weak too, for I'm sure he's been eating nothing this long time past, but lived on prayer, as I'm a sinner. Wait till I look in this room here.'

"And the old woman, gaping and chattering still in her consternation, went tottering into the room where the black-draped altar was, reverently crossing herself as she pushed open the door. I followed her, though I knew the room to be empty; and on an oak chair near the

door I noticed the tall man's cloak and hat lying just as I had seen him place them. Then we went upstairs together, and all over that strange little house I followed the old woman, searching in every place where it was possible that the tall man might have been. We found no one, and at last I bade the woman 'Good-night,' and left the house, saying that I would send round in the morning to make enquiries."

My friend, the Jesuit, paused, lowering for a moment his black eyes from my face.

"Well?" I said, bending towards him as I spoke.

"Well, I read in the *Berliner Zeitung* next day of the unsuccessful attempt of a man named Arnold Morton, an Englander, to murder a woman in the Elysée rooms. 'Morton,' said the paper, 'who, it appears, has of late been spending a good deal of money amongst frequenters of the Elysée and similar places, succeeded in taking his own life, but it is thought his intended victim may recover. Nothing is known of the man's antecedents so far, and jealousy, made furious by drinking, is given as the probable motive of his crime.'

"Two days later I read in the same paper of 'the very strange and quite unaccountable disappearance from his residence, number twenty-three, Potsdamer Strasse, of Mr. Arnold Haroud, a gentleman said to be of Arabian extraction; who, though without relatives in this country, was well-known and highly respected by a small Catholic circle, for his extreme piety and very charitable disposition. Mr. Haroud was a pronounced ascetic, and it is feared, as he was ill when last seen, that he may have met with some untimely end.'"

"Well!" I said again, as the Jesuit stopped speaking. "And have you——?"

"No. I made no further enquiries, and left Berlin shortly afterwards. But, my friend, think of it. Can you not conceive now, in some circumstances of a kind unknown to you, the possibility of

your being somewhere else, while you sit there listening to me? Of your good and bad halves living divided, as they are in you divided? The possibility—ah! of anything, my friend."

And when I rose to leave the Jesuit, my materialism seemed to me a very cheap thing, and also a somewhat nasty thing. So I have written what I know of Arnold Morton, with what I heard.





**TWO HEADS ARE BETTER THAN ONE.**

*By B. E. Minns.*

## AMONG CHINESE PIRATES.

BY REAR-ADMIRAL A. H. MARKHAM, ROYAL NAVY.



THE Crimean War was drawing to a close, nearly forty years ago, when I, a boy of fourteen years of age, was lucky enough to obtain a nomination to a cadetship in the Royal Navy. But, in order to qualify myself for such a distinguished post, it was necessary for me to undergo a somewhat searching examination in various subjects, especially in mathematics and history, at the Royal Naval College at Portsmouth.

It was with a palpitating heart on one fine cold morning in the middle of winter that I entered the precincts of that venerable institution to ascertain whether I was fortunate enough to be among the successful candidates who had, the two previous days, been examined touching their qualifications to serve in Her Majesty's Navy.

Thirty candidates were competing for seventeen prizes! Should I be one of the lucky seventeen, or, which I thought far more likely, would my name be found among the minority that failed? Although I was somewhat young to realize that my whole future depended on my work during the two past days, it was, for me, a most exciting moment.

We were all assembled in a large room, at one end of which sat the President of the Naval College, calling the names of the successful competitors in the order of merit in which they had passed. The first four names had been called—I remember so well thinking what happy, lucky fellows they were—when, to my great astonishment, I heard my own name pronounced.

I could hardly believe my ears! So

overpowered was I with surprise and emotion, combined with a certain feeling of pride, that my name had to be repeated more than once before I could pull myself together and summon sufficient courage to answer in a very minor key, "Here, sir."

Then I received from the President a piece of printed paper, which certified that I had come up to the Standard of Qualifications required by the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty; and that I, a schoolboy of yesterday, was by that same piece of paper raised to the dignity of an officer in Her Majesty's Naval Service.

Elated with my success, I hurried to an outfitter's shop situated near the dock-yard gates, and there donned my uniform.

Having buckled on my sword I swaggered out in the full consciousness of my newly-acquired dignity to exhibit myself to my schoolfellows. The pride I felt on the occasion was somewhat excusable, for it must be remembered that I was only fourteen years of age, and scarcely four feet six inches in height!

After a fortnight spent with my friends at home, I received an order to join H.M.S. *Victory* at Portsmouth, and in this grand old vessel, which flew Nelson's flag at Trafalgar, I was initiated into the rudimentary duties of a young officer on board a harbour ship.

I remember well considering it excessively *infra dig.* that I, an officer in Her Majesty's Navy, should be compelled to attend school daily, under our worthy naval instructor, when I had hoped that all scholastic work on my part had



ended when I bade farewell to the preparatory school at Southsea, to which I had been sent to cram for my examination.

After serving five months on board the *Vidory*, I was appointed to the *Camilla*, a brig fitting out at Plymouth, and sailed shortly afterwards for the China Station.

It is difficult to describe the contrast between my existence on board this little vessel of five hundred tons burthen, and the life of young officers of the present day on board a modern ironclad of twelve thousand tons, replete with every possible comfort and luxury.

The "midshipman's berth" in the *Camilla* was a small cabin, some eight feet square and five feet in height, in which eight mates and midshipmen were required to exist. In this cramped space we were obliged to have our meals and to spend the greater part of the day, at least those portions of the twenty-four hours when we were not engaged on watch or other professional duties.

The seats round the table were so constructed as to form lockers or "bins," in which were stowed the few drinkables that we were permitted to take to sea. A large box under the table, denominated a "jolly-boat," was the only receptacle for the storage of our small stock of potatoes, jams, sardines, pickles, &c.

As a matter of fact, our private "stores" were invariably consumed during the first week at sea: for the remainder of the voyage our fare was the same as that supplied to the men, namely, salt beef or pork, and dry hard biscuit. New Zealand beef and mutton and American tinned commodities had not then been introduced into the Royal Navy.

The voyages in those days, when wind was the only propelling force available, were slow and of varying duration. Now the ordinary voyage from England to the Cape of Good Hope by steamer occupies only about fourteen days, but we in the

good little ship *Camilla* were no less than seventy-three days performing the same passage.

This was a much longer period than was anticipated when we sailed out of Plymouth, and in consequence we ran short of water. Hence our daily allowance of water for about three weeks before we reached port was reduced to one pint per man. As for washing in fresh water, that was an impossible luxury, unless we were so fortunate as to collect rain-water in tubs and buckets during the heavy tropical showers so frequent in the vicinity of the Equator.

The passage from the Cape to Hong Kong occupied fifty-six days. Never shall I forget the exquisite sense of relief and pleasure that we experienced on finding ourselves calmly riding at anchor in the placid waters of the anchorage off Hong Kong. No sooner was the anchor down and the sails furled than swarms of peculiar shaped Chinese boats, or sampans as they were called, crowded alongside, and we were soon revelling in the enjoyment of the most luscious pine-apples, delicious mangosteens, fragrant Mandarin oranges, and other choice and rare fruits.

How deliciously refreshing they seemed to us after our long fare on ship's provisions. I am sure we all felt that the privations of our sea voyage were amply compensated for by the apparent paradise that we had reached.

But the great charm, after all, was the pleasure derived from a run on shore, and the novelty of seeing strange people with shaven heads and long pig-tails, attired in quaint costumes such as we had seen in picture-books only, or in illustrated stories of travel and adventure.

In those days there was no lack of excitement to those serving on the China Station. Although the harbour of Hong Kong was then, as now, crowded with the shipping of all nations, daring attempts were not infrequently made by pirates, in broad daylight, to seize some of the



smaller vessels, on which, perhaps, it had been observed that a careless look-out was maintained.

While we were refitting, shortly after our arrival, the harbour was thrown into great excitement one afternoon by an audacious attempt made by two or three piratical vessels to cut out and capture one of the European ships riding at anchor.

With praiseworthy smartness, a couple of English men-of-war at anchor, acting under orders by signal from the senior naval officer, slipped their cables and made sail in chase, but the rascals prudently made off, and succeeded in escaping up one of the numerous creeks on the mainland, notwithstanding vigorous pursuit by the boats of the men-of-war.

Piracy in those days was rife along the entire seaboard of China, and hardly a day passed without reports of the audacity and cruelty of the Chinese pirates. It was a common saying that every Chinese junk, ostensibly engaged in commercial enterprise, was a pirate if it chanced to meet with a vessel, native or otherwise, on the open sea, that was inferior to it in size and armament.

The Chinese authorities, such as they were, did absolutely nothing for the suppression of this nefarious trade; indeed, it was commonly believed that many of the piratical vessels were owned by, and acted under the direct orders of, mandarins holding high offices in the Imperial Government.

It therefore fell to the lot of the foreign men-of-war on the station to protect the interests of their respective flags, and to wage war on these miscreants who, acting on the principle that dead men tell no tales, invariably butchered their captives in cold blood.

It was not long before we had an opportunity of making close acquaintance with these ruffians. Information was brought to us, while lying at anchor off Amoy, of the proximity of a large pirati-

cal fleet that had been committing great depredations along the coast to the northward. These pirates had their headquarters in a strongly-stockaded position up a creek, accessible only to boats or vessels of very light draft.

It was decided to attack and, if possible, destroy them root and branch. Accordingly, having observed the utmost secrecy regarding our movements, we sailed out of Amoy harbour under cover of darkness, and ran along the coast to the northward. The following morning, when daylight broke, we were near a large fleet of junks, scattered about in all directions.

The character of these vessels was unmistakable, for at every masthead flew a large triangular black flag with a red serrated border, the recognised symbol of the pirates; moreover, the beating of gongs and tom-toms, immediately our presence was discovered, at once proclaimed their hostile intentions.

Before the Chinese had fully realized that our ship was a man-of-war, we sailed into the midst of them, steering for the largest vessels, firing double-shotted broadsides into them as we passed, and receiving in turn an ineffectual and desultory discharge from numerous guns, jingals, and matchlocks with which they were armed.

It would never do to allow them to get alongside, otherwise they might possibly have overpowered us by their immense superiority in numbers; but we had no difficulty in keeping clear of them, for a fresh monsoon was blowing at the time, and the ship was consequently under perfect control.

In less than half an hour the piratical fleet was completely dispersed. Some of the vessels had been sunk by our fire; more were disabled by it, while some few succeeded in effecting their escape by running before the wind to the northward; the majority, however, were run on shore and abandoned by their crews, where they

were subsequently completely destroyed by us.

Now came the most exciting work, for the order was given to hoist out all boats available, in order to capture those junks that were disabled, as well as those that were endeavouring to escape. It is impossible to express the pride and pleasure I felt on being ordered by the first lieutenant to take command of the jolly-boat and proceed in chase of a junk that was attempting to slink off, about a mile and a half from the ship.

The crew of the jolly-boat consisted of six lads, the oldest of whom was barely nineteen years of age. Nevertheless I felt as proud of my command as any captain of a line of battle ship does in pacing his quarter-deck for the first time. I assumed an air of the utmost importance, and as much dignity as a boy of fifteen could command, as I jumped into the boat, with my sword in one hand and a pistol in the other, and gave the order to "shove off!"

We pulled straight for the vessel pointed out to us, my crew "giving-way" vigorously, and making their oars bend at each stroke. Although we knew we were going to attack a vessel carrying a crew of some thirty or forty men, the idea of a repulse or even a check, never entered our heads; but I must acknowledge that it was with no small feeling of relief that I saw our opponents all jumping overboard on the opposite side of the ship as we clambered up over the bulwarks of the enemy.

The Chinese are not over fond of getting to close quarters with their enemies. As a Canton man would express it, in his queer "pidgin" English, "Two piecey man no can stop same place. Suppose you wantchee come, me makee wilo"—which rendered literally means, "Two men opposed to each other cannot remain in the same place—if you want to come, I will go away," a maxim still in vogue, judging from recent events in the Far East.

Although Chinamen swim like ducks, I have no doubt some few were drowned on their hasty departure from their vessel; but by far the greater number succeeded in swimming to the shore, while a few were picked up by us after we had taken possession of our prize, and had time to devote ourselves to their rescue.

I was not, however, destined to remain very long in command of my easily-won prize, for a few minutes after I had established myself on board, I received a peremptory message from the first lieutenant directing me to destroy the vessel, and to return with all despatch to my ship.

The necessity for this urgent summons was caused by the determination of our captain to land with as strong a force as he could muster, with the object of destroying the pirates' stronghold, while the enemy were still under the demoralising influence of defeat, and before they could collect and reorganise the scattered crews that had escaped from the ships.

It was with rather a sore heart that I was compelled to superintend the destruction of my first capture. Setting fire to every part that would speedily ignite, and laying a train of gunpowder to the magazine, we abandoned her to her fate, and she blew up a few minutes after we left her.

Snatching a hasty meal, we jumped into the boats and pulled towards the shore, our force consisting of about fifty men; a somewhat small one, it may be thought, with which to attack some three or four thousand desperadoes, who were really fighting for their lives. But we thoroughly despised our enemies, and, having the ship's guns to cover our landing, we considered ourselves quite a match for any number of Chinamen that might be opposed to us.

It was a terribly hot day; a relentless sun was pouring its scorching rays upon us out of a cloudless sky, and the tem-

perature of the air was something over 100° Fahrenheit. In spite, however, of the intense heat, we pulled lustily in the direction of the piratical headquarters.

As we entered a narrow creek we heard the beating of gongs and tom-toms, and saw numerous small bodies of armed men rushing about in great excitement, occasionally discharging their matchlocks and jingals at us as we approached, and shaking their spears in frantic, impotent rage.

On rounding a sharp bend in the river we suddenly found ourselves under the guns of the stockade, which immediately opened a heavy fire upon us. Some of the shots passed through our boats, and broke several of the oars on one side, but, strange to say, without hitting any of the men.

With a hearty cheer the boats pulled in at once for the shore, the men, in their eagerness to be to the front, jumping out of the boats into the water that was waist-deep, thus wetting all their ammunition; and, without waiting to form, dashed up to the walls of the stockade, and entered the embrasures at the point of the bayonet. The Chinamen stood to their guns until we came to close quarters, when they fairly turned tail and fled to the hills. In less than a quarter of an hour after we landed the place was in our possession.

Having spiked the captured guns, and set fire to the stockade, together with all the houses enclosed within it, we re-embarked and returned to our ship, well satisfied with the result of our day's work. That satisfaction was enhanced when we were subsequently informed that we had destroyed a notorious nest of pirates, who were a terror along the neighbouring coast.

We returned to Amoy with forty-nine prisoners, principally men who had been picked up in the water when their vessels were destroyed, and who had endeavoured to escape by swimming to the shore.

These unfortunate wretches were handed over to the Chinese authorities to be dealt with in accordance with law. Their trial and condemnation was carried out with a rapidity perhaps unequalled in any other part of the world, for on the day following that on which they had been removed from our custody and handed over to the mandarins, we were officially informed, through our consul, that they had been found guilty of murder and piracy on the high seas, and had been condemned to death.

This notification was accompanied by a requisition to the effect that a certain number of our officers should be directed to see the sentence of the law carried out. I will not attempt to describe the execution, for a more horrible scene it is impossible to conceive. Forty-nine prisoners had been handed over to the mandarins, and out of this number forty-eight had been condemned to death; the authorities, at the earnest intercession of our captain, having been pleased to exercise their clemency in favour of one, a young boy, only twelve years of age! What his ultimate fate was we were never able to ascertain.

It has often been said that a Chinaman is devoid of all feeling, and truly, after what we witnessed on this occasion, we were inclined to think there was a good deal of truth in the saying. They also have the reputation of caring so little for life, that for the sake of a few dollars, to be spent in enjoying the last days of their existence, they will offer themselves as substitutes for men condemned to death, who are in a position to pay other fellow-creatures to be decapitated in their stead! And justice in China, by such an arrangement between a guilty and an innocent man, is apparently satisfied.

Let us hope that a new and more enlightened era is now dawning in the Far East.



**"'TIS HARD TO WATCH ON A SUMMER'S NIGHT."**

*By Hounsom Byles.*

## A BATTLEFIELD UP-TO-DATE.

BY RICHARD MARSH.

ILLUSTRATED BY D. B. WATERS.



SAID to Nowell, at the time, that I didn't altogether like the notion. He seemed astonished.

"I thought you stipulated for something both novel and surprising?"

"Yes," I admitted, "I did. But I do not want the roof blown off. I don't want either the novelty or the surprise to go so far as that. This is an evening party, Nowell. The persons present will be friends of mine."

Nowell was sarcastic—almost rude. He appeared to be of opinion that "A Battle-Field Up-to-Date, with Realistic Illustrations and Experiments" was just the theme for a drawing-room lecture.

"Steingard," he observed, "is an enthusiast—a man in a million. Think of the kudos it will bring you to have the ideas of a man like that first given to the world upon your premises—your party'll be immortal. Steingard's theories will revolutionise the art of warfare—they'll amaze you."

Steingard was the individual who was going to lecture. I never saw him before that fatal night,—and I've never seen him since. He had better let me catch him.

I did not mention to my wife what was to be the lecturer's theme until the actual morning of the appointed day—I had had my qualms all through. She at once remarked that the party would have to be postponed—or the lecture. She was not going to have cannons let off in her drawing-room—nor dynamite either. Was I insane? or was I merely a senseless idiot? Did I not know that the mere explosion of a pistol at the theatre brought

her to the verge of hysterics? Did I, or did anyone else, suppose that machine-guns discharging two thousand shots a minute could be fired, with impunity, at her guests? Was that my notion of an evening party? If so, perhaps I had better let the people know before they came.

I assured her that there would not be any machine-guns, nor dynamite—nor, indeed, anything of the kind. Nowell had given me his word of honour that there would be no explosives of any sort. What there would be I did not know, but I had obtained a distinct guarantee that there would be nothing to "go off." Still, I went to Nowell to tell him I thought that, perhaps, after all, the lecture had better be put off. Only, as he turned out to be out of town, and I didn't know Steingard's address, I felt that all I could do would be to hope for the best.

If I had had the faintest shadow of a notion of what that best would be!

As soon as the guests began to arrive, I perceived that the little programme I had arranged to open the evening with was not altogether relished.

"Well, Mr. Parker," asked Mrs. Griffin, as I met her at the door, "what are you going to give us this time to amuse us till the dancing begins? Your ideas are always so original. Last year you gave us that beautiful little play."

"And this year I am going to give you something novel and surprising. The distinguished scientist, Steingard, will give you a vivid impressionistic picture of a battle up-to-date, as it will exist under conditions created by himself."

"Oh!" She looked a trifle blank. "And where is he going to give it us—in here?"

She glanced round the room, as if she felt that, for an exhibition of that particular kind, space was a little restricted. I admitted to myself that the apartment was getting filled. My wife's mother became quite excited directly she heard what was about to take place.

"My goodness gracious, Henry," she exclaimed, "whatever do you mean? You know I am so sensitive that I cannot bear the slightest allusion to war and bloodshed. I shall insist on remaining in Louisa's bedroom till all is over."

And she did insist—showing herself to be wiser than she supposed. As I, gradually, became conscious that others would have insisted had they not feared the appearance of rudeness, I felt that Nowell had been an ass in supposing that such a subject would fitly usher in a little dance, and that I had been another in not snubbing him upon the spot. So, as Steingard was behind his time, I decided that when he did come, I would ask him to stop, and join the party, and have a bit of supper, and just casually, as it were, put off the lecture to some future occasion.

But I was not prepared for the kind of man Steingard proved himself to be.

Directly he arrived I ran out into the street, and found him getting out of a four-wheeled cab, the top of which was covered with large wooden cases.

"You are Mr. Steingard? Delighted to meet you. You are a little late; so, as we're just beginning dancing, I think we'll have the lecture some time next week. But of course you'll stop and join the—eh—festive throng."

"Your name is Barker?"

I explained that my name was Parker. He spoke with a strong foreign accent, and in a tone of voice which I instinctively disliked. He was about six and a half feet high, and had a moustache which stood out three inches on either side of

his face; not at all the sort of looking person with whom one would care to quarrel.

"I have not come to be made a fool of," he remarked. "I have come to give a lecture, and that lecture I will give!"

And he gave it. It is all very well to say that when I saw what sort of man he was I ought not to have let him into the house. But he was invited, and I have the instincts of a gentleman. So they hauled four great wooden cases up the stairs. It took six strong men to do it; they broke the banisters and knocked pieces out of the wall as they went. When the cases were opened they proved to be full of bottles, of all sorts, shapes, sizes, and colours.

"Reminds you of the old Polytechnic. Do you remember the Leyden jars they used to have?"

When George Foster said that, in a sort of whisper, I thought of Edison's ideas of the dreadful part which electricity might be made to play in modern warfare. I did not require any illustrations of electrocution in my house, so I asked the lecturer a question.

"I suppose it has nothing to do with electricity?"

"Electricity? It is not electricity which kills men like flies, do not believe it. It is what I have in here."

He waved his hand towards his bottles. His manner was not reassuring.

"And of course there's nothing explosive?"

"Explosive? What have I to do with explosives?—ask of yourself. It is not dynamite, it is not melinite, it is not cordite which destroys millions. It is nothing of the kind. The Great Death is in these bottles."

He said this in a way which made me quite uncomfortable—it was most unsuited to an evening party. Every moment I liked the fellow less and less, towards his bottles I felt an absolute aversion. I own that my impulse would have been to have

sneaked out into the street, and strolled round the square till the lecture was finished. But as I occupied the position of host I was in duty bound to see it through. And I did. Shall I ever forget it? Anything more monstrous than Nowell's idea of what was a fitting prelude to a little party I never yet encountered.

The lecturer commenced. He was as grave as a judge. It gave you the creeps to hear him. There was nothing humorous about him; he was a dreadful man. His accent was peculiar.

"In modern warfare de battle is not to de soldier, it is to de ghemist. I will prove it to you very easily. I have here dree bottles. They are little bottles"—they were, quite small—"yet I have only to take de stoppers out, and you will know it as certainly as if I had exploded dree dynamite bombs."

I am sure the people paled, it was enough to make them.

"De first bottle will make you cough, de second will affect your eyesight, and de dird bottle will make you ill. I will soon show to you dat I am not lying. From de first bottle I will now take de stopper."

He did, before anyone could stop him. In fact, before I, for one, had any idea of what it was that he was driving at. Directly he did so the atmosphere of the room became impregnated with an acrid odour which had a most irritating effect on the tonsils of the throat. Whether the man was a maniac or not to this hour I have not certainly decided; but there he stood, the stopper in his hand, the atmosphere growing worse and worse; my guests staring at him with scared faces, every second increasing their sense of discomfort. One person began to cough, then another, then another, until, presently, everyone was coughing as I doubt if they had ever coughed before. It was a horrid spectacle. As for me, my throat is uncomfortably sensitive, I expected every moment I should choke.

"Did I not say," observed the scoun-

drel, Steingard, "dat de first bottle would make you cough? I will now replace de stopper."

He replaced it. By degrees that peculiar acrid quality in the air became less prominent. People began to recover—just in time. It is my belief that if they had continued to cough much longer, something serious would have happened. As it was, several of them were too exhausted to be able to give expression to their feelings in audible speech.

"I will now remove de stopper from de second bottle."

Had I been able to do so, I should have prevented him, even at the risk of a scene—I am sure I should, I don't care who denies it. But the truth is, I was so shaken that it was all I could do to stand, and before I was sufficiently recovered to allow of my interference, the miscreant had worked his wicked will. He had unstoppered bottle No. 2, and for the former acrid odour there was substituted a pungent something which affected one like an unusual kind of smelling-salts. One's eyes not only began to water, they continued to water. They watered more and more. The tears trickled down our noses. We had to use our pocket-handkerchiefs to mop them up with. The more we mopped the more they flowed. It was ludicrous. We were literally blinded by our tears. Nothing could have been more out of place in a jovial gathering. For my part, my lachrymal ducts were acted on to such an extraordinary extent that I could see nothing. I endured the acme of discomfort.

"Did I not say," remarked the experimental Steingard—he spoke as if he were uttering the merest commonplace!—"dat de second bottle would affect de eyesight? Did I choose, de mere continuation of de stopper out of de bottle in de end would make you blind. But, for our purpose to-night it is not necessary to go so far as dat. We will now pass on to de dird bottle."



"PARDON ME, SIR—EXCUSE ME FOR ONE MOMENT!"

E



"Pardon me, sir—excuse me for one moment!" The interruption came from General Wheeler, and evinced considerable presence of mind. Steingard paused, with his hand upon the stopper. The General went on. "Did I understand you to say that the effect of unstoppering that other bottle will be to make us ill?"

"Yes, my friend, dat is so. I am now about to show it to you."

"You needn't, it is unnecessary. I'm ill already. So ill, indeed, that I shall send for a physician the instant I reach home. And I'm going home at once. If this is a party, it's the first I've ever been to, and I'll take my oath it shall be the last. Now, Mrs. Wheeler! Now, Augusta! Philippa! Mary! Matilda! Lucy! you girls! George! Frederic! Ferdinand! you boys, put your things on and come away with me at once. We're not going to stop here to be slaughtered by way of illustrating a murderous lecture on warfare up-to-date."

And the General began to collect his numerous progeny with what was, undoubtedly, a considerable show of heat. That he should have been moved to such behaviour in my house was most distressing. My wife regards the Wheelers as being among the most distinguished of her acquaintance—though an uglier lot of girls I never saw. But the General was not the only person who felt himself outraged—I wish he had been.

"Oh!—oh!—oh! Take me out of this dreadful house before I faint!"

That's what my wife's aunt, Mrs. Merridew, said before the whole assemblage—and from that particular aunt my wife has always had the most sanguine expectations. Of course, when she went on like that, my wife began at me—there are occasions on which Louisa has no sense of propriety, nor of justice either.

"This is Mr. Parker's idea of a little surprise! You can always rely on Mr. Parker doing anything to please his

friends! When Mr. Parker's in sight you never need look far for a fool!"

That was the sort of remark she kept making—out loud; it was most annoying. I endeavoured to calm her, and the General, and Mrs. Merridew, and others—for I was pained to see that a general feeling of unrest was making itself unpleasantly obvious. While I was striving, as it were, to spread oil upon the troubled waters, the voice of the miscreant, Steingard, was heard to observe—

"I will now remove de stopper from de dird bottle. If de ladies and gentlemen will keep deir seats dey will be de better able to abbrecciate de success of dis exeriment."

In a moment the room was filled with a perfume—I use the word advisedly!—of a kind which no pen could adequately describe. Never did I come across anything of the sort before—it was astounding. Most of the people had been standing up; there and then they most of them sat down again—they had to. I noticed the General drop back on to his chair with a kind of gasp. Folks looked at each other with startled faces; they looked at me; they looked at the lecturer—that bottle fiend; they looked about them dumbly, as if in search—speech was impossible while that bottle remained unstoppered. Their countenances were transfigured—it is really no exaggeration to say that they turned most of the colours of the rainbow. Some crammed their handkerchiefs into their mouths; some pinched their nostrils between their fingers; some clapped their hands to the pits of their stomachs. Nothing they could do was the slightest protection against the mephitic vapours which issued from that unstoppered bottle. It was a moving spectacle to see those people all bent double—especially if you regarded it from the point of view of the host, and remembered that you had invited them to an evening party.

At last—it seemed a long at last to me,

but I suppose after all it could only have been a second or two—at last, those against the door began to shuffle through it—when they were once through they never stopped till they had rushed downstairs, and were out into the street. Others followed, a tottering crew, so that by degrees the room was emptied, and finally—a happy finally!—my guests, my wife, and I stood, a shivering crowd, on the wind-blown pavement.

At this point the demon, Steingard, came out on the landing, and shouted to us, so that we heard him in the street.

“Did I not say de dird bottle would make you ill? Very well den.—is it not true? Has it not routed you—like a flock of sheep? Just so would it rout an army. Not all de armies of all de nations would stand against dat bottle when it was unstobbered. Now, ladies and gentlemen, if you will return, I will bass on to a fresh branch of my subject,—or, rather, I will commence my subject brober, and I will show you dings compared to which that bottle is as noding—

noding at all. You shall see if I am lying.”

That frightful threat finished it; settled the affair out of hand; concluded it at once. Nothing, thereafter, could have persuaded my guests to stand upon the order of their

going. They went at once—before the party had had a chance of starting. It was worse than a catastrophe—it was a cataclysm. I can only trust that such a disaster is unparalleled in the history of festive gatherings. I had not the heart to attempt to stay their going. I was too demoralised, both physically and mentally. The impression made upon me by that third bottle was an enduring one.

When I returned into the house the creature who was the cause of all the trouble was still standing on the landing.

He appeared unconscious of the deeds which he had done.

“I am waiting. Do not de ladies and gentlemen return?”

“Mr. Steingard,” I said, with as much firmness as, at that moment, I had it in my power to display, “come



“PUT THAT MAN OUTSIDE WITH HIS BOTTLES.”

downstairs and bring your bottles with you."

He seemed at a loss to understand my meaning.

"My friend, what do you mean? My lecture is hardly begun—my lecture brober not at all."

"Begun!" I screamed. "Begun!—It's finished!—So's the party!"

He actually betrayed symptoms of irritation.

"Noding of de kind—what you know of it? I have still sixty-seven bottles with which I wish to try my little exberiments."

That was enough for me. Still sixty-seven bottles! And, for all I knew, or for anything I could do to prevent him, he might unstopper them, not only one by one, but altogether, and at any moment. Half-a-dozen policemen were outside—they had gathered together under the apparent impression that, in my establishment, a riotous assemblage was taking place. I called three or four of them into the house. I pointed to Mr. Steingard on the landing.

"Put that man outside—with his bottles!"

A painful, and, I may add, an expensive, scene, ensued. But, at last, there was an end of Steingard, and of the party.

The next day I called on Nowell. He had returned to town.

"Nowell," I asked, more in sorrow than in anger, "what induced you to suppose that 'A Battle-Field Up-to-Date, with Realistic Illustrations and Experiments' would be a suitable subject for an evening party?"

He put his feet on the table, and his hands in his pockets, and he rattled his coppers—and he smiled.

"Well, you see, my dear Parker, I wasn't invited. I am aware that it was an oversight—the purest oversight. But, of course, if I had been invited, I should not have recommended Steingard's lecture."

I was aware he had not been invited,—perfectly aware. There had been no oversight about it. The man is not a member of our social circle. We had never meant to invite him. But to think that merely on that account he should have played us such a trick!

It just shows what an amount of malevolence is hidden away in the depths of human nature.

At the present moment I am scarcely on speaking terms with a single one of my old friends. They all seem to think that I did it on purpose.





"IN PERFECT ACCORD."

*By B. Lawson.*

*He.*—"Now isn't this infinitely preferable to a popular sea-side resort with its pier and promenade, its band and its vulgar crowd?"

*She* (warmly).—"Oh, it is really! And if there were only more people, and something better to walk on by the shore than this loose sand, and some good music to listen to, and a proper place for the steamers to put in at instead of landing us in those old ferry boats, it would be just lovely!"



NAPOLEON THE FIRST, EMPEROR OF FRANCE.  
(From the painting by *Leffevre* at Versailles.)

# LIFE OF NAPOLEON III.

BY ARCHIBALD FORBES.

ILLUSTRATED FROM NUMEROUS SOURCES.

## CHAPTER I.

### PARENTAGE—BIRTH—CHILDHOOD.

riage of Napoleon and Josephine. Soon after the victory of the Paris sections over the Convention in the 13th Vendémiaire

**A**MONG the countless victims of the guillotine during the Reign of Terror was Alexandre, Viscount de Beauharnais, one of the most distinguished generals of the Revolutionary period. Executed in 1794, he left a widow and two children, all of whom were destined to attain to high estate. The forlorn widow of Beauharnais became the first wife of Napoleon the Great. Her son Eugène, who in the evil days had been a carpenter's apprentice, became Napoleon's stepson, shared in most of the campaigns of the Great Captain, and attained the dignity of Viceroy of Italy. The daughter Hortense, one of the most beautiful and interesting women of her time, rose to the throne of Holland, and was the mother of a son whose strange and diversified life is the subject of this memoir.

There was an element of romance, as well as of chance, in the circumstance which is said to have led up to the mar-

(October 5th, 1795)—a day on which he had cleared the streets with grape-shot, pursued the rioters into their hiding-places,



ALEXANDRE, VICOMTE DE BEAUHARNAIS, FIRST HUSBAND OF JOSEPHINE.  
(From an engraving.)

disbanded the National Guard, disarmed the populace, and virtually ended the Revolution—Napoleon received a timid visitor in young Eugène Beauharnais, who

with tears; and this touching manifestation of affection for his dead father's memory stirred the interest of Napoleon in his young visitor. The sequel, if we are to

believe the story, was that Madame Beauharnais considered it her duty to call on the General and thank him for his kindness to her son. Napoleon, it seems, greatly admired Josephine at first sight; he returned her visit, they became intimate, and on 9th March, 1796, they were married. Napoleon's age was then twenty-seven, Josephine was considerably older. Napoleon, by no means addicted either to doing or saying pretty things, practised a graceful little artifice having for its motive the diminution of the difference between their ages. In the certificate of their marriage he represented Josephine as four years younger than she really was, while he added more than a twelvemonth to his own age. Napoleon was not born on 5th February, 1768, as stated in the marriage certificate, but on 15th August, 1769; and



EUGÈNE DE BEAUHARNAIS, NAPOLEON'S STEPSON. ("EUGENIO NAPOLEONE, PRINCIPE DI FRANCIA, VICE RE D'ITALIA, 1813.")

(Engraved by Longhi after Gérard, Milan, 1813.)

came to beg for the restoration of his father's sword, of which he had been informed the General had become possessed. The bright countenance and frank manner of the young Eugène pleased Napoleon. When the sword was once again in the lad's hands, he kissed it

Josephine's birthday was not on 23rd July, 1769, but on 23rd June, 1763.

This is Napoleon's own version in the *Voice from St. Helena* of the circumstances connected with his marriage with Josephine. Bourrienne's account is pleasant reading enough. "One day," he tells in

his memoirs, "he (Napoleon) called my attention to a lady who sat opposite at dinner, and the way in which I answered his question appeared to give him much pleasure. He then talked a great deal to me about her, her family, and her amiable qualities; he told me that he should probably marry her, as he was convinced that the union would make him happy. I also gathered from my conversation that his marriage with the widow Beauharnais would probably assist him in gaining the objects of his ambition. His constantly increasing influence with her had already," he said, "brought him into contact with the most influential persons of the day." It remains to be said in a sentence, that Barras (p. 61), in an abominable passage of his coarse and self-complacent memoirs, frankly avers that Josephine had been his mistress, and that, when tired of her, he had, not without some reluctance on her part, cynically arranged the marriage between her and Napoleon.

Eleven days after his wedding, Napoleon left Paris to conduct the most brilliant series of campaigns the world ever saw. Two years later he was voyaging to Egypt, and the conquest of that country followed; but the stubborn defence of St. Jean d'Acre baulked his most resolute efforts; and in the autumn of 1799 he gave up the command to Kléber (p. 63), and after a hazardous voyage suddenly appeared in Paris. Mr. Jerrold, in his admirable life of Napoleon III., tells that "in the autumn of 1798, Josephine, left alone with her daughter Hortense, while Napoleon was carrying war through Egypt with her son, young Eugène de Beauharnais, at his

side, busied herself with the pleasant duty of finding a retreat for the hero when he should return. . . . Josephine fixed on Malmaison, near Rueil, and she paid for the modest *château* and domain chiefly with her dowry." Josephine's "dowry" was rather of the character of a negligible quantity, nor did Napoleon bring back from Egypt great store of



EUGENIE HORTENSE DE BEAUHARNAIS. 1783-1837.

Daughter of Josephine, wife of Louis, King of Holland, and mother of Napoleon III.

(Engraved by Laugier, after Girodet.)

wealth. Bourrienne asserts, however, that Napoleon returned from his Italian campaigns in possession of more than three million francs; and that money it probably was with which Josephine made of Malmaison a rare and delightful retreat, of which Napoleon "never tired until the purple drew him to the statelier splendours of St. Cloud and Fontainebleau." Mr. Jerrold continues in a charming strain: "Malmaison was the nursery of the Empire: its cradle and its grave. Within





"BONAPARTE, GÉNÉRAL EN CHEF DE L'ARMÉE D'ITALIE."

At the time of his marriage. Supposed to be the first engraving of Napoleon ever made. According to the inscription it was "Designed after nature, and engraved at Milan in 1796."



"ROSE JOSEPHINE BONAPARTE, NÉE DE LA PAGERIE."

Companion piece to portrait on opposite page, and executed at same time and place—Milan: 1796.

its peaceful bounds the scattered elements of polite society were first drawn together after the storms and excesses of the Revolution. At Malmaison the first great salon was thrown open; and here, amid the laughing school-girls of Madame Campan and her '*vieux généraux de vingt ans*,' were formed the manners that prevailed through the Empire."

But before the pleasant life of Malmaison had begun, scenes had occurred

brothers, the hints of Junot (p. 67) in Egypt, and the exaggeration of facts, had irritated Napoleon to a very high pitch, and he received Josephine with studied displeasure. Madame Junot bluntly writes: "On Josephine's return Napoleon refused to see her, and did not see her for three days." Eugène and Hortense strove long in vain to overcome his resistance. Napoleon, says Madame Junot, "could not with any degree of propriety explain



MALMAISON.

(From an old engraving.)

which had taught the ingenuous Hortense that life was not a long frivolity—a knowledge which was to come home to her with a deeper personal bitterness in no long time. There can be no question that Josephine had behaved, to use a mild term, with great indiscretion during the absence of her husband in Egypt; and when Napoleon's arrival in France was announced, she was, in the words of Madame Junot, "a prey to great and well-founded uneasiness." The recollections of the past, the ill-natured reports of his

to Eugène or Hortense the particulars of their mother's conduct. He was therefore constrained to silence, and had no argument wherewith to combat the tears of two innocent creatures at his feet, exclaiming, 'Do not abandon our mother, she will break her heart!' . . . The scene, as Napoleon confessed, was long and painful, and the two, brother and sister, at length introduced their mother, and placed her in his arms. The unhappy woman had awaited his decision at the door of a small back staircase, extended almost at

full length upon the stairs, suffering the acutest pangs of mental torture. . . . Whatever might have been his wife's errors, Napoleon appeared entirely to forget them, and the reconciliation was complete." Madame Junot adds: "It was to the earnest entreaties of her children that she owed the recovery, not of her husband's love—for that had long ceased, but of that tenderness acquired by habit, and that intimate intercourse which

made her still retain the rank of consort to the greatest man of his age."

In a public sense the arrival in Paris of Napoleon from Egypt on the 16th October, 1799, was for him singularly opportune. The Government of the Directory was promptly overthrown without a word of regret; a new constitution was sanctioned by an overwhelming majority of votes; and Napoleon became First Consul, appointed for ten years, with the



BARRAS, THE AUTHOR OF THE MEMOIRS. (See p. 57.)  
(From an engraving.)



MALMAISON.  
(From a recent photograph.)



JOSEPHINE AT MALMAISON.  
(From the painting by Prud'hon.)

whole administration in his hands. From this time thenceforth he was the unquestioned ruler of France. The Tuileries were his official residence, and there Josephine presided over the Court.

But the picturesque Château of Malmaison, a few miles west of Paris in a charming country, the modest home which Josephine and Hortense had made for husband and step-father while Napo-



KLÉBER, 1753 OR 1754-1800. (See p. 57.)  
(Engraved by G. Fiesinger, after portrait by Guérin.)

leon and Eugène were abroad, was a delightful alternative to the Tuileries, of which Napoleon said in a scornful mood that they were *triste comme la grandeur*. Thither Josephine brought the graces and the politeness of the social world to which she had belonged, and which she was now gradually restoring. The old and the new order of things, to Napoleon's great satisfaction, mingled in

his wife's salons; under the shady trees and in the *bosquets* of Malmaison the young heroes of the Republic made love to the girl graduates of Madame Campan's famous seminary whom that wise and accomplished lady sent forth into the world. And on the close-shaven lawn there were games of active play, in which middle-aged generals and young subalterns of family engaged with vivacity.

A participator in the Malmaison romps has described for us "Napoleon throwing himself heart and soul into the fun, and

But there were shadows of deep gloom behind this fascinating scene of mirth and sun-glow; and there were jealousies



"NAPOLEONE BUONAPARTE FIRST CONSUL OF FRANCE." 1800.

(From the engraving by C. Turner, after the painting by Masquerier.)

rolling on the ground in a fit of laughter before surrendering himself to the enemy, while Hortense, full of audacity and cunning in feints, continued to baffle her pursuers."

and plotting among the seemingly light-hearted company. Josephine had ever before her the painful presentiment of an unhappy future; for she knew herself hopeless of progeny, and the object of

dislike and jealousy on the part of her husband's family. But there was an exception in Louis, the fourth of the Bonaparte brothers, and him she desired to make her son-in-law by his marriage with her daughter Hortense, with the hoped for result that he might support her against the adverse spirit on the part of the other

members of the Bonaparte family. Josephine's policy so far succeeded that she brought about the marriage on which she had set her heart, but the further results which she hoped for were not very apparent.

It is not easy to diagnose the character of this Louis Bonaparte, whom Josephine desired for husband to her daughter. He was nine years younger than Napo-

leon, who took Louis under his especial care, treating him as a son rather than a brother. Between teacher and pupil were natural antagonisms which the friction of opposite characters constantly exacerbated. Napoleon esteemed Louis a good but unambitious soldier. "In the attack on Saorgio," wrote Napoleon from St. Helena, "I stationed him, for the first time, under cannon-fire. He persisted in

placing himself in front of me, to protect me from hostile bullets. His courage," continued the Emperor, "was brilliant, but by fits; and he remained indifferent to the praises which his valour stimulated. At the passage of the Po, he placed himself at the head of the attacking columns; at Pizzighittone he was the first in the

breach; at the assault of Pavia he was on horseback at the head of the sappers charged to destroy the gate. The destruction of the famous university of this city made a deep impression on him, and he became still more taciturn." Louis preferred to converse with savants rather than with soldiers; and Jerrold suggests that he probably regretted the events which had drawn his family



LOUIS BONAPARTE, 1778-1846, KING OF HOLLAND AND FATHER OF NAPOLEON III.

(From an engraving.)

from their birthplace. Queen Hortense, it is said, always held that he had a dislike for women; but he retaliated that it was not women, but their love of show, which displeased him. Madame Remusat, on the other hand, gives Louis no quarter. Writing of him as she noted his character in 1806, she says that he made his wife's life miserable. "Her husband's tyranny was exercised in every particular; his



character, quite as despotic as his brother's, made itself felt by his whole household. Until now, his wife had courageously hidden the excess to which he carried his tyranny"; but it had be-

Louis was well aware of Josephine's desire to have him for a son-in-law; and all authorities appear to agree in fixing the responsibility of his unhappy marriage on Napoleon's wife. Hortense certainly

had no *tendresse* for the morose and taciturn Louis. Constant in his memoirs writes: "Previous to her marriage with Louis, Hortense cherished an attachment for Duroc, who was at that time (1802) a handsome man of about thirty, and a great favourite of Napoleon. But the indifference with which Duroc regarded the marriage of Louis Bonaparte sufficiently proves that the regard with which he had inspired Hortense was not very ardently returned. It is certain that Duroc might have become the husband of Mademoiselle de Beauharnais had he been willing to accede to the conditions on which Napoleon offered him his step-daughter's hand. But Duroc looked for something better; he declined the proposed marriage; and the union of Hortense and Louis, which Madame Bonaparte, to conciliate the favour of her brothers-in-law, had endeavoured to bring



GENERAL DUROC, DUC DE FRILOU, IN THE UNIFORM OF GRAND MARÉCHAL DU PALAIS.

(From the painting by Gros at Versailles.)

come the more intolerable because, since his return from Egypt, he had suffered from a malady, which so affected his limbs, that he walked with difficulty and was stiff in every joint. The ailment was described as infectious, but further details cannot be given.

about, was immediately determined on."

Josephine had her way, sacrificing her daughter for the furtherance of her own purposes. The dutiful daughter submitted; and on January 4th, 1802, Louis and Hortense were married. Louis endured to have forced upon him as a wife,

a woman who had always avoided him as much as possible. She nevertheless honestly tried her utmost to like the man whom her mother and Napoleon presented to her as a husband. The union was bitterly unfortunate, yet Napoleon has stated that when Louis and Hortense first came together they loved each other. But Hortense had been disappointed in regard to Duroc, while Louis

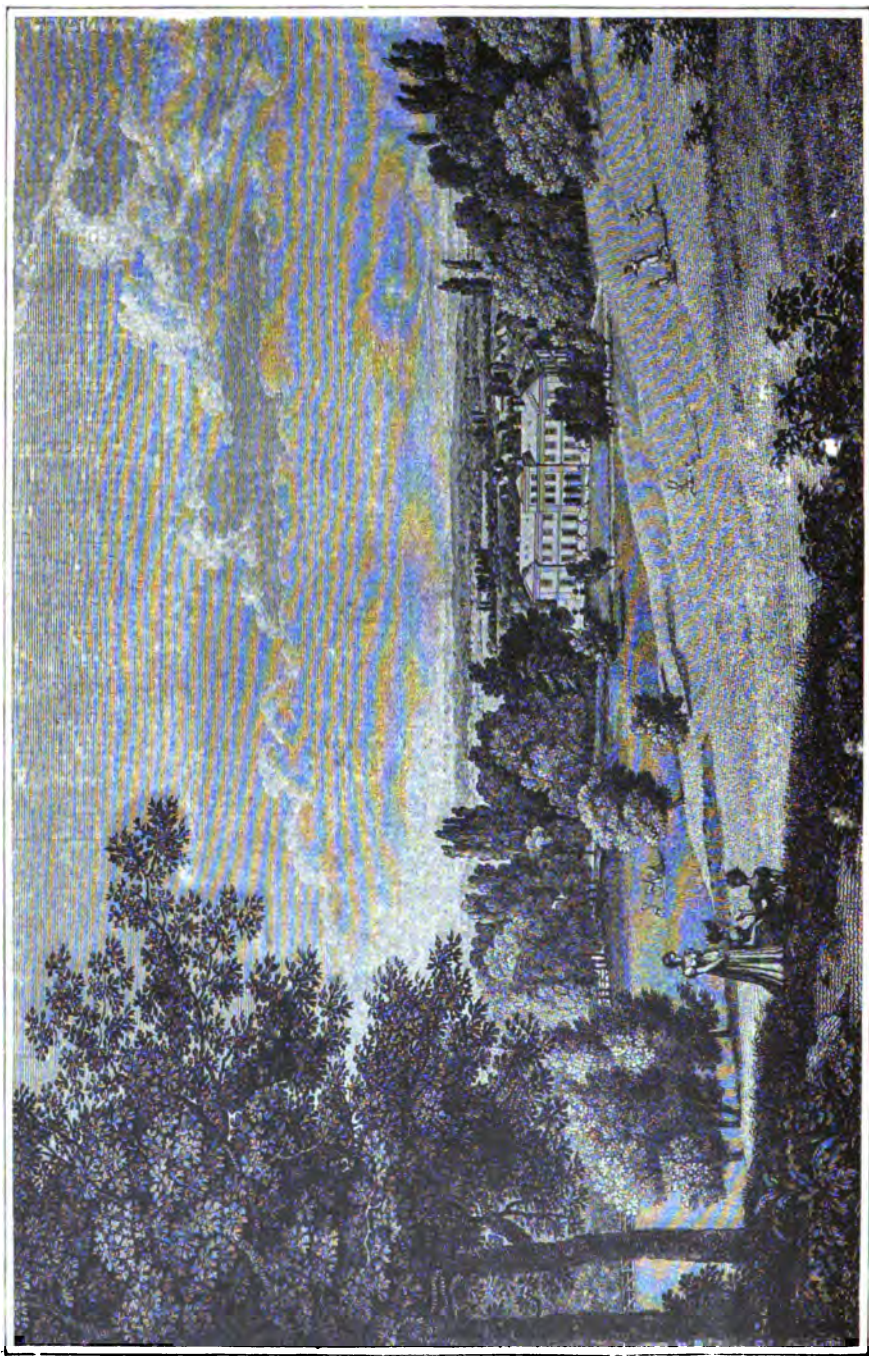


JUNOT, 1771-1813. (See p. 60.)  
(From an engraving.)

wrote of his marriage-day, "Never was there a ceremony so sad; never did two espoused persons feel more vividly a presentiment of all the horrors of a forced and ill-assorted marriage." Jerrold remarks that "the aversion, with all its bitterness, came afterwards." That view is destroyed by Louis' shuddering testimony. The pair took up their residence in the beautiful Château of St.



THE GARDENS AND PARK OF THE CHÂTEAU DE SAINT LÉU.  
(From an engraving.)



THE CHÂTEAU DE ST. LEU.  
(From an engraving.)



CHARLES BONAPARTE. FATHER OF NAPOLEON BORN 1746 ; DIED 1785.  
(From an engraving.)

Leu. The crypt of the handsome church of the village of that name built by Napoleon III. is the burial-place of the Bonapartes. There lie Napoleon Louis Charles, the eldest son of Louis and Hortense, Napoleon Louis, their second son, ex-King Louis himself, and old Charles Marie Napoleon of Corsica, the father of all the stock.

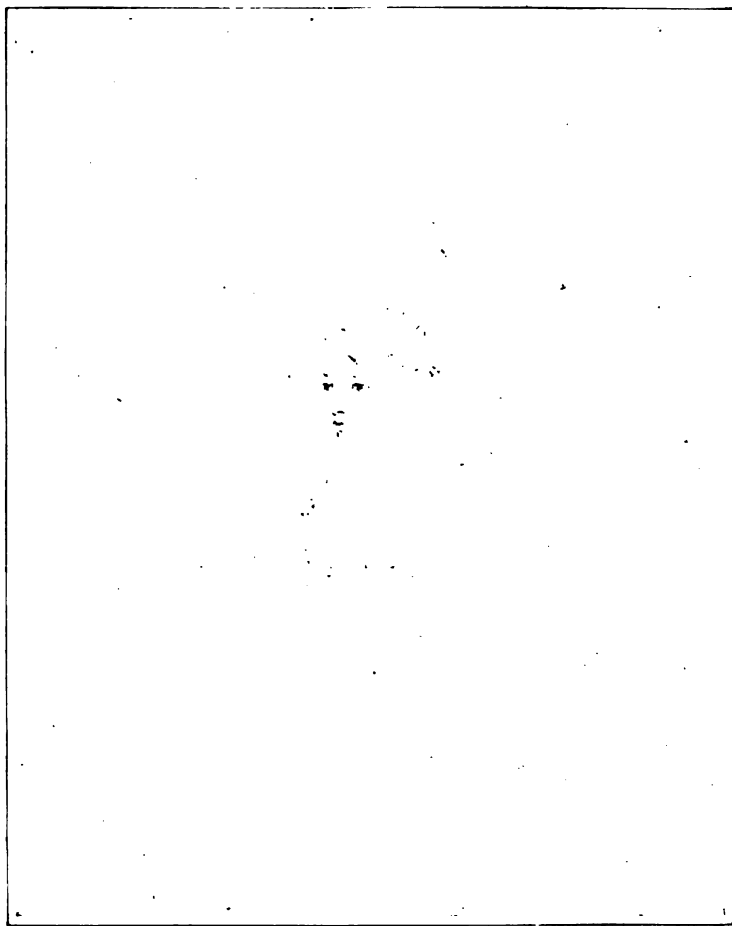
Although her nuptials had been sombre, Hortense made the best of the situation in her married life. She essayed to make

of the old château another Malmaison. The parterres blazed with the flowers she loved, and quaint surprises of light and shade met courtiers and senators in their stroll through the umbrage. She gave birth to her first child, Napoleon Louis Charles, on 10th October, 1802. Upon this child, the adopted son and heir presumptive of Napoleon, rested for a time the hopes of the Emperor, who had often been seen playing with the beautiful and interesting boy on the terrace of St. Cloud.

But the hopes were dispelled when, on May 5th, 1807, the child died of croup at the Hague. Hortense was broken-hearted ; when the sad tidings reached the Emperor he wept, and the unfortunate

of the Rothschilds in the Rue Lafitte, that Queen Hortense gave birth to her third son, the future Napoleon III. The Empress was then at Bordeaux, and the Emperor at Bayonne. Talleyrand, with

other high officers, had been commanded by Napoleon to be present at the impending accouchement of Queen Hortense. She thus notes regarding him : "The visit of M. de Talleyrand aggravated my nervous state. He constantly wore powder, the scent of which was so strong that when he approached me I was nearly suffocated." Talleyrand looked down solemnly on the new-born infant ; some thirty years later, in Lady Tankerville's drawing-room in London, he did not choose to recognise



NAPOLEON LOUIS CHARLES, FIRST SON OF QUEEN HORTENSE. BORN OCTOBER 10, 1802 ;  
DIED MAY 5, 1807.

(From a miniature.)

Josephine exclaimed in her agony, "I am lost ! my fate is decided—he will forsake me !"

A second child, Napoleon Louis, had been born to Louis and Hortense in 1804 who was to live until 1831. It was on the afternoon of April 30th, 1808, in her *hôtel* in the Rue Cérutti, now the banking-house

the son of Hortense by whose birth he had stood. The heir of the Empire was an exile ; and Talleyrand was serving a new master. The high authorities of the Empire stood around the bed of Hortense while the certificate of birth was being prepared by the Arch-chancellor Cambacères ; and there were



also present Madame Mere, Cardinal Fesch, and Admiral Verhuel, the ambassador from Holland. It was not until June 2nd that, in accordance with the Emperor's instructions, the infant received the Christian names of Charles Louis Napoleon. He was baptised in 1810 at Fontainebleau by Cardinal Fesch, his grand-uncle (p. 73); his god-father the Emperor Napoleon, and his god-mother the Empress Marie Louise.

The King of Holland was present neither at the birth nor at the ceremony of June 2nd; nor do the documents show that he was represented. It is possible, it is true, to accept the hypothesis that he was represented by Admiral Verhuel (p. 74), to whom has been attributed the paternity of the prince. Did the repeated absences of King Louis infer his disavowal of the paternity? Some colour is no

doubt given from the circumstance that their Majesties were notoriously estranged, and that about nine months before the prince's birth, the Queen and Admiral Verhuel were together in the Pyrenees. But, as it happened, King Louis was there also; and it may be said that if he was with his

wife neither before, during, nor after her confinement, it was because he was excessively annoyed, it seemed, because she refused to lie-in at the Hague. There need be no reticence in regard to the



LOUIS, KING OF HOLLAND, AND NAPOLEON LOUIS, BROTHER OF NAPOLEON III. AND SECOND SON OF QUEEN HORTENSE.

(From the painting at Versailles.)

errors of Hortense. It is unquestioned that in October, 1811, she gave birth to a son the father of whom was the Count de Flahault—a son who was consequently a half-brother of Napoleon III., and who was the well-known Duke de Morny of the Second Empire (p. 75). But the evidence

seems fairly conclusive that Louis Napoleon was the veritable offspring of the unfortunate King of Holland; although it

1807, Hortense and her husband were living at Cauteurêts; and that when they parted, the husband to return to Holland,



EUGENIE HORTENSE, QUEEN OF HOLLAND, WITH HER THIRD SON LOUIS NAPOLEON, AFTERWARDS NAPOLEON III.

(From the marble group by Emile Chatrouse at Versailles.)

is true that neither in features, in physique, nor in mental characteristics did he bear any resemblance to any other member of the Bonaparte family. It is certain that during the summer and early autumn of

the wife to proceed to St. Cloud, Louis was aware that Hortense was *enciente*. In the early spring of 1808, he wrote to her expressing the hope that "you will reach your time without accident," and desiring

her to choose a doctor in view of the impending event. Louis' letter was cold but not unfriendly, and in it he mentioned that he had formally communicated to his Ministers at the Hague the news of the

Queen's condition.

As soon as he learned of Hortense's accouchement the King announced the event to the people collected under his balcony, and received the customary felicitations. He wrote again to Hortense: "I should like the little one to be solemnly baptised here in Holland; but I subordinate my wishes to yours and to those of the Emperor." It seems evident, then,

that King Louis was in the full belief that he was the father of the infant to whom his wife gave birth on the afternoon of April 30th, 1808, in her house in the Rue Cérutti. He proved that conviction on his part by leaving all his property to his son Louis Napoleon, whom he described in his will as "my only son."

King Louis' four years' tenure of the throne of Holland had been constantly troubled by the high-handedness of the Emperor Napoleon. At the Emperor's instigation a deputation from Holland had

come to Paris in June, 1806, to desire that Prince Louis should accept the Batavian throne. In vain did he attempt to shun the proffered honour. When he pleaded his ill-health, Napoleon sternly replied, "It is better to die a king than live a prince;" and Louis was proclaimed King of Holland at St. Cloud. He went to Holland, accompanied by Hortense, who quitted



CARDINAL FESCH. (See p. 71.)  
(From the painting by Meynier at Versailles.)

Saint Leu with bitter tears, and who took an early opportunity of returning to France. But for the vexations to which he was continually exposed on the part of the Emperor, Louis might have had a useful reign in Holland. But the bitter insults heaped on him by Napoleon in letter after letter, stung him beyond



endurance. Reduced to the harsh alternative of crushing Holland with his own hands, or leaving that task to his autocratic brother, Louis determined to lay down his sceptre. He abdicated in favour of his elder son Napoleon Louis, and in his de-

clared "the pretended union of Holland to France mentioned in the decree of the Emperor to be null, void, illegal, unjust, and arbitrary in the sight of God and man," was in effect a dead letter, its circulation being strictly prohibited by the police.

Some time before the abdication of Louis, he and Hortense had become entirely estranged, and years elapsed before they had any friendly intercourse in their common solicitude regarding their sons.

That Napoleon III. intended to write his autobiography is proved by a fragment which Mr. Jerrold has printed, and which is now in the possession of the Empress Eugenie. He did not pursue his design, and the *Souvenirs de ma Vie* written in after-life, are but the casual



ADMIRAL VERHUEL, AMBASSADOR FROM HOLLAND. (See p. 71.)  
(From a lithograph.)

fault, of Charles Louis Napoleon his younger son, afterwards Napoleon III. In July, 1810, taking the title of Count of St. Leu, he quitted Holland and repaired to the waters of Toeplitz, where he was living in retirement when he learned that Napoleon had united Holland to the French Empire. His protest, in which he

beginnings of an abandoned project. "I can still see," so wrote Napoleon III., "the Empress at Malmaison covering me with her caresses, and even then flattering my vanity by the zest with which she retailed my childish *bons mots*. 'Louis,' said the Empress once, 'ask for anything that will give you the greatest pleasure,' and I re-

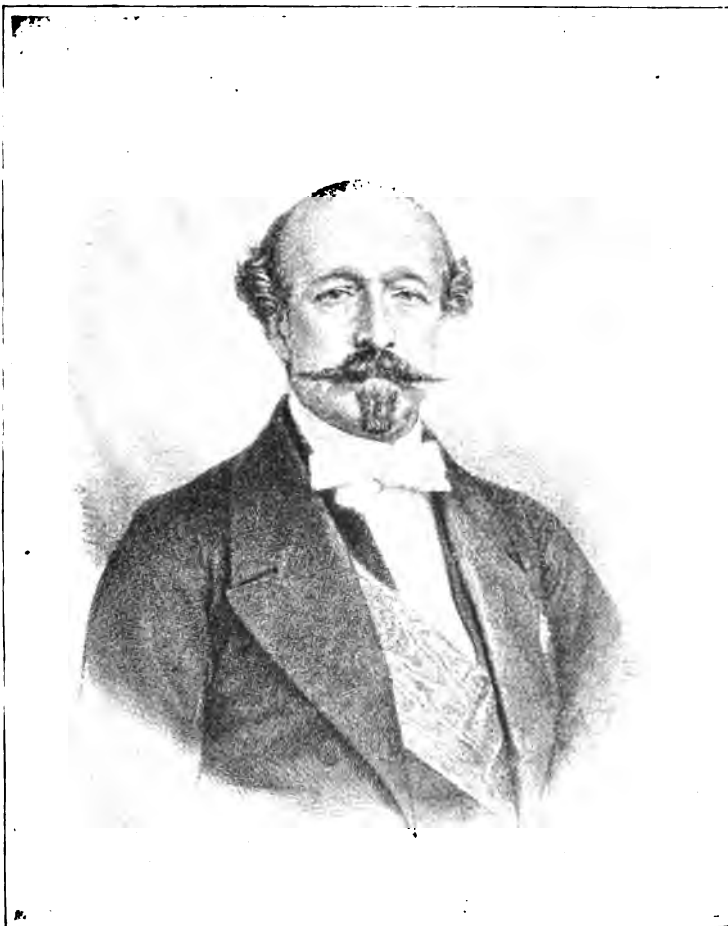
quested to go and walk in the gutters with the little street boys. . . . One day I entered into conversation with the old soldier on sentry duty. I called to him, 'I, too, know my drill—I have a little musket. Then the grenadier asked me to command him, and there I was, shouting, '*Présentez armes ! Portez armes ! Armes bas !*' the old grenadier obeying, to please me. . . .

My brother and I often went to breakfast with the Emperor. He used to take us by the head between his hands, and in this attitude stood us on the table. This way of carrying us frightened my mother very much, Corvisart having told her it was extremely dangerous to children. . . .

When the first news of the Emperor's return from Elba

came, there was great irritation among the royalists against my mother and her children—the rumour ran that we were all to be assassinated. One night our governess came with a servant, and took us across the garden of my mother's house in the Rue Cérutti, to a little room on the boulevards where we were to re-

main hidden. We were flying from the parental roof for the first time, but our young years prevented us from understanding the meaning of events, and we were delighted with the change." This fragment vividly suggests how interesting



THE DUC DE MORNAY, HALF-BROTHER TO NAPOLEON III. (See p. 71.)  
(From a lithograph.)

would have been Louis Napoleon's full autobiography from those early days down the long varied years to the quiet residence at Chislehurst.

Louis Napoleon had scarcely attained the age of six years when the fortunes of the French Empire were overcast by terrible reverses. In the early summer



NAPOLEON III., ABOUT 1813.  
(From the painting by H. Viger.)

of 1813, broken and mutilated soldiers, the survivors of the ill-fated Russian campaign, were seen in the streets of Paris. The Emperor's star, indeed, had begun to pale ever since his divorce from Josephine. He bade Hortense re-open the doors of her salons, and *fêtes* and balls were to be resorted to as expedients to exorcise the gloom now lowering over the Imperial fortunes. A woman of a staunch and loyal heart, she did her best to meet his wishes; but the gaiety she strove to simulate was forced and hollow. Yet she played her part gallantly; and she retired to the grateful repose of St. Leu only after Napoleon had quitted Paris in April, 1813, to conquer still occasionally, but

finally to be defeated in the long bloody struggle around Leipsic. In the seclusion of St. Leu Hortense had her children, of whom she was proud, and in the rudiments of whose education she maintained a constant interest. The brothers were bright, high-spirited, affectionate children; but the younger, Louis, was in his childhood very feeble.

Hortense would not be absent from the Emperor's farewell to the National Guard previous to his departure to join his sorely depleted army on January 23rd, 1814. Spite of his extraordinary activity, his corpulence had increased, and in his pale face was an expression of melancholy and irritability. The sombre silence was

profound until, in a firm and sonorous voice, but with a certain lack of confidence, Napoleon spoke to the assembled officers. His opening words were very solemn. "I set out this night to take the command of the army. In quitting the capital I confidently leave behind me my wife and my son, in whom so many hopes

When, at the disastrous *finale* of the campaign of 1814, the enemy were at the gates of Paris, and when every hour brought tidings of some new defection and some new disaster, Hortense maintained her courage, and protected her children sedulously. She had hastened to the Tuileries to advise the Empress



THE EMPRESS MARIE LOUISE.

are centred." After a short brilliant campaign during which, always against superior numbers, he fought and won battle after battle, he gave his enemies the opportunity of which they availed themselves with an unwonted celerity; and, when the allied artillery was bombarding Montmartre, Napoleon was far away at Troyes. He speeded back, but when he approached Fontainebleau, Paris had already capitulated.

Marie Louise not to leave Paris, but courageously to remain at the post where her husband had placed her. The Empress would not listen to Hortense's high-minded advice. Hortense determined to stay with the Parisians and share their fortunes. But Paris was officially declared untenable, the Cossacks were at hand, and maternal love asserted its natural sway. A friend furnished the refuge of a country-house at Glatigny; but there on the follow-

ing morning was heard the roar of the cannon with which the allies had begun to batter the feeble defences of Paris. It was resolved to make for Rambouillet, which was reached very late, and where the fugitive Bonapartes and the Ministers were found at supper. They were all bound for Blois; but the intention of Hortense was to join her mother at the Château of Navarre in the Eure. A crust of bread was requisitioned, not without difficulty, by Hortense for her children. The whole vicinity of Rambouillet was being scoured by Cossacks; but at Maintenon the resolute Hortense found a French cavalry regiment, from the commander of which she obtained an escort, and thus protected she proceeded in much greater safety towards the Château of Louis, whose owner had begged her to spend the night there.

Cossacks were still occasionally visible; but they seemed not to advance beyond Louis. It happened, therefore, that all that part of the country traversed by the refugees was in a condition of delightful tranquillity, and they journeyed with elevated spirits through shady lanes, and along the windings of beautiful valleys which presented exquisite pictures of pastoral life. The escort was dismissed with gracious thanks. Queen Hortense regarded herself, her children, and her *entourage* to be now in safety. Next morning by daylight the cortege set out towards the Château of Navarre, where her mother was residing, and where Josephine, and Hortense with her two sons, remained throughout the period of negotiations which was ended by the departure of Napoleon for his new domain of Elba.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



THE DIVORCE OF NAPOLEON AND JOSEPHINE  
(From the engraving by Bosselmann, after the painting by Chassolat.)

# THE HORRORS OF LONDON.

BY ALLEN UPWARD.

ILLUSTRATED BY E. H. GOODWIN.

## VII.—MADAME TUSSAUD'S.



**T**HE first thing that strikes a visitor to Madame Tussaud's is the quantity of waxwork images. The place is full of them. The number of them to the cubic inch is almost a violation of the Factory Acts.

Madame Tussaud is dead. But her waxworks live after her. That is the worst of them. They have the defects of their qualities.

It is difficult to account for these waxworks. That Madame Tussaud was a misogynist is clear. But the causes which so embittered her against humanity have never been satisfactorily explained. It must have been no common injury which prompted her to take this terrible revenge on her species.

She has carried out her design with a cold ruthlessness of which only a Frenchwoman is capable. These waxworks are not merely malevolent, they are malign. Neither age nor sex is spared. There are innocent babes in this fearful place, and beautiful young girls. Rank and genius are no protection. You may be a prosperous monarch, or the most distinguished murderer of your day, it is all one to her. She spares neither the living nor the dead, but metes out the same impartial fate to a Shakespeare and a Mr. Alfred Austin.

Like her rivals at Westminster Abbey, Madame Tussaud spreads herself over royalty. Yet she is more catholic than they. She draws no invidious line between English and foreign potentates.

All are fish that come into her mould. Her repertoire is exhaustive. If all the reigning houses of Europe perished to-morrow, Madame Tussaud would undertake to supply duplicates.

At only one point does this extraordinary woman break down. Her collection of African kings is incomplete.

Her line in English kings calls for more than passing notice. It is deeply interesting to stand before these quaint persons, and look upon them in their habits as they lived. William the Conqueror was no gentleman. It was his custom to sit down upon the only chair in the room, and leave his wife to stand. King John seems to have been an ill-tempered man. But the disagreeable expression in his face may be accounted for by the paper he holds in his hand—very likely the bill for his new crown. He lost his old one, where persons now alive have lost shirts and things—at the Wash. Edward III. was a snob, and had himself taken in his armour. No doubt he was in the Volunteers.

Criminals and crowned heads are evidently the most respected classes of the community. It is of them that this exhibition is mainly composed. Literature is sparsely represented, though there are working models of three illustrious men of letters, Tennyson, Sala, and Mr. G. R. Sims. These models are capable of improvement. It is all very well to see the late Laureate seated in his study with a quill pen in his hand, and a Call-me-early-mother-dear look in his eye, but it would



CRIMINALS AND CROWNED HEADS ARE EVIDENTLY THE MOST RESPECTED MEMBERS OF THE COMMUNITY.

be nicer still if you could drop in a penny and watch him write an immortal couplet suitable for use on a valentine.

As a Frenchwoman, Madame Tussaud has naturally been at a slight disadvantage in estimating the tastes of the British public. This has sometimes led her into errors by which the popularity of her exhibition must suffer. It is a mistake, for instance, to have a statue of the late Julius Cæsar. The public prefer living notorieties. They would rather have J. L. Sullivan or Corbett, than this out-of-date filibuster.

A similar mistake has been made about the well-known William Shakespeare. This person's plays are no longer in their first vogue. Modern playgoers prefer the dramas of such writers as the late Sir Augustus Harris and Mr. Jones. An exhibition like this should not aim to be instructive, but popular. Of what use is it to offer us an image of Lord Rosebery, and to leave out Ladas? These things tell in the long-run.

I have no wish to speak harshly of a lady, but there are one or two defects which it would be false kindness to Madame Tussaud not to point out. Her French Premiers are not always fresh. The fashion in these Premiers changes very rapidly, and it may be difficult sometimes to keep pace with the novelties in the market. Still, stale Premiers are not pleasant, and if this brand does not keep well, it would be better not to stock it at all.

The waxwork market is no doubt one of the most sensitive in the world. The books of Madame Tussaud's establishment throw a curious light on this subject. Even the best established murderer does not remain in demand for more than a certain time. There has recently been a slump in Jabez Balfour. Political goods show similar variations. Gladstone is always steady, and there is a well-sustained quiet demand for Beaconsfield. Salisbury is fluctuating, with a tendency to drop, but recovered on the last cables

from America. There has been an advance in Chamberlain, but the bears are still sanguine. The demand for Poet Laureates has proved a flash in the pan. Archbishops are weak. No quotation for Cardinals. A slight rally in Burns, owing to centenary. The Kaiser has been heavily beared, but is likely to recover. The Czar is in brisk temporary demand, due to operations in Moscow.

Madame Tussaud has not always been sufficiently careful to hide her political antipathies. The grisly joke of combining the Napoleon room with the Chamber of Horrors is in bad taste. Revenge should stop short at the grave. The vehicle which Madame Tussaud has chosen to exhibit as the carriage of Napoleon Bonaparte is an atrocity. This clumsy construction is more like a bathing-machine than a gentleman's brougham. If Napoleon had possessed a hansom, or even a well-built watering-cart, there might have been some excuse for showing it. But this monstrous travesty of a furniture-van can only serve to bring odium on his memory.

However, the thing possesses a certain historical interest. It is evidently the long-lost original of the four-wheeler.

It may be as well to state here that it is a mistake to suppose that the figures at Madame Tussaud's are alive. Her Majesty the Queen, for instance, does not actually hold receptions in Baker Street. Neither does Mr. G. R. Sims really pen his immortal works in a sort of Black Maria compartment alongside of the late Lord Tennyson. Many persons have, no doubt, surmised as much already; but there are no limits to the credulity of the public, and it is not right that their unsuspecting confidence should be abused.

On the other hand, it must not be too rashly assumed that these waxworks have no souls. Such hasty generalisations are apt to be misleading. It must not be supposed because they maintain an attitude of dignified reticence in the face of prying sightseers that they are not capable



of higher things. Even a waxwork may have feelings. With kindness and patience these figures might be tamed—with surprising results.

Of the Chamber of Horrors I have for-

borne to speak. The difference between Madame Tussaud's and the other horrors of London is that they are unconsciously horrible, while Madame Tussaud's tries to be horrible, and succeeds.





**AUGUST.**

*By Max Cowper.*



GEO. C. HAITÉ, R.B.A., AT WORK UPON "THE MESSAGE OF APRIL TO MAY."

*(From a photo by Lenville & Co., 60, Rosslyn Hill, Hampstead.)*

## A MORNING WITH MR. G. C. HAITÉ.

BY H. W. BROMHEAD.

IT was a fine bright morning when I presented myself at Mr. Haité's house in Bedford Park, and the pleasant studio was cool and inviting. The green chestnuts in the sunshine, seen through the open garden doors, made the seclusion within still more delightful. Mr. Haité is a man of such comprehensive activities and interests that the principal difficulty was to know where to begin. Fortunately he is a gifted and inspiring talker, so that a *tête-à-tête* chat with him upon his experiences of life, and views upon things in general—even with no ulterior object of publication—is always in itself a treat.

Naturally the conversation began with Mr. Haité's recent exhibition at Messrs. Burrington's in Grafton Street.

"Your show of Langham Sketches has been a success, Mr. Haité?"

"Most satisfactory in every way. There"—pointing to half a dozen pictures leaning against the wall—"are all that are left of the seventy-eight sketches exhibited."

"And,—forgive my asking the question,—is it absolutely true that these sketches were all done in the two hours, without previous preparation or subsequent touching?"

"Perfectly true. On the private view day of my show I was amused to hear a gentleman stoutly maintaining that it was impossible that these sketches could be memory work only, and, turning to me, he asked whether I believed it to be true. Of course, he did not know that I was responsible for them."

"Although it may be interesting to know the exacting conditions—the gas-



"THE MESSAGE OF APRIL TO MAY."

(From the oil painting in the possession of Mrs. Halford.)

\* For the reproductions of "On the Sands" (p. 87), the Zwindrecht Market Girl (p. 91), "The Mill" (p. 97), and "Watching" (p. 101), we are indebted to private photographs taken by Thomas S. Hazeon, Esq.

light, the limited time, the absence of models or other aids—under which the work was done, the vital question is, is the result a work of art?"

"Certainly. The conditions under which the work was executed were not mentioned to create astonishment, nor as an excuse for any shortcomings, but simply because it was done under conditions

ing them which these sketches betray, if partly hereditary, Mr. Haité regards as chiefly due to the cultivation of observation and memory. He is of Huguenot descent, as the name would seem to imply, his ancestors having fled originally to this country from Flanders in the days of religious persecution. For upwards of four generations the family has produced



IN THE STUDIO.

(From a photo by Friadelle & Young.)

which demand and stimulate the qualities of imagination, composition, readiness of resource, memory, and rapidity of execution; qualities which are so frequently neglected and ignored in much of the art training of the day, yet are of such incalculable value in the formation of the artistic character."

The knowledge of nature's effects and the swiftness in seizing and depict-

a succession of clever decorative artists and pattern designers, and his father, Mr. George Haité, occupied a foremost place as a capable designer, notably for the Paisley trade. Like many others, Mr. Haité has had to fight his way through much discouragement and surmount many difficulties. It is a little astonishing, though, to learn that, notwithstanding that his father was himself an artist, he was



"ON  
THE SANDS,"

(From the  
oil painting  
in the  
possession of  
W. S. Jenkins, Esq.)





(Registered.) THE "LYNTON" WALL-PAPER.  
 (Designed by Geo. C. Haité for Messrs. Arthur Sanderson & Sons, Berners Street & Chiswick.)

strongly opposed to his son entering the profession, and even went to the length of refusing him all instruction in technical matters. This, in spite of the fact that the boy's earliest instincts were towards drawing and painting, and his keenest desire was to become a landscape painter. Mr. Frost, R.A., to whom some of young Haité's work was shown, gave an encouraging verdict, and possibly in time his parent's objections might have been overcome. But the sudden and unexpected death of Mr. Haité senior, who left a wife and six children—our artist, his eldest son, being only sixteen years of age—brought the boy suddenly face to face

with the stern realities of life, and it became a question of earning immediate daily bread, rather than of selecting a congenial career. Thus by force of circumstances he turned to his father's profession and became a designer. His first effort (a printed table cover) was sold, and from that time he began steadily to make his way as a designer in every branch of art manufacture.

I asked Mr. Haité whether it was long before he was able to return to his first love, landscape.

"Yes; for fifteen years I did hardly any landscape painting except for my own amusement; though all that time I was



DESIGN FOR A REMENBRANCE CARD IN BLACK AND WHITE.

(Registered.)



looking forward to the day when I should be able to devote myself to it. My first encouragement at an exhibition was obtained in my sixteenth year (1872) at the Crystal Palace Art Gallery, then, as now, under the skilful management of Mr. C. Wentworth Wass, and, curiously enough, I have recently been awarded the Bronze and twice the Silver Medal for the best landscape at the same gallery."

under his own name, with the exception of Mr. Eastlake. This was a generous concession, for at that time it was breaking through all the traditions of the trade on the part of Mr. F. Aumonier of Messrs. Woollams & Co., and on the part of Messrs. Scott, Cuthbertson & Son."

"Did you not at one time have the honour of assisting a royal lady in her designs for needlework?"



INVITATION CARD FOR THE "AT HOME" OF "YE SETTE OF ODD VOLUMES."

"You have made designs for a good many purposes at one time or another?"

"Yes; for every conceivable thing; from ladies' braided jackets and embroidered petticoats to wall-papers and ceilings; from slippers, fans, and dresses, to iron and stained glass; from tea-cosies, damask linen, and leather, to carved wood, silver and copper *repoussé*; from carpets and silk hangings to stencil and poker-work; for book-covers, posters, initials, headpieces, and so on. I believe I was the first designer to exhibit his wall-papers

"Yes, H.R.H. the Princess Louise, who is decidedly the most gifted and practical woman designer I have ever met, and from whose work I can honestly say, both in treatment and colour, I learned more than I had at that time—about twenty years ago—learned anywhere. It was with no small amount of pride and gratitude that I dedicated my first work on *Plant Studies* by special permission to Her Royal Highness."

"Where did you do the work?"

"I had a room assigned to me at the



"LEAVES MUST FALL AND THE LATEST BLOSSOM WITHERS."  
(From the oil painting in the possession of Edmund Davis, Esq.)



"ON THE QUAY."

(From the oil painting in the possession of Joseph Jennens, Esq.)

old Kensington Palace, where I spent many busy, though pleasant, hours."

"You have lived to see a great change in the position of the decorator?"

"Yes, indeed. I suppose I may still consider myself a young man, but I have lived to see the designer and painter change places. We all want to be decorative artists now. Yet I can remember when the Royal Academicians were barely tolerant of landscape painting and sculpture. Anyone but a painter of figure compositions had scant courtesy. The designer pure and simple was outside the pale of recognition.

"I have a horror of the specialist, the man who can only do one thing, say, paint one kind of picture. How often you hear of a man who has acquired his reputation by the ability to paint a particular tree, or effect. My view is that if the

man is an artist in the true sense of the word he must be able to do anything. Of course, one has predilections, but so many men seem content to earn a reputation by practising some little restricted branch of art. I think an artist should be able to do some things well, and *all* things decently, whether it be the painting of a picture, or the designing of a house or the ornamentation of the same. I am glad to think that such views are becoming more and more general. The 'single-string' man—if you understand me—is everywhere being left behind. Art is so great that no man ought to presume to call himself an artist who has not studied and, to some extent, practised most of her branches. Think of the old masters: Albert Dürer, Benvenuto Cellini, Michael Angelo, Da Vinci, and many more; they were something besides mere painters of pictures. Architecture, sculpture, interior



A ZWINDRECHT MARKET GIRL.  
*(From the oil painting.)*

decoration, design, even engines of war—they could put their hands to whatever came in their way. I look upon art as a diamond with many facets, each one of which helps to cause the brilliancy in the others and to create the beauty of the gem as a whole."

"Your point is that it is the same power or instinct—whatever name one chooses to call it—that a man employs to paint a picture or to design a wall-paper?"

"Exactly. The true artist is one who having the creative power can apply it in any branch or direction he may desire without restricting himself to any one of them, and it is better for such to drop at once any particular phase that he may find is coming too *stuck* to his hand. Some years ago I was studying the chrysanthemum,

and painted some oil pictures of that flower. A dealer came to me and congratulated me upon the reputation I was making as a painter of chrysanthemums, and offered to give me a good price for as many as I liked to paint, and pointed out that there was a steady and safe income attached to it."

"Did you accept his offer?"

"I did nothing of the kind. I told him that my ambition was to be known as an artist, and not as a chrysanthemum painter, and from that day I have only painted them twice."

"It is such tempting offers as these that spoil many a man who would become great, is it not?"

"Yes, I think so. I could point you to some sad instances, though it would perhaps be better not to mention them.



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE STUDIO.  
(From a photo by Fradelle & Young.)



FRONT PAGE OF PROGRAMME OF JAPAN SOCIETY'S "AT HOME."  
(Designed by Geo. C. Haité.)

These temptations come to every man who is anything, and blessed are they who have strength to resist them and struggle on in the path their better judgment tells them to be the true one. I know *what* such temptation is. I have had a taste of abject poverty myself and

ber once a rather amusing one, though, which may interest you. I had taken some designs to a certain wall-paper firm and waited to hear the verdict. They were sorry they did not think any of them good enough, and they took the trouble to bring me out a book of designs that

they had from another firm to show me what they considered first-class work of the quality they would like to have. Curiously enough, when I examined them, I found they were my own ! ”

“To sum up, Mr. Haité, can you give me the golden rule for the designer ? ”

“Above all it is to make himself a thorough master of the limitations of his material ; this is the first and last word in design.”

Mr. Haité’s energy has been well called “Protean.” In addition to his labours in design, in oil and water-colour, and black-and-white work, he has found time to lecture and write upon art, theoretical and practical, to essay golf, and to master the bicycle. He is always throwing himself with enthusiasm into some new project. Indeed, that is the secret of his success, the thoroughness with which



GEO. C. HAITE, R.B.A.

(From a photo by Brown, Barnes & Bull, 12, Baker Street.)

I know what it means. I have had designs refused when I was struggling and unknown for which I would gladly have taken £1 or 30s. and have since obtained twenty times as much for.”

“I suppose you had your share of rebuffs ? ”

“Oh, yes, of course. I should regret it now if it had not been so. I remem-

ber he takes up everything he has in hand. In addition to his book of *Plant Studies* he has lectured upon “The Unfinished Renaissance,” “Wall-Papers and their Manufacture,” which is frequently quoted by authorities, “Art Criticism,” “The Tendencies of Modern Art,” “Ceilings and their Decoration,” and “The Chrysanthemum in Art.” In the last, de-



"THE MILL."

*(From the water-colour painting in the possession of W. S. Crawford, Esq.)*

H





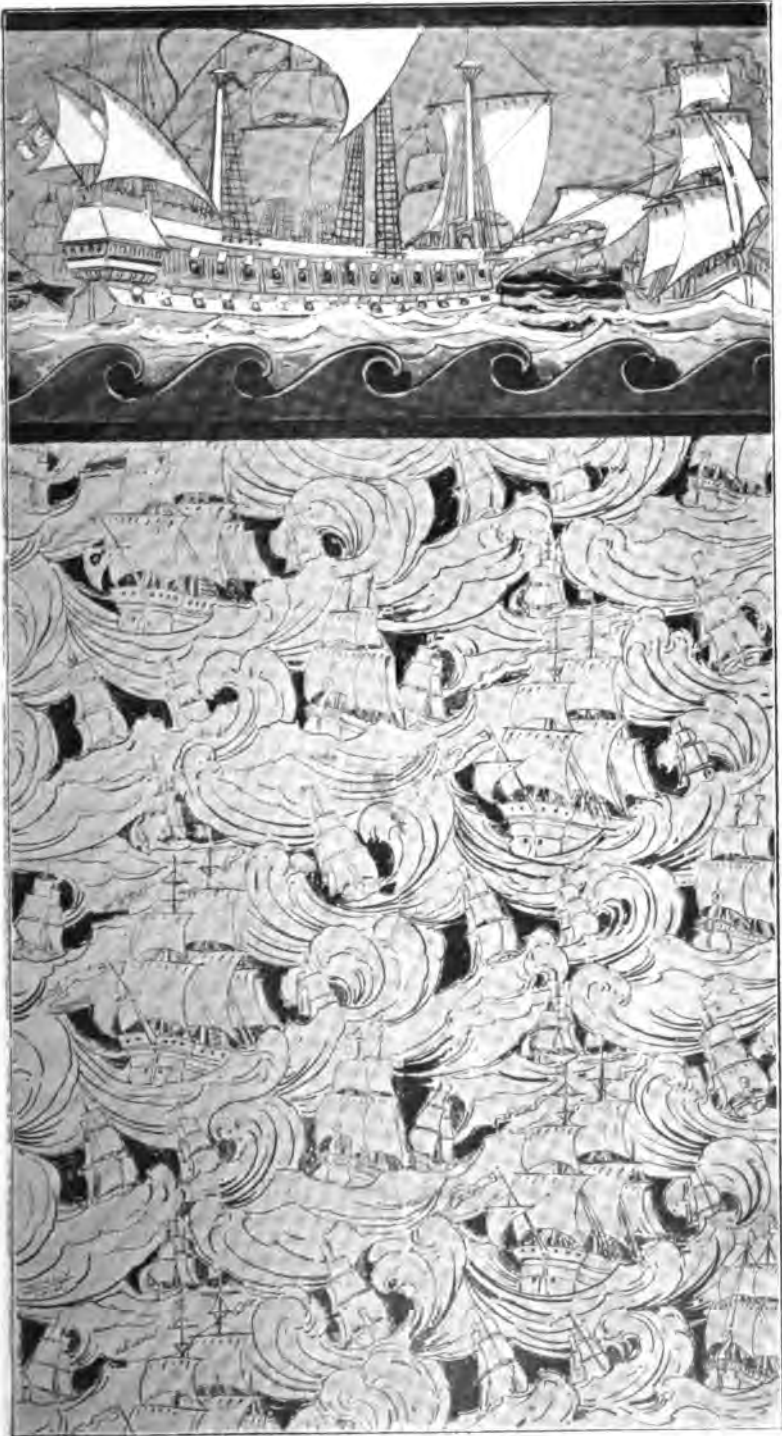
"EVENING." A PENCIL STUDY BY GEO. C. HAITÉ.

livered before the Japan Society, Mr. Haité developed a theory of his own, which is now universally accepted, as to the Imperial Chrysanthemum of Japan. It is that the sixteen-petalled chrysanthemum which forms the Imperial crest is doubtless a conventional representation of the sun with his rays, and may be traced to a primitive sun-worship of the Japanese.

There is another side of Mr. Haité's activities that deserves mention. Let no one think of him as a hermit, secluded in his studio, incessantly engaged upon the prodigious output of work that he somehow manages to turn out each year between New Year's Day and December 31st. Quite the contrary. Mr. Haité is one of the most "clubbable" of men, a diner out, and a social spirit of the first order. He belongs to almost everything to which a man can belong, and, as if mere membership were not enough, in many cases he has been induced—not through his own seeking, it must be admitted—to take office, or to belong to the Council or Committee. Here are a few of his societies: "Ye Sette of Odd Volumes" (Past President); The Artists' Society (Past President); Langham Sketching Club (three years President); Royal British Artists (Member of Council); Royal Anglo-

Australian Society; Japan Society (Member of Council); The Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts (Member of Council thirteen years); Ridley Art Club (Member of Council); Society of Illustrators (Member of Council); Sunday Clubland (Member of Council); and he is also a Fellow of the Linnean Society and a Member of the Society of Arts, the Arts, Hogarth, and New Vagabond Clubs. There is an old saying that a busy man has the most leisure; certainly there are many men who would find the demands upon their time of a list like the above a sufficient tax even if they had nothing else particular to do. How Mr. Haité gets through it all, I think even his friends do not quite know; it seems to be one of those things "that no fellow can understand." I ventured to ask him.

"Simply by pegging away and using every possible minute," he said. "*My motto has always been 'to do and know how much remains undone.'* It is a good motto, even if only to keep off the complaint of 'swelled head,' from which we all suffer now and then, I suppose. I have one weakness of which I am proud, and it is my sole return for a life of hard work, the desire to have the sympathy and appreciation of my betters, those whose work I have always admired and revered, who



*Registered.*)

SHIP DESIGN FOR FRIEZE AND FILLING.  
(*Rough Sketch for Flat Decoration.*)

started before me and have achieved greater things than I have yet been able to do. The only appreciation worth having, I think, is that of those who *understand*."

"Are you an admirer of any particular school of painting?"

"No. I seek to appreciate the best expression of everything, and strongly object to identify myself with any."

"Of course you have your predilections,—indeed, you hinted as much just now?"

"Yes. The modern Dutch and French schools of painting appeal to me most strongly, and I love breadth of handling. I have also never had any desire to paint portraits or the figure. But I do not believe in schools. We want originality, or individuality rather. Men should take the best from all and use it in their *own* way—if it is a big way, so much the better! As a collector of art objects I am quite catholic. Old iron, needlework, silver, china, brass—I love them all equally."

"Have you any important decorative work in hand at the moment?"

"I have just finished the decoration for the thirty ton racing yacht *Volatile*, belonging to Mr. J. H. Gretton, whose excellent taste rendered possible a fine decorative scheme, a treatment in silver and brass *repoussé*, oak panelling, stained glass, silver hanging-lamps, and carved figure-head. An article upon the decoration of the boat is now being prepared for *The Art Journal*. Besides this, I am at present engaged upon a wrought-iron sign, and railings for a private house, and a good deal of stained glass."

As I was leaving Mr. Haité said, "Here is something that may amuse you. It is a letter from my friend Mr. Chas. Holme, editor of the *Studio*, informing me that my name is phonetically capable of translation in Japanese. In the course of his travels in Japan Mr. Holme was struck by the fact, which he thought worth com-

municating to me. The Japanese words *Hi*, *Ti*, mean 'art-lover.' Here are the Japanese characters that represent it."

"The omen is certainly a happy one, Mr. Haité, and whether you live in Japan or at home it will be equally appropriate."

"That is not all. Since I received this, Mr. Budget Meakin, the Oriental scholar, whom I met at the Oriental Congress of 1891, has sent me the meaning of my name in Arabic. In this language it means, it appears, a 'dado' or 'wall-hanging,' which to me, seeing the work I have been engaged upon all my life, seems an even more amusing coincidence."

In selecting the illustrations accompanying this interview the endeavour has been to make them as representative as possible of the many departments of Mr. Haité's work. Of the paintings in oil, "Leaves must fall and the latest blossoms wither," which has just taken the Silver Medal at the Crystal Palace, is a composition of singular beauty and strength, in which the artist has caught some of the poetry that lurks in city streets; the advancing and receding scales of tone values; the gentle, tender atmosphere that softens the hard edges of ugly buildings, and invests them with poetic, almost romantic mystery. "The message of April to May" is a poem of another kind which needs no explanation. "On the Quay," one of Mr. Haité's Dutch pictures, is full of the sparkle, the quivering brilliancy, that he knows how to put into his best work; qualities perhaps still more evident in the other Dutch subject, "On the Sands," which cannot fail to appeal to anyone who has ever seen and enjoyed a fine Turner. "Watching" shows that Mr. Haité knows how far to make use of natural enforced sentiment. "A Zwindrecht Market Girl" is a proof that the artist is true to his own principles that a man should at least be able to do decently even what may not strongly appeal to him. "The Mill" and "The Remem-



"WATCHING."  
(From the oil painting.)

brance Card" are fine specimens of Mr. Haité's work in water-colour and black-and-white, for he is an experienced illustrator. In his studio, moreover, are hundreds of pencil sketches made during his various tours, some of them suggesting colour in a marvellous way. We reproduce a pencil sketch of an evening effect made at Walberswick.

Of the decorative work, the Lynton wall-paper design, and a new and very fine design consisting of a conventional arrangement of ships and water for frieze and wall-paper, or *filling*, as it is technically called, are reproduced. The Programme for the Japan Society's "At Home," with its combined ornament, representing the Sacred Mountain of Japan, surrounded by the Japanese national flower, and St. Paul's, London, bordered with roses, and the Invitation Card for the "Odd Volumes," serve as specimens of another branch of Mr. Haité's work. The tailpiece, "A Battle with Hornets," which he contributed to *Home Art Work*, has had the satisfaction of being one of the most popular designs ever made. It

has been reproduced numberless times, by the needle, the poker point, in brass *repoussé*, wood, &c.

A word in conclusion about the portraits of Mr. Haité. It is a curious thing that no one has yet succeeded in making a likeness of him that his friends can accept. He has about a dozen paintings and drawings of himself by different artists, not one of which seems to be *the* Mr. Haité whom one sees and converses with. What makes it more amusing is that they all began by thinking it would be so easy. He is quite used to it now, and when a man says, "Haité, I would like to make a portrait of you," the reply is, "All right, come up whenever you like and begin." In photographs the result is the same. The two reproduced herewith I selected from about forty, and though they seemed the best, they can only be regarded as rather like. The explanation is, perhaps, that Mr. Haité's face is so mobile and expressive, so animated in conversation, that one never sees it set or in repose, and representations of it so are unrecognisable.



A BATTLE WITH HORNETS.

(By permission of the proprietors of "*Home Art Work*.")

## A LOVE PASSAGE.

BY W. W. JACOBS.

ILLUSTRATED BY MAX COWPER.



HE mate was leaning against the side of the schooner, idly watching a few red-coated linesmen lounging on the Tower Quay. Careful mariners were getting out their side-lights, and careless lightermen were progressing by easy bumps from craft to craft on their way up the river. A tug, half burying itself in its own swell, rushed panting by, and a faint scream came from aboard an approaching skiff as it tossed in the wash.

"*Jessica* ahoy!" bawled a voice from the skiff as she came rapidly alongside.

The mate, roused from his reverie, mechanically caught the line and made it fast, moving with alacrity as he saw that the captain's daughter was one of the occupants. Before he had got over his surprise she was on deck with her boxes, and the captain was paying off the watermen.

"You've seen my daughter Hetty afore, haven't you?" said the skipper. "She's coming with us this trip. You'd better go down and make up her bed, Jack, in that spare bunk."

"Ay, ay," said the mate dutifully, moving off.

"Thank you, I'll do it myself," said the scandalised Hetty, stepping forward hastily.

"As you please," said the skipper, leading the way below. "Let's have a light on, Jack."

The mate struck a match on his boot, and lit the lamp.

"There's a few things in there'll want moving," said the skipper, as he opened the door. "I don't know where we're to keep the onions now, Jack."

"We'll find a place for 'em," said the mate confidently, as he drew out a sack and placed it on the table.

"I'm not going to sleep in there," said the visitor, decidedly, as she peered in. "Ugh! there's a beetle. Ugh!"

"It's quite dead," said the mate, reassuringly. "I've never seen a live beetle on this ship."

"I want to go home," said the girl. "You've no business to make me come when I don't want to."

"You should behave yourself then," said her father, magisterially. "What about sheets, Jack, and pillars?"

The mate sat on the table, and, grasping his chin, pondered. Then as his gaze fell upon the pretty, indignant face of the passenger, he lost the thread of his ideas.

"She'll have to have some o' my things for the present," said the skipper.

"Why not," said the mate, looking up again—"why not let her have your stateroom?"

"'Cos I want it myself," replied the other, calmly.

The mate blushed for him, and, the girl leaving them to arrange matters as they pleased, the two men, by borrowing here, and contriving there, made up the bunk. The girl was standing by the galley when they went on deck again, an object of curious and respectful admiration to the crew, who had come on board in the meantime. She stayed on deck until the air began to blow fresher in the wider reaches, and then, with a brief good-night to her father, retired below.

"She made up her mind to come with



THE MATE STRUCK A MATCH ON HIS BOOT, AND LIT THE LAMP

us rather suddenly, didn't she?" enquired the mate after she had gone.

"She didn't make up her mind at all," said the skipper; "we did it for her, me an' the missus. It's a plan on our part."

"Wants strengthening?" said the mate suggestively.

"Well, the fact is," said the skipper, "it's like this, Jack; there's a friend o' mine, a provision-dealer in a large way o' business, wants to marry my girl, and me an' the missus want him to marry her, so, o' course, she wants to marry someone else. Me an' 'er mother we put our heads together and decided for her to come away. When she's at 'ome instead o' being out with Towson, directly her mother's back's turned she's out with that young sprig of a clerk."

"Nice-looking young feller, I s'pose?" said the mate somewhat anxiously.

"Not a bit of it," said the other firmly. "Looks as though he never had a good meal in his life. Now my friend Towson, he's all right; he's a man of about my own figger."

"She'll marry the clerk," said the mate, with conviction.

"I'll bet you she don't," said the skipper. "I'm an artful man, Jack, an' I, generally speaking, get my own way. I couldn't live with my missus peaceable if it wasn't for management."

The mate smiled safely in the darkness, the skipper's management consisting chiefly of slavish obedience.

"I've got a cabinet fortygraph of him, for the cabin mantelpiece, Jack," continued the wily father. "He gave it to me o' purpose. She'll see that when she won't see the clerk, an' by-and-bye she'll fall into our way of thinking. Anyway, she's going to stay here till she does."

"You know your way about, cap'n," said the mate, in pretended admiration.

The skipper laid his finger on his nose, and winked at the mainmast. "There's few can show me the way, Jack," he answered softly; "very few. Now, I

want you to help me, too; I want you to talk to her a great deal."

"Ay, ay," said the mate, winking at the mast in his turn.

"Admire the fortygraph on the mantelpiece," said the skipper.

"I will," said the other.

"Tell her about a lot o' young girls you know as married young middle-aged men an' loved 'em more an' more every day o' their lives," continued the skipper.

"Not another word," said the mate. "I know just what you want. She shan't marry the clerk if I can help it."

The other turned and gripped him warmly by the hand. "If ever you are a father yourself, Jack," he said with emotion, "I hope as how somebody'll stand by you as you're standing by me."

The mate was relieved the next day when he saw the portrait of Towson. He stroked his moustache, and felt that he gained in good looks every time he glanced at it.

Breakfast finished, the skipper, who had been on deck all night, retired to his bunk. The mate went on deck and took charge, watching with great interest the movements of the passenger as she peered into the galley and hotly assailed the cook's method of washing up.

"Don't you like the sea?" he enquired politely, as she came and sat on the cabin skylight.

Miss Alsen shook her head dismally. "I've got to like it," she remarked.

"Your father was saying something to me about it," said the mate, guardedly.

"Did he tell the cook and the cabin-boy too?" enquired Miss Alsen, flushing somewhat. "What did he tell you?"

"Told me about a man named Towson," said the mate, becoming intent on the sails, "and—another fellow."

"I took a little notice of *him* just to spoil the other," said the girl, "not that I cared for him, I can't understand a girl caring for any man. Great, clumsy, ugly things."



"You don't like him then?" said the mate.

"Of course not," said the girl, tossing her head.

"And yet they've sent you to sea to get out of his way," said the mate, meditatively. "Well, the best thing you can do——"

His hardihood failed him at the pinch.

"Go on," said the girl.

"Well, it's this way," said the mate, coughing; "they've sent you to sea to get you out of this fellow's way, so if you fall in love with somebody on the ship they'll send you home again."

"So they will," said the girl, eagerly. "I'll pretend to fall in love with that nice-looking sailor you call Harry. What a lark!"

"I shouldn't do that," said the mate, gravely.

"Why not?" said the girl.

"Tisn't discipline," said the mate very firmly; "it wouldn't do at all. He's before the mast."

"Oh, I see," remarked Miss Alsen, smiling scornfully.

"I only mean pretend, of course," said the mate, colouring. "Just to oblige you."

"Of course," said the girl calmly. "Well, how are we to be in love?"

The mate flushed darkly. "I don't know much about such things," he said at length; "but we'll have to look at each other, and all that sort of thing, you know."

"I don't mind that," said the girl.

"Then we'll get on by degrees," said the other. "I expect we shall both find it come easier after a time."

"Anything to get home again," said the girl, rising and walking slowly away.

The mate began his part of the love-making at once, and, fixing a gaze of concentrated love on the object of his regard, nearly ran down a smack. As he had prognosticated, it came easy to him, and other well-marked symptoms, such as loss

of appetite and a partiality for bright colours, developed during the day. Between breakfast and tea he washed five times, and raised the ire of the skipper to a dangerous pitch by using the ship's butter to remove tar from his fingers.

By ten o'clock that night he was far advanced in a profound melancholy. All the looking had been on his side, and, as he stood at the wheel keeping the schooner to her course, he felt a fellow-feeling for the hapless Towson. His meditations were interrupted by a slight figure which emerged from the companion, and, after a moment's hesitation, came and took its old seat on the skylight.

"Calm and peaceful up here isn't it?" said he, after waiting some time for her to speak. "Stars are very bright to-night."

"Don't talk to me," said Miss Alsen, snappishly. "Why doesn't this nasty little ship keep still? I believe it's you making her jump about like this."

"Me?" said the mate in amazement.

"Yes, with the wheel."

"I can assure you——" began the mate.

"Yes, I knew you'd say so," said the girl.

"Come and steer yourself," said the mate; "then you'll see."

Much to his surprise she came, and, leaning limply against the wheel, put her little hands on the spokes, while the mate explained the mysteries of the compass. As he warmed with his subject, he ventured to put his hands on the same spokes, and, gradually becoming more venturesome, boldly supported her with his arm every time the schooner gave a lurch.

"Thank you," said Miss Alsen, coldly extricating herself, as the mate fancied another lurch was coming. "Good-night."

She retired to the cabin as a dark figure, which was manfully knuckling the

last remnant of sleep from its eyelids, stood before the mate, chuckling softly.

"Clear night," said the seaman as he took the wheel in his great paws.

"Beastly," said the mate absently and, stifling a sigh, went below and turned in.

He lay awake for a few minutes, and then, well satisfied with the day's proceedings, turned over and fell asleep. He was pleased to discover, when he awoke, that the slight roll of the night before had disappeared, and that there was hardly any motion on the schooner. The passenger herself was already at the breakfast-table.

"Cap'n's on deck I s'pose?" said the mate, preparing to resume negotiations where they were broken off the night before. "I hope you feel better than you did last night."

"Yes, thank you," said she.

"You'll make a good sailor in time," said the mate.

"I hope not," said Miss Alsen, who thought it time to quell a gleam of peculiar tenderness plainly apparent in the mate's eyes. "I shouldn't like to be a sailor even if I were a man."

"Why not?" enquired the other.

"I don't know," said the girl, meditatively, "but sailors are generally such scrubby little men, aren't they?"

"Scrubby?" repeated the mate in a dazed voice.

"I'd sooner be a soldier," she continued; "I like soldiers—they're so manly. I wish there was one here now."

"What for?" enquired the mate, in the manner of a sulky schoolboy.

"If there was a man like that here now," said Miss Alsen, thoughtfully, "I'd dare him to mustard old Towson's nose."

"Do what?" enquired the astonished mate.

"Mustard old Towson's nose," said Miss Alsen, glancing lightly from the cruet-stand to the portrait.

The infatuated man hesitated a moment, and then, reaching over to the cruet, took out the spoon, and, with a pale, determined

face, indignantly daubed the classic features of the provision-dealer. His indignation was not lessened by the behaviour of the temptress, who, instead of fawning upon him for his bravery, crammed her handkerchief to her mouth and giggled foolishly.

"Here's father," she said suddenly, as a step sounded above. "Oh, you will get it."

She rose from her seat, and, standing aside to let her father pass, went on deck. The skipper sank on to a locker, and, raising the tea-pot, poured himself out a cup of tea, which he afterwards decanted into a saucer. He had just raised it to his lips, when he saw something over the rim of it which made him put it down again untasted and stare blankly at the mantel-piece.

"Who the—what the—who the devil's done this?" he enquired, in a strangled voice, as he rose and regarded the portrait.

"I did," said the mate.

"You did?" roared the other. "You? What for?"

"I don't know," said the mate, awkwardly. "Something seemed to come over me all of a sudden and I felt as though I must do it."

"But what for? Where's the sense of it?" said the skipper.

The mate shook his head sheepishly.

"But what did you want to do such a monkey trick *for*?" roared the skipper.

"I don't know," said the mate, doggedly, "but it's done, aint it? and it's no good talking about it."

The skipper looked at him in wrathful perplexity. "You'd better have advice when we get to port, Jack," he said at length; "the last few weeks I've noticed you've been a bit strange in your manner. You go an' show that 'ed of yours to a doctor."

The mate grunted, and went on deck for sympathy, but, finding Miss Alsen in a mood far removed from sentiment and

not at all grateful, drew off whistling. Matters were in this state when the skipper appeared, wiping his mouth.

"I've put another portrait on the mantelpiece, Jack," he said, menacingly; "it's the only other one I've got, an' I wish you to understand that if that only *smells* mustard there'll be such a row in this 'ere ship that you won't be able to 'ear yourself speak for the noise."

He moved off with dignity, as his daughter, who had overheard the remark, came sidling up to the mate and smiled on him agreeably.

"He's put another portrait there," she said, softly.

"You'll find the mustard-pot in the cruet," said the mate, coldly.

Miss Alsen turned and watched her father as he went forward, and then, to the mate's surprise, went below without another word. A prey to curiosity, but too proud to make any overture, he compromised matters by going and standing near the companion.

"Mate," said a stealthy whisper at the foot of the ladder.

The mate gazed calmly out to sea.

"Jack," said the girl again, in a lower whisper than before.

The mate went hot all over, and at once descended. He found Miss Alsen, her eyes sparkling, with the mustard-pot in her left hand and the spoon in her right, executing a war-dance in front of the second portrait.

"Don't do it," said the mate, in alarm.

"Why not?" she enquired, going within an inch of it.

"He'll think it's me," said the mate.

"That's why I called you down here," said she, "you don't think I wanted you, do you?"

"You put that spoon down," said the mate, who was by no means desirous of another interview with the skipper.

"Shan't," said Miss Alsen.

The mate sprang at her, but she dodged round the table. He leaned over, and,

catching her by the left arm, drew her towards him; then, with her flushed, laughing face close to his, he forgot everything else, and kissed her.

"Oh!" said Hetty indignantly.

"Will you give it to me now?" said the mate, trembling at his boldness.

"Take it," said she. She leaned across the table, and, as the mate advanced, dabbed viciously at him with the spoon. Then she suddenly dropped both articles on the table and moved away, as the mate, startled by a footstep at the door, turned a flushed visage, ornamented with three streaks of mustard, on to the dumb-founded skipper.

"Sakes alive," said that astonished mariner, as soon as he could speak, "if he aint amustarding his own face now—I never 'eard of such a thing in all my life. Don't go near 'im, Hetty. Jack!"

"Well," said the mate, wiping his smarting face with his handkerchief.

"You've never been took like this before?" queried the skipper, anxiously.

"O' course not," said the mortified mate.

"Don't you say o' course not to me," said the other warmly, "after behaving like this. A straight weskit's what you want. I'll go an' see old Ben about it. He's got an uncle in a 'sylum. You come up too, my girl."

He went in search of Ben oblivious of the fact that his daughter, instead of following him, came no farther than the door, where she stood and regarded her victim compassionately.

"I'm so sorry," she said. "Does it smart?"

"A little," said the mate; "don't you trouble about me."

"You see what you get for behaving badly," said Miss Alsen, judiciously.

"It's worth it," said the mate, brightening.

"I'm afraid it'll blister," said she. She crossed over to him, and putting her head on one side, eyed the traces wisely. "Three marks," she said.

"I only had one," suggested the mate.

"One what?" enquired Hetty.

"Those," said the mate.

In full view of the horrified skipper, who was cautiously peeping at the supposed lunatic through the skylight, he kissed her again.

"You can go away, Ben," said the skipper huskily to the expert. "D'ye hear,

you can go *away*, and not a word about this, mind."

The expert went away grumbling, and the father, after another glance, which showed him his daughter nestling comfortably on the mate's right shoulder, stole away and brooded darkly over this crowning complication. An ordinary man would have run down and interrupted them;



THE COUPLE IN THE CABIN HAD NO IDEA THAT THEY HAD BEEN OBSERVED.

the master of the *Jessica* thought he could attain his ends more certainly by diplomacy, and so careful was his demeanour that the couple in the cabin had no idea that they had been observed—the mate listening calmly to a lecture on incipient idiocy which the skipper thought it advisable to bestow.

Until the mid-day meal on the day following he made no sign. If anything he was even more affable than usual, though his wrath rose at the glances which were being exchanged across the table.

"By the way, Jack," he said at length. "What's become of Kitty Loney?"

"Who?" enquired the mate. "Who's Kitty Loney?"

It was now the skipper's turn to stare, and he did it admirably.

"Kitty Loney," he said in surprise, "the little girl you are going to marry."

"Who are you getting at?" said the mate, going scarlet as he met the gaze opposite.

"I don't know what you mean," said the skipper with dignity. "I'm alluding to Kitty Loney, the little girl in the red hat and white feathers you introduced to me as your future."

The mate sank back in his seat, and regarded him with open-mouthed horrified astonishment.

"You don't mean to say you've chucked 'er," pursued the heartless skipper, "after getting an advance from me to buy the ring with, too? Didn't you buy the ring with the money?"

"No," said the mate, "I—oh, no—of course—what on earth are you talking about?"

The skipper rose in his seat and regarded him sorrowfully but severely. "I'm sorry, Jack," he said stiffly, "if I've said anything to annoy you or anyway hurt your feelings. O' course it's your business, not mine. P'raps you'll say you never heard o' Kitty Loney?"

"I do say so," said the bewildered mate; "I do say so."

The skipper eyed him sternly, and without another word left the cabin. "If she's like her mother," he said to himself, chuckling as he went up the companion-ladder, "I think that'll do."

There was an awkward pause after his departure. "I'm sure I don't know what you must think of me," said the mate at length, "but I don't know what your father's talking about."

"I don't think anything," said Hetty, calmly. "Pass the potatoes, please."

"I suppose it's a joke of his," said the mate, complying.

"And the salt," said she; "thank you."

"But you don't believe it?" said the mate, pathetically.

"Oh, don't be silly," said the girl, calmly. "What does it matter whether I do or not?"

"It matters a great deal," said the mate, gloomily. "It's life or death to me."

"Oh, nonsense," said Hetty. "She won't know of your foolishness. I won't tell her."

"I tell you," said the mate desperately, "there never was a Kitty Loney. What do you think of that?"

"I think you are very mean," said the girl scornfully; "don't talk to me any more, please."

"Just as you like," said the mate, beginning to lose his temper.

He pushed his plate from him and departed, while the girl, angry and resentful, put the potatoes back as being too floury for consumption in the circumstances.

For the remainder of the passage she treated him with a politeness and good humour through which he strove in vain to break. To her surprise, her father made no objection, at the end of the voyage, when she coaxingly suggested going back by train, and the mate, as they sat at dummy-whist on the evening before her departure, tried in vain to discuss the journey in an unconcerned fashion.

"It'll be a long journey," said Hetty, who still liked him well enough to make him smart a bit. "What's trumps?"

"You'll be all right," said her father. "Spades."

He won for the third time that evening, and, feeling wonderfully well satisfied with the way in which he had played his cards generally, could not resist another gibe at the crestfallen mate.

"You'll have to give up playing cards and all that sort o' thing when you're married, Jack," said he.

"Ay, ay," said the mate, recklessly. "Kitty don't like cards."

"I thought there was no Kitty," said the girl, looking up, scornfully.

"She don't like cards," repeated the mate. "Lord, what a spree we had, cap'n, when we went to the Crystal Palace with her that night."

"Ay, that we did," said the skipper.

"Remember the roundabouts?" said the mate.

"I do," said the skipper, merrily. "I'll never forget 'em."

"You and that friend of hers, Bessie Watson, lord how you did go on!" continued the mate, in a sort of ecstasy.

The skipper stiffened suddenly in his chair. "What on earth are you talking about?" he enquired, gruffly.

"Bessie Watson," said the mate, in tones of innocent surprise. "Little girl in a blue hat with white feathers, and a blue frock, that came with us."

"You're drunk," said the skipper, grinding his teeth, as he saw the trap into which he had walked.

"Don't you remember when you two

got lost, an' me and Kitty were looking all over the place for you?" demanded the mate, still in the same tones of pleasant reminiscence.

He caught Hetty's eye, and noticed with a thrill that it beamed with soft and respectful admiration.

"You've been drinking," repeated the skipper, breathing hard. "How dare you talk like that afore my daughter?"

"It's only right I should know," said Hetty, drawing herself up. "I wonder what mother'll say to it all?"

"You say anything to your mother if you dare," said the now maddened skipper. "You know what she is. It's all the mate's nonsense."

"I'm very sorry, cap'n," said the mate, "if I've said anything to annoy you, or anyway hurt your feelings. O' course, it's your business, not mine. Perhaps you'll say you never heard o' Bessie Watson?"

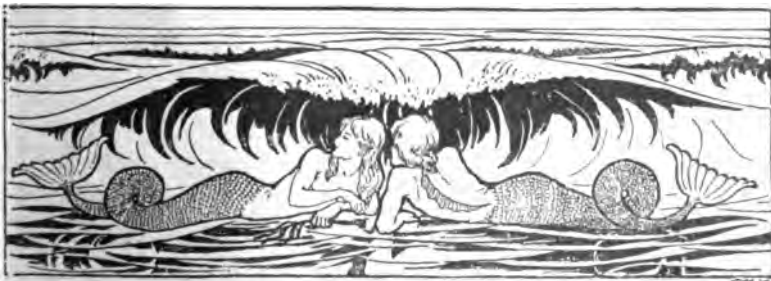
"Mother shall hear of her," said Hetty, while her helpless sire was struggling for breath.

"Perhaps you'll tell us who this Bessie Watson is, and where she lives?" he said at length.

"She lives with Kitty Loney," said the mate, simply.

The skipper rose, and his demeanour was so alarming that Hetty shrank instinctively to the mate for protection. In full view of his captain, the mate placed his arm about her waist, and in this position they confronted each other for some time in silence. Then Hetty looked up and spoke.

"I'm going home by water," she said, briefly.



## WANDERINGS IN BOOKLAND.

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.



ADAME DARMESTETER (a poet too infrequently vocal as Miss Mary F. Robinson) has collected a few of her famous husband's scattered papers on English literature, under the title of *English Studies* (Unwin), and has prefaced them with an exceedingly interesting account of their writer. She sums up his attitude to England, an attitude unusually sympathetic in a Frenchman, in this striking passage:—

"Thus by intuition, by reflection, by the love of books and the knowledge of men and women, this Frenchman penetrated the secret of the English soul. But if, as I have said, his knowledge of England began from within, he did not on that account neglect the vast and imposing externals of the British Empire. He saw the nobler aspects of her just but lovely rule. He admired that iron yoke imposed with an impersonal equity upon incalculable races and innumerable religions. The peace of the British Colonies appeared to him rigid and grandiose as ever was the Roman Peace. Yet, if he hailed the rectitude of the strong, his tenderer sympathies were evoked by the ineffectual rebellion of the weak. His heart beat for the Celt in Ireland, for the Indian in India, and all the more warmly because he saw the uselessness of an effort condemned to miss its aim for ever. He pitied the bare breast so vainly, so courageously, opposed to the keen edge of the naked sword. And while he pitied, he saw the superiority of the English, tyrannical and intolerant though they be; he said that their inflexible rule was none the less a liberal education for

those who obey them; he recognised that the Fenian conspiring against the Sassenach, and the Bengalle Baboo suffering with a servile smile the inept disdain of the British Civil Servant, are, in spite of all their grievances, enviable and even happy, compared with that which they would become, if freed from the constraint which maintains them in the way of progress."

The studies are very various in subject, an appreciation of the boy-poet and artist, Oliver Madox-Brown, showing that James Darmesteter knew the bye-ways as well as the great high-roads of English literature. The most important studies are those on "The French Revolution and Wordsworth," George Eliot, of whom he had a most exalted opinion, and "Joan of Arc in England." The latter sketch of the progress of English feeling about Joan of Arc is particularly interesting at the present time, when so many writers seem to have made up their minds simultaneously to fall in love with the Blessed Maid. M. Darmesteter's pleasing conclusion is that "nowhere in Europe has the heavenly character of Joan been more exquisitely felt, more amply proclaimed, than by the sons of those who scouted her and burned her at the stake."

Mark Twain and Mrs. Oliphant are Joan's latest literary worshippers. Mrs. Oliphant's book I have not seen, but I have read Mark Twain's *Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc by the Sieur Louis de Conte (Her Page and Secretary)* (Chaito & Windus) with something of the enthusiasm with which one read Carlyle's *French Revolution* for the first time. The historical method is not



dissimilar. Each writer fearlessly employs his own characteristic idiom, careless of anachronism, caring only for dramatic vividness of effect, and though, of course, one cannot compare Mark Twain's style with that unique thunder-and-lightning-and-mud painting of Carlyle, yet his fervid sincerity and his old power of imaginative characterisation go far to justify my comparison. It may sound a paradox, but it is my belief that the Americans are the most imaginative nation in the world. At present, for the most part, they confine their imagination to their business and their conversation, but occasionally it escapes into their literature; and Mark Twain's *Joan of Arc* is such an escape. The man who has inaugurated a great epoch in the history of humour—and the whole of modern humour is the invention of Mark Twain—must have a great imagination, as he must also have a great heart. We have not waited for *Joan of Arc* to find these important gifts in Mark Twain, but certainly they are here once more, with even more than their ancient vitality. I have found it difficult to detach any scene from the book, so I quote this passage from its eloquent preface:—

“The character of Joan of Arc is unique. It can be measured by the standards of all times without misgiving or apprehension as to the result. Judged by any of them, judged by all of them, it is still flawless, it is still ideally perfect; it still occupies the loftiest place possible to human attainment, a loftier one than has been reached by any other mere mortal.

“When we reflect that her century was the brutallest, the wickedest, the rottenest in history since the darkest ages, we are lost in wonder at the miracle of such a product from such a soil. The contrast between her and her century is the contrast between day and night. She was truthful when lying was the common speech of men; she was honest when

honesty was become a lost virtue; she was a keeper of promises when the keeping of a promise was expected of no one; she gave her great mind to great thoughts and great purposes when other great minds wasted themselves upon petty fancies or upon poor ambitions; she was modest, and fine, and delicate, when to be loud and coarse might be said to be universal; she was full of pity when a merciless cruelty was the rule; she was steadfast when stability was unknown, and honourable in an age which had forgotten what honour was; she was a rock of convictions in a time when men believed in nothing, and scoffed at all things; she was unfailingly true in an age that was false to the core; she maintained her personal dignity unimpaired in an age of fawnings and servilities; she was of a dauntless courage when hope and courage had perished in the hearts of her nation; she was spotlessly pure in mind and body when society in the highest places was foul in both—she was all these things in an age when crime was the common business of lords and princes, and when the highest personages in Christendom were able to astonish even that infamous era, and make it stand aghast at the spectacle of their atrocious lives, black with unimaginable treacheries, butcheries, and bestialities.

“She was perhaps the only entirely unselfish person whose name has a place in profane history. No vestige or suggestion of self-seeking can be found in any word or deed of hers. When she had rescued the King from his vagabondage, and set his crown upon his head, she was offered rewards and honours, but she refused them all, and would take nothing. All she would take for herself—if the King would grant it—was leave to go back to her village home, and tend her sheep again, and feel her mother's arms about her, and be her housemaid and helper. The selfishness of this unspoiled general of victorious armies, companion



of princes, and idol of an applauding and grateful nation, reached but that far and no farther.

"Joan of Arc, a mere child in years, ignorant, unlettered, a poor village girl unknown and without influence, found a great nation lying in chains, helpless and hopeless under an alien domination, its treasury bankrupt, its soldiers disheartened and dispersed, all spirit torpid, all courage dead in the hearts of the people through long years of foreign domestic outrage and oppression, their King cowed, resigned to his fate, and preparing to fly the country; and she laid her hand upon this nation, this corpse, and it rose and followed her. She led it from victory to victory, she turned back the tide of the Hundred Years' War, she fatally crippled the English power, and died with the earned title of DELIVERER OF FRANCE, which she bears to this day."

Australia is another new country with a mighty imagination and great heart. There is something in the ferment of conditions in a new country which makes for both, but like America, and much more so, she keeps them as yet for her business and her social intercourse. However, now and again they escape into literature. They did so in Lindsay Gordon, in Henry Clarence Kendall, in Francis Adams, and they have once more escaped in a striking volume of ballad-poetry entitled *In the Days when the World was Wide, and other Verses* (Sydney: Angus & Robertson. London: Young J. Pentland), by Mr. Henry Lawson. It is a volume to console one for the tantalising postponements of Mr. Kipling's long-promised volume of sea-ballads, and it is obvious that Mr. Lawson's metres owe dues to Mr. Kipling. But, then, Mr. Kipling's metres owe dues elsewhere; every poet is a disciple of every other poet that has sung before him, and it is easy to tell the difference between the mere mocking-bird and the man with a song of his own

to sing some day. It is merely accidental that Mr. Lawson employs the methods of Kipling and Bret Harte; he would have been a poet had they never been born. The cruel muses chose him at their birth to hear the fatal music, to see the fatal beauty, of the world. I don't mean to imply that he is a poet of anything approaching the highest order of poetry. Ballad-poetry has seldom been written by such poets. It is essentially music for the people, appealing to the great human emotions, not in the way the great poets appeal to them, but—but enough of criticism. Read some of these stanzas from the title-poem:—

"The world is narrow and ways are short, and  
our lives are dull and slow,  
For little is new where the crowds resort, and  
less where the wanderers go;  
Greater, or smaller, the same old things we see  
by the dull roadside,  
And tired of all is the spirit that sings of the days  
when the world was wide.

"When the North was hale in the march of Time,  
and the South and West were new,  
And the gorgeous East was a pantomime, as it  
seemed in our boyhood's view;  
When Spain was first on the waves of change,  
and proud in the ranks of pride,  
And all was wonderful, new, and strange in the  
days when the world was wide.

"They sailed away in the ships that sailed ere  
science controlled the main,  
When the strong, brave heart of a man prevailed  
as 'twill never prevail again;  
They knew not whither, nor much they cared—  
let Fate or the winds decide—  
The worst of the Great Unknown they dared in  
the days when the world was wide.

"They raised new stars on the silent sea that  
filled their hearts with awe;  
They came to many a strange countree and mar-  
vellous sights they saw,  
The villagers gaped at the tales they told, and  
old eyes glistened with pride—  
When barbarous cities were paved with gold in  
the days when the world was wide.

"'Twas honest metal and honest wood—in the  
days of the Outward Bound—  
When men were gallant and ships were good—  
roaming the wide world round.

The gods could envy a leader then when 'Follow me, lads!' he cried—  
They faced each other and fought like men in the days when the world was wide.

"They tried to live as a freeman should—they were happier men than we  
In the glorious days of wine and blood—when Liberty crossed the sea ;  
'Twas a comrade true or a foeman then, and a trusty sword well tried—  
They faced each other and fought like men in the days when the world was wide."

Read, too, these from a still finer poem entitled, *Faces in the Street* :—

"In hours before the dawning dims the starlight in the sky,  
The wan and weary faces first begin to trickle by,  
Increasing as the moments hurry on with morning feet,  
Till like a pallid river flow the faces in the street—  
Flowing in, flowing in,  
To the beat of hurried feet—  
Ah ! I sorrow for the owners of those faces in the street.

"The human river dwindles when 'tis past the hour of eight,  
Its waves go flowing faster in the fear of being late ;  
But slowly drag the moments, whilst, beneath the dust and heat,  
The city grind: the owners of the faces in the street—

Grinding body, grinding soul,  
Yielding scarce enough to eat—  
Oh ! I sorrow for the owners of the faces in the street.

"And when the hours on lagging feet have slowly dragged away,  
And sickly yellow gaslights rise to mock the going day,  
Then flowing past my window like a tide in its retreat,  
Again I see the pallid stream of faces in the street—

Ebbing out, ebbing out,  
To the drag of tired feet,  
While my heart is aching dumbly for the faces in the street.

"And now all blurred and smurched with vice the days sad pages end,  
For while the short 'large hours' towards the longer 'small hours' trend,  
With smiles that mock the wearer, and with words that half entreat,  
Delilah pleads for custom at the corner of the street—

Sinking down, sinking down.  
Battered wreck by tempests beat—  
A dreadful, thankless trade is hers, that woman of the street.

"I left the dreadful corner where the steps are never still,  
And sought another window overlooking gorge and hill ;  
But when the night came dreary with the driving rain and sleet,  
They haunted me—the shadows of those faces in the street,

Flitting by, flitting by,  
Flitting by with noiseless feet,  
And with cheeks but little paler than the real ones in the street.

"Once I cried, 'Oh, God Almighty ! if Thy might doth still endure,  
Now show me a vision, for the wrongs of Earth a cure.'  
And lo ! with shops all shuttered, I beheld a city's street,  
And in the warning distance heard the tramp of many feet,

Coming nearer, coming nearer,  
To a drum's dull distant beat,  
And soon I saw the army that was marching down the street.

"And, like a swollen river that has broken bank and wall,  
The human flood came pouring with the red flags over all,  
And kindled eyes all blazing bright with revolution's heat,  
And flashing swords reflecting rigid faces in the street,

Pouring on, pouring on,  
To a drum's loud threatening beat.  
And the war-hymns and the cheering of the people in the street.

"And so 'twill be while e'er the world goes rolling round its course,  
The warning pen shall write in vain, the warning voice grow hoarse,  
But not until a city feels Red Revolution's feet  
Shall its sad people miss awhile the terrors of the street—

The dreadful, everlasting strife  
For scarcely clothes and meat  
In that pent track of living death—the city's cruel street."

And, again, read these from *The Star of Australasia* :—

"We boast no more of our bloodless flag, that  
 rose from a nation's slime ;  
 Better a shred of deep-dyed rag from the storms  
 of the olden time.  
 From grander clouds in our 'peaceful skies'  
 than ever were there before  
 I tell you the Star of the South shall rise—in the  
 lurid clouds of war.  
 It ever must be while blood is warm and the sons  
 of men increase ;  
 Forever the nations rose in storm, to rot in a  
 deadly peace.  
 There comes a point that we will not yield, no  
 matter if right or wrong.  
 A man will fight in the battle-field while passion  
 and pride are strong.  
 So long as he will not kiss the rod, and his  
 stubborn spirit soars,  
 And the scorn of Nature and curse of God are  
 heavy on peace like ours.

• • • • •

"The South will wake to a mighty change e'er a  
 hundred years are done  
 With arsenals west of the mountain range and  
 every spur its gun.  
 And many a rickety son of a gun, on the tides of  
 the future tossed,  
 Will tell how battles were really won that history  
 says were lost.  
 Will trace the field with his pipe, and shirk the  
 facts that are hard to explain,  
 As grey old mates of the diggings work the old  
 ground over again—

How 'this was our centre, and this a redoubt,  
 and that was a scrub in the rear,  
 And this was the point where the push held out,  
 and the enemy's lines were here.'

"The self-same spirit that drives the man to the  
 depths of drink and crime,  
 Will do the deeds in the hero's van that live till  
 the end of time.  
 The living death in the lonely bush, the greed of  
 the selfish town,  
 And even the creed of the outlawed push is chivalry,  
 upside down.  
 'Twill be while ever our blood is hot, while ever  
 the world goes wrong  
 The nations rise in a war, to rot in a peace that  
 lasts too long.  
 And southern nation and southern state, aroused  
 from their dream of ease,  
 Must sign in the Book of Eternal Fate their  
 stormy histories."

These quotations are lengthy, but  
 ballad-poets, and Mr. Lawson in par-  
 ticular, always run to length ; you cannot  
 get their swing till you have read a yard  
 or two ; and I think the reader will not  
 grumble at the number of yards of poetry  
 in Mr. Lawson's volume. Mr. Lawson has,  
 I understand, a considerable reputation  
 in Australia. No doubt he will have a like  
 reputation here before long. And if not,  
 it will hardly matter to him, for Australasia  
 is big enough for quite a big reputation.



# A DAY'S WORK.

BY ALEXANDER STUART.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. S. BOYD.

**T**HE crop from the glebe was in process of being garnered. Watty Whyte, of course, was chief in command; but to his great annoyance Johnnie Gouk had been chosen to help him. Johnnie was a mere orra man in the haughty eyes of the minister's gardener, but in his own estimation he was a very important person. It was but natural, therefore, that there should be friction between the two when left to themselves for a whole day. Johnnie was under the impression that he was taking the lead in everything, for it was his own mare which was in the waggon, and he had personally borrowed the use of the waggon for the day. Watty was under no such delusion; in the absence of the minister he was master, and Johnnie was to know this before the day was over.

The corn in stook was to be carted to the mill, thrashed, brought back with the straw, and stored, all in the one day. It was now past noon, and they were loading the last cart to take back to the manse. Watty was throwing up the straws that had been thrashed to Johnnie, who was now at a considerable height from the ground, and who was working a great deal harder than he liked.

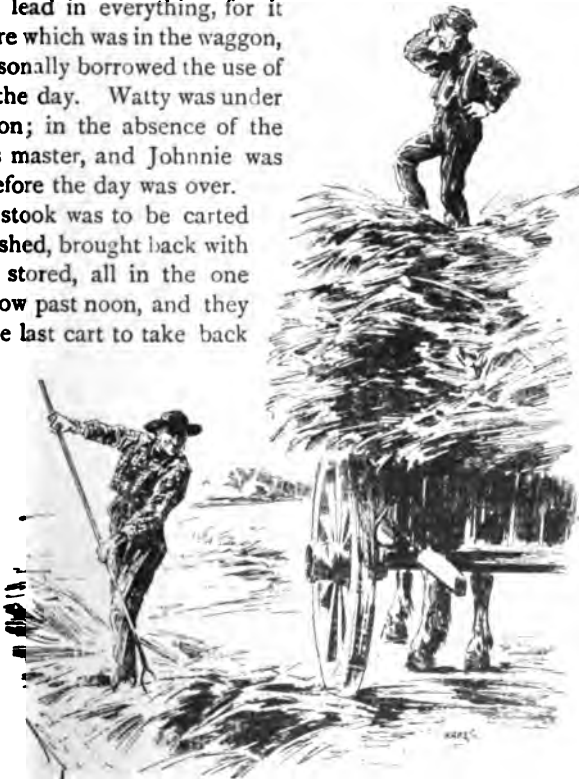
"Ye wad be hearin' that I was precentin' in the Kirk the ither Sunday," shouted Johnnie, as he paused in his work, and looked away to the horizon, as if he felt inclined to address a series of remarks to half the circumference of heaven. Watty, however, paid no attention to him, but only worked with redoubled energy.

"No sae fast, Watty, man," Johnnie expostulated. "By richts I should ha'e another up here besides mysel'. Ae

man's no fit tae stack a cart at the rate yer gaen. I'll rin round into the house and get the bitlassiethere tae cam oot and help me."

"Ye'll better try tae cam doun aff that cart afore it's finished," Watty replied, "and it'll be the worst coup ye've ever had."

"What's pit coupin' in yer heid?" asked Johnnie, a trifle crestfallen. "This question



HE PAUSED IN HIS WORK AND LOOKED AWAY TO THE HORIZON

Watty took no notice of, and Johnnie did not care to repeat it in the same form.

"Ye wad be hearin', then, that I was precentin' in the Kirk the ither Sunday? No? Man, ye keep far ower muckle tae yersel'. That's what mak's ye aye sae glum-like. If ye wad even gang tae the Kirk whiles, and hae a bit haver wi' some o' the fouk it wad be better than daein' naethin'. I'm no fin'in' faut wi' ye, only I thoct ye micht hae heard that I was precentin' in the Kirk the ither Sunday. It was a guid thing that I hadna stayed awa' like you, or there wad hae been a fine peck o' trouble for somebody. Jeemie Bauld, that's the precentor, ye ken, was ta'en that bad wi' a kittle in his thrapple that he couldna stop coughin'. Sae the hale session cam roun' tae me wi' the minister's compliments tae see if I wad precent as a special oblegement. No sae fast, Watty man; wait till I tell 'ee what I said. Ses I——"

"I pit ye up there tae wark, no' tae blether," said Watty fiercely.

"Weel, as I was sayin'," Johnnie continued, after a minute's silence, "when they saw me drawin' back like—for I telled them they could easy fin' a better man than me—and they said they couldnae fin' a better in the hale parish—one o' them up, and ses he, 'If you dinna dae it, Johnnie,' ses he, 'the minister'll just hae tae dae it himsel', and ye ken what that'll be like.'"

"It was like their d—d impidence tae say onything o' the kind," Watty broke in angrily, for although he criticised the minister himsel' he would not permit anyone else to do so. "The minister could mak' himsel' heard frae one end o' the village tae the ither. Your vice is no' a tin whistle besides his, though ye mak' mair noise than a corncrake, and no' half as sweet."

"And ye ken ye're tellin' the biggest lee ye ever telled in yer life, Watty Whyte," cried Johnnie, lying flat on the

straw and showing a very red face over the edge. "It's weel seen ye've never heard me, or ye wadna daur tae say it. I'll sing against ony man in the parish, or wumman either."

"Never heard ye," said Watty viciously, thrusting a bunch of straw into Johnnie's overhanging face. "I canna get workin' for yer lang tongue that never leaves off frae morn till nicht."

"I canna mak' oot, though," Johnnie went on again after another short interval of silence, "hoo ye hevna heard onything about me precentin' in the Kirk the ither Sunday, for everybody's speakin' about it."

"Dae ye think I hae naethin' better tae dae than talk about the likes o' you?" asked Watty, again goaded into speech.

"Speak about the likes o' me!" Johnnie retorted. "Wha are ye, I suld like tae ken, tae gie yersel' sich airs? Ye may think a lot o' yersel' because ye delve the minister's kailyerd, but I wadna tak' yer place and a pension intae the bargain. I hae my ain horse and cart and am servant tae naebody."

"Ye're there to tak' orders from me the noo, at ony rate," said Watty calmly, "and I'll see that ye dae them, though I've tae half murder ye first."

"I'll no tak' yer orders," Johnnie shouted back excitedly; "I'm here tae cart the minister's straw tae be threshed and back again."

"And whaur's the minister the noo?" asked Watty.

"He's no' here, at ony rate," Johnnie replied.

"No, but I'm here," said Watty, with such sinister emphasis that Johnnie could think of no reply.

"It's a gae queer thing," he havered to himsel', "if I canna dae what I like and say what I like on my ain cart. But I mauna forget that the crater's no' in his weiss mind. I've gotten tae look after him as weel as mysel', altho' he thinks he's lookin' after me. And that mak's it

a' the mair deeficult. He's aboot the maist stiff-neckit, wrang-heided brute that I've ever had onythin' tae dae wi', and he wad think nae mair o' rinnin' me through wi' that fork o' his than o' stickin' a rat."

"Weel, is this the hale o't?" asked the miller, coming up to them as they were fastening down the straw with ropes.

"This is a'," said Johnnie, nimbly slipping to the ground, before Watty could open his mouth, and leaning against the cart in his favourite attitude, so that he seemed to be supporting it with his shoulder. "It's been as puir a crap as I've ever seen ta'en aff the glebe. It suld a' hae been laid oot in tatties, as I telled the minister mysel'; and I'm thinkin' he'll be mair willin' tae tak' my advice anither time. 'Whaur's the sense,' ses I tae him, 'in puttin' an acre and a hauf under corn? Afore ye've paid for the plowin' and the sowin' and the cartin' it tae the mill and back, and the threshin' o't, ye'll buy it at hauf the price.' That's what I said tae him. 'Man Johnnie,' ses he, 'I'll no' say but ye're richt,' ses he; 'but I've aye been accustomed tae dae it, and I'm sweirt tae gie ower.' 'It's no',' ses I, 'that the threshin's expensive; for if there's one man that'll thresh yer crap as cheap as it can be done, it's just yersel', Peter.' That was my very words tae him. 'And as for cartin' it there and back again,' ses I, 'I'll dae that as cheap as ony man for ye, and mebbe cheaper. But,' ses I, 'the thing canna pay ye, nae matter hoo cheap fouk wark for ye. It's a nat'ral imposseibility.'"

"Aye, yer heid's screwed on the richt way, Johnnie," said the miller, winking on the sly to Watty.

"At least, it's no' crackit," said Johnnie, with a well-contented smirk.

"Is it no'?" said Watty, with a flash of his eye, bringing the heft of his pitchfork down sharply on Johnnie's head, "I'll warrant it boss enough."

"Mercy on us, Watty man," said Johnnie, looking rather frightened, "I wasna referrin' to you."

"If I ever hear ye referrin' tae me,"



"YE'RE TELLIN' THE BIGGEST LEE YE EVER TELLED IN YER LIFE."

said Watty, whose temper was rising fast, "I'll gut ee."

"What are ye gaun tae dae wi' the straw?" asked the miller, by way of turning the conversation.

"We'll coup it, I'm thinking," said Johnnie, "and stack it ootside."

"Ye'll coup it nane," said Watty, "we'll fork it intae the strae shed."

"I was thinkin'," said Johnnie, "that we wad stack the strae, and put the tatties intae the shed."

"And let the rats get their wull o' the..." sneered Watty.

"The rats'll be there onyway," said

"Then it had mista'en your furrow for its ain rin, it wad be sae crooked; the beastie wad be sair dumfooned."

"I'll haud the plow wi' ony man in the parish," said Johnnie.

"If ye wad haud yer tongue naebody wad doot yer conceit."

"Aweel," said Johnnie, "we'll stack the strae onyway, and put the tatties in the shed."

"Ye slaverin' mouthed iackass," said Watty furiously, "if ye daur say anither word I'll fling ye intae the dam. I've been sair put tilt tae haud my tongue and keep my hands off ye a' day, and I'll no warn ye again."

"Hae it yer ain way then," said Johnnie, "we'll fork the strae intae the shed. Wull ye be thinkin' o' movin' noo, or what are ye gaun tae dae?"

Watty nodded his head for Johnnie to lead the way, and followed at a considerable distance behind, inwardly triumphant.

"I maun humour the crater," said Johnnie to himself, "or we'll no' get through wi' the work the nicht."



"WELL, IS THIS THE HALE O'T?"

Johnnie. "For I saw ane keekin' oot at me through the hedge ayont the shed when I was plowin' yestreen."





**THE HAYMAKERS.**

*By C. H. Finnemore*



# THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

BY J. F. NISBET.



HEN ought one to drop remembering a too often recurring birthday? I ask the question, which is one of some importance, because no manual of etiquette, so far as I know, throws any light upon it: which would seem to show that there are deeper ethical considerations than those discussed in the servants' hall. Like most people I keep a list of the birthdays of my friends, especially lady friends, so as to be able to "remember" them in an appropriate manner. This I began in the light-heartedness of youth. But many of the young ladies of that time are now advancing into what is called an "uncertain age," and I am wondering whether it would not be true politeness on my part, so far as that subject is concerned, to fall into a condition of uncertainty also. Can any lady of uncertain age advise me upon this point? There does certainly come a time when it is better that the birthday celebration should be dropped, even though bustling friends with an inconvenient knowledge of the facts should be ready with their "congratulations." Congratulations upon what? Upon passing into the sere and yellow stage of existence? Nobody is ever inclined to boast of that, and I doubt whether the congratulations that are *de rigueur* on the occasion of one's anniversary are invariably welcome. Only the other day it is true a friend of mine "celebrated" in formal fashion his 67th birthday; but that is an exceptional case. As a rule one does not hear much of birthdays after the fiftieth.

Yet why not? The elderly, whatever their age, have always this consolation:

that they have been as young as anybody. It is nice, no doubt (if one is a lady), to be twenty-two; but it must, I should say, speaking mathematically, be better to be fifty-two, or sixty-two, or seventy-two, because the greater includes the less. To be seventy-two implies that you have been twenty-two, and that you have half a century's experience into the bargain. Mathematically, I see no reason why birthdays should not go on being remembered with increasing gusto. But practically, I am conscious that there is a flaw in the mathematical argument. Hence my appeal for guidance, which, let me add, is almost as much needed with regard to men as women.



There are crucial ages for both sexes. Only they are not the same. This is a fact which we must carefully bear in mind if we would avoid falling into error; for there is a common but erroneous impression abroad that while women of—I will not say advanced but advancing years, are afraid of their age, men are not. That men are not tempted in the same degree to falsify their ages as women is very true. Whether we admit it or not, the reproductive instinct is at bottom the strongest in our nature, and from this point of view men have no age or at least much less age than women, whose reproductive functions cease at a period when a man often contemplates the possibility of rearing a second family. This question of period in the life of the sexes crops up in a quarter where one would least expect it—namely, in the Registrar-General's returns.

Ah! if the reading public who devour the contents of circulating libraries knew what was good for them they would insist upon the inclusion in their literary pabulum of a choice assortment of Blue-Books. I am rather *raffiné* myself in the matter of reading. I taste, sample, skim. And the book must be a work of assured merit before I take it up at all. But I always look twice at a Blue-Book, which, if not irreproachable in style—how many books of the modern output are so?—is as often as not a storehouse of curious, unsuspected, and for the most part, important facts. It will be said that it is not facts that one wants in reading. Perhaps not. But whether as regards facts, romance, or sidelights upon human nature, the Blue-Book still holds its own. In its higher form there is a fascination about it that mere fiction does not possess. It conveys the sense of reality. You feel that you have the raw material of human nature set before you, undistorted by being seen through the medium of a temperament. Is there anything more absorbing to watch than the spirited cross-examination of a witness in a court of justice? It is not the facts that attract you here, but the clash of mind and mind. It is human nature sampled in the way that you sample a piece of cheese. Well, that is the sort of untrimmed, unadorned, unsophisticated human nature that you get in a Blue-Book. The facts of life are there, and it is for you to read them to the best of your ability, though some may be written in invisible ink, while others have to be sought between the lines.

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On the question of ages, the Registrar-General corrects a prevailing impression, namely, that the "sticking age" for women is something under thirty, say twenty-eight or twenty-nine. That women are reluctant to "change a figure" is common knowledge; and, in fact, there is a strong tendency in ages, as recorded by the Registrar-General, who is of

course obliged to accept what is told him, to cluster near the multiples of ten. At thirty, forty, fifty, and so on, human life dams up so to speak; and does not break away again except under pressure of years. Probably this applies to men and women alike; and it may arise in part from a slovenly habit of mind, albeit, confessedly, it is more tempting to man to call himself forty than forty-five. Properly speaking, the vitiation of the Registrar-General's figures begins in the case of women earlier than I have named, and it is of so serious a character, that I doubt whether the percentages of population between, say, twenty and fifty years of age are at all to be relied upon. Beyond all doubt, the sticking age for women is not twenty-nine but twenty-five; and it is proved in this way that the number of women returning themselves as between twenty and twenty-five years of age, is larger than the number of girls returned ten years earlier as being between ten and fifteen, notwithstanding, that the former can only be the survivors of these latter, after they have been decimated (a word correctly applied in this instance according to its etymology) by disease. What this means is that from the age of twenty the Registrar-General's figures, as regard the female sex at least, begin to go wrong; and it is very unlikely that they ever pick up again what they then begin to lose.

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For men the sticking age is later. About forty, perhaps, they begin to apply the brake; and, to do them justice, it is not always with them a question of personal vanity. In this competitive age the pressure of the younger generation is making itself more and more felt, and in the rank and file of most trades and professions—the great army of the employed—to arrive at middle-age is almost to court dismissal. There are necessarily a great many men of fifty doing work which could be just as well entrusted to their sons; and there

is a rooted conviction on the part of employers—very likely it is justified—that the younger men are more adaptable, more active, and less exacting on the score of wages. Accordingly, everywhere the younger generation are pushing the elder from their stools. The latter fight for their position as best they can, and their readiest defence is to call themselves younger than they are, the next being to support their claim to youth, as far as they may, by a resort to dye and other cosmetics. Touching, it may be, to see a woman making an unavailing stand against the march of time; but the true pathos of life is the spectacle of the middle-aged clerk or mechanic attempting with clumsy arts to lessen the disproportion of years between himself and his younger rival.

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After glancing at the business side of the question, one finds it easier to condone that feminine disregard of accuracy in the matter of age, to which reference has been made. Is this in truth the mere vanity that we are tempted to think it? Youth or the appearance of youth is often a woman's sole capital in life, and in a sex whose strongest instinct is to please and captivate, it is always a cherished possession. Men may blame women for their devotion to the arts of rejuvenation, but primarily it is they who inspire it. If there was a demand for the society of elderly spinsters we may be sure that there would be, on the one hand, less mystification practised as to age in the sex, and on the other, less demand for the gallantry which ignores it. From twenty to twenty-five strikes one at first as a needlessly early age at which women should begin tampering with the Registrar-General's statistics. By general consent twenty-five is an admirable age in young womanhood, infinitely superior in charm to the much-vaunted seventeen which is interesting and valuable chiefly for its promise of the charm to come. From twenty-five to, say, thirty-five

is the very tableland of woman's life. Evidently the women of twenty-five and over who prefer to be returned in the official tables as belonging to an earlier stage have for their action a reason which does not lie on the surface, and I should say it was one of a prudential character. If you intend to stick at twenty-nine, to refuse to run the steeplechase of life fairly, to decline to take at a bound what the Registrar-General calls the third multiple of ten, then it is well to begin the falsification process in good time. A year or two in the early twenties is never missed. That I take to be the meaning of the apparently premature manipulation of women's ages.

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But what of the proverb that "a woman is only as old as she looks?" If this is not an empty compliment, it must be an axiom derived from the ante-registration period. There was a time when, owing to imperfect registration, the telling of ages was a matter of difficulty; and then, no doubt, there was a chance of a woman's years being estimated on the evidence of her looks. But I fancy most men would prefer a woman who being twenty-five looked thirty to one who being thirty looked twenty-five. Unconsciously one looks to the working years of a woman's life, and reckons her attractions accordingly. This, with the intuition of their sex, women have divined. They accept the compliment about looks in the spirit in which it is given, and—do their best to falsify the record.

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After this, what regard can be paid to the Registrar-General's returns as a basis of theory? Many admissible speculations are founded upon what are called the vital statistics of the country, which, however, on examination prove to be as shifty as a foundation of sand. I am afraid that statistics of all kinds fully deserve the suspicion with which they are regarded. Only the other day I came

cross an unblushing statistical fallacy, which I have more than once nailed to the counter, but which always gets into circulation again. I refer to the relative healthiness of the married and the celibate states. It crops up anew in a current discussion upon the propriety of the re-marriage of widows. Marriage appears to be generally recommended even by those who have tried it, and I have certainly nothing to say against it. But I object to the statistical ground on which it is recommended, namely, that taking both sexes between the ages of thirty and forty, in all civilised countries, the married have a better chance of life in an actuarial sense than the unmarried. In other words, if being thirty-five you, male or female, are married, you are likely to live longer than if your condition were one of "single blessedness." Nothing looks fairer than this prosaic conclusion, and yet nothing could be more misleading. For clearly, if men and women remain unmarried at the period of life mentioned they are not the normal of their sex. There must have been a vital reason for their remaining unmarried. They are presumably ailing in body, feeble in mind, eccentric, unprepossessing—in a word "unfit"; and it is but natural that their expectation of life should fall below the average. I am speaking, of course, on general grounds. Not every unmarried person between thirty and forty is necessarily to be relegated to the category of the unfit. I am not forgetting the man who, for reasons more or less avowable, prefers his freedom; nor the gentle-eyed spinster, with a romance, if not a tragedy, in her life. But I trust I have shown cause why the hygienic argument as to marriage should be distrusted. That this statistical ghost is now laid for good I have not the smallest expectation, but it ought not to "walk" with the same ease and confidence as of old.

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Various questions affecting the interests of the sexes we have solved *ambulando*, but that birthday problem with which I started remains unsolved. Might I suggest that the recognition of birthdays should be confined to childhood? It is a pretty custom then, though apt, as years roll on, to become embarrassing to all parties. At bottom, it is the sentiment with which age is regarded in this country that is wrong. I do not despair of its changing. Anybody can be young; but it is an achievement in its way to grow old, and one that might very fitly be honoured, if we were not possessed by that craze for the glorification of youth which is the distinguishing feature of this age of athleticism. Darby and Joan advancing in life with their family growing up around them may still smile at the craze. With the gallantry of his period Darby may whisper to his partner

"And though with envy, Time transported,  
Shall think to rob us of our joys;  
You'll in your girls again be courted,  
And I'll go wooing with my boys."

By the elderly getting their *revanche*, however, I do not mean anything so pretty or poetic as the sentiment of the lines just quoted. I am looking forward to an initiation some day of the cult of gray hair. But I have not the slightest idea when it is going to be. Have you?

•••

A curious apprehension was expressed in political circles the other day as to the expediency of giving our Torpedo-Destroyers such gentle and insignificant names as the *Sylvia*, the *Violet*, the *Fawn*, the *Fanny*, the *Fly*, the idea being that they would not fight so heroically as under fiercer appellations. This shows a belief in the virtue of names which is not justified by experience, though so shrewd a man of business as the late Sir Augustus Harris, laboured under that delusion. Harris had a weakness for advertising Drury Lane as the "National Theatre,"

thinking thereby to secure to that well-known house a standing or an importance which it would not otherwise possess. The fact is, however, that names after being a very little time in use become mere labels, distinguishing marks destitute of all intrinsic meaning. To have wholly substituted "National Theatre" for Drury Lane would have had no effect beyond that of puzzling cabmen and others for a few days. It would never have conveyed the idea that this particular theatre was more important than any other. There was or is an "Imperial Theatre" in connection with Westminster Aquarium (which, again, by the way, is not an aquarium, and is now never thought of as such), but the name in that case never appealed to the patriotism of the masses.

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In the titles of our newspapers and periodicals my contention is strikingly illustrated. Originally *The Times*, as a title, must have been chosen for its meaning, and an excellent meaning it was, but nobody now thinks of it as any-

thing but a libel. Hence we get such etymological monstrosities as the *Hammer-smith Times*, the *Barrow-in-Furness Times*, &c. Thousands every day pronounce the name of *The Daily Telegraph* without feeling that it is not grammar, in fact not even sense. Who, again, associates the *Pall Mall Gazette* or the *Westminster Gazette* with the localities in question? And does anybody think that *The Fortnightly Review* is published twice a month? In view of these experiences I have no fear that the *Amelia* or the *Sylph*, as Torpedo-Destroyers, will betray any feminine weakness in the hour of battle. Not a man on board of them will remember what their names mean. I read in a breach of promise case the other day that the parties had exchanged the names "Podgy" and "Puffy" as terms of endearment. Doubtless it was not until the action was brought that the absurdity of these names dawned upon their authors. In the Shakespearean sense there is nothing in a name. A number would do just as well as a distinguishing mark.





AN IDLER.

*By Hounsom Byles*

## LETTERS TO CLORINDA.\*



Y DEAR CLORINDA,—“Why do we come here and fight like a Bank Holiday crowd for eighteen-penny-worth of food?” I do not personally know the lady who made this remark. For a quarter of an hour we had been standing jammed together outside the supper-room door in the house of a mutual acquaintance, who resides in the neighbourhood of Grosvenor Place. Lazarus outside the rich man’s gates stood a better chance of crumbs than we did. Some two hundred guests were wedged between us and the buffet. Some man near the front door, looking at his watch, discovered that it was only twenty minutes past twelve. A few of us slipped round the corner to a neighbouring mews, and reached the haven of a little beer-shop, largely patronised by coachmen. There we obtained a much-needed drink, and returned refreshed, independent of the elaborate arrangements prepared by our hostess.

I suppose I am hopelessly unfashionable in my ideas, but I have never been able to understand the principle upon which Society works for our enjoyment. To me the whole thing appears a gigantic bore. I have tried to fathom the mystery of its fascination, but have never reached the solution. To converse with such of my fellow men and women as have anything to say that is interesting, appears to me delightful. Friends are the salt of life, but can you tell me what benefit we derive from these huge gatherings, where the few people you know you never meet, and the few people you talk to tire you? I remember once finding myself one of a huge throng at a house in Belgrave

Square. I was a young man in those days, and I found I knew not a living soul in the place. At last, as I was struggling to get out again, I had the good fortune to meet a lady that I did know.

“Have you seen our hostess?” my friend asked.

“No,” I replied, “I cannot find her anywhere.”

“So much the better,” observed my friend, “we shall be able to slip off quietly. I don’t seem to know many people here.”

As we were leaving, a mutual acquaintance entered whom we both knew.

“Oh, are you here?” he asked, somewhat surprised. “I didn’t know you knew the Browns’.” (At this lapse of time I forget the real names; I will say “Mrs. Brown” for distinction’s sake.)

“The Browns’!” replied my friend; “this is not the Browns’, this is Lady Jones’s, No. 32.”

“You have made some mistake,” answered the gentleman, “this is No. 42. You’ve come to the wrong party.”

“But isn’t this Mrs. Robinson’s?” I exclaimed, joining in the discussion; “I’ve got my card in my pocket.” I took it out and showed it them.

“This is Lady Jones’s party,” said my female friend.

“I assure you you are mistaken,” said our male acquaintance. “We are at the Browns’.”

“This is Mrs. Robinson’s,” I said. “I’ve been here over an hour.”

I turned to a wearied-looking footman.

“This is Mrs. Robinson’s, is it not?” I asked.

“Yes, sir—no, sir—I’m not quite sure, sir,” replied the man. “I’ll ask the butler.”

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The man disappeared—I take it he was hired—but never returned, and to this day not one of us knows whether we visited at Lady Jones's, or Mrs. Brown's, or Mrs. Robinson's. And really I do not see that it much mattered to anybody. Indeed, it seems to me that it would be simpler for a person desirous of giving a party to light up the house and open the front door. Anybody who was passing, and who had nothing better to do, might drop in. The result would be precisely the same, and the trouble and expense of invitation cards and answers would be saved. Or announcements might be made in *The Morning Post*. "This afternoon Lady Tompkins will be at Home from three till seven. Tea and music. Ladies and gentlemen admitted on presentation of visiting card. Afternoon dress indispensable." So long as a well-dressed crowd is obtained, it can make no difference to the average hostess who the individuals composing it may happen to be. She asks two hundred people to visit her in rooms capable of accommodating twenty-five with comfort. She shakes hands with the first twenty that arrive, and after that the thing goes of its own accord. To call such a gathering "social" is an abuse of terms. The people meet there as they might meet in the street or in the park, and talk for a few minutes. They then struggle through a crowd to clamour for a penny ice or a cup of weak tea, and having obtained it proceed on their way to repeat the same inane performance somewhere in the next street.

Even children's parties are conducted on the same foolishly extensive scale. I remember a young friend of mine returning home delighted one evening last winter. She had been invited to a children's ball at Lancaster Gate. She went to three children's balls, one at thirty-something, Lancaster Gate, another at twenty-something, Lancaster Gate, and a third at forty-something, Lancaster

Gate. The cabman was given the right number, but coming to a house ten doors off, where the door was open and a children's party palpably in progress, he jumped too readily to conclusions, and shooting out maid and child, drove off. The child entered and was effusively welcomed in the correct manner. It had its supper and a dance or two. Then it suddenly occurred to it that in obedience to maternal instructions it ought to have gone and shaken hands with its hostess, Mrs. Chester; so, though somewhat late in the evening, off it started to enquire for Mrs. Chester. But nobody seemed to know Mrs. Chester. Thereupon the butler suggested to the hostess, whose name, the child thinks, was Mrs. Malcolm, that there was a Mrs. Chester living ten doors off, and he rather fancied that Mrs. Chester was also giving a children's party.

So the child was redressed, and packed off under the care of a footman. But the footman was a foolish young man, and, turning to the east instead of to the west, came to the forties, at one of which another children's party was likewise in progress; and anxious to get back to his work, he handed her in, without enquiry, and scuttled off. Wishful not to make a second mistake, she at once sought out the hostess to greet her. The hostess was very pleased to see her, but did not seem to know her, and my young friend had never set eyes on Mrs. Chester in her life. The lady supposed it was some school friend of her daughter's, in whose honour the party was being given, and accordingly the daughter in question, a small mite of eight years old, was called up.

"Mabel," said the lady, "here's another little friend of yours. I want you to introduce me."

Mabel eyed my young friend up and down; then she walked round her. Then, placing her hands behind her back, she shook her head gravely.

"I don't know who she is," she replied.



Then this young person, feeling the loneliness of her position, and struck by the apparent hopelessness of ever reaching her right party, or of ever, so far as she could see, getting home again, began to weep. But the lady assured her it was of no consequence, and really, as a matter of fact, it was not. The lady's husband, a kindly old gentleman, said he would go out himself, and see if he could find the whereabouts of Mrs. Chester, and meanwhile, my little friend had supper number two, and another dance. A while later the old gentleman returned victorious, and took her himself and handed her over to the real Mrs. Chester, at whose house she finished up the evening.

I am not sure that Society did not shape better in the old day of "sets." Of course, much folly and nonsense mingled with the system. I know of one country district where the "Society" consisted of five families. Three were in one "set," and two in the other; and a greater insult could not be offered to any of them than the suggestion that they should mix. An inexperienced curate ruined himself socially by calling a Dorcas meeting and bringing the whole eleven ladies together at the same time. The first six, belonging to the one set, took up their position by the window; and the other five, arriving later, sat at the other end of the room, where they could not see to sew. For six months the village talked of nothing else.

But, at all events, folks knew one another, and one did not dine between two people whose names one does not know. Nowadays, everybody wants to go everywhere, and everyone must have everybody. So our only object in giving a party is to get a crush and a long list of names, and we visit, not to see friends, but to be "in the swim."

Let us get down to the root of the matter for a moment. What does going into Society mean?

Some swell person, whom I know very

slightly, asks me to an "At Home" three weeks hence. I gladly accept, and I stick the card upon my mantelpiece, and make a note of the date in my diary. The evening comes; I have done my day's work and I have dined. I am naturally tired. But I pull myself together, dress, and drive to the house. As I am taking off my hat and cloak in the hall, I meet a man I met three hours ago at the club. I have nothing to say to him, he has nothing to say to me. Our minds have no thought in common, but each of us feels it necessary to talk, so as we go upstairs we tell each other it is a hot evening.

I ask him if he is going to Ascot; I do not care a hang whether he is going to Ascot or not. He says he is not quite sure. He asks me what chance *Passion Flower* has for the *Thousand Guineas*. I know he does not value my opinion on the subject at a brass farthing. He would be a fool if he did. But I cudgel my brains to reply to him as though he were going to stake his shirt on my advice. We reach the first floor, and are mutually glad to get rid of one another. I catch my hostess's eye; she looks tired and worried. She smiles sweetly, but I know she has not the slightest idea of who I am, and that she is waiting to catch my name from the butler. I whisper it to him; I know he will not get it right, no butler ever does until I have been to a house at least a dozen times. He bawls out some hideous travesty of it that makes me ashamed of myself. Perhaps he will call me *Jellum* or *Johome*: I am grateful when he lets me through as simple *Mr. Hum*. My hostess smiles again, and I smirk, knowing well, however, that a man's Society smile is not a pretty thing to contemplate. She murmurs that it is good of me to come. I murmur something about this being to me the event of the Season. A few men shine at this sort of thing; but they are a small per-

centage, and without conceit I regard myself as no bigger a fool at the business than the average man. My hostess adds that she is delighted that I have come when I have come, because she has been waiting all the evening to introduce me to a most charming lady who is most anxious to meet me. I say that the pleasure is on my side, and I endeavour to express eagerness to be introduced. Of course, I know that my hostess's chief desire is to shunt me, so that she may be at liberty to receive the next guest. But we both play out the comedy with perfect seriousness. I am introduced to the lady who is so anxious to know me as a gentleman who is most anxious to know her. We neither of us catch the name of the other one, even presuming that our hostess gives them correctly. There are people I know who can give to small talk an air of interest and reality. I am not one of these, and from observations I have made, I am inclined to think, as I have said, that I represent the average man. I remark that it has been a hot day, and that the rooms are crowded. If she be the ordinary type of woman, she asks me if I am going on to the Johnsons'. I tell her no. We stand silent for a moment, both thinking what next to say. She asks me if I was at the Thompsons' the day before yesterday. I again tell her no, and she evidently wonders what I am doing here. I ask her if she has seen Yvette Guilbert. She hasn't but would like to. I give her my impressions of Yvette Guilbert, which are precisely the impressions of everybody who has seen that lady. We discuss Mrs. Patrick Campbell, and then with a burst of originality we avoid the English academy, and tell each other our views of the Paris salon.

Before I leave, I get introduced to half-a-dozen other people, and much the same sort of thing is repeated. The con-

versation has to be trivial; no one cares to offer his real thoughts to a person he has not known for five minutes. Nor, when by any chance one meets a friend, does it seem the time or place for real conversation. Conversation, to be interesting, must be between people whose minds are open to one another. True converse is the greatest charm of life; but it can only take place between friends. The sort of "talk" that one gives and receives in "Society" can only tire both parties, and what does Society give one beyond this mere trivial talk? Certainly not friendship; certainly not new ideas. Where the pleasure in it lies appears a mystery to me. Who are the people who enjoy it? At ten o'clock the other night, I met a lady looking really ill from overwork. She had been to four parties that day, and was on her way to a fifth. She said that if the Season was going to last much longer, it would kill her, but it never seemed to occur to the poor creature that she might have stopped away from all of them.

I met C—— the other evening, and asked him to dine with me.

"I can't," he said, "I've got to go to the G——'s. Beastly nuisance. They're awfully dull people."

"Why do you go?" I asked.

"I really don't know," he replied.

A few yards farther L—— met me and asked me to dine with him on Monday.

"I can't," I answered; "we're booked for the J——'s. I wish we weren't. It's always awfully slow."

"I wish you could have come," he said, "I shall have no one to talk to. The B——'s are coming, and they bore me to death."

"Why do you ask him," I suggested.

"'Pon my word, I really don't know," he replied.

Yours sincerely,

JEROME K. JEROME.



**THE SUMMER HOLIDAY.—THE IDEAL.**  
*By Martin Stainforth.*

*Extract from Journalist's descriptive letter to his paper.*—"I am here drinking in the ozone amidst the most idyllic scenery."



**THE SUMMER HOLIDAY.—THE REAL.**  
*By Ernest Goodwin.*

*Extract from Journalist's letter to a club friend.*  
—"I am stuck in this d—d hole for a fortnight,  
and am rapidly losing my reason."

# ADVANTAGES AND DISADVANTAGES OF BEING GOOD LOOKING



BY G. B. BURGIN, F. FRANKFORT MOORE, W. L. ALDEN, WELLESLEY PAIN, W. PETT  
RIDGE, G. C. HAITÉ, AND W. W. JACOBS.

HEADPIECE BY LEWIS BAUMER.

Beauty is only skin-deep, but, as one so seldom gets beneath the **Burgin** moralises. surface of anything, this is one of the countless advantages of being beautiful. In books we sympathise with the plain heroine who is badly treated by the wickedly beautiful adventuress, and marries the hero when the adventuress has mauled him so badly that he is not worth having. The punishment fits the crime. In real life, however, we shun the plain heroine. "Put upon my tombstone," once said a dying girl, whose morals were more impeccable than her French.—"Put upon my tombstone, 'I was not beautiful, but I was *rekerkey*.' Then posterity will be sorry for me." But posterity has no time to look at the tombstones of plain people. It is the initial iniquity of a beautiful girl always being supposed to be good that depresses us. We start with the conviction that she is a saint simply because she is beautiful, and pass by with a casual glance the shivering, shabby, ugly bundle of nerves in the corner, whose little finger is sometimes really worth more than the whole of the beautiful girl's beautiful body.

, "You see that girl over there?" says Jones. "The one with the lovely profile and snow-white dress. Somehow she diffuses an atmosphere of purity and goodness about her. I'm not a preachy-preachy kind of fellow, don cherknow, but to win the love of a woman like that would——"

"Land you in the Divorce Court in three months," Cynicus rejoins. "That's Mrs. Pendleton, who ran away with young Morrison because her husband would insist upon eating peas with a knife."

"Ah!" says Jones, enthusiastically, "just what I thought. How you misjudge her! It takes a morally and physically beautiful nature to make so strong a protest against vulgarity. A plain girl would have affected not to see that her husband was eating peas with a knife."

There is no denying that beautiful girls score heavily over plain ones. From their cradles to their graves they are petted and spoilt, until at last they begin to believe that they have really done something supremely clever in being beautiful. Their physical charm, however, is so often achieved at the expense of their moral qualities. They use their beauty to obtain the good things of the world; and they are the potent force which delays the arrival of the millennium. In theory we recognise this, and say how wrong it is. Then we go out to dinner and swear inwardly if plain Miss Smith is allotted to us, whilst beautiful Miss Robinson sits in statuesque grace with that puppy Brown. The ugly girl begins to talk to us. She talks of things which were once our ideals; tells us beautiful fancies, fills us with soaring thoughts, seeks to surround us with her own exquisite atmosphere; but all the time we mentally beat our breasts and say, "Poor little woman! What a pity her voice is so shrill, her teeth so atrocious, her mouth so like that of a young bird. Where are her gracious womanhood, the potentialities of beauty, the charm of her sex?" It is nonsense also to talk about the law of compensation; that a beautiful woman must be a fool and a plain one a genius. Very often the injustice of it all comes in when the beautiful girl is not a fool and the plain one is. Beauty is the one potent power in the world which overcomes everything. Your beautiful woman sins—and is forgiven; your ugly one falls—and is flung deeper in the mire. I dare not, however, recommend the way out of the difficulty followed by a Mormon Elder of great experience. "'Tain't possible," he said, "to find one woman everything she orter be. Just sample my bunch of wives, and you'll find among the five I've got all I want. When I'm tired of the foolishness of beauty, I go in for a little of the horse-sense of ugliness; and so on. It's expensive, but it's a good all-round plan; and if there is a fun'ral in the fam'ly, why, I guess it don't leave so much of a blank behind it."

\*     \*     \*     \*     \*

So far as I can gather the only real disadvantage in being notably plain is that your friends will say that you are good-natured when anyone refers to your want of good looks; and everyone knows that **Frankfort Moore cynicises.** to be branded as good-natured is more than the most patient of men—say a bus conductor—should be asked to stand in the way of abuse. On the other hand, the only positive advantage in being good-looking is that, if you are a man you must be careful, and if you are a woman you must be very careful. The value of the sneer that "beauty is only skin-deep," is altogether dependent upon the skin. Some very beautiful people whom I have met were especially thick-skinned, so that they were never visibly affected by their reflections upon the truth of the proverb; others, who were less pachydermatous, on having the proverb brandished before their eyes, declared that they did not want to be beautiful any deeper than the epidermis, for no one could see their bones. (Of course, that was before the Röntgen rays were discovered. I have not met any beautiful people since.) Opinion seems to be divided as to the actual advantages which accrue to the world through the exceptional beauty of some of

its inhabitants. There was the case of Helen, who was certainly a notoriously handsome woman. She was the indirect cause of most of our early troubles with the Greek language. Personally I can recollect the time very well when I wished most heartily that Helen had been a trifle less good-looking, in which case, I fondly supposed (at that time I was very young) that she could not have become the "direful spring" of many woes, the greatest of these being Homer. In later years, however, I became so cynical as to be extremely grateful to Aphrodite for the hand she had in that nefarious transaction which gave Homer the greatest chance of his life—a chance of which he availed himself to the utmost that decency and an epic permitted him. Then there was Cleopatra. We grudge her nothing that she achieved—the subjugation of Antony; the pearl which she dissolved in a glass of a wine that certainly deserved to be entered in the auctioneer's catalogue as "a rare and curious vintage, date unknown"; the Needle, which we placed as a warning to the beauties of the Victoria Embankment; the asp—we grudge her none of these, knowing that unless she had been lovely and wicked it is doubtful if Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra* would ever have been written. If the list of beautiful women should include another name, I have forgotten what that name is; and, after all, it is a privilege to live in a world in which Helen and Cleopatra lived. I do not think I am going too far when I claim these two as an example of the advantages of being good-looking. "*Il faut souffrir d'être belle*," says the proverb, however, and, being the composition of a Frenchman, we may assume that there is a measure of truth in it. If so, the inference is that it is distinctly disadvantageous to be good-looking, unless we assume—and, indeed, I think we may—that the phrase was invented by a handsome Frenchwoman who was foolish enough to fancy that her sisters would be thereby deterred in their attempts to compete with her on her own ground. Perhaps, however, the most important proverb to take into account in considering the question of the advantages and disadvantages of good looks is, "Every eye forms its own beauty." That is to say, good looks are altogether a question of geography. It is impossible to say what constitutes good looks on the part of a man or woman, and this being so it is manifestly impossible to say what cast of countenance is advantageous and what is the contrary. I never was more strongly impressed with this fact than when I witnessed the adoration given to a young lady by a tribe of Basutos in South Africa. Men by the ten thousand went down before her, not single spies but in battalions, and every day brought a tale of murders committed by her suitors, each of whom fancied—until he got transfixed by an assegai or two—that he could successfully inculcate upon her the doctrine of the survival of the fittest by slaughtering his fifteen or twenty thousand rivals. And yet this disturber of the peace of a continent—this breaker up of happy kraals—appeared to me to be

"A creature not too bright or good  
For (cooking) human nature's daily food,

which she did with a badness unmatched in the African Continent. As luck would have it, she would have none of her Basutitors, but took a fancy to a fair-haired youth who drove one of our waggons; and when her passion became known to him—it began to dawn on him when he had shot the eighth man who had tried to assegai him—he swam a river that was swarming with crocodiles rather than remain near her—and the men whom she would not love. After this experience I gave up asking, What on earth Nelly S. could see in Tommy G., or why Bobby T. should make



an ass of himself for Carrie B. I now know that good looks are neither fortunate nor unfortunate ; but that they are wholly dependent upon the accident of public opinion. A woman is beautiful if one man thinks her so, and a man is only plain when people say that he is good-natured.



I am clear that it is a distinct disadvantage to a woman to be more than ordinarily good-looking, or, in other words, to be beautiful. Of course the beautiful woman is pleasant to look upon, and so is the Venus de Medici, but, regarded strictly as a woman, neither is satisfactory. The beautiful woman makes a profession of her beauty, and has no time for anything else. She is married for her beauty ; and if at some later period she has the misfortune to develop a soul, she is morally certain to be unhappy. On the other hand, the plain woman has time to learn all sorts of useful things ; and as she is married for her intrinsic worth she has an excellent chance of happiness. Did you ever know a beautiful woman who could be called a thoroughly good fellow ? Of course you never have, but you have certainly known dozens of good fellows among moderately plain women. Then, again, the plain woman, if she elects to remain single, generally writes novels which are immensely successful. I never knew, or heard of, but one really beautiful woman who wrote novels that were worthy of a place in literature, and, for obvious reasons, I do not mention her name, though I am prepared to furnish it to any applicant of good moral character who will enclose with the application a five-pound note to defray postage. Almost any plain woman can write a novel that will be successful financially ; for either she can write goody goody rubbish, and so achieve popularity with the illiterate, or she can write of improper things in an improper way, and her books will then be accepted as works of exceptional power and profundity. Even if the exigencies of the beautiful woman's profession would permit her to write she could not write improper things, for the incongruity between the beauty of her person and the foulness of her books would disgust the public ; and she would, in most cases, have acquired too much genuine refinement to be capable of writing for the servants' hall. Whereas statistics prove that the plainer a woman is the more indecently she can write, and the more triumphant is her success as a coinor of money.

Alden satirises.

As for the advantages or disadvantages of being good-looking in the case of a man, I do not think they exist. Who cares whether a man is good-looking or not ? I except, of course, kitchen-maids who have read Ouida's so-called books, and who worship the mythological guardsman of Ouida's creation. Personally, I have never gained the slightest advantage from being good-looking (the bearing of which observation lies in the application of it), neither have I found it disadvantageous to be otherwise than good-looking. I feel a little sore on the subject of beautiful women, because I was born a beautiful girl, and was changed in my cradle for a very ordinary style of boy. I should greatly have preferred to grow up a beautiful woman, and to have a husband to work for me, and give me everything I could desire ; and it is possible that this disappointment has somewhat affected my estimate of female beauty. Being, in spite of myself, a man, I cannot find that my personal appearance has had any effect on the sale of my manuscripts to editors who have never met me nor seen my photograph.



**Wellesley Pain  
pessimises.**

Let us begin with the disadvantages of being good-looking. To start with, one is often seriously inconvenienced by being handsome. To be really beautiful you have to commence very early in life by being an ugly child, and a plain baby seldom gets his share of the under-cut from the nursery joint. It is only after many years of patient waiting that the transition period arrives, and even when you are passing through it the process is very slow. Perhaps one day someone will notice that your personal appearance has altered for the better. You don't get any credit for this—even though much encouragement might fairly be expected—but the change is set down to the fact that you are wearing a new hat, or a pretty necktie, or that your bicycling suit is really admirable. You wait a little longer, and then one day someone else suddenly discovers that you have fine eyes, or that your mouth is "quite out of the common," or that your face "has character" in it. This latter attribute is not one to be coveted as it is fairly common, being often found in the possession of actors, burglars, High-Church clergymen, and clean-shaven men generally.

When a man is old enough to be properly handsome, two things may happen. He may either be very conceited about it—in which case, heaven help all those within speaking radius of him—or he may be very displeased with himself. The latter state is very rare, but it is occasionally to be met with. The reason for it is this. No pretty woman cares to be eclipsed in the matter of good looks by her husband. Therefore, a handsome man never gets the chance of marrying a pretty woman, and if he should happen to be in love with one he finds that he has had all his work for nothing. Eventually, he marries a woman who is not only plain, but who knows she is plain. This kind is rather rare, but then so are handsome men. Nature always knows what she is about.

There is another great disadvantage in being good-looking. When the gods give an individual good looks they are never supposed to add brains too. One often hears it said of a handsome man that he has a splendid face, but nothing to say for himself. And the reverse holds good, both with men and women. The uglier you are, the cleverer you are. Therefore, let no man complain that he has been badly used. By a judicious blending of the theories that a handsome man is invariably brainless, and always marries a plain woman, some startling effects may be produced in the way of dinner-table conversation. Wait for your opportunity; then, when there is a little period of silence, launch out and make your statements that all may hear. To insure success, you may look nervously round the table and suggest that there are always exceptions to every rule.

One more disadvantage. The handsome man is a handsome man—and nothing else. There is simply only one adjective for him. He mayn't be delightful, or charming, or jolly. If he is any of these things he has trumped his own trick, because then his good looks will no longer be his chief attraction.

As for the advantages of being good-looking, I really can't think of any. Of course, there is that little matter of brains I mentioned just now; but then, good brains are very often dangerous tools for a man to use. It would pay a man better to let them rust. No, there are no advantages worth speaking of in being good-looking. The question as to whether a man or woman is handsome or ugly is a very painful one, and I think we should be far happier if we copied the example set us by children and dogs, and paid no attention to people's looks. I was reminded of this only the other day. I was sitting in a room in which there were three people besides myself. One was a baby-boy, three years old, podgy, and rather stupid; another was the baby's mother, twenty-

two years old, dark, and exceedingly beautiful ; and the third was the baby's mother's aunt—and therefore the baby's great-aunt—short, and rather angular. The baby had just climbed down from his mother's lap, and was making tracks for his great-aunt. "Isn't it curious," said the baby's mother to me, "that my boy should always go to Aunt Jane directly he gets away from me?" Then there was a pause. I looked hard at the baby's mother and said that I could see nothing curious about it at all. It really was the most natural thing in the world, I said, that the baby should want to go to Aunt Jane. And then the baby's mother looked at me in an enquiring sort of way, and, having discovered her mistake, she blushed slightly. By this time the baby was on the lap of his great-aunt, and having his calves patted by a rather bony hand. His happiness was perfect.

\* \* \* \* \*

This question, I think, concerns one sex alone. All ladies are good-looking, although some are perhaps better looking than **Pett Ridge** others. In regard to mere males, if one has but the forethought **particularises**, to draw the line with discretion, and avoid the recklessly ugly, there is a sweet content in being plain of countenance that is hard to beat. So many evils are thus evaded ; so much trouble is thereby dodged. Fair ladies do not perish romantically for the sake of your beautiful eyes—to a man of fine sensitive feelings such action on their part can give no real or lasting pleasure—and it is possible to walk along the public thoroughfares without being stopped by curious infants desiring to know how on earth you got out of "**Madim Toosauds**."

One of the greatest trials that the average man experiences when he is careless enough to grow up handsome, must be that of having to keep up the character of being a regular dog. I can imagine nothing more tiresome. To be wicked and to pretend to be good is, I am told, easy ; to be good and to have to pretend to be wicked, must take up a man's spare time to the exclusion of all other hobbies. It is quite useless for good-looking men to tell the world that they bear spotless characters.

"Ah !" says the world, nodding its head artfully ; "I know what you call spotless. It's all right. Do as you like, only don't expect to take *me* in. I," adds the world, "**—I wasn't born yesterday.**"

And what it costs a really pretty man to dress up to his face, it is better only guessing. His life must be one continual round of new frock-coats ; the newly invented "**Men's Fashion**" columns have added a terror to his life, that surely, at times, makes it almost past endurance. To the man who views such matters calmly, it seems the only necktie that allows itself to be worn changes every week, and he who hunts for the very newest thing in collars, partakes of the horrors of the chase. A plain man is saved all this trouble and excitement. In the matter of cravats, for instance, he just buys six of the same kind, and wears each until his dearest friends definitely decline to be seen with him. Then he takes the next in order, and friendship's ties are no longer strained.

Moreover, there is this important point to be considered. Good-looking men are now considered early Georgian and out of fashion. Nothing shows this more distinctly than the minor novels, with which Mr. Mudie lines his boxes in order that the masterpieces of Miss Corelli may not be damaged. In these you will find now, that the young artist with whom Lady Dorothy falls in love—Lady Dorothy affecting to be a needy governess of misty parentage, instead of the high-born lady that the reader knows her to be—the young artist, I say, no longer has the face and the form of the

Apollo Belvidere. He still wears long hair, but this is now generally described as unkempt; for the rest he is, not infrequently, absolutely plain and unattractive looking. I admit that his features have generally one good point. A mobile ear, or a commanding chin, or a masterful eye, which in certain situations flashes to such an extent as to entirely alter his complexion; one of these is all that the young person who reads the novel nowadays requires in her hero. I state a fact which can easily be verified when I point out that a recent hero of immense popularity had red hair; not auburn mind you; but red. A few years since, and this admirable romance would have been sent back by an indignant publisher with a bitter, bitter communication advising the writer, as Mr. Curdle counselled Nicholas Nickleby, to preserve the unities. One cannot too thankfully acknowledge that those of us who are not exquisitely lovely have much to be grateful for in living in the present age, when a lack of personal beauty is held, by a kindly public, to be in itself almost a sufficient excuse for popularity.

There is this also to be borne in one's memory. Whatever may have been the fact in Fletcher's day (which is a good many days ago), the face is no longer an unerring index of the mind. I, myself, know several admirable men of sterling worth and comparatively unspotted character, who, if judged by their faces alone, would be found guilty by an Old Bailey jury of nearly all known crimes, without leaving the box. This only means that Nature has grown more even-handed in the distribution of gifts; less inclined to show off by producing Admirable Crichtons at the expense of the rest of the community. For when Nature now makes a handsome man with perfect features and every grace, Nature says to an assistant:

"Just pass over one of those small brains, will you?"

"This is a very small one, ma'am," remarks the assistant diffidently. "It's only a Number Three."

"Quite good enough for him," says Nature curtly. "He can't expect to have it all his own way."

\* \* \* \* \*

**Halté eulogises.** Inasmuch as one's motives are certain to be misunderstood, it would be safer to discuss the question from an abstract point of view,—assume a perfectly transparent modesty, and take a position of absolute neutrality, wishing thereby to convey the impression that the question could in no way be applied personally. But, on what other ground than personal experience can one's opinion be given to be of any use *as such*? I have preferred to discuss it from both points of view—personal and abstract; pausing just here to ask if it was an oversight on the part of the editor, or want of confidence in his own judgment, that those selected to contribute to this discussion were not asked to forward their photographs for publication? or was such a compliment omitted in order not to prejudice the public mind by any suggestion of bias? This will be seen to cut both ways.

Now as to the advantages, they are endless. My little girl says "she has a beautiful Dadda," and I am proportionately gratified for the possession of those charms that prompted such a confession; for it is admitted that children *never* flatter. I could, and I would, go on giving lots of advantages, but it is the disadvantageous point which troubles me. It is certain that a disagreeable person will, if he or she be good looking, receive more consideration and toleration than a plain person. I should like very much to attribute all my bad luck and deficiencies to the *disadvantage* of being good-

looking, but I feel I am on the horns of a skilfully-devised editorial dilemma ; for if I do so, I practically admit that my success and achievements are due to the *advantage* of being good-looking, and I want to feel, in my case at least, that there is a perfectly healthy and proportionate combination. Then, again, I feel, although it is possible that the *advantages* of good looks are overrated, that the *disadvantages* can only arise when good looks are allied to a disagreeable or snobbish nature. I do not believe there is *any* disadvantage except it be an overwhelming desire to become an actor, poet, or painter, and this affects the public rather than the individual. So let me say at once, as emphatically as the immortal Sairey is reputed to have said, "I don't believe there's no such a person."

Now, if there existed anything in the shape of accepted or fixed principles, as to what constituted beauty, or gave the right to claim good looks, we might be in a position to select a few from the favoured ones, and subject them to the process of interview, and gather from their confessions and surroundings whether the possession of good looks was an advantage or otherwise.

It has always been, and will doubtless ever be, a vexed question, whether we appear more agreeable in our own sight than we do to others—or *vice versa*. It is just possible that we are all so used to and enamoured of, our own personal appearance, that we would not change if we could ; for there are some persons who would find something to admire in their own image if viewed in a concave or convex glass, and many who would rather see themselves reflected in a spoon than never at all. Those oft-quoted lines over which we wag our heads so wisely,

"Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us,  
To see ourselves as ithers see us,"

would, if possible of realisation, be anything but an unmixed blessing. Now, if by some occult power we could *compel* others to see *us* as we see *ourselves*, I am convinced we should all be happy ; but if I am to be taken as an authority, I cannot admit that there are *any* disadvantages accruing from good looks.

\*     \*     \*     \*     \*

I thought at first of writing a neat, concise little autobiography, but the impossibility of doing myself justice in the limited space **Jacobs** placed at my disposal has decided me to treat the subject in a **generalises** more general fashion. At the same time, I wish to state that in the course of a noble and useful life I have never suffered any disadvantage from my good looks. And, what is more, I don't believe I ever shall.

That there are several advantages attached to good looks must be palpable to the most casual observer. To begin with, the possessor may be three times as silly as anybody else with impunity. The advantage of this, judging by the exercise of the privilege, must be difficult to over-estimate.

If one is going to be a bride or a bridegroom, or anything of that kind, it is certainly advisable to be good-looking. People seem to expect it as a sort of right on such occasions, and a crowd which has been waiting by the railings for half-an-hour to watch an ideal couple, and sees instead a painfully real one, is apt to suffer in its temper, and to express a wish that it had gone to the funeral round the corner instead.

If you are very good-looking indeed, you may even be photographed for nothing. This is a doubtful advantage, perhaps, depending greatly upon the photographer. I hope that I shall not be suspected of vanity when I say that I have had that experience

myself. I happened to be passing as a man was taking two trees and a cloud, but, as I was not in a great hurry, I stopped and made a fourth. It didn't flatter me, and neither did the photographer; but as his remarks were made *in camera* I will not repeat them.

The full disadvantages of being good-looking are perhaps never realised by a girl until she takes to cycling, for it is a strange but indisputable fact, confirmed by many observers, that the prettier a girl is the longer she takes to learn. I was so curious about this phenomenon that I questioned the young man next door upon the subject. I asked him whether, as a practical man, he could account for it. Unfortunately he had a rush of blood to the head at that moment which deprived him of speech, so I have deferred my enquiry to a more fitting time.

Another disadvantage peculiar to good-looking people is that they "go off." It must be a dreadful thing to "go off"; to spend one's evenings writing confidential letters to editors about cures for wrinkles, and paying secret visits to the paraffin-can as a remedy for baldness. The old photographs in the family album, taken in your prime, only rub salt into the wounds. It is poor sport showing them to people as a sample of what you were once upon a time. They say they can quite believe it, and, having started on a fresh subject, so to speak, go on to tell you a lot of other things they believe which no intelligent, self-respecting person would believe.

But the crowning disadvantage is this, and, if it only causes one good-looking aspirant to pause and consider his position, I shall not have written in vain; the greatest and most chronic disadvantage under which good-looking people labour is that *children take to them*.

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\* \* We regret that we omitted to state that the sketches, "*At the Grand Prix*," p. 815, and the "*Normandy Fisher Girl*," p. 816, by Mr. A. J. Goodman, in the July "*IDLER*," were reproduced by permission of the proprietors of "*ST. PAUL'S*."







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## NIOBE.

FROM THE OIL PAINTING BY SOLOMON J. SOLOMON, A.R.A.

(See page 230.)



# LORD ORNINGTON.

BY BARRY PAIN.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. DEWAR.



“AND unto that peace may He bring us all at the last.” These were the last words of the sermon, spoken without gesture or theatrical diminuendo, in the deep, steady, resonant voice of a strong man.

The evening service was at an end. The village congregation trooped out, clattering on the stone floor, crunching on the box-edged gravel paths of the churchyard. Then the door of the old-fashioned important square pew opened, and old Lady Follace hobbled out. She came slowly down the aisle, one hand resting on the arm of a vacant-faced servant, the other holding her ebony stick. Her lips were compressed. The religious joy in her ecstatic eyes changed at times when her physical pain became very acute; she was devout and very rheumatic. Her carriage was waiting for her outside the churchyard; the overfed roans fretted impatiently.

Slowly the churchyard emptied, the people going away in quite a happy frame of mind. They had not been lashed for their sins; they had not been bidden to do hard things or to fear hell. The preacher had dwelt with a passionate unreasoned hope on the end of all, the quieting of noisy troubles, the coming right of things that were now wrong, the ultimate peace.

At last there were but two left in the churchyard. The one was a man of about forty, a little man with blood-shot eyes who seemed ashamed of himself. His silk hat, rather too large for him,

came down on to his ears, and looked grotesque. He wore black clothes, and a pale fawn-coloured made-up necktie. The other person was his wife, slightly older than himself. She wore a traditional silk dress and a Sunday bonnet. Her expression was severe, and her hair of a pale indeterminate colour with grey streaks in it. She had been crying.

“I shall stop here,” she said. “I shall stop. I have my word to say as well as you.”

“You won’t,” the man said, with that hysterical obstinacy which takes the place of firmness in the weak-chinned. “I don’t want to be harsh, but you won’t, and you shan’t. If I speak to Mr. Lake, which I am willing to do, I speak to him alone. See that door?” He pointed with his silk umbrella to the entrance to the churchyard.

“Gate,” said his wife, censoriously.

“That gate then—and it doesn’t matter what you call it. If you stop, out of that gate I go. You talk to Mr. Lake alone.”

“After last night,” the woman said, inserting a plaintive tone in her voice, “I should have thought you’d have done anything you could to make up. Twelve years I’ve been married, and I never thought it ’ud come to this. A bye-word—that’s what we shall be.”

“You’ve said that all before,” the little man exclaimed. “And I’m dead sick of hearing it. Who knows? nobody—if you’ll only keep a still tongue in your head. At least, nobody except Mr. Lake.”

“’Im of all people!” said the woman, beginning to snivel again.



"I SHALL STOP HERE" SHE SAID.

"Oh, look here!" the man said, growing distressed. "It's only once. It won't 'appen again."

"It's happened once. Last night you were——"

"I don't say I wasn't, but it won't 'appen again. I'm goin' to explain it ter Mr. Lake. I'll own up ev'rything. I 'ont defend myself. Only—only—I can't speak about it if there's anyone else there."

"Mind yer," the woman said, relenting, "I shall want to know every word as passes between you. You'll come 'ome straight after seeing 'im. I shall wait supper till nine."

"I don't want any supper," the man said with despair. "Don't keep any for me, Louisa."

"No," the woman said, as she moved off. "You're upset, and no wonder. Such filthiness!"

She went down the path, paused, looked back, called out, "Nine's the latest," and then vanished from sight behind the yews at the entrance.

The man took off his hat and wiped his forehead with his handkerchief. It was a warm summer evening. He sat down on the low and convenient tombstone of Sir Jarvis Embrook. Sir Jarvis lived, the tradition of the village said, very excessively every moment of his life; he died, the tombstone declared, "in the Sure Hope of a Blessed Resurrection."

The man leant his head on his hands. Seen from the churchyard gate, the small head and large hat were silhouetted grotesquely against the scarlet disc of the setting sun. The man (his name was Albert Porling) was in great anguish of mind. He groaned audibly, and said "Oh, God!"

He waited for the Rev. William Lake to come out of the vestry. He wanted to talk about the event of the previous evening, and hated to do it, and felt that he must. Yet when he heard that firm, quick step coming along the gravel his courage forsook him, and he rose to flee. He was too late. Mr. Lake called him by name, and he was compelled to stop.

Mr. Lake said, "Good evening, Mr. Porling."

"Good evening, sir," said Porling. "I was, as a matter of fact, waiting to see you."

"It looked rather as if you were running away."

"Because I 'adn't the face. When I heard your step, last night come over my memory all in a bursting flash, I 'adn't the face, and to think that only two years ago I was in office, and my name in print as churchwarden for any man to read, and looked to as an example! After last night's misfortune I shall never hold my 'ead up again."

They had reached the rectory garden.

"Come into my study and talk about it. Here, wait a minute."

Under a chestnut tree in the garden sat Lord Ornington, who had not been to church, though he was stopping at the rectory. He had been a friend of Lake's at Cambridge, and was about the same age as the parson, but looked older. He had a clever face, and an expression that was sometimes bitter and sometimes sensual. He sat in a comfortable chair, clad in a suit of grey flannel, with a low table by his side. On the table were the cigarettes and matches, a tall glass, from which he had been drinking a mixture of dry champagne and seltzer-water, and two books. One of the books was Huysmann's *En Ménage*, and the other was the *Christian Year*, and he had been reading them alternately. The table was more or less indicative of the man.

The Rev. William Lake stepped up to Lord Ornington and said: "With you in

a few minutes, Harry. Got some business with this man first."

"Right, Bill," said his lordship, laconically, and then Mr. Lake went back to Porling.

In the study Mr. Porling put his hat on the floor, sat down on the edge of a chair, and clasped his hands over his knees. He blinked his eyes, cleared his throat and began:

"I was beastly drunk last night, sir, and you found me in that state. It's never happened before, and it will never happen again. But I'm very sorry for it, and I'll sign any pledge you like, only if my character was to suffer in the village, Louisa—the wife, sir,—would break her pore 'eart."

The Rev. William Lake talked to Albert Porling, and did his best for him, and sent him away. Then he wandered forth into the garden and secured Lord Ornington and brought him into supper.

Lord Ornington ate a very little chicken mayonnaise, and a very few strawberries; he drank dry champagne seriously.

"Well, Bill," he said, "and who's your friend?"

"A man who was in trouble wanted to see me."

"Ah! Secrets of the confessional. Well, don't let me intrude. And what did you preach about?"

Lake smiled good-naturedly, and said, "Do you want your head punched?"

"Certainly not. Most emphatically not."

"Then don't try to draw out for your worldly amusement the simple country parson."

"It wasn't that," said Lord Ornington, shaking his head. "Ridicule is the privilege of the young—I have given up ridicule. I don't suppose I shall ever laugh at anything again—at least not at anything more than anything else." He finished his champagne and leaned back in his chair. "I spoke honestly—out



"I WAS BEASTLY DRUNK LAST NIGHT, SIR, AND YOU FOUND ME IN THAT STATE."

of a wistful curiousness. Isn't it hot in here?"

"Yes; come on to the verandah." They passed out, through the open windows, and seated themselves. "What are you curious about?" the parson asked.

"About the other world. There is another world, and I don't know it. I don't refer to the hereafter. I refer to the present, but you can call it the spiritual world if you like. I meet the people who belong to it, or I read them. They speak a language I don't know, and live a life I can't understand. To-night I read some Keble. A man of some education, I should say, and with a considerable natural gift—amounting in spots almost to the gift of poetry. But he found his ecstasy—well, you know my opinions, and I needn't throw them in your face—he found his ecstasy where I cannot find mine. Come to the reverse of the Keble type. To-night you were with a man who from appearances must have been a successful village tradesman."

"You are right. He is a grocer. I believe I get things there."

"Very natural exchange of patronage, I am sure."

The Reverend William Lake made an impatient movement.

"Oh, all right! I'm not going to sneer. But I know that sort. In social life he does not shine, but in business he's as hard as nails. But if you told him seriously that his soul's future salvation depended upon his selling Demarara under cost, he would sell it so until he broke. That is to say, the strongest possible motive for your Keble or your grocer would be something I don't understand—something that is not at all concerned with this world."

"But, my good man," said Lake, "you're not a Christian, and other people are—that's all your discovery amounts to."

"Pray don't call it a discovery. I

wouldn't discover anything for worlds. Enterprise is not in my line. All I do is to be greatly struck by the absolutely obvious—to feel this impression vividly. To-night these strangely different types, all actuated by the same motive, interest me exceedingly. There is Keble; there is your grocer; there is Lady Follace, who sends a groom on a galloping horse with a note to you whenever she has spoken harshly to her footman, to ask you what she is to do. For the matter of that, there is yourself. You're an athlete——"

"Oh, that'll do about me!" Lake interrupted.

"Sorry, but it won't. You're an athlete and a scholar. You have by nature," he added with a flickering smile, "some warm sympathies with the world and the flesh—or had at any rate in the days when we were at Cambridge together. There are four different types. What brings such strange company together? Preach me the secret."

"I've preached it, as far as I know it, already to-night. Of course, fear may play its part with less noble natures, and the love of the good because it is good with the more noble, but with most of us the motive is different. I preached to-night about a kind of peace that does not admit of understanding and definition. Everyone who sees that so many things are all wrong, and longs for them to come right and settle down in some way that he is not clever enough to work out for himself, is a potential Christian."

"Well," said Lord Ornington, "I suppose I am by predestination lost. For I see that many things are all wrong, but I do not in the least want them to come right. The wrongness of things either does not affect me, or amuses me. My servant, for instance, used to get drunk, and wear my clothes; and on one occasion took my watch and pawned it, if you please, in my name. I got rid of the man, but it really amused me. It did not make me long

for a world in which there were no pawn-shops, and dishonesty, and intemperance. But I am hopeless, and it is not about myself that I have paid this sudden visit to you. I have come with a purpose. For two days I have sat and observed, and now I will expound my purpose, the proposal that I have to make."

"Well, go on."

"You give away more than you receive from this place?"

"The living has always been held by a man with independent means. It is expected."

"Put it that way. Again, you belong emphatically to the current year; your people of the parish are a collection of bad back numbers, all out of date, and incoherent, and scrappy. I remember old Sir Jarvis. He certainly talked, but then he died before you came here."

"I don't complain of the people here. They're not clever, but then, I am not so dead sweet on cleverness as you are."

"Again, why don't you hunt? You've no prejudice against hunting parsons. Yet you keep one old hack."

"I've no prejudice against parsons hunting, if they can afford it. I can't."

"You used to manage it—and very well."

"Of course, I was an extravagant young donkey once. But even then I was not so extravagant as I seemed; I bought 'em in the rough, put 'em to school, and sold 'em again. I can't do that now. A parson who deals in horses has got to lose either his money or his character—and I want both."

"I won't argue with you about that. I will turn to yet another point. You are not married—you ought to be."

The Rev. William Lake looked away. He was a handsome man, and his profile was particularly strong and good. He seemed just a little in doubt what to answer. "Well," he said, laughing, "I'm not a hardened believer in the celibacy of the clergy. All the same, I

can't force women to marry me. If they won't, they won't."

"I may be wrong, Bill, and I don't want to be inquisitive, but I believe that if you had the income which you considered sufficient you would be married in six months."

"Now look here, Harry. What's all this leading to? It seems to me that you're trying to persuade me this place isn't good enough for me, and that I ought to make more money."

"I'm convinced of both points myself. I have sometimes spoken to you of Thelsford."

"Yes—exceptionally fat living—beautiful country—next to no poor in the parish. Undoubtedly, Hessinge is a lucky man, and he is also quite young."

Lord Ornington lit another cigarette. "The Rev. Charles Hessinge," he observed, drily, "*was* quite young."

"What do you mean?"

"He is dead—died last Wednesday. Caught cold a few weeks ago—pneumonia."

"I didn't know him at all; but it's a pity that he should have died so young."

"The rest, of course, you can guess," said Lord Ornington. "By a pretty irony of fate the living of Thelsford is in my gift. I have come here to offer it to you, and I shall feel personally aggrieved if you don't accept it. I don't pretend to have any conscience, but if I had I should still offer it to you. I do not know any parson who is better fitted for it, or who deserves Thelsford as you do."

"Why do you say that?" Lake asked.

"If you ask me, I will tell you. I don't want to commit the unspeakable vulgarity of chaffing you about the past—about the days when you had not the remotest intention of taking orders. That damnable young stock-broker, Machellar, sniggered when I told him that you were a parson, and he has found that snigger the most expensive luxury in

which he ever indulged. But, as a matter of fact, we were both of us hot-blooded young brutes in those days; you were rather worse—rather more excessive than I was.”

“That is true.”

“You see what I mean. You were not born a saint. You are the natural man all through. The bloodless curate with no physique and no temptations has an easier time than you can possibly have had. You have been heavily handicapped and you have won in spite of it. I have been through this parish; I have been on to Enton and talked to the men at the mills there; they are all ready enough to talk, and they all tell the same thing. I won’t repeat their compliments.”

“They knew, of course, that you were my friend, and stopping here?”

“My good Bill, do give me credit for a little *finesse*. When I want evidence for myself, I get it good. At the mills they did not even know my name. You have worked very hard. Without going in for the hair-shirt and scourge method of giving one’s self something to brag about, you have always put your work before yourself, and you’ve suffered for it. Now, I never work, and I have never practised self-denial in the slightest degree; but, looking at the thing from the outside (I’m a spectator in life, you know), it seems to me that work and self-denial deserve reward—in your case, Thelsford. You can take Thelsford with a clean conscience.”

“Well, Harry, I’m very grateful to you, and I don’t want to make you mad. It was very good of you to think of me when Thelsford fell vacant, but I can’t take it.”

“Nonsense! Why not?”

“Well—I needn’t bother you with details—a question of conscience, if you’ll pardon a parsonic phrase.”

“I won’t pardon it; not because it is parsonic, but because I don’t understand

it.” He rose from his chair and paced up and down. “I had not dreamed that you could refuse. This annoys me exceedingly. Give me your reasons—in language that I can understand.”

The Rev. William Lake knocked out his pipe on the heel of his boot, and said: “I’ll try—it’s due to you. Your account of Lady Follace is exaggerated amusingly, but it’s true that she does send for me when she has committed some trifling fault, and asks me if it is an unforgivable sin. That little man who came in before supper was drunk last night—drunk for the first time in his life. I found him in a ditch and carried him home. He was in the greatest possible agony of mind about it. Do you know what my impulse is on these occasions? I want to say to Lady Follace: ‘Morally I am not fit to enter your house.’ To that wretched little man I wanted to say: ‘I have been drunk scores of times, and without your excuse of an evil-tempered, nagging wife.’”

“Nonsense again. Your offences (more or less excusable on the ground of youth and ignorance) belong to the past. The past is dead.”

“Don’t believe it. The past is as real as the present; to me it seems often even more real. The only reason why I do not give way to these impulses is that if I did I could do no good. As it is I do some good. I can make people who are infinitely better than I shall ever be become a little better than they are now. I am the sinner set to work to make saints. I can help others, though I can help myself so little. I preach to them the peace of God that passes all understanding, and some of them realise it from me, though to me it has never been more than words or hope. I make them believe more than I can believe. Do you think the old difficulties are dead because the agnostic novel is no longer fashionable? They are not clever, you say, these people? If they were I should

do less good. I am not worthy of the work. My one consolation is that I do not make money out of it, and that, extraordinary though it may seem in a man like myself, I do some good."

"Why this hysterical self-abasement? I hate this miserable sinner business. If you can do good here, you can do good at Thelsford. Look here, Bill, I don't want to be irreverent, but you believe in Providence—*c'est votre métier*—how do you know that Providence does not mean you to take Thelsford? I speak as a layman—from the outside—but there seems to me to be something in the argument."

"If an omnipotent power wanted me to go to Thelsford, it would be as easy for the power to provide the inclination in me as the vacancy at Thelsford. You're the first man who's called me hysterical, by the way. I have no delusions—I have only given you the facts. You yourself have owned that I am not a faddist. Is there any fanatical asceticism in giving up one's hunters? If so, fanatics are common. I live in comfort, and I don't injure my health. I'm not mad with self-depreciation; the reasons I've given you for my decision are quite sane and sober. If I took money for my work—if I did not lose money by my work I should feel myself a hypocrite."

"If you took Thelsford you would be able to marry. You ought to marry."

Lake did not answer this directly.

"I can't help it," he said. "It's very kind of you, Harry; but if I took Thelsford I should be miserable. I can only thank you once more, and leave it. And

now I'm going to be rude enough to say good-night if——"

"Of course. Up most of last night, and working all to-day, of course you're utterly done up. Go to bed, and let me forget how savage I feel with you. Good-night, old man. Here, wait. Why don't you go for a missionary or do slumming. You could give up even more, die sooner, get all the little treats that appeal to you morbid martyrs."

"I'm not morbid, I'm not a martyr, and I'm not going to be a missionary. There are always enough volunteers for the heroic, and too few for the humdrum. Well——"

He stopped. Carriage-wheels rattled on the gravel. Lady Follace's coachman reined in the roans sharply. Lake came forward and took a note. He glanced through it, and turned to Lord Ornington.

"I'm not to go to bed after all. Lady Follace has been taken seriously ill, and wants me."

Lord Ornington shrugged his shoulders. In another minute Lake was driven away in the carriage.

"Damn the man!" said Lord Ornington to himself as he paced up and down the verandah. Who else would have——'Almost thou persuadest me . . .' Damn him!"

A servant came on to the verandah to remove the coffee apparatus. "There is," said Lord Ornington, "a yellow-covered French book on the table under the plane-tree there. Kindly fetch it, and let me have a lamp here. Mr. Lake may be late to-night. I will wait up for him."







A PROPOSAL.

*By St. Clair Simmon.*

"Shall we try a sociable, and see how we get on together?"

# PHROSO: A ROMANCE.\*

BY ANTHONY HOPE.

ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. MILLAR.

## CHAPTER XV.

### A STRANGE ESCAPE.



es, he was dangerous, very dangerous: now that he had regained his self-control, most dangerous. His designs against me would be limited only by the bounds that I had taken the opportunity of recalling to his mind. I was a known man; I could not disappear without excuse. But the fever of the island might be at the disposal of the Governor no less than of Constantine Stefanopoulos. I must avoid the infection. I congratulated myself that the best antidote I had yet found—a revolver and cartridges—was again in my possession. These—and open eyes—were the treatment for the sudden fatal disease that threatened inconvenient lives in Neopalía.

I thought that I had seen Mouraki safely and finally to bed when he left me in the hall after our interview; and I had gone to bed almost immediately myself and, tired out with the various emotions I had passed through, had slept soundly. But now, looking back, I wonder whether the Governor spent much of the night on his back. I doubt it, very much I doubt it. Nay, I incline to think that he had a very active night, of going to and fro, of strange meetings, of schemes and bargainings: and I fancy he had not been long back in his room before I rose for my morning walk. However, of that I knew nothing at the time, and I met him at breakfast, prepared to resume our discussion as he had promised. But, behold, he was surrounded by officers. There was a stir in the hall; orders were being given;

romance and the affairs of love seemed forgotten.

"My dear lord," cried Mouraki, turning towards me with every sign of discomposure and vexation on his face, "I am terribly annoyed. These careless fellows of mine—alas, I am too good-natured and they presume on it!—have let your friend Constantine slip through their fingers."

"Constantine escaped!" I exclaimed in genuine surprise and vexation.

"Alas, yes! The sentry fell asleep; it seems that the prisoner had friends and they got him out by the window. The news came to me at dawn, and I have been having the island scoured for him. But he is not to be found, and we think he must have had a boat in readiness."

"Have you looked in the cottage where his wife is?"

"The very first thought that struck me, my dear friend! Yes, it has been searched. In vain! It is now so closely guarded that nobody can get in. If he ventures there we shall have him certainly. But go on with your breakfast. We need not spoil that for you. I have one or two more orders to give."

In obedience to the Pasha I sat down and began my breakfast. But as I ate, while Mouraki conferred with his officers in a corner of the hall, I became very thoughtful concerning this escape of Constantine. Sentries do sleep—sometimes. Zealous friends do open windows—sometimes. Fugitives do find boats ready—sometimes. It was all possible; there was nothing even exactly improbable. Yet—yet——! Whether Mouraki's ac-

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count were the whole truth, or something lay below and unrevealed, at least I knew that the escape meant that another enemy, and a bitter one, was loosed against me. I had fought Constantine: I had touched Mouraki's shield in challenge the night before: was I to have them both against me? And would it be two against one, or, as boys say, all against all? If the former, the chances of my catching the fever were considerably increased. And somehow I had a presentiment that the former was nearer the truth than the latter. I had no real evidence: Mouraki's visible chagrin seemed to contradict my theory. But was not Mouraki's chagrin just a little too visible? It was such a very obvious, hearty, genuine, honest, uncontrollable chagrin: it demanded belief in itself the least bit too loudly.

The Pasha joined me over my cigarette. If Constantine were in the island, said the Pasha, with a blow of his fist on the table, he would be laid by the heels before evening came; not a mole—let alone a man—could escape the soldiers' search; not a bird could enter the cottage (he seemed to repeat this very often) unobserved, nor escape from it without a bullet in its plumage. And when Constantine was caught he should pay for this defiance. For the Pasha had delayed the punishment of his crimes too long; this insolent escape was a proper penalty on the Pasha's weak remissness; the Pasha blamed himself very much; his honour was directly engaged in the recapture; he would not sleep till it was accomplished. In a word the Pasha's zeal beggared comparison and outran adequate description. It filled his mind; it drove out last night's topic; he waved that trifle away; it must wait, for now there was business afoot; it could be discussed only when Constantine was once more a prisoner in the hands of justice, a suppliant for the mercy of the Governor.

I escaped at length from this torrent of sincerity with which Mouraki insisted on deluging me, and went into the open air. There were no signs of Phroso; Kortes was not to be seen either. I saw the yacht in the harbour, and thought of strolling down. But Denny had, no doubt, heard the great news, and I was reluctant to be out of the way, even for an hour. Events came quick in Neopalia. People appeared and disappeared in no time, escaped, and—were not recaptured. But I told myself that I would send a message to the yacht soon; I wanted Denny and the others to know what I—what I was strangely inclined to suspect regarding this escape.

The storm that had swept over the island the evening before was gone; it was a bright hot day, and the waves danced blue in the sun, while a light breeze blew from off the side of the land on which the house stood, and was carrying fishing boats merrily out of the harbour. If Constantine had found a boat, the wind was fair to carry him away to safety. But had he? I glanced up at the cottage in the woods above me. A thought struck me. I could run up there and down again in a few moments.

I made my way quickly back to the house and into the compound behind. Here, to my delight, I found Kortes. A word showed me that he also had heard the news. Phroso also had heard it; it was known to everyone.

"I am going to see if I can get a look into the cottage," said I.

"I am told it is guarded, my lord."

"Kortes, speak plainly. What do you say about it?"

"I don't know; I don't know what to think. If they won't let you in——"

"Yes, I meant that. How is she, Kortes?"

"Well, my sister says. I have not seen her. Run no risks, my lord. She has only you and me."

"And my friends. I'm going to send

them word to be on the look-out for any summons from me."

"Then send it at once," he counselled. "You may delay, Mouraki will not."

I was struck with his advice; but I was also bent on carrying out my *reconnaissance* of the cottage.

"I'll send it directly I come back," said I, and I ran to the angle of the wall, climbed up, and started at a quick walk through the wood. I met nobody till I was almost at the cottage. Then I came suddenly on a sentry. Another I saw to the right, a third to the left. The cottage seemed ringed round with watchful figures. The man barred my way.

"But I am going to see the lady—Madame Stefanopoulos," I protested.

"I have orders to let nobody pass," he answered. "I will call the officer."

The officer came; he was full of infinite regrets, but his Excellency's orders were absolute. Nay, did I not think they were wise? This man was so desperate a criminal, and he had so many friends. He would, of course, try to communicate with his wife.

"But he can't expect his wife to help him," I exclaimed. "He wants to murder her."

"But women are forgiving. He might well persuade her to help him in his escape; or he might intimidate her."

"So I am not to pass?"

"I'm afraid not, my lord. If his Excellency gives you a pass it will be another matter."

"The lady is there still?"

"Oh, I believe so. I have not myself been inside the cottage. That is not part of my duty."

"Is anyone stationed in the cottage?"

The officer smiled and answered with an apologetic shrug, "Would not you ask his Excellency anything you desire to know, my lord?"

"Well, I dare say you're right," I admitted, and I fixed a long glance on the windows of the cottage.

"Even to allow anybody to linger about here is contrary to my orders," suggested the officer, still civil, still apologetic.

"Even to look?"

"His Excellency said to linger."

"Is it the same thing?"

"His Excellency would answer that also, my lord."

The fence around the cottage was impregnable. That seemed plain. To loiter near the cottage was forbidden, to look at it a matter of suspicion. Yet looking at the cottage would not help the escape of Constantine.

There seemed nothing to be done. Slowly and reluctantly, with a conviction that I was turning away baffled from the heart of the mystery, that the clue lay there were I but allowed to take it in my fingers, I retraced my steps down the hill through the wood. I believed that the strict guard was to prevent my intrusion and mine alone, that the Pasha's search for Constantine was a pretence, in fine, that Constantine was at that moment in the cottage, with the knowledge of Mouraki and under his protection. But I could not prove my suspicions, and I could not unravel the plan which the Pasha was pursuing. I had a strange uneasy sense of fighting in the dark; my eyes were blindfolded, while my antagonist could make full use of his. In that case the odds were against me.

I passed through the house; all was quiet, nobody was about. It was now the middle of the afternoon, and, having accomplished my useless inspection of the cottage, I sat down and wrote a note to Denny, bidding him be on the alert, day and night; he or Hogvardt must always be on watch, the yacht ready to start at a moment's notice. I begged him to ask no questions, only to be ready: for life or death might hang on a moment. Thus I paved the way for carrying out my resolution; and my resolution was no other than to make a bold dash for the yacht

with Phroso and Kortés, under cover of night. If we reached it and got clear of the harbour, I believed that we could show a clean pair of heels to the gunboat: and, moreover, I did not think that the wary Mouraki would dare to sink us in open sea with his guns. The one point I held against him was his fear of publicity; we should be safer in the yacht than among the hidden dangers of Neopalía. I finished my note, sealed it, and strolled out in front of the house, looking for somebody to act as my messenger.

Standing there, I raised my eyes and looked down to the harbour and the sea. At what I saw, forgetting Kortés' reproof, I again uttered an oath of surprise and dismay. Smoke poured from the funnel of the yacht. *Sée*, she moved! She made for the mouth of the harbour. She set her course for the sea. Where was she going? I cared not to answer that. She must not go! It was vital that she should stay ready for me in the harbour. My scruples about leaving the house vanished before this more pressing necessity. Without an instant's delay, with hardly an instant's thought, I put my best foot foremost and ran as a man runs for his life along the road towards the harbour. As I started I thought I heard Mouraki's voice from the window above my head beginning in its polite wondering tones, "Why in the world, my dear Wheatley——?" Ah, did he not know why? I would not stop for him. On I went. I reached the main road; I darted down the steep street; women started in surprise at me, children scurried hastily out of my way. I was a very John Gilpin without a horse. I did not think myself able to run so far or so fast; but apprehension gave me legs, excitement breath, and love—yes, love—why deny it now?—love speed; and I neither halted nor turned nor failed till I reached the jetty. But there I sank exhausted against the wooden fencing; for the yacht was hard on a mile out to sea, and putting

yards and yards between herself and me at every moment. Again I sprang up and waved my handkerchief; two or three of Mouraki's soldiers who were lounging about stared at me stolidly: a fisherman laughed mockingly: the children had flocked after me down the street and made a gaping circle about me. The note to Denny was in my hand: Denny was far out of my reach. What possessed the boy? Hard were the names that I called myself for having neglected Kortés' advice. What were the cottage and the whereabouts of Constantine compared with the presence of my friends and the yacht?

A hope ran through me. Maybe they were but passing an hour, and would turn homewards soon. I strained my eager eyes after them. The yacht held on her course, straight, swift, relentless. She seemed to be carrying with her Phroso's hopes of rescue, mine of safety: her buoyant leap embodied Mouraki's triumph. I turned from watching, sick at heart, half-beaten, and discouraged: and, as I turned, a boy ran up to me and thrust a letter into my hand, saying,

"The gentleman on the yacht left this for my lord. I was about to carry it up when I saw my lord run through the street, and I followed him back."

The letter bore Denny's handwriting. I tore it open with eager fingers.

"Dear Charley," it ran, "I don't know what your game is, but it's pretty slow for us. So we're off fishing. Old Mouraki has been uncommon civil, and sent a fellow with us to show us the best place. If the weather is decent we shall stay out a couple of nights, so you may look for us the day after to-morrow. I knew it was no good asking you to come. Be a good boy, and don't get into mischief while I'm away. Of course, Mouraki will bottle Constantine again in no time; he told us he had no doubt of it, unless the fellow had found a boat. I'll run up to the house as soon as we get back. Yours ever, D. P.S.—As you said you didn't



ON THE THRESHOLD STOOD THE GIRL PANAVIOTA.

want Watkins up at the house, I've taken him along to cook."

*Beati innocentes!* Denny was very innocent, and so, I suppose, very blessed, and my friend the Pasha had got rid of him in the easiest manner possible. Indeed, it was uncommon civil of Mouraki! They would be back the day after tomorrow, and Denny would "run up to

the house." The thing was almost ludicrous in the pitiful unconsciousness of it. I tore the note that I had written into small pieces, put Denny's in my pocket, and started to mount the hill again. But I turned once and looked on the face of the sea. To my anxious mind it seemed not to smile at me as was its wont. It was not now my refuge and my safety,

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but the prison-bars that confined me—me and her whom I had to serve and save.

And he had taken Watkins along to cook ; for I did not want him at the house ! I would have given every farthing I had in the world for any honest brave man, Watkins or another. And I was not to “get into mischief.” I knew very well what Denny meant by that. Well, he might be reassured. It did not appear likely that I should enjoy much leisure for dalliance of the sort he disapproved.

“Really, you know, I shall have something else to do,” I said to myself.

Slowly I walked up the street, too deep in reflection even to hasten my steps ; and I started like a man roused from sleep when I heard from the side of the street, a soft cry of “My lord !” I looked round ; I was directly opposite the door of Vlach’s inn ; and on the threshold stood the girl Panayiota, who was Demetri’s sweetheart, and had held in her lap the head of Constantine’s wife, whom Demetri could not kill. She cast cautious glances up and down the street, and withdrew swiftly into the shadow of the house, beckoning to me to follow her. In a strait like mine, no chance, however small, is to be missed or refused. I followed her. Her cheek glowed with colour ; she was under the influence of some excitement, whose cause I could not fathom.

“I have a message for you, my lord,” she whispered. “I must tell it you quickly ; we must not be seen.” And she shrank back farther into the shelter of the doorway.

“As quickly as you like, Panayiota,” said I. “For I have little time to lose.”

“You have a friend more than you know of,” said she, setting her lips close to my ear.

“I’m glad to hear it,” said I. “Is that all ?”

“Yes, that’s all—a friend more than you know of, my lord. Take courage, my lord.”

I bent my eyes in question on her face ;

she understood that I was asking for a plainer message.

“I can tell you no more,” she said. “I was told to say that—a friend more than you know of. I have said it. Don’t linger, my lord. I can say no more, and there is danger.

“I’m much obliged to you. I hope he will prove of value.”

“He will,” she answered quickly, and she waved aside the piece of money which I had offered her, and motioned me to be gone. But again she detained me for a moment.

“The lady—the wife of the lord Constantine—what of her ?” she asked in low hurried tones.

“I know nothing of her,” said I. “I believe she is at the cottage.”

“And he is loose again ?”

“Yes.” And I added, searching her face, “But the Governor will hunt him down.”

I had my answer—a plain explicit answer ; it came not in words, but in a scornful smile, a lift of the brows, a shrug. I nodded in understanding. Panayiota whispered again, “Courage—a friend more than you know of—courage, my lord,” and, turning, fairly ran away from me down the passage towards the yard behind the inn.

Who was this friend ? By what means did he seek to help me ? I could not tell. One suspicion I had, and I fought a little fight with myself as I walked back to the house. I recollected the armed man I had met in the night, whom I had warned and threatened. Was he the friend, and was it my duty to tell Mouraki of my suspicions ? I say, I had a struggle. Did I win or lose ? I do not know, for I cannot even now make up my mind. But I was exasperated at the trick Mouraki had played on me, I was fearful for Phroso, I felt that I was contending against a man who would laugh at the chivalry which warned him. I hardened my heart and shut my eyes. I owed nothing, less than

nothing, to Mouraki Pasha. He had, as I verily believed, loosed a desperate treacherous foe on me. He had, as I knew now, deluded my friends into forsaking me. Let him guard his own head and his own skin. I had enough to do with Phroso and myself. So I reasoned, seeking to justify my silence. And I have often thought since that the question raised a nice enough point of casuistry. Men who have nothing else to do may amuse themselves with the answering of it. I answered it by the time I reached the threshold of the house. And I held my tongue.

Mouraki was waiting for me in the doorway; he was smiling as he had smiled before my bold declaration of love for Phroso had spoilt his temper.

"My dear lord," he cried, "I could have spared you a tiresome walk. I thought your friends would certainly have told you their intention, or I would have mentioned it myself."

"My dear Pasha," I rejoined, no less cordially, "to tell the truth, I knew their intentions, but it struck me suddenly that I would go with them, and I ran down to try and catch them. Unfortunately, I was too late."

The extravagance of my lying served its turn; Mouraki understood, not that I was trying to deceive him, but that I was informing him politely that he had not succeeded in deceiving me.

"You wished to accompany them?" he asked, with a broadening smile. "You—a lover!"

"A man can't always be making love," said I carelessly—though truly enough.

Mouraki took a step towards me.

"It is safer not to do it at all," said he in a lower tone.

The man had a great gift of expression: his eyes could put a world of meaning into a few simple words. In this little sentence, that sounded like a trite remark, I discovered a last offer—an invitation to surrender, a threat in case of

obstinacy. I answered it after its own kind.

"Safer, perhaps, but deplorably dull," said I.

"Ah, well, you know best," said the Pasha. "If you like to take the rough with the smooth——" He broke off with a shrug, resuming a moment later: "You expect to see them back the day after to-morrow, don't you?"

I was not sure whether the particular form of this question was intentional or not. In the literal meaning of his words Mouraki asked me, not whether they would be back, but whether I thought I should witness their return—possibly a different thing.

"Denny says they'll be back then," I answered cautiously. And the Pasha stroked his beard; this time he was, I think, hiding a smile at my understanding and evasion of his question.

"I hear," he pursued, with a laugh, "that you have been trying to pass my sentries and look for our runaway on your own account. You really should not expose yourself to such risks, the man might kill you. I'm glad my officer obeyed his orders."

"Then Constantine is at the cottage?" I cried quickly, for I thought he had betrayed himself into an admission. His composed air and amused smile smothered my hopes.

"At the cottage? Oh, dear, no. Of course I have searched that. I had that searched first of all."

"And the guard——?"

"Is only to prevent him from going there."

I had not that perfect facial control that distinguished the Governor. I suppose I appeared unconvinced, for Mouraki caught me by the arm, and, giving me an affectionate squeeze, cried, "What an unbeliever! Come, you shall go with me and see for yourself."

If he took me, of course I should find nothing. The bird, if it had ever alighted



on that stone, would be flown by now. His specious offer was worthless.

"My dear Pasha, of course I take your word for it."

"No, I won't be trusted! I positively won't be believed! You shall come. We two will go together." And he still clung to my arm with the pressure of friendly compulsion.

I did not see how to avoid doing what he suggested without coming to an open quarrel with him, and that I did not desire. He had every motive for wishing to force me into open enmity: a hasty word or gesture might serve him as a plausible excuse for putting me under arrest. He would have a case if he could prove me to have been disrespectful to the Governor. My only chance lay in seeming submission up to the last possible moment. And Kortès was guarding Phroso, so that I could go without uneasiness.

"Well, let us walk up the hill then," said I carelessly. "Though I assure you, you are giving yourself needless trouble."

He would not listen, and we turned, still arm in arm, to pass through the house. Mouraki had caused a ladder to be placed against the bank of rock, for he did not enjoy clambering up by the steps cut in the side of it. He set his foot now on the lowest rung of this ladder; but he paused there an instant and turned round, facing me, and asked, as though the thought had suddenly occurred to his mind,

"Have you had any conversation with our fair friend this afternoon?"

"The Lady Phroso? No. She has not made an appearance. Perhaps I wrong you, Pasha, but I fancied you were not over-anxious that I should have a conversation with her."

"You wrong me," he said earnestly. "Indeed you wrong me. And to prove it, you shall have a *tête-à-tête* with her the moment we return. Oh, I don't fight

with weapons like that! I wouldn't use my authority like that. I am going to search again for this Constantine myself this evening with a strong party, then you shall be at perfect liberty to talk with her.

"I am infinitely obliged; you're too generous."

"I trust we're gentlemen still, though we have unhappily become rivals," and he let go of the ladder for an instant in order to press my hand.

Then he began to climb up and I followed him, asking of my puzzled brain, "Now, what does he mean by that?"

For it seemed to me that a man needed cat's eyes to follow the schemes of Mouraki Pasha, eyes that darkness could not blind. This last generous offer of his was beyond the piercing of my vision. I did not know whether it were merely a bit of courtesy, safe to offer, or if it hid some new design. Well, it was little use wondering. At least I should see Phroso. Perhaps—a sudden thought seized me, and I——

"What makes you look so excited?" asked the Pasha; his eyes were on my face, his lips curved in a smile.

"I'm not excited," said I. But the blood was leaping in my veins. I had an idea.

#### CHAPTER .XVI.

#### AN UNFINISHED LETTER.

I have learnt on my way through the world how dangerous a thing is a conceit of a man's own cleverness; and among the most striking lessons of this truth stands one which Mouraki Pasha taught me in Neopalia. My game was against a past-master in the art of intrigue; yet I made sure I had caught him napping, sure that my wits were quicker than his, and that he missed what was plain to my eyes. In vain, they say, is the net spread in the sight of any bird. Aye, of any bird that has eyes and knows how to use them. But if the bird has no eyes, or employs

them in admiring its own plumage, there is a chance for the fowler after all.

These reflections occur to my mind when I recollect the hope and exultation in my heart, as I followed the Governor's leisurely upward march through the wood to the cottage. Mouraki, I said to myself, thought that he was allaying my suspicions and lulling my watchfulness to sleep by the courtesy with which he arranged an interview between Phroso and myself. Was that what he was really doing? No, I declared triumphantly; he was putting in my way the one sovereign chance that fate had hitherto denied. He was to be away and most of his men with him: Phroso, Kortés, and I would be alone together at the house, alone for an hour, perhaps two. At the moment I felt that I asked no more of fortune. Had the Pasha never heard of the secret of the Stefanopouloi? It almost seemed so: but I myself had told him of it, and Denny's information had preceded mine. Yet he was leaving us alone by the hidden door. Did he know of it? Had he stopped it? My ardour was cooled: my face fell. Perhaps he knew: he must know; and if he knew of a surety the passage would be watched!

"By the way," said Mouraki, turning to me, "I want you to show me that passage you told me of sometime to-morrow. I've never found time to go down there yet, and I have a taste for these mediæval curiosities."

"I shall be proud to be your guide, Pasha. You would trust yourself there with me?"

"Oh, my dear Wheatley, such things are not done now," smiled the Pasha. "You and I will settle our little difference another way. Have you been down since I came?"

"No. I've had about enough of the passage," said I carelessly. "I should be glad never to see it again; but I must strain a point and go with you."

"Yes, you must do that," he answered.

"How steep this hill is! Really I must be growing old, as Phroso is cruel enough to think!"

This conversation, seeming to fall in so pat with my musings and indicating, if it did not state, that Mouraki treated the passage as a trifle of no moment, brought us to the outskirts of the wood, and the cottage was there before us. We had passed only one sentry; the cordon was gone. This change struck me at once and I remarked on it to Mouraki.

"Yes, I thought it safe to send most of them away; there are one or two more than you see though. But he won't venture back now."

I smiled to myself. I was pleased again at my penetration: and in this instance, unlike the other at which I have hinted, I do not think I was wrong. The cordon had been here, then Constantine had; the cordon was gone, and I made no doubt that Constantine was gone also.

The front of the cottage was dark, and the curtains of the windows drawn, as they had been when I came before, on the night I killed Vlachó the innkeeper, and fell into the hands of Kortés and Demetri. The whirligig had turned since then; for then this man Mouraki had been my far-off much-desired deliverer, Kortés and Demetri open enemies. Now Mouraki was my peril, Kortés my best friend, Demetri—well, what, and whom, had Panayiota meant?

"Shall we go in?" asked Mouraki, as we came to the house. "Stay, though, I'll knock on the door with my stick. Madame Stefanopoulos is, no doubt, within. I think she will probably not have joined her husband."

"I imagine she will have heard of his escape with great regret," said I.

The Pasha knocked with the gold-headed cane which he carried. He waited and then repeated the blow. No answer came.

"Well," said he with a shrug, "we



"WE ARE READY FOR—ANYTHING—NOW"

have given her fair warning. Let us enter. She knows you, my dear Wheatley, and will not be alarmed."

"But if Constantine's here?" I suggested with a mocking smile. "Your life is a valuable one; run no risks; he is a desperate man."

The Pasha shifted his cane to his left hand, smiled in answer to my smile, and produced a revolver.

"You are wise," said I, and I took my revolver out of my pocket.

"We are ready for—anything—now," said Mouraki.

I think "anything" in that sentence was meant to include "one another!"

The Pasha opened the door and passed in. Nothing seemed to be changed since my last visit. The door of the room on the right was open, the table was again spread, for two this time; the left-hand door was shut.

"You see the fugitive is not in that room," observed the Pasha, waving his

hand to the right. Let us try the other," and he turned the door-handle of the room on the left, and preceded me into it.

At this point I am impelled to a little confession. The murderous impulse is, perhaps, not so uncommon as we suppose; I dare say many respectable men and amiable women have felt it in all its attractive simplicity once or twice in their lives; it seems at such moments hardly sinful, merely too dangerous, and to be recognised as impossible to gratify by reason of its danger. But I perceive that I am accusing the rest of the world in the hope of excusing myself; for at that moment, when the Pasha's broad solid back was presented to me, a yard in front, I experienced a momentary but extremely strong temptation to raise my arm, move my finger, and—transform the situation. I did not do it: but, on the other hand, I have never counted the desire to do it among the great sins of my life. Mouraki, I thought then and know now, deserved nothing better. Unhappily we have our own consciences to consider, and are thus often prevented from meting out to others the measure their deeds claim.

"I see nobody," said the Pasha. "But then the room is dark. Shall I pull back the curtain?"

"You had better be careful," said I, laughing. "That was what Vlacho did."

"Ah, but you're on the same side this time," he answered, and stepped across the room towards the curtain.

Suddenly I became, or seemed to become, vaguely, uncomfortably, even terribly conscious of something there. Yet I could see nothing in the dark room, and I heard nothing. I can hardly think Mouraki shared my strange oppressive feeling; yet the curtain was not immediately drawn back, his figure bulked motionless just in front of me, and he repeated, in tones that betrayed uneasiness,

"I suppose I'd better draw back the curtain, hadn't I?"

What was it? It must have been all fancy, born of the strain of excitement and nervous tension in which I was living. I have had something of the feeling in the dark before and since, but never so strong, distinct, and almost palpable. I knew Constantine was not there; I had no fear of him if he were. Yet my forehead grew damp with sweat.

Mouraki's hand was on the curtain; he drew it back, the dull evening light spread sluggishly through the room. Mouraki turned and looked at me; I returned his gaze. A moment passed before either of us looked round.

"There's nobody behind the curtain," said he. "Do you see anyone anywhere?"

Then I pulled myself together, and looked round. The chairs near me were empty, the couch had no occupant. But away in the corner of the room, in the shadow of a projecting angle of wall, I saw a figure seated in front of a table. On the table were writing-materials; the figure was a woman's, her arms were spread on the table, and her head lay between them. I raised my hand, and pointed to her. Mouraki's eyes obeyed my direction, but came quickly back to me in question, and he arched his brows.

I stepped across the room towards where the woman sat. I heard the Pasha following with hesitating tread, and I waited till he overtook me. Then I called her name softly, yet I knew that it was no use to call her name; it was only the protest my horror made. She would hear her name no more. Again I pointed with my right hand, catching Mouraki's arm with my left at the same moment.

"There," I said, "there—between the shoulders, a knife!"

I felt his arm tremble. I must do him justice. I am convinced that he did not foresee or anticipate this among the results of the letting loose of Constantine Stefano-

poulos. I heard him clear his throat, I saw him lick his lips ; his lids settled low over his cunning eyes. I turned from him to the motionless figure in the chair.

She was dead, had been dead some little while, and must have died instantly on that foul stroke. Why had the fiend dealt it? Was it mere revenge and cruelty,

"He has made good use of his liberty," I said in a low fierce tone, turning on Mouraki in a sudden burst of anger against the hand that had set that villain free. But the Pasha's composure wrapped him like a cloak again. He knew what I meant, and read the implied taunt in my words, but he answered calmly,



"THERE," I SAID. "THERE—BETWEEN THE SHOULDERS, A KNIFE!"

persistently nursed wrath at her betrayal of him on St. Tryphon's day? Or had some new cause evoked passion from him?

"Let us lay her here on the sofa," I said to Mouraki; "and you must send someone to look after her."

He seemed reluctant to help me, and I leant forward alone, and putting my arm round her, raised her from the table, and set her upright in the chair. I rejoiced to find no trace of pain or horror on her face. As I looked at it I gave a sudden short sob. I was unstrung, the thing was so cruelly wanton and horrible.

"We have no proof yet that it was her husband who killed her."

"Who else should?"

He shrugged his shoulders, saying, "No proof, I said; perhaps he did, perhaps not; we do not know."

"Help me with her," said I brusquely.

Between us we lifted her and laid her on the couch, and spread over her a fur rug that draped one of the chairs. While this was done we did not exchange a word with one another. Mouraki uttered a sigh of relief when the task was finished.

"I will send a couple of women up as

soon as we get back. Meanwhile the place is guarded and nobody can come in. Need we delay longer? It is not a pleasant place."

"I should think we might as well go," I answered, casting my eye again round the little room to the spot where Vlachó had fallen, enveloped in the curtain that he dragged down with him, and to the writing-table that had supported the dead body of Francesca. Mouraki's hand was on the door-handle; he stood there impatient to be out of the place, waiting for me to accompany him. But my last glance had seen something new, and with a sudden low exclamation I darted across the room to the table. For I had perceived a sheet of paper lying just where Francesca's head had been.

"What's the matter?" asked Mouraki.

I made him no answer. I seized the piece of paper. A pen lay between it and the inkstand. On the paper was a line or two of writing; the characters were blurred, as though Francesca's hair had smeared them before the ink was dry. I held it up. Mouraki stepped briskly up to me.

"Give it to me," he said, holding out his hand. "It may be something I ought to see."

The first hint of action, of new light or a new development, restored their cool alertness to my faculties.

"Why not something which I ought to see, my dear Pasha?" I asked, holding the paper behind my back and facing him.

"You forget the position I hold, Lord Wheatley. You have no such position."

I did not argue that. I walked to the window, to get the best of the light. Mouraki followed me closely.

"I'll read it to you," said I. "There isn't much of it."

I held it to the light. The Pasha was close by my shoulder, his pale face leaning forward towards the paper. Straining my eyes on to the blurred characters I read; and I read aloud, according to my

promise, hearing Mouraki's breathing that accompanied my words.

"My lord, take care. He is free. Mouraki has set——"

That was all: a blot followed the last word. At that word the pen must have fallen from her fingers as her husband's dagger stole her life. We had read her last words. The writing of that line saw the moment of her death; did it also supply the cause? If so, not the old grudge, but rage at a fresh betrayal of a fresh villainy had impelled Constantine's arm to his foul stroke. He had caught her in the act of writing it, and taken his revenge, and secured his safety.

After I had read, there was silence. The Pasha's face was still by my shoulder. I gazed, as if fascinated, on the fatal unfinished note. At last I turned and looked him in the face. His eyes met mine in unmoved steely composure.

"I think," said I, "that I had a right to read the note after all. For, as I guess, the writer was addressing it to me and not to you."

For a moment Mouraki hesitated; then he shrugged his shoulders, saying,

"My dear Lord, I don't know whom it is addressed to or what it means. Had the unfortunate lady been allowed to finish it——"

"We should know more than we do now," I interrupted.

"I was about to say as much. I see she introduced my name; she can, however, have known nothing of any course I might be pursuing."

"Unless someone who knew told her."

"Who could?"

"Well, her husband."

"Who was killing her?" he asked with a scornful smile.

"He may have told her before—and she tried to forward the information to me."

"It is all the purest conjecture," shrugged the Governor.

I looked him in the eyes, and I

think my eyes told him pretty plainly my views of the meaning of this note. He answered my glance at first with a carefully inexpressive gaze ; but presently a meaning came into his eyes ; he seemed to confess to me and to challenge me to make what use I could of the confession. But then the momentary candour of his regard passed, and blankness spread over his face again.

Desperately I struggled with myself, clinging to self-control. To this day I believe that, had my life, and my life only, been in question, I should then and there have compelled Mouraki to fight me, man to man, in the little gloomy room where the dead woman lay on the sofa ; we should not have disturbed her. And I think also that Mouraki, who did not want for courage, would have caught at my challenge and cried content to a proposal that we should, there and then, put our quarrel to an issue, and that one only of us should go alive down the hill. I read such a mood in his eyes in the moment of their candour ; I saw the courage to act on it in his resolute lips and his tense still attitude.

Well, we could neither of us afford the luxury. If I killed him, I should bring grave suspicion on Phroso, she and her islanders would be held accomplices ; and, though this was a secondary matter to hot rage, I should myself stand in a position of great danger. And he could not kill me ; for all his schemes against me were still controlled and limited by the necessities of his position. Had I been an islander, or even an unknown man concerning whom no questions would be asked, his work would have been simple, and, as I believed, would have been carried out before now. But it was not so ; he would be held responsible for a satisfactory account of how I met my death. It would tax his invention to give it if he killed me himself, with his own hand, and without witnesses. In fact, the finding of the note left us where we were so far as action

was concerned ; but it tore away the last shreds of the veil, the last pretences of good faith and friendliness which had been kept up between us. In that swift, full, open glance which we had exchanged, our undisguised quarrel, the great issue between us, was legibly written and plainly read. Yet not a word passed our lips concerning it. Mouraki and I began to need words no more than lovers do. For hate matches love in penetration.

I put the note in my pocket. Mouraki, blinked eyes now utterly free from expression. I gave a final glance at the dead woman, and I felt a touch of shame at having for a moment forgotten her fate for my quarrel.

"Shall we go down, Pasha ?" said I.

"As soon as you please, Lord Wheatley," he answered ; and this formal mode of address was perhaps an acknowledgment that the time for hypocrisy and the hollow show of friendship was over between us. The change was just in his way, slight, subtle, but sufficient.

I followed Mouraki out of the house. He walked in his usual slow deliberate manner. He beckoned to the sentry as we passed him, told him that two women who would shortly come up were to be admitted, but nobody else, until an officer came, bearing further orders. Having made these arrangements, he resumed his way down, taking his place in front of me, and maintaining absolute silence. I did not care to talk. I had enough to think about. But already, now I was out in the fresh air, the feeling of sick horror with which the little room had affected me began to pass away. I felt braced up again. I was better prepared for the great effort which loomed before me now as a present and urgent necessity. Mouraki had found an instrument ; he had set Constantine free, that Constantine might do against me what Mouraki could not openly do himself. My friends were away. The hour of the stroke must

even now be upon me. Well, the hour of my counter-stroke was come also, the counter-stroke for which my interview with Phroso and Mouraki's absence opened the way. For he thought the passage no more than a mediæval curiosity!

We reached the house and entered the hall together. As we passed through the compound I had seen an alert sentinel. Looking out from the front door, I perceived two men on guard. A party of ten or a dozen more were drawn up, an officer at their head; these were the men who waited to attend Mouraki on his evening expedition. The Pasha seated himself and wrote a note; he looked up as he finished it, and said:

"I am informing the Lady Euphrosyne that you will await her here in half-an-hour's time, and that she is at liberty to spend what time she pleases with you. Is that what you wish?"

"Precisely, your Excellency. I am much obliged to you."

His only answer was a dignified bow; but he turned to a sub-officer who stood by him at attention and said: "On no account allow Lord Wheatley to be interrupted this evening. You will, of course, keep the sentries on guard behind and in front of the house, but do not let them intrude here."

After giving his orders, the Pasha sat silent for some minutes. He had lighted a cigarette, and smoked it slowly. Then he let it out—a thing I had never seen him do before—lit another, and resumed his slow inhalings. I knew that he would speak before long, and after a few more moments he gave me the result of his meditations. For we were now alone together.

"It would have been much better," said he, "if that poor woman—whose fate I sincerely regret—had been let alone and this girl had died instead of her," and he nodded at me with convinced emphasis.

"If Phroso had died!" leapt from my lips in astonishment.

"Yes, if Phroso had died. We would have hanged Constantine together, wept together over her grave, and each of us gone home with a sweet memory—you to your *fiancée*, I to my work. And we should have forgiven one another any little causes of reproach."

To this speculation in might-have-beens I made no answer. The feelings with which I received it showed me, had I still needed showing, what Phroso was to me. I had been shocked and grieved at Francesca's fate, but rather that a thousand times than the thing on which Mouraki coolly mused!

"It would have been much better, so much better," he repeated, with a curiously regretful intonation.

"The only thing that would be better to my thinking," I said, "is that you should behave as an honourable man and leave this lady free to do as she wishes."

"And another thing, surely," he asked, smiling now, "that you should behave as an honourable man and go back to Miss Hipgrave?" A low laugh marked the point he had scored. Then he added with his usual shrug, "We are slaves, we men—slaves all!"

He rose from his chair and completed his preparations for going out, flinging a large military cloak over his shoulders. His momentary irresolution, or remorse, or what you will, had passed. His speech became terse and resolute again.

"We shall meet early to-morrow, I expect," he said, "and then we must settle this matter. Do I understand that you are resolved not to yield?"

"I am absolutely resolved," said I, and at the sight of his calm sneering face, my temper suddenly got the better of me. "Yes, I am resolved. You can do what you like. You can bribe ruffians to assassinate me, as I believe you have bribed Constantine."

He started at that, as a man will at



plain speech, even though the plain speech tells him nothing that he did not know of the speaker's mind.

"The blood of that unhappy woman is on your head," I cried vehemently. "Through your act she lies dead. If a like fate befalls me, the blame of that will be on your head also. It is you, and not your tool, who will be responsible."

"Responsible!" he echoed; and his voice was mocking and easy, though his face was paler even than it was wont to be. "Responsible? What does that mean? Responsible to whom?"

"To God," said I.

He laughed a low derisive laugh.

"Come, that's better," he said.

"I expected you to say public opinion. Your sentiment is more respectable than that clap-trap of public opinion. So be it. I shall

be responsible. Where shall you be?" He paused, smiling, and ended, "And where Phroso?"

My self-restraint was exhausted. I sprang up. In another moment my hands would have been on his throat; the next, I suppose, I should have been a dead man or a prisoner in the hands of his guard. But that was not his scheme; he had shown me too much now to be content with less than my life: and he was not to be turned from his scheme either by his own temper or mine. He had moved towards the door while he had been speak-

ing to me: and, as I sprang at him, a quick dexterous movement of his hand opened it, a rapid twist of his body removed him from my reach. He eluded me: the door was shut in my face. The Pasha's low laugh reached me, as I sank back again in my chair, still raging that I had not got him by the throat, but in an instant glad also that my rashness had been foiled.

I heard the tramp of his party on their orderly march along the road from the house. Their steps died away, and all was verystill. I looked round the hall: there was nobody but myself. I rose and looked into the kitchen: it was empty. Mouraki had kept his word: we were alone. In front there were sentries, behind there were sentries, but the house was mine. Hope rose again, strong and urgent in my heart, as my eyes fell on the spot under the stair-



"YOU FOOL—YOU FOOL—YOU FOOL!"

case, where was the entrance to the secret passage. I looked at my watch: it was eleven o'clock: the wind blew softly, the night was fine: a crescent moon was just visible through the narrow windows. The time was come, the time left free by Mouraki's strange oversight.

It was then—and then only—that a sudden gleam of enlightenment, a sudden chilling suspicion, fell upon me, transforming my hope to fear, my triumph to doubt and misgiving. Was Mouraki Pasha the man to be guilty of an oversight, of so plain an oversight? When an

enemy leaves open an obvious retreat, is it always by oversight? When he seems to indicate a way of safety, is the way safe? These disturbing thoughts crowded on me as I sat, and I looked now at the entrance to the secret passage with new eyes.

The sentries were behind the house : the sentries were in front of the house : in neither direction was there any chance of escape. One way was open—the passage—and that one way only. And I asked the question of myself, framing the

words in an inarticulate low whisper, "Is this way a trap?"

"You fool—you fool—you fool!" I cried, beating my fist on the wooden table.

For if that way were a trap, then there was no way of safety, and the last hope was gone. Had Mouraki indeed thought of the passage only as a mediæval curiosity? Well, were not oubliettes, down which a man went and was seen no more, also a mediæval curiosity?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]





SEPTEMBER.  
*By Max Cowper.*

# REVELATIONS OF AN ALBUM.

PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE.

BY JOSEPH HATTON.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. MARGETSON.

## XIV.

BY THE WAY.



OW short the journey of life, but how full and varied! A well-kept album of portraiture and notes is a rebuke to human vanity. What broken friendships—what exploded illusions, what a continual injustice of rewards and punishments! varied, happily, by well-merited successes, unsevered bonds of comradeship, memories that embody the sentiment of the poet that it is “better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all,” better to have dreamed our dreams in spite of the awakenings. So much occurs within a few years of a man’s life that the keeping of a diary or an album soon makes you feel old. It is wonderful how busy fame is among people you know, despite the everlasting complaint of the difficulty of getting on.

But death is busier, and there’s the trouble. Just now, turning over a page or two of these records, I come upon a section devoted mostly to my reminiscences of America. When I placed them there the portraits represented living men; most of them have joined the majority now: General Beauregard; President Grant; President Arthur; Florence, McCullough, Booth and Barrett, the actors; and quite a brilliant company. From time to time I shall come across notes that may be worth transcribing concerning these and others with whom, during many years of private and professional association with the United States, I have

had the privilege of acquaintance or friendship. If, once in a way, to complete some passing reminiscence, I should draw upon a previous record of my own, I may be justified by the fact that it is no uncommon thing to find some busy contemporary helping himself from the same store, without, however, a “by-your-leave” or the grace of quotation. Many a long year ago I came to the conclusion that a man with a grievance was a nuisance to himself and his friends; so I invariably let this kind of larceny pass without protest, and have often been content to sit complaisantly in company while one of my own stories has been ostentatiously related by some popular *raconteur*, even politely joining in the laughter or applause.

My first experience of the interest that America takes in English “Table talk” arose from the republication of one of my earliest contributions to biographic literature in a Transatlantic journal under the signature of another man. I was very young at the time, and my romantic ideas of right and wrong and journalistic *esprit de corps* were terribly outraged. “Don’t worry about it,” said an American friend. “You must get used to that kind of thing, if you insist upon looking up the files of American newspapers. What you should do now is to write to the paper in question, tell them you can supply that kind of story direct, saving them waste of time in having a man copy out your article from an English paper and despatching it to them second-hand.” This was the

beginning of my intimate association with the American press, journalistic and literary; and for a matter of eight years I enjoyed the confidence and was the representative in Europe, in peace and war, of one of the most literary and best conducted of American journals, which was then in the hey-day of its power and prosperity, *The New York Times*. But that is another story; if opportunity offers, it may be considered in the light of a "revelation." Meanwhile let us turn over leaves that are sacred to other American memories.

### XV.

GENERAL BEAUREGARD,  
WHO COMMANDED THE  
FIRST SHOT IN THE AMERICAN  
CIVIL WAR.

During the early days of the American civil war of North and South, I was a youngster trying my 'prentice hand at newspaper work. Years afterwards I had collected a few photographs of the heroes of the conflict. To me the most interesting among them was that of the man who fired the first shot in that terrific combat. It was the picture of General Beauregard, a smart, dapper officer, with a light moustache and imperial, his military frock-coat unbuttoned to the chin, his cap in his hand, a modest agreeable-looking fellow, very English in his appearance generally. This photograph of Beauregard is dated 1862. Accompanying it is a brief memorandum of the opening of the war.

On the 8th April, 1861, President Lincoln, after his usual month's thought,

notified the Governor of South Carolina that the Government had determined to provision Fort Sumter at all hazards. General G. P. T. Beauregard being in command of the works which had been put up for the destruction, if necessary, of

Fort Sumter, telegraphed to his Government at Montgomery for instructions. The reply reached him on the 10th ordering him to open fire. Beauregard has often been charged with recklessly commencing hostilities. Many condemnations that become historic are undeserved. History, however, does Beauregard justice. He sent two of his staff to the commander of Fort Sumter demanding its surrender. Major Anderson declined the proposal, but informed the messengers that he would soon be starved out if he were not relieved. Then Beauregard sent again to ask, if he were not attacked when he would evacuate the fort. Anderson replied that he would clear out on the 15th, unless he should receive fresh instructions or be relieved. On the morning of the 12th, Beauregard sent word that within one hour he must open fire.

"The first shot was fired," says the historian, "from the Cummings Point Bat-

tery, by an aged secessionist, Edmund Ruffin, of the most rabid type, who had come from Virginia to beg that privilege. It was answered by a gun fired at that battery by Captain Abner Doubleday, and the civil war was actually begun." And what a war it was no English cities know better than Liverpool and Manchester;



GENERAL BEAUREGARD.

indeed, every port and city that had direct communication with America felt its effects almost instantly. When the war was nearly over and there was no doubt as to the result, Ruffin hanged himself, unwilling to survive the "lost cause."

The story of the war had already begun to be a picturesque and pathetic memory when I was invited to dine with my good friends, Dr. and Mrs. Phelps, who in

a Britisher in appearance, as many Southerners are to this day, and he spoke with little of what is known as the American accent. I told him of my album and his position in it; he was very much interested. I induced him to talk of the war and of that first shot that opened the ball. He allowed that he had given the order with a certain thrill of responsibility, but remarked that after all it was only an ordinary act of duty. He



THE FIRST SHOT FIRED IN THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR.

1880 rented the last of the few New York houses, in what might be called the centre of the city, that had gardens and were not more than two stories high. Imagine my surprise, not to say delight, when my host introduced me to General Beauregard. He was still a slightly if sturdily built man, a trifle below the medium height, but with white beard and white closely-cropped hair. His complexion was ruddy; he was active, bright, and still quite

spoke of the conflict without bitterness, and said the North had done honour to itself and humanity by a peace untarnished with reprisals. There were still, he said, great problems left for solution, and he feared that it would be many a long year before the South began to recover from the terrible blows she had suffered. In the year 1892, on the site of Dr. Phelps's pretty detached house, I entered a great exhibition building, and saw a

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wonderful cyclorama of the battle of Gettysburg. History in our time is made with startling rapidity.

## XVI.

JOHN McCULLOUGH IN LONDON.

Do you remember John McCullough making an appearance at Drury Lane in *Virginius* and *Othello*? He was an American actor, a friend of Irving and the Duke of Beaufort, and other well-known Englishmen. He had won both fame and fortune in America before he came to London, and he made an impression upon Drury Lane audiences as *Virginius*, of which he had every reason to be proud. He was a native of Blakes, near Coleraine, in Ireland, and went to the United States at the age of fifteen. His parents were poor, and John earned his living as a chair-mender. He could read, but he could not write. Having seen his first theatrical performance he read nothing but plays; then he got employment in a humble way about the theatre, and after a weary time of waiting and working stepped out of the ranks as a super into speaking parts, and onwards until he had responsible business entrusted to him. By-and-bye he obtained the recognition of Edwin Forest, and when that powerful actor died he was received in many American cities as Forrest's legitimate successor. He lived to make a distinguished position, and to be beloved by many and true friends. Now that he is dead, some of these have raised a fitting monument to his memory, and Mr. William Winter, the Laureate of the American stage, has written a record of his life. Gathered up into the same volume are other tributes to the dead artist, and an admirable portrait, beautifully etched, which will be treasured by many English friends.

Mr. Mackay, one of the best of good fellows—though a millionaire—came over from Paris with his friend Mr. Jerome (known as Larry Jerome) to be present at

McCullough's first night, and if the great American capitalist had put all his wealth into John's enterprise, either by way of investment, or as a fancy bet which might land him in a great loss, he could not have been more solicitous for his friend's success. It was delightful to see Mackay leaning from his box and applauding, and afterwards to see him shaking the actor's hand behind the scenes and begging him not to be nervous; John's hand being literally as cold as ice; later to see the millionaire literally waiting upon him at supper; and later still, when we were saying good-night from a four-wheeler, to see Mackay standing opposite Morley's Hotel telling John not to take cold, himself bare-headed in the open air, and at a very early hour in the morning.

I was personally much attached to McCullough. When we were clear of Morley's Hotel, he said, "Let me go home with you! I am too happy to be left alone; I feel as if I should go mad with delight." We drove to my house in St. John's Wood, and he continually harped upon one theme—the happiness a man feels when he has accomplished the one great object of his life, "and mine was to make a success in London!" A year prior to his appearance at Drury Lane, he spent a season in London, and was never tired of going to Irving's room at the Lyceum and watching his brother actor make-up for whatever part he might be playing. He would question Irving upon his methods in the most unsophisticated way, and then returning to his stall would watch the scene with rapt attention. I knew him well on both sides of the Atlantic. He was a man of a gentle and lovable disposition, the soul of hospitality. Though he died young, he may be said to have lived too long; for he was afflicted with a mental infirmity in his latter days that destroyed his memory for both faces and events. It is not every American actor who is capable of winning the applause of London. When they fail

they are apt to charge their English cousins with want of sympathy. This is human nature ; it also obtains in the case of the English actor who is not a success in America ; with a childlike simplicity that is natural to actors he hates America. I once heard an American actor, who had not commanded the respectful attention of a London audience, say that, he would rather be a lamp-post in New York than Lord Mayor of London. By way of contrast to the discontented visitor, it is worth while to recall John McCullough's last words on the London stage, made in his short farewell speech : "I came to you a stranger, and now I feel as if I had known you for years. You have taught me the significance and true meaning of British fair-play."

# XVII.

## FLORENCE AND MACKAY THE MILLIONAIRE.

I don't know what the stones are, but the heads represent comedy and tragedy. They were to be a present from Jefferson to Florence, "Billy" Florence, as the men who knew him best loved to call him. He died before Jefferson was enabled to send the sleeve-links to him. They have come into my hands, the gift of the famous English comedian, J. L. Toole, and they recall many pleasant memories of Florence. I knew him better than I knew Jefferson, though I once had a long and interesting talk with Rip Van Winkle upon stage art. Florence was a zealous fisherman. The last time I saw him in New York he was on his way to a favourite Canadian river. He and the Duke of Beaufort were great friends. They had been upon several excursions together in the United States. Colonel Buck was of their party once or twice. The Duke never forgets the kindness he has received from Americans. Not one of his hosts or comrades on the other side that have not been hospitably received and entertained at Badminton. Florence was

well known as an actor and a gentleman in England. He was on very intimate terms with McCullough's friend, John Mackay, the millionaire. He related to me several incidents of Mackay's generosity that had come under his own notice. They are little romances in their way. The least of them was one that Florence related with a certain comedy power and a touch of pathos that belonged both to the man and the actor.

"We were travelling in Italy," said Florence, "when one day, after a long walk, we paused for refreshment at a roadside tavern. A poor wayfarer came along, dragging behind him a kind of tinker's barrow. He entered the inn, a picturesque Italian, hungry, and worn. Mackay, noticing the longing look the poor fellow directed towards our table, asked him to sit down and eat. The man timidly accepted the invitation, and put away an excellent meal, looking up every now and then to thank his entertainer. Yes, he said, he had a wife and family ; times were hard, but he had good hopes of a change for the better. When he rose to go Mackay dropped into his hand four or five gold pieces, probably more money than the poor fellow had ever seen before. First the man looked at the money, then he looked at me, and finally at Mackay. 'It's all right,' said Mackay, in English, which the Italian could not understand, but he made out fast enough the nods and smiles of the American that said, as plainly as man could say, 'You are welcome to it, take it to your wife and family, and much good may it do you.' The poor fellow fell upon his knees and kissed the hands of his benefactor with a passion of gratitude, the tears in his eyes. By Jove, it taught me a lesson in acting ; his earnestness was tremendous, and it affected us all. By heavens, there was not a dry eye among us !"

"You know G——?" went on Florence. "Well, he went to Europe with a band of musicians, not only to



make money, but to show your people what America could do in the way of music. It was a patriotic idea, with just enough of business in it to be practical. Nevertheless, the impresario was not successful; he may have hit Europe artistically, but he lost his money. He was not exactly ruined, but he was pretty well cleared out. It was a very serious matter to him, I guess. Mackay heard about it, and investigated the thing; got all the particulars of it, found that it was all right—a worthy enterprise gone wrong. Having arrived at a fair estimate of G——'s loss, he sent our friend a cheque for 14,000 dols. that covered it. I saw G——'s letter; it was an epistolary counterpart of the poor Italian's pantomime expressions of gratitude."

"Will there be any harm in telling the story in print?" I asked. "None at all; good, I should say," Florence replied. "I will tell you another case. Enough is said against moneyed men and the sharpness of the Yankee; let us have a story or two on the other side. It is not every rich man who has a righteous fame for true benevolence. Mackay's generosity will make a good entry on the credit side of the ledger. He had crossed from Liverpool to New York, homeward bound. He is not a good sailor. The doctor had been kind and attentive to him, and an hour or two before going ashore Mackay had given him his fee, and got into conversation with him. Finding that the ship's doctor did not like the sea any more than he did—that, in fact, he hated it—Mackay asked him why he did not abandon it. The doctor said there were many reasons; one of them was the expense of starting a practice or buying one on shore, where he could live up to his ideas of decent comfort and respectability. Soon after landing Mackay sent the doctor a bank book, with 5,000 dols. to his credit, and he is now a prosperous member of the medical profession in New York city."

## XVIII.

HENRY HOWE AND EDMUND KEAN.

Among my American pages I find a portrait and a kindly letter from my old friend, Henry H. Howe. No, he was not an American. A man may be British to the backbone and still both love and admire America, as Howe did. I saw a good deal of him during Sir Henry Irving's first visit to the United States. He was then the oldest English actor following his calling, but hale and hearty, enthusiastic in his work, and eminently appreciative of the red wine of California, almost the only liquor he drank. A temperate man, taking regular exercise, careful of his diet, he was a good deal of a philosopher. "I take things calmly," he said to me when I congratulated him upon his robust health considering his age; "I submit to discipline in management, try never to lose my temper, endeavour to be patient with those who do; and I am very, very happy, as you know, with Mr. Irving."

Talking to him one day about his career and the artists with whom he had acted, I mentioned Edmund Kean. "Oh yes," he said, "I knew Kean. I am a Quaker, as you are aware. When I was a boy I was dressed in the Quaker fashion. I lived with my parents at Richmond. I was fond of the theatre. When Edmund Kean came to act at Richmond I went to see him, and resolved to become an actor. I called at the theatre, saw the manager, said so, and asked to see Mr. Kean. I did not go in any cringing spirit. I was not poor. My people were well off; I had money in my pocket. The manager, who seemed rather interested in me, said he would speak to Mr. Kean, and ask him to make an appointment to hear what I had to propose. On the next day I had an intimation that the great man would see me. He fixed eleven. I went to his rooms. He was at breakfast. He re-

ceived me very cordially, and asked me to have some coffee. "Well, cocky," he said, "and you want to go on the stage?" I said, "Yes, I do." "Do you know," he said, "that your family will despise you, and look down upon you if you become an actor?" I said I could not help that. But he went on telling me what a poor business it was, how good people, such as my parents were, and especially being Quakers, did not consider it respectable. After breakfast he said, "Well, come along, cocky; we'll go up the river." There was a handsome boat ready for him; his rooms were near the river; he most politely gave me a seat and took me up to Eel Pie Island. There I had a glass of sherry; he had some brandy with cayenne pepper in it; and I left him by-and-bye; he was asleep on the sofa. His advice made such a deep impression upon me that I thought no more of going upon the stage for upwards of a year; but the old desire came back again, and I followed my inclination.

Wills, who was Dickens's assistant-editor on *Household Words*, told Irving that at eight years old he was taken to see Kean in *Macbeth*. The murder scene made such a gruesome impression upon him that he had to be taken out of the theatre; his sensation was one of dread and nausea. Nearly ten years afterwards, not having seen Kean since that first experience of his acting, he was accustomed in the afternoon, when the place was very quiet, to go and have his dinner at a

certain chop-house not far from where he was employed. One day, while he was eating his meal, a man came into the room and stood by the fire—a curious little man, Wills thought. Presently Wills found that he could not endure this person looking at him: he was afraid, could not finish his dinner, in fact; got up, and went out to the waiter. "Who is this strange man; I can't eat my dinner?" The waiter looked through the glazed opening of the coffee-room door, and said, "Oh, that's the famous Mr. Kean!" Here is a text for psychological discussion.

### XIX.

IRVING, GOT, AND  
COQUELIN.

The realism of stage effect has gone hand-in-hand with the art of presenting plays in these days of the theatre. I sat in the stalls of the Lyceum one evening in 1893, and had for my neighbours a number

of ladies and gentlemen of the Comédie Française. Their enthusiasm was great. The play was *The Bells*. Here and there they applauded incidents of "business" which had never before been acknowledged by any audience. But they were actors, and, furthermore, had seen Got and Coquelin play the part in which Sir Henry has won a lasting fame. I remember Irving in *Louis XI.* before an audience of American players, and similarly, they saw points that the regular public overlooked in their view of the broader incidents of the work.

It is not generally known that M. Got, before he played Mathias, saw Irving,



HENRY W. HOWE.



SIR HENRY IRVING AS "MATHIAS" IN "THE BELSH."

and approved of his method. Indeed, he obtained from the English artist models of his scenes and other assistance, and told him that he intended to play the part entirely on his lines. I have no doubt M. Got's was a fine performance; but his art is different from that of Irving, and he has not the romantic appearance that Irving's impersonation seems to have made necessary for the burgomaster, and, moreover, he is an old man. I remember Bateman—Irving's manager in the old days—saying to me, "What do you think the dear fellow wants to play now?—a burgomaster!" Bateman had, of course, in his mind the traditional burgomaster—stout, florid, with a big voice and a burly manner. But Irving had in his mind the weird story of the burgomaster who was so imaginative that he actually died of it. After witnessing Coquelin's Mathias I never could sufficiently wonder that the famous French actor could only see in Mathias a common publican, the perpetrator of a vulgar murder, when almost every word of the burgomaster shows him to be, not only a man of imagination, but gifted somewhat with the poetic temperament. "How old Franz's forge glows on the hillock! Little Annette is asleep. How the dogs howl at Daniel's farm, how they howl!" and so on. Standing there waiting for his victim, he notes every bit of natural phenomena about him, and pictures the home he is about to rescue from poverty by a daring crime. "You'll be rich; your wife and child will no longer want for bread." Then in the scene where he counts the money. "A piece of old gold! not for them, for me!" as he pockets the glittering reminiscence of the awful past. When he puts it aside, Irving wipes his fingers, as if unconsciously, upon his coat. This bit of "business" delighted my French neighbours.

On the Lyceum stage everything is done with a singular reality; the truth is simulated in every stage incident. Later during the evening I stood at the wing, and also sat in the little seat that Mr. Gladstone loved to occupy in stolen intervals from his tragedy of St. Stephen's. You know when Irving thanks God that the Jew has passed, as he thinks; well, just then there is a sound of bells. In the old days of the drama that sound would have been made at the wings by the prompter. He would have obtained any ordinary bells that might have been a fair imitation, and he would have rung them. But at the Lyceum the bells are a proper leash or belt of sleigh bells. They are manipulated by an official told off for the work. He gets his cue right away at the back of the theatre. He does not stand and jangle the bells *piano*, increasing them by degrees to *forte*; but he comes from a distance. You hear the Jew's horse approaching. There can be no mistake about its trot. The illusion is complete as the assistant comes gradually to the wings. Then the murder is committed; you hear the Jew's horse start off with the sleigh; a confused rapid jangle, that gradually dies away as the assistant with the bells runs back to the distant point whence he started. All this is in the dream trial; and I don't mention it as anything remarkable, but as a simple example of the sincerity of the modern work. How M. Coquelin could pass through that dream and still regard the burgomaster as an ordinary, obstinate, pig-headed countryman, is the more extraordinary when one reflects upon that awful vision of judges and spectators, the story of the mesmerist, and the real death that is the outcome of an excited and vivid imagination.





# AN INSPIRATION.

BY G. H. RANSOME.

*With a Drawing by J. Barnard Davis.*

IN humour light, I sought to write  
 A satire or a sonnet,  
 An eulogy or epigram  
 On anything,—to praise or damn,—  
 An idle rhyme to pass the time,  
 And pondered deeply on it.

I sat to think, with pen and ink,  
 In sweet anticipation  
 Of watching my imaginings  
 Light on the page with nimble wings.  
 My brain I racked, but sadly lacked  
 The needful inspiration.

The Norfolk broads, the House of Lords,  
 The weather's latest frolic,  
 I ruled at once, as cockney, trite ;  
 And other themes which some delight—  
 The brook at morn, or waving corn  
 Too vulgarly bucolic.

And then at last *you* flitted past,  
 And speedily attentive,  
 I wrote of you, and music flowed  
 Into my pen ; for any ode  
 Must seem sublime, though crude the rhyme  
 With you as its incentive.

# THE PROTEST OF THE WING DORMITORY.

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

ILLUSTRATED BY LEWIS BAUMER.

## I.



HIS is the story of the most terrific thing that ever happened at Dunston's, or any other school, I should think.

Though in it luckily, I didn't do any of the big part, being merely one of those chaps who was flogged and not expelled afterwards. Trelawney and Bradwell carried the thing through, and all the other fellows in the Wing Dormitory followed their lead. And, mind you, everybody had the welfare of the school at heart. It seemed a jolly heroic sort of thing to do; and jolly interesting. Trelawney arranged the military side of the business, and Bradwell, whose father is known as the "Whiteley" of some place in Yorkshire, looked to the commissariat, which means feeding. As to Trelawney, who really captained the dormitory, he was Cornish, and a relation of that very chap fifty thousand Cornish men wanted to know the reason why about long ago. He loved soldiers, read history books for choice, and knew many military words.

I was Bradwell's fag at the time, and remember the first conversation which led to everything. Happening to take roasted chestnuts into Bradwell in the fifth class-room, I found Trelawney there and heard him say:

"The only way. A protest, and a jolly dignified one, must be made. It's for the credit of the school, and if the Doctor cannot or will not see it, we must show him. I've thought about it a lot, and I think if a section of chaps could put themselves in a strong fortified position, they might demand to be heard, and even be able to offer an—an ultimatum. Of

course, doing the thing for the good of the school and not for ourselves makes us morally right."

"Of course," said Bradwell.

"But we must be physically strong. In warfare the relative positions of the sides is always taken into account when the terms are arranged."

"What are you staring at?" said Bradwell, to me. "You hook it."

So I hooked. But I knew perfectly well what they were talking about. Everybody in the Wing Dormitory did, because they often discussed the same question, after they thought the rest of the chaps were asleep. It was the new mathematical master, Thompson, who troubled not only Trelawney and Bradwell but a lot of the other fellows. Trelawney had called him an "unholy bounder" the third day he was there; and that seemed to be a general opinion. Yet, with all his bounderishness, he was awfully clever, and meant well. But he didn't know anything about chaps in a general way, and he left out his h's and stuck them in with awfully rum effects, and he wore pink ties with lemon-coloured spots, and elastic-sided boots, and trousers shorter than Tubson minor's, who is taller by nature than Tubson major, and yet has to wear his things turned. Thompson tried hard to be friendly to everybody, but only the kids liked him. He couldn't understand somehow, and insulted chaps in the most frightful way, not seeing any difference between fellows at the top of the school and mere kids at the bottom. Captains of elevens and fifteens were nothing to him. He seemed to have read up boys

like he read mathematics and stuff: from rotten books. He would say sometimes, "Now, you fellows, let's 'ave a jolly game of leap-frog before the bell rings"; and things like that. Boys never do play leap-frog except in books, really. Once he offered to show Trelawney how to make a kite, and he asked Chambers—*Chambers*, mind you, the captain of the first, both at "soccer" and cricket—whether he knew a shop where there were capital iron hoops for sale at a shilling each. I heard him say it, and he put it like this. "I say, Chambers, do you know those splendid 'oops they sell at Burford's in 'Igh Street? It's out of bounds, but if you like I'll get you one this evening. They've got iron crooks and everything. I make this offer because you understood what I said about Conic Sections this afternoon." Thompson meant so jolly well that nobody could get in a wax with him personally; and, as I say, the kids, who didn't see the "unholy boulder" side of him, and only knew he stood gallons of ginger-beer on half-holidays in the playing-fields, liked him better than anybody. But Trelawney took big views, and so did Bradwell; and they decided to make a definite protest.

Nothing happened till one day Thompson said something about Trelawney's "Celtic thickness of skull." That stung Trelawney like nettles, and he set to work and arranged the great plot of the Wing Dormitory. He decided that the fifteen chaps who slept in the isolated Wing Dormitory of Dunston's were to fortify the place, and hold it before the world as a protest against Thompson. Every chap in the Dormitory, from Trelawney and Bradwell to Barlow minimus, signed their names in their own blood on a paper Trelawney drew out; and Barlow minimus fainted while he was doing it, not being able to see his own gore on a pen without going off. We swore by a tremendous swear to obey Trelawney, to fortify the Wing Dormitory

against siege, to devote every penny of our week's pocket-money to provisions, and to hold out till we starved, having first signed another paper for Doctor Dunston, explaining our united protest against Thompson, and hoping for the good of the school that he would be removed. I didn't understand much about it, really. In fact I don't believe anybody did but Trelawney and Bradwell. Only I knew we were acting for the good of the school, and I also knew that if we held the Wing Dormitory properly nothing short of cannon or starvation could dislodge us. It was a tremendously tall building, complete in itself, with iron fire-proof doors constructed to cut it off from the rest of the school, and with a bath-room and a lavatory adjoining, all at a great height above the ground. The windows were barred to keep chaps getting out. The bars would also keep chaps getting in, as Trelawney pointed out. He found, also, that it was possible, when the iron doors were closed, to pull down some wood-work, and stick things behind the doors so as they could not be opened again. The only entrance to the Wing Dormitory was through these iron doors, so, once shut, we were safe against anything but gunpowder. And Trelawney said Doctor Dunston was not the man to resort to physical means, especially if it meant knocking the place about. Bradwell came out wonderfully about the food, and knowing jolly well they would turn the water out of the bath-room when the siege started, he made every chap fill his basin and jug the night before.

There were fifteen chaps, and the time came at last, and one night we laid the manifesto on the mat outside the iron door, made everything fast, and waited to see what would happen. Some fellows thought that Thompson would be sent away at once to avoid the affair becoming serious; others fancied we should be starved out or expelled to a man. Trelawney never hazarded any guess at



what would be the end of it. "We are doing our duty in the interests of the school," he said; "and whatever happens the thing is a moral protest, and if it gets into print the sympathy of all chaps in public schools will be on our side."

## II.

When the gas was turned out at the meter on the night preceding the siege, Trelawney briefly addressed us. First he lighted two candles and made us sign the protest; then he explained his military system of night and day watches and

signed, take this important step fully alive to the gravity of it, for we are prepared to suffer if necessary to call attention to the subject. We do not doubt Mr. Thompson's goodness, and wish it to be understood that the action is abstract and not personal. A string will be lowered from the third window of the Wing Dormitory to-morrow at 8.30 a.m. Any answer to the protest will receive instant attention from us the undersigned."

Then followed the names.

Inside the dormitory we were jolly busy, too, because after Trelawney, as Com-



"MADE US SIGN THE PROTEST."

guards. Each of the four windows had a guard at all hours, and two chaps were to be stationed at the iron door. This was made doubly strong by beds piled against it, after the manifesto had been finally signed and left outside. The document ran thus:—

"We, the undersigned, thinking that the fame of Dunston's is tarnished by Mr. Thompson, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Camb., hereby protest, and formally assert themselves to call attention to Mr. Thompson. We, the undersigned, have no personal objection to Mr. Thompson, but think him unsuited to carry on the great reputation of Dunston's. We, the under-

mander, had made his rules and regulations clear, Bradwell, as the head of the commissariat, drew up a list of the total supplies and showed what each fellow had contributed to the store. This list I copied for Bradwell at the time with notes about the different supplies. It comes in here, and I must give it just to show what different ideas different chaps have about the things you ought to eat in a siege.

TRELAWNEY.—Two hams, eight loaves of bread.

BRADWELL.—Three tins potted salmon, two seed cakes (big).

ASHBY MAJOR.—Ten tins sardines.

(Ashby has five shillings a week pocket-money, his father being rather rich. Bradwell said it was a pity he spent it all in sardines.)

ASHBY MINOR.—Three pats of butter, three tins Swiss milk. (Bradwell was awfully pleased about the milk, because he said it was at once nourishing and pleasant to the taste.)

WILSON.—Six dried herrings, two pots veal and ham paste, one pot marmalade. (Herrings useless, unless eaten raw.)

MATHERS.—Four bottles raspberry vinegar. (I am Mathers, and I thought raspberry vinegar would be a jolly good thing to break the monotony of a siege. But Bradwell said it was simply a luxury.)

MORRANT.—One hamper containing twenty-four apples, twenty-seven pears, two pots blackberry jam. (Morrant has no pocket-money, but Bradwell said the fruit was good for a change.)

SAMUELSON.—Nothing. (Samuelson is a Jew by birth and gets ten shillings a week pocket-money. He pretended he had forgotten. Trelawney says he will suffer for it in the course of the siege.)

FARQUHARSON.—Eight pieces of short-bread, five slabs of toffee, seven sausage-rolls. (The rolls were cut in half to be eaten first thing before they went bad. But Bradwell said Farquharson had made the selection of a fool.)

NEWNES.—Ten loaves (five brown).

MCINNES.—A lot of spring onions and lettuces, costing one-and-sixpence. (McInnes had been reading a book about chaps getting scurvy on a raft, and he thought a siege would be just the place for scurvy, so he bought all green stuff; and Bradwell said it was good.)

BARLOW MINIMUS.—Three pounds of mixed sweets. (Bradwell smacked his head when he heard what Barlow minimus had got; but Trelawney pointed out that a few sweets served out from time to time might distract the mind.)

DERBYSHIRE.—A pigeon pie and thirteen currant buns with saffron in them.

FORREST.—Four pots Bovril, one bottle cider. (Bovril can be taken on bread like treacle, and once saved the lives of several ship-wrecked sailors.)

BROWNE MINOR.—Two pounds dog biscuits, one pound dried figs. (Asked why he took dog biscuits, he explained it was because he had seen an advertisement about the goodness of them. It said they had dried buffalo meat in them, which was a thing you could live for an immense duration of time on.)

All this mass of food was brought out of boxes where it had been hidden and placed in the hands of Bradwell; and that night he sat up with a candle and drew out bills of fare and made calculations. We were rather surprised in the morning to hear the rations would not last more than a fortnight; but Trelawney said the siege must be over long before that. Nobody slept much, and many had dressed before the first bell rang. When the second rang, Trelawney and Bradwell went to the door to listen.

Presently Thompson, of all people, came up and tried to get in and couldn't. He shook the door, then saw the envelope addressed to the Doctor, and said:

"What's the meaning of this, you fellows? Let me hin at once!"

But nobody answered. Then he cleared off. At eight-thirty the string was lowered from the window and Trelawney went and stood by it to pull up any letter that might be fastened to it. But none was. Some of the chaps were prowling about outside looking at the Wing Dormitory, but Trelawney wouldn't let anybody go to the windows except himself.

Then, as nothing happened, we had breakfast. McInnes and Forrest were told off to help Bradwell, and each chap's rations were put on his bed after he had made it. We all got the same except Samuelson: a slice of bread, two sardines, half-one of Farquharson's

sausage-rolls, and half a tumbler of water. So we began at once to see what a jolly serious thing a siege is. And Samuelson saw it more than we did, because he had no sardines and no sausage-roll. He offered Trelawney money for a little more food, but Trelawney said he shouldn't have as much as one mixed sweet, though he might pay gold for it. He said: "You will have barely enough to keep you alive." And Samuelson blubbed when he heard it.

Breakfast didn't take more than about five minutes, then there was a tremendous knocking at the iron door; and Bradwell said the trouble had begun; but Trelawney said it was the summons to a parley. Anyway we heard the Doctor's voice, though it wasn't much of a parley strictly speaking, because he spoke first and merely gave us two minutes to be in our places downstairs.

"If you don't obey, one and all of you," said the Doctor, "you must take the consequences. As it is, they will be sufficiently grave. Any further offence I shall know how to treat."

"If you please, sir," said Trelawney, "the string is out of the window. We are doing this for the good of the school and——"

Then he stopped, because he had heard the Doctor go away.

"He'll try a blacksmith first," said Forrest; "then, when they find they can't do anything with this iron door, he'll send for policemen."

But nothing was done, strangely enough, and Trelawney made the chaps lie down and sleep if they could in the afternoon, because he expected a night attack with ladders. To get in, it would be necessary to remove the bars from the windows, and anybody attempting to do so would, of course, be at our mercy with the windows open.

For dinner that day we had one of Trelawney's hams, cut into fifteen pieces, with two rather thin slices of bread, one

spring onion and three mixed sweets each, and as much raspberry vinegar as would go into a bullet-mould that Wilson had. Samuelson ate the ham like anybody else; which shows Jews don't refuse pork in any shape at times of siege, whatever they say. Trelawney wouldn't give him any raspberry vinegar, but Browne minor let him have one of his mixed sweets, which was green and had arsenic in it, Browne minor said.

It seemed a frightfully long day, and nothing being done against us made it longer. Trelawney explained that they were working out tactics and would do something when the moon rose. He said our motto was to be "Defence not Defiance"; but Derbyshire said they were going to starve us out like rats so as to reduce the glory as much as possible. One or two chaps had private rows that day, and Trelawney was pretty short and sharp. He said we were to regard ourselves as under martial law, and he stopped Ashby minor having any tea at all because he looked out of the window and waved his hand to his chum Wolf in the playground. What made it worse for Ashby minor was that we opened one of his tins of Swiss milk at that very tea, and of course he didn't have any. But Trelawney said it was good discipline, and wouldn't let Ashby major divide his share with young Ashby, though he wanted to.

The day dragged out. Nothing was done and no letter was put on the string. Then night came and moonlight; and Trelawney set watches at each window and door with directions to wake him instantly if anything happened or anybody assembled outside below. But he didn't sleep really. In fact, only a few of the kids did. Bradwell got a bit down in the mouth after dark, and I heard him say to Trelawney it wasn't turning out like he thought; and Trelawney said:

"It's always the same when a position is impregnable. I could show you a dozen similar sieges in history. Of course,

it's the most uninteresting sort of siege when chaps simply sit and see the enemy get to the end of their food supplies ; but they won't do that with us. The day boys will talk and old Dunston will raise heaven and earth to keep it out of the printed papers. I bet he'll tie something to the string to-morrow."

Some of us tried to take a bright view like Trelawney, but when we heard him tell Bradwell to run no risks and serve out as little bread as possible, we felt that he did not really feel as hopeful of a short siege as he seemed. Just before dusk, Morratt was caught in the act of flinging a letter out of the window addressed to his mother. It was torn up and he was cautioned. That ended the day, and nothing else happened until a quarter to one o'clock. Then Bradwell, whose watch it was, came to Trelawney, with frightful excitement to say that there was the head of a ladder at his window, and a man climbing up. Trelawney was there in a second, and asked in a loud voice what the man wanted, and said he'd throw the ladder down if the man came up another rung. But the man said :

"Hush ! you silly fellow, I'm a friend with news from the enemy. The least you can do is to 'ear what I've got to say."

"Good Lord !" said Trelawney, "it's Thompson !"

And so it was, and his huge head soon got level with the window and looked like a bull's against the moonlight. Trelawney made everybody get out of earshot except Bradwell ; but he didn't happen to see me, being rolled up in bed near the window, so I heard.

First Thompson said,

"Look 'ere, you Cornish boy, I'm sorry to find we 'aven't 'it it off by any means, and you want me to go, and you've locked yourself and friends up 'ere as a protest. Now, 'ow 'ave I 'urt your feelings, and what have I done ?"

Which was a bit difficult for Trelawney ;

but he fell back on the manifesto to the Doctor.

"It's no personal matter. We wish it to be understood that the action is abstract."

"Oh. Well, I can't say I know what the devil you mean by that ; but I like you all better than ever, and I understand this much : that you don't like me. I'm not proud. I'm quite as ready to learn as to teach. Tell me what makes you do this, you queer things."

"We don't think you are the right man for Dunston's, sir," said Trelawney firmly.

"Well, but isn't Dunston the best judge ? His experience reaches back rather far. Anyway, I'm not going. You'll 'ave to tolerate me. You'll 'ave to like me too. I've disobeyed all orders by climbing up 'ere now to advise you to give in to-morrow. Take my advice and come out with the first bell, and with ropes round your necks. Measures are in 'and, and as your protest 'as utterly failed, the sooner you give in and take your punishment the better. I've done my best to make it as light as I can ; but boys mustn't do this sort of thing in big schools, you know. It's naughty."

"We shall keep up the protest for another day at least, sir," said Trelawney, with a lot of side in his voice.

"No, my lad, you won't," answered Thompson. "The Doctor has taken my advice, and by very simple means, with the least possible waste of time and trouble, we shall enter your stronghold to-morrow. I am quite good tempered to-day. To-morrow I shall probably be quite cross and 'ot. The matter is in my 'ands. Do be good boys and yield while there is time. The sooner the better."

"I regret we cannot comply with your terms," said Trelawney.

"I'm not offering any," answered Mr. Thompson, "I only want to make your foolishness fall as light as possible. Your mothers' and fathers' 'earts will ache over this 'eadstrong business."



"THE PARLEY IS ENDED," SAID TRELAWNEY.

"The parley is ended," said Trelawney.

"All right," said Mr. Thompson, "I'm afraid you're a hawful little prig, Trelawney." Then he went down the ladder and, looking out, Bradwell reported that he saw him taking it back to the gardener's shed in the shrubbery.

### III.

There is not much more to be said about the protest of the Wing Dormitory. I suppose Thompson was better up in tactics really than Trelawney. Anyway he found a weak spot that Trelawney never thought of, and he ended the siege by half past seven the following morning.

About six Ashby major, whose watch it was, reported that the school fire-escape was coming round the corner. With it appeared Mr. Thompson, Mr. Mannering, who is an Oxford "Blue" and not much smaller than Mr. Thompson, the Doctor, the gardener, and the sergeant who drills our volunteer corps and teaches gymnastics. They put the escape against the wall of the Wing Dormitory, between two windows where it couldn't be reached by us. Then Thompson and Mannering went up and the sergeant and gardener followed. The Doctor waited at the foot of the ladder.

"They'll get through the roof!" said Trelawney, "I never thought of that!"

Trelawney turned awfully rum in the face and tried to think out a way of repelling a roof attack; but there wasn't time. In about ten minutes or so the end of an iron bar came through the ceiling; then came a regular avalanche of plaster and dust; then came Thompson, Mannering followed, and the gardener and the sergeant dropped after them as quick as lightning. Of course we were done, because only half of us were fighters, the

rest being kids; and Trelawney himself being just fifteen and Bradwell fourteen and Ashby major twelve and a half, and I only eleven and a half, it was no good.

"We yield," said Trelawney.

"Yield, you little brute, I should think you did yield!" said Mannering, who had cut his hand getting the slates off the roof, and was in a rare bate.

"You needn't insult a defeated force, sir," said Trelawney, keeping his nerve jolly well. "We are prepared to pay the penalty of failure, and being morally right we—we don't care."

But whether we were morally right or not I know Trelawney and Bradwell both got expelled, though Thompson was said to have tried very hard for them. Dunston didn't seem to realise what frightfully good motives prompted them to protest against Thompson in an abstract way. Nothing was done to anybody else except Ashby major and me and Wilson. We were flogged by Mr. Mannering for the Doctor; and he did it well.

As for Thompson, he stayed on, and the protest never got into print till now; and there wasn't much disgrace for Trelawney or Bradwell after all, because the first afterwards got into Woolwich five from the top, through an army crammer's, and the second joined his father, who was the Whiteley of the North I spoke of. He wrote to me only a week ago that he was getting a hundred and fifty pounds a year for doing much less than he had to do at Dunston's. Mind you, Thompson is a huge brick, really, and we know it now, and, as I heard my governor say of somebody else, I don't suppose it much matters whether or no a chap puts his h's in the wrong places if his heart's in the right one.



THE SIREN.

*By Hal Hurst, R.B.A.*

# THE WORLD'S OLDEST UNIVERSITY.

BY. THE HON. FREDERIC E. PENFIELD, U.S. DIPLOMATIC AGENT AND CONSUL-GENERAL TO EGYPT.



THE great School of the Mohammedan world, in the Egyptian capital, is one of Cairo's important sights: but very few American or European travellers are aware of its interest, and not one in a hundred visit it. The pyramids, the sphinx, and the river Nile are too absorbing for tourists to remember that in the same wondrous city exists the largest and oldest university in the world, El Azhar, meaning "the splendid." Constantinople may be regarded as the official head of the great religion of Islam, but Cairo for nine hundred years has been the educational centre; and if one wishes to attain the summit of Muslim learning he must attend the classes of this collegiate establishment. Unless one be familiar with Arabic, and knows where to look among musty books and manuscripts in the Egyptian Library, it is very difficult to get reliable information regarding this wonderful mosque-college.

The claim of possessing the oldest university has been made for Oxford, Paris, or Bologna, but the founding of their ancient seats of learning is legendary as to dates, while the records of El Azhar are clear from the year 975. Whether it is really a "university" in our meaning can be more appropriately questioned. It is widely different from Oxford and Cambridge, but wise men of the East have termed it a university.

Years ago it was difficult and disagreeable to view the interior of this great school that draws scholars from the remotest land where the Koran is read. Now the formalities are simple and

easily complied with, and the presence of strangers is scarcely noticed.

From the hotel quarter of Cairo it is but a fifteen minutes' drive to El Azhar. One passes through that marvellous street of native shops, the Mouskee, and, turning off, forces his way through the narrow lane known as the "Street of the Booksellers," where Arab workmen are seen binding curious-looking volumes, seated cross-legged on the floor of tiny box-like shops, and with a surging conglomeration of humanity, camels, and donkeys passing not two feet away.

This brings one to the "Barber's Gate," about which are always to be seen students having their heads so closely shaved as to leave no suggestion of hair.

The structure, too often restored to leave any indication of the original building, surrounds a large open court with arcades on each side. The lofty minarets are fine examples of Eastern art. The pavement is of marble, much worn in places, and everywhere polished by constant use. There are seven entrances, each with a name as singular as that where the barbers congregate. El Azhar is so surrounded by houses that very little can be seen of it externally, and the building is almost destitute of architectural embellishment.

The enormous square court is bordered with porticoes, each divided into various compartments for the separate use of students of different nations. One, for example, is for those who come from Algeria, another for those from Morocco, one for Syrians, one for Nubians, one for Turks, Asiatics, and



so on. There is a compartment even for students from the holy city of Mecca, where the Prophet Mohammed is buried, and there are divisions for scholars representing different sections of Egypt.

There is a department for blind pupils, as well, for whom there are special instructors and funds. It is a strange fact that these unfortunates are peculiarly turbulent and fanatical. If they believe their rights invaded, or their food not good, they give way to fury and attack anyone within reach. If aware that an "unbelieving Christian" is looking at them, their fanatical resentment becomes offensively apparent.

Followers of the Prophet hold different views in regard to their theology, as do different denominations of Christians. There are four great orthodox sects of Mohammedans—Shafeites, Malekites, Hanefites, and Hambalites, and all are represented in El Azhar.

An Englishman would think it a queer place of learning, for nowhere is there a desk or a chair, and masters and pupils appear to go about everything backwards. Before they cross the threshold in entering the place they remove their shoes, but always keep their heads covered; and their books read from right to left, the first leaf being, according to our way of thinking, the last.

There are more than 10,000 scholars and 225 masters, and the period of instruction may be indefinitely extended, even for a lifetime. But from three to six years is the usual course. One may see old and grizzled men there as well as children of four years. The institution is so richly endowed, and owns such valuable property—for few true Mohammedans of fortune die without leaving something to El Azhar of Cairo—that no scholar is compelled to pay anything, although many from choice contribute to the expenses.

The masters get no pay, but receive liberal allowances of food. Those of

certain degree once a week drew several hundred loaves of bread—a traditional custom—and these loaves presumably find their way into outside shops and are sold. A master usually teaches in odd hours at private houses, reads the Koran at weddings and funerals, copies books, or holds a petty office of a religious character to which a small salary is attached. Wealthy students voluntarily help the masters to live. The headmaster, known as the Sheik El Azhar, is chosen from the faculty for his superior knowledge and holiness, and in the eyes of the faithful occupies a position second in importance only to that of the Khedive.

Some of the sheiks are men of marvellous learning, but independence of thought is never found among them. Progressiveness is discouraged as a dangerous tendency. Masters and pupils learn only what may be found in books centuries old, and religion pervades every branch of study.

Students who come from abroad toil weary years to learn the Arabic grammar, after which they take religious science, with the Koran as text book. Then follows jurisprudence, religious and secular. Literature, syntax, philosophy, prosody, logic, and intricacies of the Koranic teaching as directed to an upright life, round out the course.

In lieu of a professor occupying a "chair" of any high-sounding "ology," he may be said to hold such and such a pillar, for when lecturing he sits squat on a sheepskin rug at the base of a stone post, with his students squatted in a half-circle before him. Nearly three hundred marble pillars support the roof of the porticoes and such portions of El Azhar as are not open to the skies, and each is a class-room for some particular subject. Pupils listen with rapt attention, taking part in the discussion of a theme so intently as to be oblivious of the presence of Christian spectators. A lecture finished they respectfully kiss the hand of their

instructor, and hasten to another column to become absorbed in further study.

Equality seems to be characteristic of the University. Outward evidences of superiority and position are unimportant, for the son of the pasha or bey, in robes of silk, sits side by side with peasant youths clothed scantily in coarse cotton.

Occasionally a green turban is seen, indicating that its wearer has made a pilgrimage to the Holy City, or that his family is believed to be descended from the Prophet. Rich and poor alike perform at stated intervals the purifying ablutions at the public fountains within the enclosure commanded by the Koran, and all prostrate themselves in prayer many times a day. This they do whenever the spirit moves them, although at fixed hours all pray in unison with heads invariably turned towards the "Kibla," the niche in the largest assembly room indicating the direction of Mecca.

A thousand or two youths actually live within the walls of the Azhar. They partake of their simple meals, likewise, when the spirit moves them. Their food is exceedingly plain and inexpensive. A bowl of lentil soup, a flat loaf or cake of bread, and a handful of garlic or perhaps dates, are enough to attract a group of schoolfellows, over which they discuss affairs and joke as youths elsewhere do. To needy students nine hundred loaves of bread are distributed each day.

The great quadrangle presents a picture to be rivalled nowhere in the world. Singly and in groups students sit on their skin rugs earnestly toiling over lessons. No matter how scorching the sun's rays, if the impulse seizes them they stretch at full length on the pavement, enveloped in their long outer garments, and tranquilly sleep. Pupils and professors step over and around them, always respecting their slumber.

Cats without number that seem to belong to the place hobnob with the boys upon terms of perfect peace; but

dogs being "unclean" by Koranic teaching, the doorkeepers never permit one to enter the sacred precinct. Sellers of bread and water pass freely among the studying thousands, always careful not to disturb the sleepers, and here and there students may be seen mending their garments, or even washing and drying them in the sun.

Juvenile pupils are taught little but the Koran. Day after day their masters drill it into them, not infrequently aided by a palm-branch, the Oriental equivalent of the birch. The youngsters sway back and forth and sideways in concert when reciting. The sheik, perhaps, knows less about the printed page than the boys, but to him the Koran is so familiar that he is able to detect the slightest error of his class. On his part "reading" is a feat of memory, and should a professor of higher grade refer him to the book, he would most likely claim to be suffering from weak eyes, and request a student-teacher to read for him.

The urchins are as industrious as beavers. When far enough advanced to write, favourite quotations from the Koran, such as "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is his prophet," and "I testify that Mohammed is God's apostle," are given them for exercises. With deft fingers they write the texts on flat pieces of tin with reed pens. If one investigated the source from which these "slates" come, he would find they had been cut from Standard Oil cans in which American petroleum was brought to Egypt.

An Azhar student is always under the supervision of the school authority. In roaming about the streets of Cairo, should he misbehave, the police could only detain him until an official were summoned from El Azhar to take him into custody. This system of proctorship is in fact the same as at the English universities of Oxford and Cambridge. Because an Azhar scholar has immunity from military service

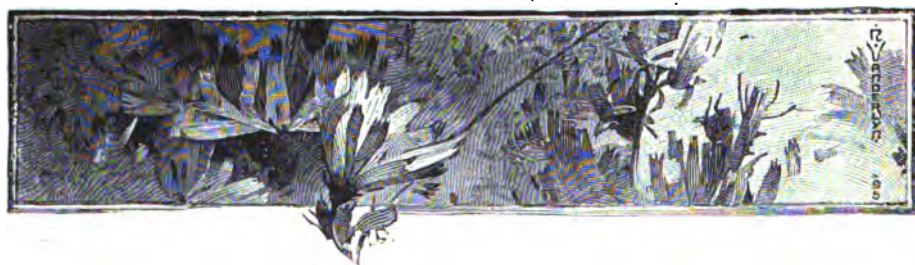
in Egypt, it is suspected that many young men are enrolled as students for no other purpose than to escape the life of a soldier—to most Mohammedans an obnoxious calling.

In the year there is no definite recess; but during the month of Ramadan, and on the occasion of the many religious feasts, there are holidays, amounting in the aggregate to the long summer vacation so dear to the Western World schoolboy. El Azhar students are up with the sun for the first prayer of the day. By mid-

day their work in the University is finished.

Apparently Azhar youths have few amusements or recreations. Base-ball, football, and boat-racing have yet to be brought to their consideration. They have, of course, their diversions, but what they may be is a mystery to the on-looker.

A singular tradition associated with this renowned seat of learning is that, although practically without roof, no bird, not even the inquisitive sparrow, ever ventures in.





**THE REASON WHY.**  
*By Ernest Goodwin.*

"Oh, why are you beating that poor dog with that big, thick stick?"  
"Why, 'cos it 'urt's 'im more than a thin one doth."

# BOLD BAD BLUFF AND TIMID THOMAS.

BY FRED WHISHAW.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. S. FORREST.



LARGE, evil-looking, black and yellow cat lay in great comfort in the fork of a willow-tree at the end of a garden. It had no business in that tree; there were places just as comfortable and more accessible down on the lower earth, such as the centre of the mignonette bed, which was a strategic position from the point of view of the sparrow-catcher, or even the top of the garden wall. But this cat liked to lie in the tree, even at the expense of climbing up there, because it knew of three nests in the branches close at hand; and it could even hear at times the voices of the fattening younglings that occupied them, and that kept their hard-working parents very busy indeed pandering to their insatiable appetites. It soothed that cat to lie and listen to the sound, and helped him in his calculations as to when it would be desirable to step in and say his word in the matter of a career for the young folks. There would be delicious pickings up there, Thomas judged, in about a fortnight.

And there was a dog belonging to the house. Now this dog spent a large portion of its leisure in watching that cat, and in trying to persuade itself that there was nothing it so ardently desired in all this world of delights as to get at Thomas, the cat, and catch him, and worry him till he gasped and died, and was ready to be jumped upon and dragged away to be shown to this terrible fellow Bluff's intimate friends down the road.

There was a man, too, about the house,

but of course no one wants to hear about him. He was only interesting as being the master of Bluff the dog. Now this man believed in Bluff and respected him, and fed him regularly, and paid seven-and-six a year for the honour of owning him, and for the pleasure of sitting at the window, as now, and watching him—as he described it to his friends—tree the cats and keep them out of mischief.

Men are credulous, foolish things.

Of course Bluff the dog never treed a cat in his life, and least of all Thomas. Thomas had climbed into his present perch for purposes of his own, as has already been explained, never thinking for a moment of Bluff and his delusions. The real fact of the matter was that Bluff had waited within the house until he had watched the cat safely up the tree, when he immediately ran out in haste, and barked with much ostentation underneath, dancing about, and even making little jumps into the air in the direction of Thomas, because he had ascertained with the "tail of his eye" that his master sat and watched from the window, and would expect this much of him.

After a while Bluff varied the proceedings. He sat on his haunches, and looked up and licked his lips. Every other minute he would whine softly, but quite loud enough for the man to hear, and tremble, and shift his position as though he were terribly anxious that the cat should forthwith descend and interview him. Bluff did it very well indeed. There were some of Bluff's friends who maintained that he

had missed his vocation, and that he would certainly have made a fortune on the stage. I quite believe he would. But Thomas the cat took no notice of Bluff and his foolery, so that baffled comedian sat and whined out an argument or two: he did not really want the cat to come down, of course; he merely argued for display.

"It's a funny thing about that pantry, now," he said. "Passing through it a moment or two ago, I assure you I could scarcely pick my way along by reason of the mice. I thought I would just step out and tell you."

"Thank you," said Thomas, yawning wearily, "I'm not taking any just now."

"Oh, quite so, quite so, certainly," said Bluff, "I merely thought—"

"Not at *all*!" said Thomas the cat, in a tone which so startled Bluff that he paled and glanced a the house as though

about to retire into sanctuary; but catching sight of the Man he remained where he was and pretended, in his confusion, to be interested in an insect which must instantly be sought out and punished, but which did not actually exist.

The cat yawned and closed its eyes. Presently Bluff reopened the conversation.

"What brutes those humans are: I really hardly like to tell you——"

Thomas only opened one eye, and that the merest chink; he was not interested in Bluff's remarks.

"It's about the kittens, you know; you won't be too shocked, will you? I really hardly know how to tell you——"

"Then for goodness' sake be quiet and go away," said Thomas, yawning very widely; "I don't care a chicken bone whether you go or stay, however," he added; "so do as you like."

"Oh, but you won't say that when you hear what I have to tell!" continued Bluff; "it's like this, you see: as I passed through the kitchen I saw the cook in the very act of preparing to drown those sweet little pets of yours—now, *don't* come rushing down in a state of excitement! You *might* just be in time to save them, of course, but——"

"Why, you fool," said the other rudely, "I'm a



"WHY, YOU FOOL, I'M A TOM."

Tom; what the deuce do I care about the kittens?"

I do not defend the manners of this cat, and I am not answerable for the opinions of those whose remarks I chronicle. Bluff was both relieved and confused by this reply, and he tried to conceal both sensations by pretending to embark in the pursuit of a second imaginary insect. Before he had run his quarry to earth, how-

ever, events took a new turn. Thomas the cat first indulged in a long and hearty yawn, during which he scratched the bough he sat upon with both of his front claws in a blood-curdling manner (Bluff's blood curdled very much, though he was too good an actor to show it); then Thomas arched his back to a quite remarkable height, glanced up once at the nearest nest, shook himself, said "pur-ramiaouw," or words to that effect, and deliberately prepared to descend to *terra firma*.

Bluff, down below, whined and trembled and barked; he assumed his most ferocious expression, and looked up into the tree; his heart was in his toes, but he jumped about as though it were in its proper position and fashioned out of real metal instead of Pinchbeck; he was a wonderful actor, was Bluff. Anyone who had happened to observe him at this moment would have felt certain that if that cat should persist in its present intention to descend, a terrible fate was in store for it; the most dreadful things at the hands of Bluff; death and dismemberment at the very least.

Yet, in spite of all this, cat Thomas did so persist. As a matter of fact he took no notice of Bluff and his truculent threats. Thomas knew Bluff *au fond*; he was acquainted with the exact colour of the liver of dogs of Bluff's persuasion. He climbed down.

Now it so happened that when Thomas reached *terra firma*, Bluff was jumping madly about on the other side of the tree, with the trunk between him and the object of his noble wrath. He had lost sight, I suppose, of Thomas, though the trunk was a bare one, and the cat rather conspicuous.

So Thomas leaped lightly to earth unchallenged, and cantered slowly across the lawn with his tail mounted high over his head, like a standard.

Bluff could now no longer pretend with any decency that he did not see the cat,

for the Man was still at the window, and a fair show must be made for his benefit; the Man, as a matter of fact, took an active part in the proceedings at this point:—

"There she is; after her, Bluff!-s-s-s-s, cats!" shouted that gullible individual. So poor Bluff had to go. He had hoped to be allowed to stay and bark at his side of the tree-trunk at least long enough to permit of the cat crossing the lawn and disappearing in the laurels beyond: but it was not to be: he was obliged to give chase, and he did so with as much noise and flourish as he could possibly, in his depression, rise to; in the hope of thereby accelerating the movements of Thomas the cat. But he had come to the wrong cat for that kind of thing. Thomas did not like noise, certainly; but then it did not alarm him. It only irritated him. It had this effect upon him now, and the crisis came at, I think, about three quarters of the way across the lawn.

Bluff was then in full pursuit, trying to look as though he were travelling at the rate of about fourteen thousand miles an hour, while his actual speed was about five (to the hour) to the cat's four. Any arithmetician will tell you that Bluff was thus gaining upon Thomas, and I—who know Bluff—can add the information that that hero was gaining more rapidly than he liked. Still, he earnestly hoped (for dogs don't pray) that the dreadful noise he was making might induce this awful cat to accelerate its movements and save his reputation alive.

But instead of running the faster, the terrible cat suddenly stopped, faced him, and sat down.

"Yes?" said Thomas sweetly, "what is it? Anything I can do for you?"

With a despairing yelp Bluff rushed past the enemy, pretending that owing to the furious pace at which he was travelling he could not stop himself, whereas the most elementary student of dynamics and the movements of bodies

will tell you that at the rate of five miles an hour anyone, human or otherwise, can stop easily *at any moment* if so disposed. A bang on the side of the head from the paw of Thomas, administered as he passed, doubtless increased the impetus of Bluff's rush; for he actually travelled as far as the laurel bushes before he could stop himself, and disappeared from sight within the cover thus, as it were, providentially provided for him. Bluff did not come out from among those laurels; not Bluff; he remained there, and barked furiously and rushed about madly as though in search of the cat Thomas, well knowing that Thomas still sat on, just where he had seated himself in the middle of the lawn. Bluff, as he rampaged about, used the very lowest canine language he knew—words that he had picked up from a friend round the corner (who used to live in Whitechapel)—threatening awful things for Thomas if he could only find him. This was to satisfy the Man, who was listening, as well as to gratify his own *amour propre*, which must have been as green as the Man himself if it was taken in by Bluff's noise and bluster.

As for Thomas, that fearless cat remained upon the lawn attending to his toilette. He had hoisted his left hind leg straight on end, after the incomprehensible and inimitable manner of his tribe, while the rest of him seemed to sit around it and, as it were, under its shade; I don't know how it is done, don't ask me. Thomas, in fact, was busy having a wash and brush-up and had no time to attend to Bluff and his noisy demonstrations; he took no more notice of either than if there had existed no such idiot in this planet as Bluff the dog. It was not until he had quite finished washing and smoothing his coat, that Thomas at length disentangled himself, hauled down his left leg, assumed his normal attitude, and stepped into the laurel bushes to attend to Bluff.

What happened behind those plants

can never be certainly known. What is known is this, that a moment or two after Thomas the cat entered the shrubbery, the voice of valiant Bluff appeared to change into another key, a minor one in about eleven sharps; and that a minute later Bluff himself shot out, and that he ran home with extraordinary expedition, as if he had remembered an imperative engagement. I think it may be taken as an established fact that the two had met; but I do not think Bluff inflicted all the punishment that he had threatened Thomas withal; for Thomas neither died nor was, apparently, greatly injured; indeed, he seemed to go about his business very much as usual.

As for Bluff, that truculent dog turned over a new leaf and made several good resolutions; for instance, he displayed from that day on a more merciful spirit; he was kinder towards cats in general, and Thomas in particular. He did, indeed, still occasionally bark and leap about and tremble and whine underneath the willow in which Thomas loved to sit and contemplate his prospective sparrow-pie; but it has been suggested (probably by his enemies) that Bluff only indulged in such manifestations of zeal when he had ascertained for certain that the cat was no longer there; and that he only did so then in order to oblige the Man he owned, and to keep aflame within that credulous individual's imagination the respect for Bluff's heroism and valour which, by the aid of his dramatic talents, Bluff had caused to take root there. Nevertheless, Bluff was not always kind. It is a fact to which the present writer can testify, because with his own eyes he saw it, that on one occasion, at the request of the Man, Bluff so far forgot his new-born loving-kindness as to pursue Thomas the cat across the lawn into the house, and up the stairs, the cat going very strong for some reason of its own which was not, it is thought, terror of its pursuer, and Bluff going still stronger, and seeming





BLUFF SO FAR FORGOT HIS NEW BORN LOVING KINDNESS AS TO PURSUE THOMAS ACROSS THE LAWN.

to be straining every nerve to overtake and destroy the quarry. Thomas was travelling, I think, about nine miles to the hour, and Bluff perhaps about half a mile more. About a quarter of a minute later the same pair came racing down stairs again at a break-neck speed. This time the pace must have been just about a thousand miles to the hour, and the order of the chase was changed. Bluff, the dog, now led the way, flying for all he was worth, and with a settled look of haggard misery upon his face. Thomas, the cat, followed at his tail, going for all he knew, which was about two miles an hour more than Bluff; and upon his countenance there sat an expression of Stern Joy, mingled with that of Inflexible and Austere Resolve. Like a flash the chase passed out of the garden door. Lightning is a laggard in comparison with their flight across the lawn and over the garden wall. . . .

What dreadful tragedy took place beyond, human eye did not (and would have quailed to) behold; but human ears heard sounds that seemed to tell of horrible murders being enacted in the full glare of the sweet summer morning; and when, some little while after, Bluff the dog returned to his family, it was observed of him that he looked as though he had passed a quarter of an hour in a sausage-making machine.

Bluff is now for sale. He will go, it is said, for rather under than over half-a-

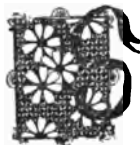
crown, and no reasonable offer will be refused. Anyone requiring a nice dog of quiet manners, and of a peculiar and markedly benevolent disposition towards cats, should apply before the first of January, when the tax becomes due, because the Man has declared that he will be—will be—dear me, I cannot recollect what he said he would be if he paid another seven-and-six for a watch-dog; a watch-cat, he said, would do the work equally well, and cheaper. Bluff, he said, was *too* brave for him; he would be continually on the worry lest the poor dog should get himself into trouble out of sheer British pluck and the desire to please. It is only doing Bluff the barest justice to admit that this is the case, for Bluff is a brave as well as a conscientious dog. It is worth half-a-crown and the seven-and-sixpenny tax besides only to see how nobly he overcomes his natural instinct to prey upon the tribe whenever a cat comes around! He will get into any hole or behind any object rather than submit himself to temptation. This is really very good of Bluff, and very wonderful, considering that the cat is his natural enemy, and an inferior creature whom nature prompts him to pursue and devour. He is well worth two-and-six, is Bluff. If no single person among my readers can run to half-a-crown, some syndicate of people who love the British qualities of pluck and self-control should treat themselves to him.



# HOW WOMEN WRITERS WORK.

BY G. B. BURGIN.

MRS. LYNN LINTON, MRS. HODGSON BURNETT, MRS. FLORA A. STEEL, MADAME SARAH GRAND, MRS. L. T. MEADE, "GEORGE EGERTON," MISS NORA VYNNE, MISS MURIEL DOWIE (MRS. HENRY NORMAN), MRS. BURTON HARRISON, MRS. W. K. CLIFFORD, MISS JANE BARLOW, MISS F. F. MONTRESOR, "OUIDA," MISS VIOLET HUNT, MRS. ANDREW DEAN, HELEN MATHERS (MRS. REEVES), ANNIE S. SWAN (MRS. BURNETT SMITH), AND MISS BRADDON.



SOME time ago I wrote an article called "How Authors Work," and the day after its publication received an indignant letter from an old lady in the country, who wanted to know what I meant by "leaving out the ladies! Weren't they Authors?" she enquired with a capital "A," and "Weren't ladies good enough for me?" I answered both these questions in the affirmative, whereupon she insisted on my doing an article about women writers. In order to propitiate her, and to interest the general public at the same time, I have collected statistics from various lady friends on the subject to which she refers. Mrs. Lynn Linton was the first to gratify my thirst for information. Some years ago she "was very good to me, she was"; and I knew that she would help me out of my difficulty by allowing me to describe her methods of work.

Mrs. Lynn Linton, then, makes it a rule always to work in the mornings, and never at night. Her method of procedure is to sketch the skeleton of the plot, and the principal characteristics of the chief persons before beginning a novel; then she fills in the details. She works this over many times, being fastidious about copy, and not liking to send it to the publisher much corrected or blurred, but always ends by doing so. She invariably thinks colloquially, and then has to mend her style and grammar.

I have often heard her say that she writes rapidly, thinks in a kind of a whirlwind, and is sometimes almost overpowered by a rush of thoughts, so that she can hardly seize them one by one. As she goes on the characters grow under her hand till they become living and substantial people, but she has always carefully avoided taking anyone she knows as a model. Her characters themselves have grown to be like persons she has met, notably Patricia Kemball and Lizzie Lorton; but they were never intentionally so. Her great ambition is to be absolutely correct in style, and natural in plot and character. But she has never formed her own strikingly incisive and vigorous style on anyone, and is always labouring to correct deficiencies, and to learn niceties of grammar and faultless syntax.

"I can scarcely say what my 'methods' are," Mrs. Hodgson Burnett declared to me. "I have never asked myself. It is always the mentalities of the people I write about which interest me more than the plot which surrounds them. In fact, I have never done anything specially marked in plot. I have no faculty for inventing complicated events. An individuality presents itself to me, and a chain of incidents and a group of other individualities seem to be attracted by its characteristics—as happens in life. To a certain kind of person certain things will happen. When my centre figure creates itself I know it will go on its way to the end of its tragedy or comedy, and in spite

of me. The story seems to *tell* itself. If it did not tell *itself* I could not tell it. There is an expression I often use in describing the condition of a story to myself—it is perhaps a rather childish phrasing, but it means something very definite to me. I say when a story has ‘come alive’ it is all right. This is the briefest statement I can make. I should say that mine is more a process than a method. The process is much more subtle and interesting, and to try and depict it would require too much space. I write rapidly, because when I am deeply interested I cannot write slowly. My work is usually done between the hours of nine and one in the morning.”

On the other hand, Mrs. Flora A. Steel works as she can. Being a busy woman, with all the cares of a large country house, as a rule full of guests, on her shoulders, she cannot pick and choose times, but takes what leisure she can find, seldom more than two hours consecutively. Given the time, however, she works eight or nine hours gladly. The waste-paper basket is, she considers, the most important factor in her method, for she has a craze for good copy, and three corrections are all she allows herself in a page of manuscript. If there are more she rewrites it. So, as she never passes on to a new chapter, or a new story, until the last one is ready for the printer, she has, so to speak, no rough copy.

It is extremely rare for subsequent developments, even in a long story, to make alterations necessary, but if this occurs she cannot go on until the change is made. Briefly, she cannot have an imperfection of which she is conscious behind her, even for future corrections. This, however, is an idiosyncrasy noticeable in all her work. She must, for instance, tidy up as she packs, or gather her weeds together as she gardens. She has come to the conclusion that this is a mistake, but cannot avoid it.

Mrs. Steel never deliberately casts

about for a plot or a character, or sits down solidly to write a story, for the simple reason that she cannot. The machine must be started for her, by a cosmic touch. In nine cases out of ten, this suggestion comes through her eyes. Nearly every story she has written has had its origin in something she has seen. *The Potter's Thumb*, for instance, grew entirely from the figure of a potter at work, which she saw years ago. In fact, she always works through her eyes. In writing descriptions, which she has often been told she does best, she never thinks of the words, and never consciously considers style, but simply catalogues what she sees, and her corrections are always with a view of giving the same vivid reality to her readers. She does not, she told me, mean by this, that in scenery and characterisation she works entirely from real models, but that she actually sees both her figures and her back-ground as clearly as if they were real. She could paint both. So far as she can judge her talent is purely pictorial.

Mrs. Steel scarcely knows if she is a slow or a quick worker because she corrects as she writes. But sometimes I know that she is extremely rapid. A certain set of stories, for instance, purporting to be told by one Nathaniel James Craddock, were all written as if from dictation. In one or two of them she had the rather curious experience of not having been conscious of knowing what she was about to write.

Mrs. Steel also has the greatest difficulty in altering what she has once finished. This is also because she cannot falsify what she has seen. If her heroine is really drowned, how can she make her marry the hero to please the public taste for matrimony. She is quite ready to confess that insurance offices have a right to look askance at her puppets, but she cannot help it. For the rest, all her work is done pen in hand. She would be as lost without it as a painter minus his brush. And as she writes

entirely to please herself, and of things that she likes, and people who interest her, the time she spends between pen and waste-paper basket is the pleasantest part of the day. For all that, she never discounts the future by engagements, and always feels in writing a story that it may possibly be her last.

Madame Sarah Grand's method of work is very simple. She can only write in the morning as a rule, her hours being from ten till two; and during that time she does not open letters or allow herself to be distracted by any news of the outside world if she can possibly help it. She used at one time to be very dependent upon her mood, but finds now, since she kept regular hours, that if she thinks about what she wants to do beforehand, the mood generally comes when she sits down to write. It is a good deal a matter of discipline. She always has a note-book in her pocket, and very often, if she is interested in what she is doing, she goes on making notes on the subject the whole day long anywhere that she may happen to be, and even gets up again at night and writes whole scenes. Curiously enough, she is afraid to read fiction when writing herself, as she finds that if she comes under the influence of a story-writer her own work suffers. Biographies help her; but novels are disheartening. The best intellectual stimulants she knows are true stories, simply told, of the brave struggles of men and women with high ideals of life to help others and work out the best that is in themselves; when she is happy enough to have such a book, and begin the day with it, her own work is easy.

To turn to another representative writer, Mrs. L. T. Meade has for many years past dictated all her original work to a shorthand-writer, who transcribes it for her on a type-writer. Thus she is saved a good deal of trouble, and can get her ideas into shape much more quickly than if she wrote them down herself. She is by nature a rapid thinker, and cannot work

well if taking too much time over it. Her rate of dictation, as a rule, is at the rate of from 100 to 110 words a minute, and this is with little or no intermission. Having got her ideas into some sort of shape by this rapid method, she, as a rule, reads over her work the next morning, and dictates it all a second time, making what alterations are necessary. This she finds essential in the case of the short story, which requires totally different work from the ordinary novel. The idea ought to be perfectly clear in the author's mind before a single word is written, as there is no space for a word of padding. She invariably has from two to three stories on the stocks at the same time, and finds, as a rule, that the stories which come suddenly to her and are quickly taken down, read the best and are most like life.

With regard to collaboration, Mrs. Meade has of late found it useful, but only to a certain extent. For instance, she generally does the whole of the writing, and simply trusts to her collaborateur sometimes for ideas, but more often for a certain kind of knowledge which he (as in her medical stories, for instance) possesses and she does not. This plan, in her opinion, gives decided backbone to the story, and she has found it work well and to be very useful. Mrs. Meade's great idea with regard to fiction, and more particularly the short story, is that it should move with the time and be as much up to date as possible. This can only be done by keeping one's eyes very wide open.

"George Egerton" thinks that it is difficult in a few words to explain the method of one's literary work, and that to do so properly would require the dissection of a psychological process. She has read of writers sitting down at a fixed hour and getting off so many thousand words in a certain time each day, but her own temperament would effectually hinder her working in such a manner, and it

would lead to no results. She declares that she is a writer merely by the accident of need; in reality, a dreamer, a seer of visions that flash in quiet hours across an inner screen, with a dislike for the labour of writing, the business side of book-making, the details attending publication, the very personality it gives one as a writer as distinct from one's own private individuality. Writing, to her, is a physical labour always attended with relative or positive pain, a burden—the hobble on the steps of one's fancy. If she could afford it she would simply tell her tales in some poor quarter to anyone who cared to listen to them, and never set them down. Her only moment of joy is the creative one, the instant when the central idea is conceived. The crystallisation, as it were, of the tale—the whisper of the spirit or elf that tells the story in one's inner ear. The expansion, elaboration, localisation of the incidents, the conversations of the characters is mostly sheer weariness of spirit; but as one has very little control over the elfs, it goes on in one's head independent of one's other brain activities. It is as if that portion of the brain in which the stories generate is fitted with pigeon-holes. As the idea is conceived it is laid in one of them, and everything touching upon it or useful for its working out, a scene, a telling phrase, an incident, is added to it by degrees, so that several stories can work out concurrently, each absolutely distinct from the other. In fact, she has had a book working out for years, and a play elaborating quite apart from stories already written and others yet to be set down. She never sits down to write until the tale is ready. No fresh ideas, at least seldom any, come to her whilst writing; barely, indeed, a word. The ink-pot only gives her ink. This makes a lapse between her books a necessity. She has, literally, to whip herself with reasonings as to expediency to her desk, and even when she has finished a book the domi-

nant feeling is relief, not pleasure. The work itself is always unsatisfactory, for the result is miles behind the conception. Perhaps one's best stories are even unwritten. She takes little interest in a book when once it has left her hands, and has made it a rule only to read such criticisms as come to her quite casually. Public opinion has no effect on her work, because she writes as she has it in her to write; but people and surroundings have an effect on her productiveness, sometimes of an entirely paralysing nature. With regard to fads as to paper, desk, or pens, when the time comes when the writing must be done, she can do it anywhere with anything. She generally writes the whole book in one thick copy-book, on both sides of the paper, inserts slips occasionally, and eliminates with red ink. The more interested she is in setting down the story, the smaller the writing gets. Country quiet is more "fancy producing" than London noise, and she considers that the less one mixes in literary sets the better one's work is—certainly the fresher.

Miss Nora Vynne told me one evening at Douglas Sladen's that she is not at all sure how she works, except that she works very hard—all sorts of ways. When she is in the humour she sits down and writes, and it is no trouble. When she is not in the humour she sits down and writes, and it is a very great deal of bother. The queer thing is that there is no perceptible difference in the quality of the work, as far as she can see, whether she has written it with labour and heaviness, or whether it has come easily. Sometimes she writes quickly and illegibly; sometimes slowly and quite neatly—she fancies that the neatly-written story is more likely to be dull, and she knows she can't write at all unless her table is very untidy.

So much for the mere mechanical part of writing. Concerning the other part she is absolutely ignorant. How the

stories come, or where they come from, she knows nothing. Sometimes they seem to come full-grown and finished, and one accepts them with a queer impersonal pleasure, and is surprised at them, and interested as one would be if one could live invisibly and quiescent in another person's life for a time. Sometimes they come tail first, and one has an exciting hunt for the beginning. Sometimes a tiny spot of an idea grows slowly, while one watches it, into a story, and this is as exciting as the animalagraphe. Sometimes one utterly loses one's identity and is some other person, and the story happens to us in that other personality from beginning to end. Sometimes a story pursues one and violently demands to be written. Sometimes one has to pursue it painfully, and hold on to it persistently, fight with it almost, before one gets it into paper, somewhat maimed and disfigured.

Stories come to Miss Vynne in all these ways, and she writes them as best she can. This is all she knows of the matter, except, that she should never wonder if a writer, when people are kind enough to say "Yours is a good story," were to answer "Oh yes, isn't it? I enjoyed it immensely myself," because one feels as if the story were something one had found, rather than made.

Mrs. Henry Norman's (Miss Muriel Dowie) method of going to work is a very simple one, and does not vary to speak of. She likes a room to herself in a little country inn, with as little likelihood of interruption as can be secured by any woman. She prefers to sit down after breakfast—a lonely breakfast with no newspapers, but preferably a Scott novel beside her plate—if Scott is not to be had, the *Family Herald* will do. Something that occupies her mind and excludes any worrying thoughts of work is what she requires, and nobody does this so well as Scott; *Waverley* please, if not, *Rob Roy*. Having forgotten a cup of tea, and left an egg and bacon,

she likes to whistle and look out of the window while the servants take them away.

Then she sits down, confronted by a *Times* pen, small, smooth sheets of greenish paper, and a pad of ophthalmic blotting-paper. After a good deal of idling and fixed staring at objects about the room, which she often photographs unconsciously in her memory, and afterwards finds she has hated acutely all the time, she starts. About one o'clock, if work has gone well, she has done a chapter. They all come out about the same length, and have but few corrections. When one is too bad to live and she has to rewrite it, she is in despair and makes a mess, and that chapter never does any good in this world. Should work not be going well, she welcomes a friendly interruption about 12.30. The news that a horse will be round in ten minutes is what she prefers to hear, but nowadays she is glad to go out and try somebody's new and uncomfortable bicycle-saddle.

That is all her work for the day, and it is almost impossible for her to do it at any other time. All work comes best in the country, with a lonely life and a companion for afternoons. Someone whom she can bore with accounts of her difficulties, and the general hopelessness of the whole thing is, of course, most welcome. She is always very depressed about work, and ruthless with confidences about it to the few friends weak enough to bear with her. The main ideas and characters of a story are clear to her before she begins, but details and incidents are settled between the pen and the ink-pot. If she thinks them out she gets to loathe them, and they grow stiff and unmalleable. Finally, more than anything in the world, except one thing, which shall be nameless, Mrs. Henry Norman would like to compass a tolerable novel some day.

I found Miss Constance Cary Harrison (Mrs. Burton Harrison) resting at "The Compleat Angler," Great Marlow. "I

am endeavouring," she said, in answer to my enquiry, "in this riverside Eden, to recuperate from the effect of the hospitalities of the London Season before setting out on a journey to Norway and Russia, so that I have actually to gather my wits together to be sure that I ever did any literary work whatever, or was other than an idler in the pleasant places of the Old World, that tempt me so often from allegiance to my own summer home in Mount Desert Island, off the Eastern coast of America."

"But you do a great deal of work," I suggested.

"Oh, yes! but I hardly feel that it could interest anyone to know that I work chiefly during four months of the winter, and always in my own study in New York; that I am very diligent and absorbed during that time, and know no rest till my ideas are out upon paper in my own hand, without help from stenographer or secretary. In beginning them I have but a general idea of any stories; and, most often, the marionettes whom I use to carry out my plots take the matter in their own hands, and work their will with the helpless author until the final page is reached."

A few days later I was chatting with a friend of Mrs. W. K. Clifford's about that lady's method of work, and learnt that she had no method; she simply does it, that's all, and feels rather eager about it; and thinks it may be good till it is posted to the unfortunate publisher. Then she considers it atrocious, and suffers greatly from the fear, nay, the certainty, that she has done something that could, and should, and would, by other pen than hers, have been done much better. The people in her story are always very real to her while she is writing about them, her very intimate friends in fact. The people walking and talking in the actual world become merely substantial shadows. When she has finished writing about her folk they disappear from her imagina-

tion, and she is merely the outsider, and horribly severe critic of them, and of the world which for some few pages they occupied. Her other very keen and unflinching experience is that she can't do any work at all when she has neuralgia, and that is not seldom.

Miss Jane Barlow modestly informed me that what little work she has done has been done with a great want of method, and her lack of experience has been equally plentiful. Mechanically speaking, she never sits at a desk, but always uses a knee-pad, and has for several years written with a fountain-pen, which saves a good deal of trouble. Sometimes she writes out the rough copy of a MS. in a pocket-book with a copying-pencil. The morning and evening she finds the best time for getting anything done, but this is, she believes, chiefly because interruptions are fewer then. For much the same reason she generally does more in the autumn and winter than in the spring and summer. But under all circumstances she proceeds very slowly indeed, and considers five hundred words an unusually large achievement for one day. When she has finished a bit of work it does not seem to her as if she had made anything new, but rather as if it had been in existence somewhere all along; and she finds, as a rule, that its satisfactoriness is directly proportionate to the strength of this impression.

Miss Montresor is afraid she has no method in writing. She thinks of people rather than of events, and her plots (if there are any) follow as the natural outcome of their characters—or at least as what seems to her the natural outcome.

I was unable to call on that gifted and charming writer, "Ouida" inasmuch as she resides in Florence and is not readily accessible. Still, she was kind enough to write to me on the subject of this article. She said "that she did not very well quite know what my question meant, as what possible way could there be of com-



posing except, when one has something to say, to write it? Also she objected to the expression "Women Writers" on the ground that there is no division of writers, except into good and bad; the former being very few. She further considered that there was "no sex in true talent." When one considers the remarkable vigour and brilliancy of her own work, it is easy to see the force of this remark.

Miss Violet Hunt found it extremely flattering, and rather amusing, to be asked to describe so unimportant an operation as "How I write?" It was at the same time rather humiliating, she thought, to have to admit that, as far as method is concerned, she cannot claim to have any other method than that of the rest of the writing world. She fancied this universal method varied a good deal in everyone according to the writer's mood, the time of day, the position of his desk, and domestic circumstances generally. For her own part, she sometimes works alone if she happens to be left alone, but more often in a crowd of "harmless necessary beings" (from cats upwards).

Probably she resembles other writers who hit upon magnificent literary ideas when they are out-of-doors without paper or pencil to write them down with, or who, on the other hand, sit down solemnly at their blotting-pads with pen and paper all prepared and find no thoughts to commit to them. Personally, she takes no pleasure, as some fluent people do, in actual composition—but what she really does enjoy is correcting her proofs, which invariably become "black," as it is called in the trade. She doubts if the printers coincide with her in this taste for perpetual alteration. *Le mieux est l'ennemi du bien* is naturally enough their motto, and a fair clear revise their ideal of a popular author.

Mrs. Andrew Dean (Mrs. Sidgwick) in response to my enquiries, said: "I once came across a very good recipe for writing a novel. At least, I suppose it must

have been good, because the author said every method but his was wrong. You took your ingredients: Some characters, an idea or two, and a handful of incidents, and you mixed them artfully—concealing the art of course. Unfortunately I have lost the recipe and forgotten the name of its author, so I forget which ingredient you took first; and that was the point. If you didn't begin with the one he recommended you courted disaster.

"I am afraid I never take my ingredients separately as a cook does when she makes a pudding. I find that each ingredient by itself is an empty shadow; each needs the other to give it substance enough to handle. Your characters are nothing except in their acts. The incidents? Your incidents are only abstract forms until you see your characters creating them in detail; and as for ideas, if these are anything else than your guides in keeping the story truthful, they are best away.

"As a story grows it feels the growing pains. We all know the thrill of the bright idea, and the sorrow as it goes tarnished in the telling. Ideas glow in the idle fancy with a misleading greatness; the effort to express them is anguish; the result looks like ashes. The clouds of glory have fled in the heat of the day's work as real clouds fly before the sun. Even if you have succeeded before, you know that the story you are wrestling with now is going to be a failure. What is the good of struggling on? Better build walls or sell apples to stockbrokers. Who wants to read about the idiots *you* summon from the vasty deep? Think of this man's art and that man's scope and hide your head.

"But it is demoralising to put your hand to the plough and look back. And as you begin to get on, certain facts help you in your misery. Strangers review your books, and at any rate pretend to like them. Strangers buy your books; even your friends say you might write a story they

would read if you could invent a plot and describe 'nice' people, and make everything end well. Anyhow, it is the only work you can do, and you had better do it as well as possible. Therefore, in the clutches of Giant Despair you struggle to the end.

"When you tie it up in brown paper and post it, you wonder why anyone should want to print and pay for such stuff. By the time someone offers you a price for it you have begun to think it is not so bad after all, and worth more than that, anyway. But the heart of the miracle is wrought by the printer and the book-binder. When they send forth their dainty volume, you forget its connection with that poor creature the manuscript, and you present your free copies to your family in the certainty that even though they think small beer of your story they will still find something respectable in its setting. Skilled labour has gone to that."

Miss Helen Mathers (Mrs. Reeves) tells me:—"When first the *cacœthes scribendi* lays hold of us, we rush with ardour at our attempt to leave those footprints on the sands of time that most of us think we shall (and don't), and so long as fame hovers within sight, but just out of reach, we are Spartans in our disregard for fatigue, our rejection of pleasure, of any and everything that interferes with the delectable vision of ourselves in print—a dream before which love-letters wax insipid, new frocks grow old, and all a young girl's choicest vanities stale; or so it was with me when I sported that 'Authoress lock' on my forehead, which warned all my brothers and sisters to leave me undisturbed, when I struggled in the throes of composition. But when, after months and years of dogged persistence, one has learned at last how to use one's tools (and I began at eight years old, being born with that rudimentary 'knack' of telling stories that requires no other cultivation than industry, and plenty of it), the work one turns out can never give

half the pleasure that the first fury of pursuit so ardently promised, and after a time, and when success is an old story, we say 'Hilloa! Who are we wasting all this vital energy and youth for? Why are we writing our lives instead of living them? Why these lonely working hours when all the pleasures of life hang ripe on the bough, and only the pen between our fingers prevents our plucking them?' Then to us enters the publisher, who is very kind, even condescending, and distinctly encouraging, as he urges us to keep on at our toil, and who whips up our energies when we flag, and dangles the bauble 'Fame' before our eyes, as if it were the living and lasting jewel of Happiness. 'Concentrate, concentrate,' he says. 'Focus your whole mind and soul on the page. Go out of the town, isolate yourself, give of your very best, produce a masterpiece that will beat whoever is the last new craze clean out of the field.' But if we have no desire to beat anyone out of the field, if our ambitions are quite otherwise, gradually it begins to dawn on us that we were not born to use up the whole treasures of our lives and souls to enrich new-born publishers, and, *en passant*, give pleasure to people who would not take the trouble to put by all their own enjoyments to give pleasure to us, and one fine day the heart seems to go out of our work, and our methods to grow worthless, when we realise that it is we who get the fame, the publisher the money, and the public the pleasure out of our brains, and that in this subdivision of profits somehow it is not we who come off best. And so we grow careless and slack, we rebel against squandering all the best of our life, our energies, our health, all the beauty and sweetness that should go to enrich our own and our friends' hearts, upon a piece of merchandise for which we are grudgingly paid by the persons who could not exist but for our toil, and if presently Fortune favours us in a worldly

sense, we joyfully elect to write to oblige others no more. For the literary must ever be but a small part in a woman's life (it is infinitely more in a man's); and to do her duty by husband and child, house and self, is as much as any woman was ever intended to do thoroughly. In her heart of hearts, she infinitely prefers the sweet monotony, 'The trivial round, the common task,' to enriching strangers, to making a target of herself to her critics, and, above all, to starving that *joie de vivre* which every healthy human animal ought to know, and which is so keen and intense in the temperament that goes to make the musician, the artist, and the storyteller."

As I was chatting with Miss Annie S. Swan in the intervals of the last New Vagabond Club dinner, she told me that there was nothing original in her methods. She is an extremely methodical person; but though she has hours set aside for working, they are not as the laws of the Medes and Persians, but subject to interruption and alteration at any time. She never allows her work to become arbitrary to the exclusion of her domestic arrangements; in which she feels, perhaps, the greater interest. It is not difficult for her to take up the thread of thought again after being interrupted, and she attributed this to the fact that she was brought up in a large family where a person who required to be quiet was voted a nuisance, and promptly sat upon—an excellent training, she thinks; and when she hears of the domestic tyranny in this form practiced by certain brain workers Miss Swan is always sorry that they did not have a like experience. It is a pity when the comfort of one inmate of a home has to be studied to the absolute exclusion of everybody else's comfort.

For many years she wrote everything by hand, much of it twice. Now she is

obliged to dictate a certain portion of her work to a shorthand-writer; but while it is an immense, almost incredible, saving of time, she would still prefer doing any fine or special work in the old way. From her own personal experience also, Miss Swan believes life in the country is more conducive than life in town to the production of the higher kinds of literary work. The atmosphere and environments are finer and rarer, and nourishing as the dew to fresh and wholesome thought.

I had an interesting chat with Miss Braddon (Mrs. Maxwell) before lunching with her the other day, and she told me that of late years she has considerably modified her method of work. Everyone is familiar with the enormous number of novels which Miss Braddon has written, and some time ago the way in which she worked was fully expounded to the British public by one of her many admirers.

Since her recent domestic bereavement, Miss Braddon has resolved to write only one novel a year, and has also discontinued her former practice of working in the evening. Her favourite time for writing now is during the early morning until lunch, and she always uses a corpulent little cork penholder. In the afternoon she gives herself up to social duties without being worried by thoughts of work. Her workroom is shared by her two favourite dogs, an intelligent black poodle and an equally urbane fox-terrier on whose activity old age is beginning to tell. In her lovely home at Richmond, surrounded by flowers, dogs, and pictures, Miss Braddon works with all the freshness and "go" of youth. She has an extraordinary range of general reading. Like many other novelists, her favourite study is that of history, and she astonished me with her amazing range of subject, and the amount of miscellaneous facts which she considers absolutely necessary for the nineteenth century novelist to have at her finger-tips.

# LIFE OF NAPOLEON III.

BY ARCHIBALD FORBES.

ILLUSTRATED FROM NUMEROUS SOURCES.

## CHAPTER II.

EXILE—BOYHOOD—ADOLESCENCE—  
INSURRECTIONIST—CONSPIRATOR.

**I**T was not until April 20th, 1814, that Napoleon quitted Fontainebleau for Elba ; and meanwhile Josephine and Hortense, with the children of the latter, remained at Navarre in mournful retirement. Josephine would fain have joined Napoleon in his exile ; Hortense trembled for the future of her boys. In a letter to Mlle. Cochelet, of April 9th, she exclaims :

“ Ah ! I hope they will not demand my children, for then my courage would fail me.” The mother and daughter returned to Paris as soon as affairs had calmed down. Hortense went to her town house in the Rue Cérutti, to find it empty ; her servants had deserted. The Emperor Alexander—chivalrous gentleman that he was—made haste to pay her a visit, and expressed his anxiety to be of service. He advised her to rejoin her mother at Malmaison, whither he presently followed



ADIEUX DE FONTAINEBLEAU, APRIL 20, 1814.

*(From the painting by Horace Vernet, at Versailles.)*

her, and continued to protect her with delicacy and true kindness during the time he remained in Paris. Malmaison became a sort of rendezvous of the sovereigns then assembled in Paris. All the kings, princes, and chief men of the allies united to evince their respect for the fallen Empress and her beautiful

Hortense's salon at Malmaison, met for the last time in the Château Bellevue on the morrow of Sedan, surrounded by the dead and wounded of the great battle, the issue of which lost Napoleon his throne and sent him into exile.

Grief had done its work on Josephine. She died at Malmaison on May 29th,

1814, after a short illness; her last utterances were, "Bonaparte—Elba—Marie Louise."

After the funeral of her mother Hortense retired with her children to St. Leu, until the return of Napoleon from Elba. It was then that her husband, King Louis, living in retirement in Rome, demanded that his two sons should be given up to him by their mother. They and she had been exempted from the general proscription of the Bonapartes, and as the children were in France, he had to sue in the French Courts. Hortense resolutely fought the claim; and while she was still in mourning for her mother the cause came to trial. The result brought anguish to the mother, who would have made every sacrifice to keep her sons in France. But the finding of the Court was that the elder boy should be given to the father, and share his exile. The verdict, however, was not acted on until a later period.



ALEXANDER I. OF RUSSIA. 1805.

daughter. One day the King of Prussia brought to Malmaison his two sons, the Princes Frederic William and William, stalwart striplings, who were amused in their Teuton manner by the *naïf* innocent remarks of the boys of Hortense. More than half a century later King William of Germany and Louis Napoleon, still then Emperor of the French, who had seen each other for the first time in Queen

Simultaneously with this wrench to her tenderest feelings, Hortense was informed that Napoleon had landed at Cannes, and was marching on Paris. She was warned to take precautions—the Bourbons were quite capable of seizing her children as hostages. She herself might be in danger. But she found safety for her children and herself under the hospitable roof of her brother's old nurse. From that humble

shelter she wrote to her brother Eugène: "I have just seen him (Napoleon). He received me very coldly. I think he disapproves of my having remained here. My God! if only there is no more war! . . . Ah! speak to him for peace—use your influence with him; humanity demands it. I have been obliged to hide myself for the last twelve days, because

panied her step-father to Malmaison, leaving him for a time at the door of the bed-chamber in which the dying Josephine had uttered his name with her last breath; and she and her two sons were the last to take a sad farewell of the fallen man, when he set forth to his captivity on the rock of St. Helena. The figure of an eagle cut in the sword of the Malmaison



NAPOLEON'S RETURN FROM THE ISLAND OF ELBA, MARCH, 1815.  
(Engraved by George Sanders, after Steuben.)

all sorts of reports were circulated about me."

During the Hundred Days Hortense and her sons were present at the lukewarm ceremony of the Champ-de-Mai; during which the mother saw the Emperor, in the absence of his own son the little King of Rome, present her two boys to the troops in the Place de Carrousel. When Waterloo had been fought and lost, and when Napoleon's extraordinary career had come to its ending, Hortense accom-

panied her step-father to Malmaison, leaving him for a time at the door of the bed-chamber in which the dying Josephine had uttered his name with her last breath; and she and her two sons were the last to take a sad farewell of the fallen man, when he set forth to his captivity on the rock of St. Helena. The figure of an eagle cut in the sword of the Malmaison

lawn long marked the spot of French ground last pressed by the foot of Napoleon; but Josephine's beautiful château has undergone many vicissitudes; and the shell fire of the last sortie from Paris in January, 1871, utterly wrecked Malmaison and the charming amenities which once surrounded it.

It has been said that Hortense and her sons had been exempted from the general proscription of the Bonapartes. But after the Restoration, rumours, absurd but veno-

trous, of conspiracies directed against the safety of the Allied Sovereigns, had come into circulation, in which the name of Queen Hortense was malignantly and falsely involved. Hortense was not a conspirator, but she was an impulsive woman; and she was probably over-eager to be of service to unfortunate Bonapartists lurking in Paris because unable to make their escape. Some ill-feeling had been engendered against her by the royalists, who grudged her the exceptional

the Duchess must leave Paris with her children. The reason alleged for an order so sudden and so peremptory was, that she was held to be concerned in a plot for assassinating all the foreign princes then in the capital—a ridiculous pretext, considering Hortense's cordial relations with many of the high personages alluded to. Ultimately she obtained a few hours' delay; but the order was explicit that she should be outside the walls before nightfall, and withdraw



A REVIEW IN THE PLACE CARROUSEL.

exemption from proscription, and were chagrined because Louis XVIII., as the result of repeated solicitation on the part of the Emperor Alexander, nominated Hortense to the title of Duchess of St. Leu, giving her at the same time the estate of that name as an independent duchy.

Early on July 17th, 1815, an aide-de-camp of the Prussian General Müffling, who was then the Military Governor of Paris, called at the *hôtel* of the Duchess of St. Leu, and informed her major-domo by his instructions, that within two hours

from French territory without delay. She had to be beholden to the courtesy of alien soldiers for safe conduct to the frontier for her children and herself. Prince Schwarzenberg had the chivalry to appoint his own adjutant, the Count von Voyna, to act as escort to the refugees, a mission which he performed with delicacy and courage.

The journey was full of incident and peril. At Dijon a rabble surrounded her carriage with shouts of, "Down with the Bonapartiste!" During Von Voyna's temporary absence, several royalist





LOUIS XVIII., KING OF FRANCE.





**CHARLES SCHWARZENBERG,**

*DUC DE KRUMAU,*

*Chevalier de la Toison-d'Or, Grand-Croix de l'Ordre Royal de S. Etienne, Commandeur de l'Ordre Militaire de Marie-Thérèse, Chambellan, Conseiller intime actuel, Feld-Maréchal, Ambassadeur de S. M. l'Empereur d'Autriche près la Cour de France, Grand-Croix de S. André de Russie.*

*Né le 10 avril 1774 à Vienne, Autriche*

**PRINCE SCHWARZENBERG.**

*(From an engraving.)*

officers broke into her apartment, averring that they were ordered to arrest her in the King's name. The Austrian troops quartered in the city came to the

rescue at the instance of Von Voyna. All night the heroic Frenchmen drank, swore, and strutted, flourishing their swords, and clattering with the scabbards.

But the Austrian soldiers maintained a steadfast front ; and Hortense was protected, and passed out of the city under cover of a general review of French troops, mustered to prevent the risk of a collision

in Savoy, proved more hospitable, and there Hortense temporarily established herself and family in a small house. When the Abbé Bertrand arrived his pupils' lessons were resumed, and Hor-



STEPHANIE DE BEAUHARNAIS, GRANDE DUCHESSE DE BADEN.  
(From an engraving.)

between the French and Austrian soldiers. After much anxiety and danger the fugitives reached Geneva, only to be ordered away at a day's notice, and Von Voyna had difficulty in obtaining permission for the party to remain for a few days, pending further instructions from Paris Aix,

tense had the help and sympathy of Madlle. Cochelet. But she soon found herself surrounded by royalist spies from France, and precautions had to be taken for the safety of her children. A crowning trouble occurred to the harassed woman in the practical success of her

husband's lawsuit for the possession of his elder son. The day arrived for the departure of Napoleon Louis, escorted to Rome by his father's emissary, the Baron de Zuite ; and his mother was in despair. "I cannot describe," wrote Madlle. Cochelet, "the grief I felt at seeing Prince Napoleon tear himself from the arms of his mother and his young brother. I could not calm the grief of my dear Prince Louis, nor amuse him when he was left alone—the deeper his woe because he had never before left his brother for an instant." Louis is described as having been at this time a gentle, timid child, speaking little, but thinking and feeling a great deal. He had now in effect become the only child of his mother, who thenceforth concentrated on him the greater proportion of her maternal tenderness.

Quitting Aix in the early winter of 1815, and journeying towards Constance, she was met by a letter from her relative the Grand Duchess of Baden—the Sté-

phanie de Beauharnais of Madame Campan's Academy, one of the bevy of laughing girls who had once made Malmaison gay—intimating very courteously that no member of the Bonaparte family was permitted to reside in the Grand Duchy. Hortense claimed illness, and she had passports authorising her sojourn at Constance, in the vicinity of which she found a house which, although out of repair, was habitable. Its position was charming, on the tongue of land near Constance, where the narrowing channel of the waters barely affords a passage for the Rhine, which connects the upper and the lower lake. Settled here, at least for a time, Hortense concentrated herself on the education of her son. Louis, in his childhood, was a slow and reluctant student, although he used his natural gifts as well as his feeble health permitted. The Abbé Bernard presently gave place to M. Lebas, who became the boy's private tutor when, in 1816, Louis entered the college of Augsburg, where,



THE CHÂTEAU D'ARENENBERG.  
(From a photograph.)





CHARLES X., KING OF FRANCE. 1824-1830.

with intervals of home life, he remained for eight years. It was in 1817 that his mother bought and established herself in the Château of Arenenberg, a residence which Hortense greatly beautified, in which she died, and which now belongs to the Empress Eugénie. To this delightful spot she had been attracted not only on account of the hospitable invitation of the good people of the Canton of Thurgau, but because of the vicinity of relatives. The Château of Arenenberg stands on a magnificently wooded hill, about 1,400 feet above the level of the sea. It overhangs, not the lake of Constance itself, but what is known as the "lower lake," between Constance and Schaffhausen, an expansion of the Rhine where it leaves the lake, charmingly situated opposite to the isle of Reichenau.

Prince Louis is described as having been a singularly amiable and attractive child, and in youth-time and in after years he exercised an equal charm. He was possessed of many accomplishments, both physical and mental. He was a remarkable swimmer—he once swam across the lake of Constance. He excelled in all bodily exercises—as a gymnast few equalled him in excellence; and he was an admirable horseman. To accomplish all this he had to struggle against the defects of a constitution naturally effeminate, and he came to develop an uncommon energy and power of will.

On the completion of his civilian education the Prince chose the military career, and naturally followed his great uncle in choosing the artillery arm of the service. Presently he joined the camp of Thun as a volunteer, under the orders of Colonel Dufour, one of Napoleon's old officers. Although never quite robust in health, he took his part stoutly in the roughest duties. The young officers, it seemed, fared in many respects like common soldiers, marching out for the day's work with tools and instruments in their knapsacks, and camping for the night in

the open. "The exercise," he wrote to his mother, "does me much good. I have double my ordinary appetite. We muster at six o'clock in the morning, and march, drums beating, to the Polygon, where we remain until near noon. At twelve we dine, and at three we are on the Polygon again until seven. We sup at eight, and then go to bed, for we are quite prepared for sleep. During the entire day we have barely two hours free, in which time there are notes to copy and drawings to make."

The third Lord Malmesbury, who for the first time made the acquaintance of Prince Louis in 1829, in the drawing-room of Queen Hortense at Rome, and who remained his close friend throughout Napoleon's eventful life, furnishes in his memoirs a description of the Prince at this period of his life. "Here," wrote Lord Malmesbury, "I met, for the first time, Hortense's son, Louis Napoleon, then just of age. Nobody at that time could have predicted his great and romantic career. He was a wild, harum-scarum youth, or what the French call *un crâne*, riding at full gallop through the streets to the peril of the public, fencing and pistol-shooting, and apparently without serious thoughts of any kind, although even then he was possessed with the conviction that he would some day rule over France. We became friends,"—Lord Malmesbury, then Lord FitzHarris, was just one year older than Prince Louis,— "but at that time he evinced no remarkable talent or any fixed idea but the one which I mention. It grew upon him with his growth, and increased daily until it ripened into a certainty. He was a very good horseman, and a proficient in athletic games; although short, he was very active and muscular. His face was grave and dark, but redeemed by a singularly bright smile. Such was the personal appearance of Louis Napoleon in 1829, at the age of twenty-one years."

In 1830, the Prince was full of intense



LOUIS NAPOLEON, AFTERWARDS NAPOLEON III.  
*(From a drawing made by Goubaud, at London, in 1831.)*

interest in the Revolution of July of that year, which exiled Charles X. and his family, gave the throne of France to Louis Philippe, and supplanted the *drapeau blanc* of the Bourbons with the tricolor of the Empire and the Orleanists. But that interest, fervent though it was, did not distract the Prince from his military duties at the camp of Thun. He quietly worked and watched; corresponding occasionally with his elder brother, who had married a daughter of King Joseph, and was then living in Florence in attendance on the invalided father of the brothers.

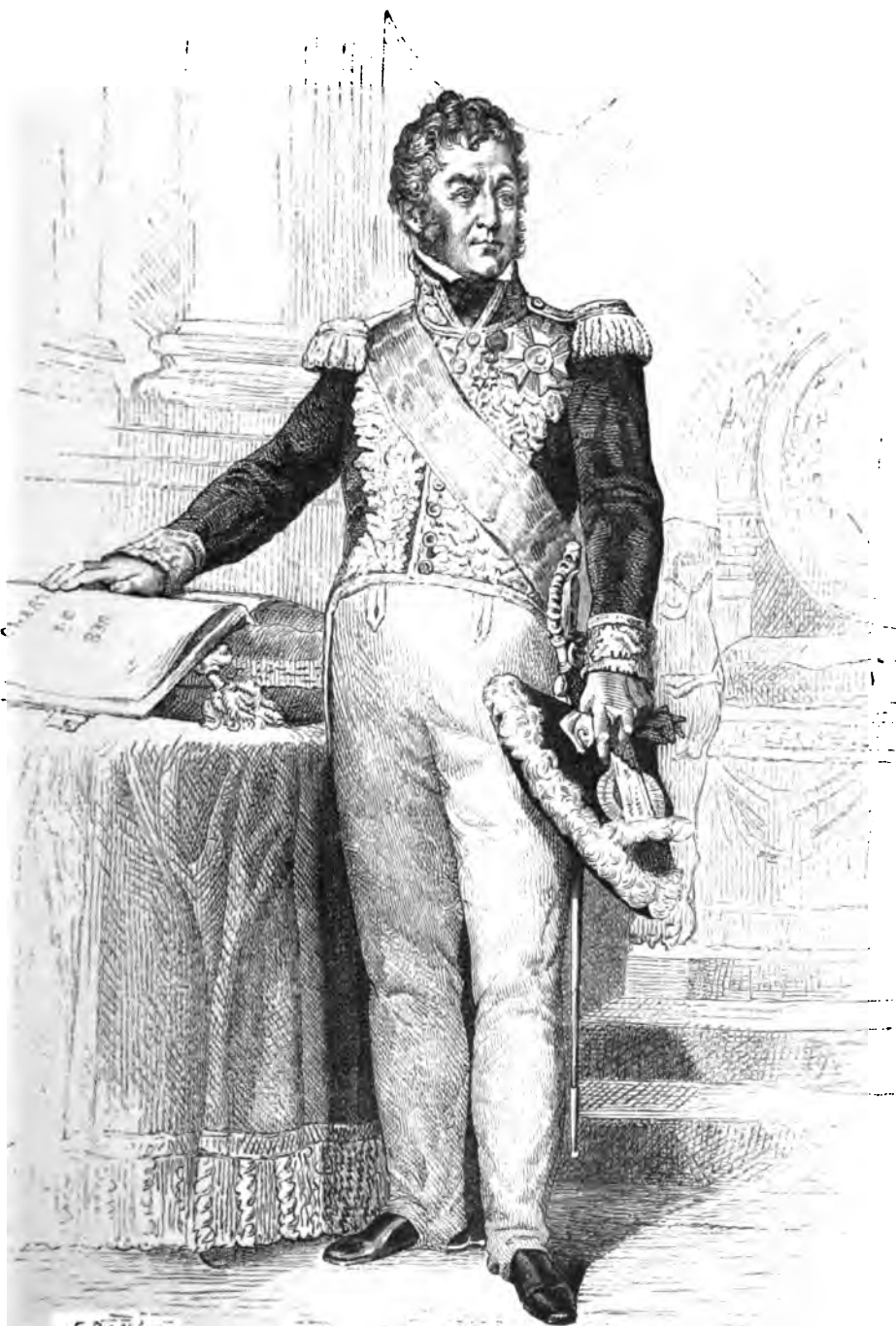
It was a serious discouragement for Prince Louis and his eldest brother to learn that one of the conditions on which the great Powers were prepared to recognise Louis Philippe was, that he should

continue to maintain in force the sentence of exile which the Bourbons had passed on the family of Napoleon, and which, of course, included the sons of Hortense. She was informed on the part of Louis Philippe, that she herself was free to return to France, but only without her children. The scorn with which she repelled such a condition may be imagined. Under disabilities so stringent, it would have been utter folly on the part of the brothers, even if a secret possibility had existed, to take any measures in the direction of attempting to form a Napoleonist party in France. But both were full of energy, and were eager to make a career. The elder brother had conceived the project of joining the Greek cause, but was dissuaded by the urgent representations of his mother. The warmest

ambition of Prince Louis was to win his rank in the French army, but that opportunity was denied him by the proscription under which he writhed. When the Liberal Party in France was striving to force the Government to hinder Russia from sending her troops into Poland to quell the insurrection in that territory, the Italian patriots became encouraged; and the young Princes rejoiced in the fleeting assurance that the citizenizing would support the principle of non-intervention. Prince Louis at Thun and Prince Napoleon at Florence caught echoes of the shouts of the exulting Liberals of the boulevards. They saluted the tricolor as the emblem of the Revolution and of French glory; and, to use the stirring words of Jerrold, "they imagined that all the romantic dreams of liberty which the excited band of young journalists then in the ascendant described in glowing language, were speedily to come to pass." It is still a moot question whether Louis Napoleon, afterwards Napoleon III., ever actually took the oaths as a Carbonaro. Cavour was convinced that he had done so, and used his knowledge of the fact to a notable purpose. Count F. Arese, till the death of Napoleon III. his close and true friend, has not spoken positively on the point. "It cannot," he has written, "be said that at this first period"—presumably in 1830-31—"Louis Napoleon was a Carbonaro; for the Prince always appeared strongly opposed to sects of all descriptions. But it may be said that he was one in his young days—for in effect all were Carbonari who laboured to drive the Austrians and their representatives out of Italy."

In October, 1830, Queen Hortense, accompanied by her younger son Prince Louis, set out from Arenenberg to pass the winter in Rome, in accordance with their wonted custom. On their way they spent a fortnight at Florence with Prince Napoleon, the elder of the brothers. Hortense and Louis arrived in Rome

about the middle of November. What actually were the designs of the Bonaparte family at this time it is impossible to determine with certainty; but there are strong evidences that most of the members of it were deeply concerned in fomenting the anarchy prevailing throughout the Peninsula. A mother not devoid of personal ambition, and yet more ardent in ambition for the advancement of her sons, it is probable that Hortense was neither surprised nor disappointed to find in the Papal city an assemblage of the leading members of the Bonaparte family keenly watching impending events. In December, a sort of family conclave was held in the palace of "Madame Mere," at which among others were present Cardinal Fesch, Jerome Bonaparte (see p. 226), Queen Hortense, and Prince Louis. From the wreck of the Empire the older members of the family had salvaged large amounts of money, and they were prepared, it was believed, to utilise their opulence in the furtherance of the schemes which they were secretly promoting. The opportunity was tempting. The misgovernment and anarchy which unquestionably existed in the Papal States, in the Lombard-Venetian kingdom, in Piedmont, Bologna, Parma, and even in Tuscany, went to encourage the aspiration that the House of Bonaparte, exiled from France as it was, might still erect for itself an empire beyond the Alps. From the family council-board at Rome, agents and emissaries were being despatched in various directions, to stimulate the co-operation of the well-wishers to the family, and to hurry on affairs to a crisis. The heads of the house had their own ends to serve; and it by no means followed that the objects for which they were engaged in conspiring were intrinsically deserving of censure. Had they succeeded in their enterprises, it was impossible that they should have proved worse rulers than the potentates whom they would have supplanted, and it is extremely likely that they would have proved much better.



E. ROYAT

Hiltbrand. sc.

LOUIS-PHILIPPE, KING OF THE FRENCH.



The whole country, from the Alps to the Faro of Messina, was in a state of great excitement, and all those secret societies which for years had been labouring to bring about a revolution, were now sanguine that the time was at length at

selves in a great measure with applauding the approaching advent of the revolution, instead of passionately and purposefully espousing its cause. Immersed in that supineness, the shame of which they were not capable of recognising, the masses were more



JERÔME BONAPARTE, KING OF WESTPHALIA, AND HIS WIFE, FRÉDÉRIQUE CATHERINE, PRINCESS OF WÜRTTEMBERG.  
(From the painting by Kinson, at Versailles.)

hand when the accomplishment of the longed-for purpose was to be achieved. The effervescence of the public mind was perhaps most active in the Romagna, where the desire for political emancipation penetrated through every rank of society. Unfortunately the people contented them-

disposed to hail the march of the liberators than to take an active and resolute part in the patriotic ranks. Leaders, moreover, were lacking, there was no unity, no guiding hand. In Bologna, Modena, Parma, and Reggio there had sprung up as many extemporary provisional governments:

not rivals one to the other, but distinct : and even deprived of the idea of combining their efforts by a foolish holding to the principle of non-intervention.

Day by day the state of Italy became more anarchical. In the streets of Rome the enthusiastic patriots shouted for "Louis Philippe, the giver of independence to the nations"; they believed, in their simplicity, that he was preparing for a crusade against the oppressed—that he would deliver Poland out of bondage, and drive the Austrians from Italian soil. It is needless to add that Louis Philippe had not the slightest intention of doing anything of the kind. What he did do, however, was to "assure the holy father, by an express message, of his protection and intervention for the maintenance of the Papal States, under the government of the Holy See." But meantime, men from the Sabine mountains, from the quarries, the marshes, and the mines began to show their fierce and rugged figures in the purlieus of Rome. Knots of conspirators gathered muttering in the public places. Among the lower classes of the multitude an inexplicable movement was discernible. The Papal government was obviously disquieted, and the death of Pius VIII. increased the effervescence among the Italian youth, in whose minds the Revolution of July, and the installation of a constitutional king in France, had engendered the idea that the time had come to strike.

The spirit of disorderly agitation was greatly intensified when one day, with an obvious and intentional significance, Prince Louis rode along the Corso with the tricolour ostentatiously displayed on his head gear and saddle-housings. The boldness of his attitude, while it stirred the patriots, gave umbrage to the authorities, both of which results the Prince probably desired. The chief of the Papal police went to Cardinal Fesch, and demanded that Prince Louis should depart from Rome, adding that a person less powerfully protected would have been arrested and sent to

prison. The Cardinal, himself concerned in revolutionary intrigues, maintained that the Prince had committed no offence, and insisted that he should not be made to leave the city. His mother was in great anxiety; she was aware that there was an extensive revolutionary conspiracy in Rome, and that the conspirators looked to her son to support and lead them.

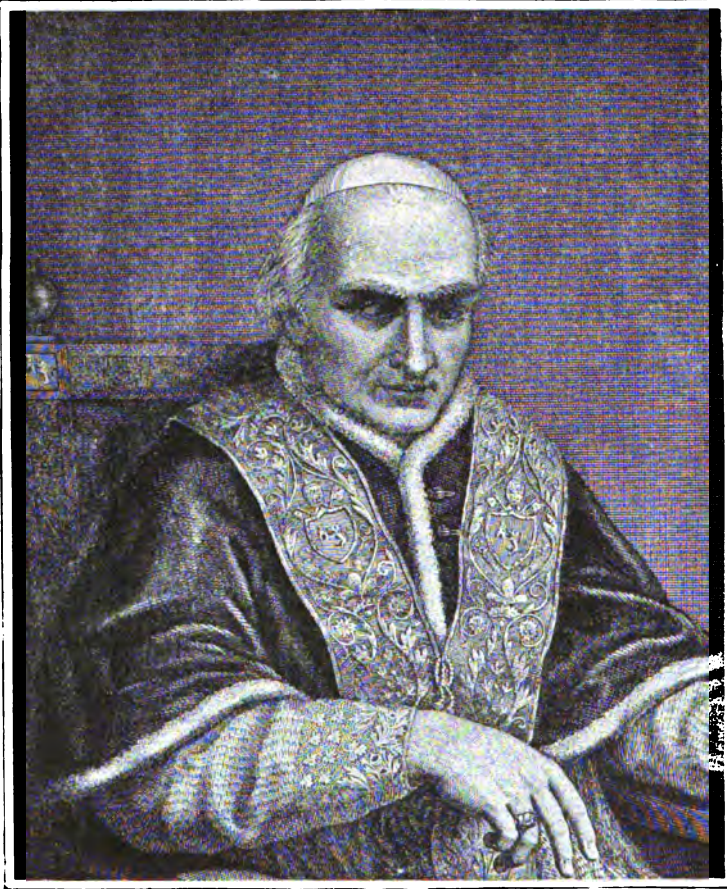
One afternoon, the chief of the Pope's guard was announced; the Palace of Hortense was surrounded, and her son was seized and carried off to the frontier of the Papal territory. In spite of her ambition on behalf of her son, she dreaded a repetition in the Eternal City of those bloody tragedies which, at the close of the previous century, had made of Paris a human shambles; and she was not sorry that Prince Louis should be removed from the impending outbreak. Maternal solicitude outweighed with Hortense all other considerations, and her mind was at rest when she learned that her sons were with their father in Florence. She wrote cautioning them to enter into no rash undertakings, and warning them that the Romagna alone was preparing to raise the standard of revolt. She was not aware till later that on 5th February, 1831, an insurrection had broken out in Bologna, and spread rapidly through all the Romagna. The tricolour had been hoisted in Perugia, Spoleto, Foligno, and Terni; the insurrection raged in the provinces of Umbria and Trasimene; Cardinal Benvenuto was a prisoner at Cosimo; Ancona surrendered to Colonels Sercognani and Armandi; and Maria Louisa fled from her states, to which the conflagration had spread. The standard of young Italy soon floated over the heights of Ottricoli, and terror reigned in the Vatican. The sons of Hortense, without her cognisance, had been fighting during most of this turbulent period. The character of the answer of the Princes to the wise and discreet letter of their mother had tranquillised the mind of Hortense, and she remained quietly in Rome, until at length, in the

beginning of March, insurrection broke out in that capital. Her sons immediately wrote to their mother imploring her to leave Rome, and after a hazardous journey she reached Florence.

The expectation that she would find her sons there was not fulfilled. A servant

reactionary movement, had gone to Florence and addressed himself to the Princes. He had appealed to the name they bore, and the young men had become devoted to the cause. A practical soldier who had studied the art of war, Prince Louis had been of especially valuable service, and he

it was who had planned the preliminary operations for a *coup de main* on Civita Castellana. Napoleon, the elder brother, with 200 men had repulsed a considerable body of Papal troops who had attempted to capture the towns of Terni and Spoleto; and Louis, with another detachment, was now preparing for the assault on Civita Castellana. Solicitude for their sons had temporarily brought together the long-estranged King Louis and Queen Hortense, and



POPE PIUS VIII.  
(From an engraving.)

of Prince Louis handed her the following letter: "Your affection will understand us. We have accepted engagements, and we cannot depart from them. The name we bear obliges us to help a suffering people who call upon us." The brothers had displayed conduct and valour. Menotti, one of the most fervent leaders of the insur-

courier after courier was sent with messages of recall to the young men. But their answer to their parents was that they were recognised by all the youth of the country as their leaders; and that they were on the eve of seizing Civita Castellana, and of delivering the prisoners who had been immured

for years in the dungeons of that place.

But jealousies and the youth of the brothers rendered it inexpedient that they should retain commands in the revolutionary army, which were placed in the more experienced hands of Generals Sercognani and Armandi. They were informed that their position threatened to become a hindrance to the national cause, and might occasion a fresh danger to the patriots in the event of failure. Content to resign command, Napoleon and Louis remained in the field, insisting in continuing to fight in the capacity of simple volunteers. But even this service was not permitted to them; and then their troubles began. It seemed that their mere presence with the revolutionists involved the brothers in danger at the hands of the neighbouring governments. The provisional government of Bologna looked askance on them. They were banned from Tuscany, and the approaching Austrians would probably accord them a short shrift, for they were excepted from the amnesty proclaimed by the army of the Emperor on entering the Papal territory. In fine, the young men were in a dan-

gerous dilemma, for Austrian troops were blockading Ancona.

It was then that the intrepid mother resolved to carry her sons into safety by an unsuspected route to an unsuspected destination. An English gentleman furnished Queen Hortense with a British passport in the name of an English lady travelling from Italy through France to England; and on March 10th she quitted Florence in search of her sons. After delays at Foligno and Perugia, she at length was informed that they had recently been seen at Forli. On the way thither, the disastrous news was brought to her that her elder son was dangerously ill, and desired ardently to see her. She hurried forward, in a state almost of delirium; but at Pesaro, she was informed that Napoleon was dead. Then, sunk in unconsciousness, she was laid on a bed in her nephew's palace, only to be roused by the arrival of Prince Louis, who threw himself on her bosom and told her that his brother had died of measles and fever in his arms. He himself was very ill. Accompanied by the whole population of Forli he had followed his brother to the grave, on the eve of the occupation of the town by the Austrians.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]





SOLOMON J. SOLOMON, A.M.A.  
(From a photo by H. P. Robinson & Sons, Redhill.)

## A CHAT WITH SOLOMON J. SOLOMON.

BY ROY COMPTON.

THERE are many routes to St. John's Wood Studios. I unfortunately choose the wrong one, and, after divers wanderings, was compelled to give myself in charge of a smart-looking Jehu, who heard the name, and said, with a smile, he know'd the gent. Then he condescended to drive me fifty yards and charge me one shilling for it, and left me at the gate of a narrow path which, with sundry windings, terminated in the porch of the doorway of Mr. Solomon J. Solomon's studio. Now that all fashionable London, and every art critic, big or little, has viewed with interest and said his say about the brilliant young artist in his new rôle as Associate of the Royal Academy, impressions and facts regarding himself and his work take a still keener colouring.

He opened the door himself, and for a few moments seemed incredulous as to

identity; but when I had assured him of my personality, he admitted me with a few pleasant words, spoken in the frank manner which is one of his chief charms. The studio was filled with works more or less finished and unfinished, whilst a space in one corner was being cleared for the panel for the interior decoration of the Royal Exchange upon which he is now engaged, and which is a representation of

Charles I. entering the Guildhall. But Mr. Solomon was not working when I arrived; he was engaged in wrestling with an overwhelming amount of correspondence and the absorbing process of making tea, a weakness to which even we of the sterner sex at times succumb. At his request I took possession of a most comfortable mediæval chair, and asked irreverent questions during the preliminary process.

"You always start your day's work with a ride



ARTHUR HACKER, ESQ., A.R.A.  
(From the portrait by S. J. Solomon, A.R.A.)

in the Park?" I queried, remembering how more than once I, on my cycle, had envied him the possession of his four-legged friend.

"Yes, winter or summer—sunshine or

varnishing day. I don't think I am ever really satisfied with my work. You see here are small sketches of wings and draperies I have been working up."

Mr Solomon. as he spoke, turned over



STUDY OF HEAD FOR "THE BIRTH OF LOVE."

rain—I go for a gallop before I come to my studio, and find it most invigorating. You see I am in my riding kit. I have not had time to change all day. I have been so busy making studies for my Academy picture 'The Birth of Love.' I have several hours' work to do to it on

the leaves of a sketch-book lying near, some of the contents of which he kindly promised to lend me for reproduction in *The Idler*.

It is curious to note what infinite pains he bestows upon the most minute details of his "creations." There are *scores* of





"SAMSON AND DELILAH."  
(From the oil painting by S. J. Solomon, A.R.A.)

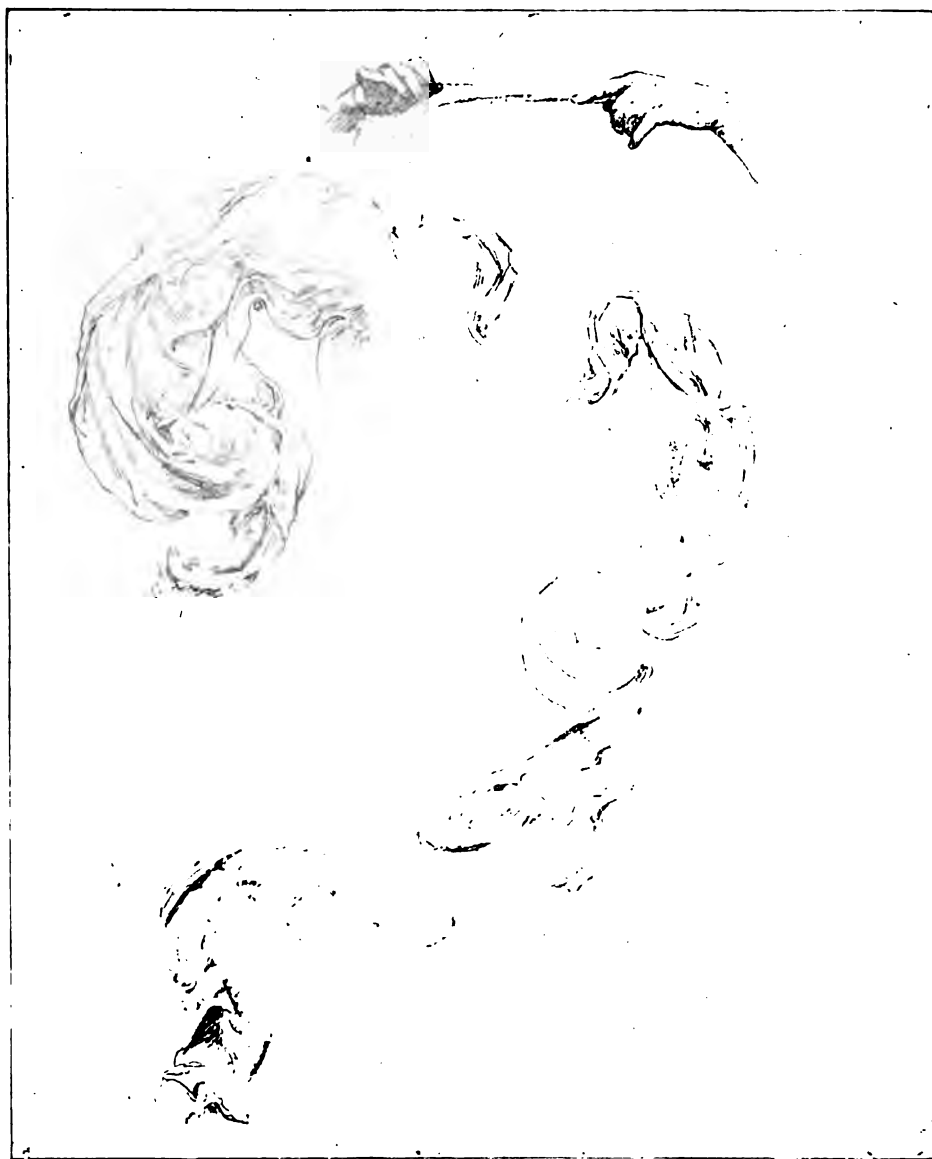


studies of "wings" which he has made for his Academy picture—whilst every little accessory has been drawn and re-drawn with extraordinary conscientiousness, and yet, after months of labour, when the picture is already at the Academy, he is not satisfied that he cannot improve it.

"Are you ever satisfied with your work?"

I naturally ask, for, looking round, I see that many of the pictures are being re-touched.

"No, I think not. That is the unsatisfactory part of art. One is always striving for an ideal one never really attains; however good a man's work may be, the public expect each year to see something better



STUDY OF DRAPERY FOR "THE BIRTH OF LOVE."



SOLOMON J. SOLOMON, A.R.A., AT WORK.  
(From a photo by H. P. Robinson & Sons, Redhill.)



STUDY IN WATER COLOUR FOR "THE BIRTH OF LOVE."



"THE BIRTH OF LOVE."  
(From the oil painting by S. J. Solomon A.R.A.)

from his brush, and it is difficult to keep out of a groove."

"But your 'Dinner Party' was a distinctly new idea after your allegorical paintings?"

"Yes, and it was an interesting one. All the men at the table are 'notables.' There is the picture yonder. It contains portraits of many notable men of to-day. Perhaps it would interest you if I could point some of them out?"

Mr. Solomon talks as he paints, and crosses over to the picture which stands in almost the centre of the studio. Around it, on the floor, are smaller studies of the same portraits, over which the artist has spent much time in trying to express exactly the most prominent characteristics of the sitters.

"It is entitled 'Your Health.' Mr. Ernest Hart is the genial host. There is Tosti; Sir Benjamin Baker; Foster; Colletson."

"Is portrait painting your *forte*?"

"Yes, I believe so, to a certain extent, as I am able to read character quickly, and have a wide knowledge of human nature. I find portrait painting a very fascinating study. It brings you in touch with so many really nice people, and gives you a more optimistic view of life. I advise all young artists to embrace this branch of art if they have any aptitude for it; although I am convinced success is only assured to those who possess the gifts of catching the little tricks of facial expression. Otherwise, however excellent the draught markings may be, the portrait will lack that life-like appearance which raises a portrait from a photograph to a picture."

"Your most successful portrait was Zangwill, was it not?"

"Yes. He is one of my most intimate friends. I believe I have some claim to call myself the foster-father of 'The Master,' as a great portion of it was written in my studio."

Close by the picture is a weird little room which excited my interest.

"Ah! That is the little room I built for Mrs. Patrick Campbell when she sat for her portrait for the fascinating character of Paula Tanqueray. I had this room, especially built in order to get the necessary effect of the footlights on Mrs. Campbell's face. All daylight was excluded, and I only worked by lamplight. I found her most delightful to paint, and a marvellously clever woman in every way. She was a sympathetic sitter, and I was, therefore, able to do her justice. Fifteen times she spared from her professional studies, to journey to my studio."

"You are fond of curious effects, are you not?"

"Yes. I am always endeavouring to work out some fresh idea of light and shade as nature ordains. I always dread the danger of working in a groove, and I consider the highest form of art is originality; and every painter, like a poet, should be allowed a certain amount of poetical licence."

"Your favourite study is the nude, is it not? Tell me how you came to paint your Academy picture, with its weird sunlight effects?"

Mr. Solomon hesitates for a moment; then he says,

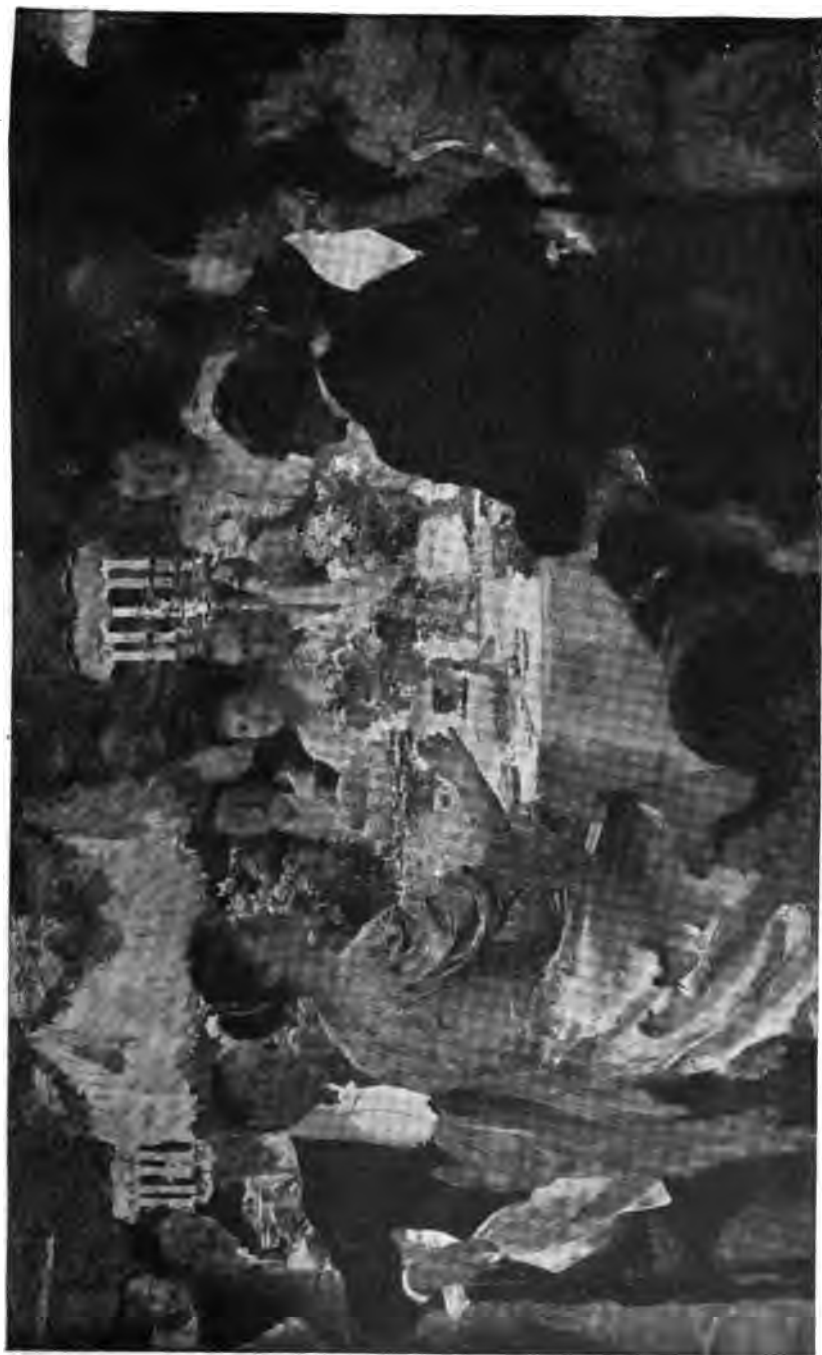
"As you are not a rival craftsman, I'll let you into the secret. I improvised a studio on the top of my house. Nothing ever deters me from making my work as true to nature as possible; therefore, I took my model and my materials on the housetop, and there I painted my picture 'The Birth of Love.'"

"Does that account for the increase in the rents in your neighbourhood?"

"No, I think not," replies Mr. Solomon with a good-natured smile. "As I had had a screen erected all round my house, only I and the dawn were the witnesses."

"How about—soot?" I remarked irrelevantly.

"Oh! that was easily eradicated by a



**"YOUR HEALTH,"**  
*(From the oil painting by S. J. Solomon, A.R.A.)*



MRS PATRICK CAMPBELL AS "THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY"  
(From the portrait by S. J. Solomon, A.R.A.)



**"ECHO AND NARCISSUS."**  
*(From the oil painting by S. J. Solomon, A.R.A.)*



handkerchief; but," added Mr. Solomon with a hearty laugh, "sometimes it did fall pretty thickly. It would be a good thing if Mrs. Grundy could be convinced that a man may paint from real love of his art without any idea of suggestion or coarseness. Nature, to a true artist, is always idealised and refined. That conviction can never be attained until the public are able to distinguish the distinct difference between nudity and nakedness. The one is beauty; the other is degradation. My great aim is always to construct, not to reproduce."

Those who have seen "The Judgment of Paris," "Echo and Narcissus," "Samson and Delilah," "Ruth and Naomi," "Niobe," &c., will agree with me that the artist is capable of wonderful originality, and realises his aspirations without the slightest touch of vulgarity.

A sharp ring at the studio bell warns me that there are others as anxious to see the new A.R.A. as myself, and that Mr. Solomon's duties are many and onerous.

"Tell me, when did you begin to study in real earnest?" I ask as I take my leave.

"In 1876, when I was sixteen years old. I joined Hatherley's well-known School of Art, Newman Street, and a year later entered the schools of the Royal Academy. From there I went to the studio of Beaux Arts in Paris, under Cabanel, who has greatly influenced my later work. Then I travelled through Germany, Holland, and Italy, and picked up a deal of valuable information in the various studios I visited. After a tour through Morocco, I returned to Cabanel's studio; and it was while I was working in Paris I exhibited in the Salon a portrait of Dr. Stevens, which met with general approval. I exhibited my first picture at Burlington House in 1886, but

it was not until five years later that I came into prominence. The picture was entitled 'Cassandra.' Perhaps you remember it. It was a colossal undertaking, and everybody thought I was far too daring for having spent more than a year over a picture that would never sell. It did sell, though, so the wiseacres were wrong for once."

Near the tea-table is a huge stand, occupying a considerable amount of space in the room.

"That stand was made especially for the horse in 'Hippolyte' to stand upon," says Mr. Solomon, anticipating my curiosity. "The picture was not a great success, but it caused me to study the anatomy of the horse thoroughly, and this knowledge may be invaluable on some future occasion."

"And your future work?"

"When my Academy canvas is out of hand I shall start on my commission from the Royal Exchange. I am going to paint the panel for the interior decoration. My subject is 'Charles I. entering the Guildhall.' I thought a scene out of English history would be more appropriate for this work than any subject of mythical lore."

I quit Mr. Solomon's studio impressed with the truth of the well-known definition of genius. The new A.R.A.'s capacity for taking infinite pains is apparent in all his work. He passes nothing that betrays any sign of slipshod workmanship, and will paint and re-paint the same thing until he attains the effect he wants.

Ambition, indomitable pluck and perseverance, and remarkable intuitive powers have had as much influence as his conspicuous abilities in raising Mr. Solomon J. Solomon to the high position in the artistic world which he now occupies.



**THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.**  
*By Frank Gillett.*

"Well, M'sieur, I must clear off. The wife's waiting up for me, and if I miss the last train I shall catch it."

# THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

BY J. F. NISBET.



EVER a season passes but a cry is raised as to the cruelty practised upon birds or beasts in the name of fashion. This year "osprey" or egret plumes have been the object of attack by the sentimentalists, who, as usual, make out a strong case against their fellow man and woman. Perhaps the case is just a trifle too strong, too complete to be entirely sound; because man, according to this showing, is not the only or even the greatest culprit, but Nature—Nature ever "red in beak and claw," or who should say (the Supreme Power which not only permits but has probably intended cruelty to be an integral fact in the universe as a going concern. The methods of the Deity impugned by the editor of *The Daily Chronicle*! That is the theme upon which I feel impelled to say a word, since it is *The Daily Chronicle* which has been foremost in the crusade against "osprey" feathers. I am writing some little time before these words will appear in print, and it may be that osprey plumes by the month of September will be a thing of the past. In matters of fashion one never knows what is going to happen, or how long a particular idea may command the vogue. But this fact is immaterial. The question of cruelty in relation to fashion is perennial. If it is not osprey feathers it is some other description of plumage or adornment that is discussed. The subject varies, but not the principle. So *The Daily Chronicle* v. the Deity may be accepted as typifying this humanitarian agitation in all its aspects.

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What is cruelty? This is the broad question which I think it necessary to consider at the very outset of the discussion; and a satisfactory answer is not so easy as at the first glance one would suppose. The smallest reflection will show that our conception of cruelty is singularly limited and partial, one might almost say capricious. I don't know whether any member of the Humanitarian League has ever practised the gentle art of impaling a live worm on a hook and throwing it into the water in the hope that some wretched fish may allow itself to be drawn out of its element by the entrails. It would be no surprise if he had; for the gentlest and most God-fearing men have been anglers. If the conscience of the professional humanitarian is easy on this score he cannot be acquitted at least of destroying life daily for the extremely selfish purpose of maintaining his own existence. That he should be a vegetarian does not alter the case. There is plant life as well as animal life, and it is only a narrow and prejudiced mind that would dare pronounce the one inferior in nobility to the other. The vegetarian who objects to bloodshed, perforce kills a cabbage for his dinner; for a cabbage is a living thing, subject like ourselves to the great law of birth and death, and accounted inferior by us only because its life is planned upon a different scale from ours. As a living entity, a cabbage is as far beyond our power of comprehension or imitative manufacture as a bullock or a sheep. It does in its way what no mere animal could do; it draws its nourishment from the soil, that is, from the constituents of the mineral kingdom, which it transforms into sub-

stances capable of being assimilated by animal life. We may prey upon the animal, or, like the animal, we may go direct to the vegetable kingdom for our food; but without the daily destruction of life, our existence is impossible. Is this cruelty?

I should define cruelty as a conception inspired by the idea of suffering in animals constituted more or less like ourselves. If the nerves of the animals exciting our interest convey different impressions from our own, our sympathy may be to a great extent misplaced—and I believe a good deal of our sympathy is misplaced—but that is neither here nor there; the mental effect remains and gives rise to our conception of cruelty. Unfortunately for the humanitarian he selects as objects of his sympathy only such animals as are similarly constituted to himself. The ill-treatment of a dog or a horse touches him keenly. Birds, by somewhat of an effort, have been brought within the pale. Fish are hardly credited with feelings, and the whole insect world is banned. Rats and mice, delicately constituted animals whose only fault is that their interests conflict with ours, receive as little consideration as fleas or cockroaches. I dare say the editor of *The Daily Chronicle*, besides using the latest insecticide to promote his personal comfort, would not hesitate to set traps for rats and mice, or lay down poison that would kill these animals by the score. Yet in point of sensibility and intelligence rats and mice stand high in the scale. I once had the privilege of calling upon a lady novelist who kept a tame rat, and who told me wonderful stories of its sagacity, which in a small way she enabled me to verify. The rat answered to its name, and although, like most of us, it did not care for strangers, it obeyed in my presence as far as it could its mistress's behests. It seemed to me to have the same degree of intelligence as a dog. I

know a journalist, member of a club to which I belong, who has tamed the mice in his chambers, and who finds them at least as intelligent as the cat. But the humanitarian does not, so far as I am aware, throw his ægis over rats and mice.

For the undeniable partiality he exhibits in his relations with other forms of life, I am not blaming the humanitarian. It is entirely natural. I have felt myself how one may be the victim of the sentiment that sways him, even in its least defensible form. Some years ago I was admitted to the demonstrations of a popular anatomist at University College, the subject of the day's experiment being the localisation of the functions of the brain of the monkey. I found the professor in his study preparing for the afternoon class. He had a chloroformed monkey in his hands of the Macaque species. Having carefully skinned one side of its head, he began chipping away its skull with a pair of pincers. The chips of bone flew all over the room, and one of them nearly caught me in the eye. My heart bled for the poor monkey which, nevertheless, I knew to be wholly insensible. After the action of its brain under the electric stimulus had been exhibited to the students, the poor animal was brought back into the study to be despatched. It was still under chloroform. It looked like a tiny wizened old man; and its poor little face was so pale, so ill, so human, that I could not repress a shudder at the sight. "Stab it," said the professor in his matter of fact way to an assistant; and as the latter took a dagger and plunged it into the monkey's heart, I felt for the moment as if murder were being done. Why? Because of the wretched animal's human likeness. That and that only! Had the professor's assistant killed a flea or a fly to order my withers would have been unwrung.

These examples serve to show how ill-

regulated a sentiment, to say the least of it, is the humanitarianism commonly professed. To an unsuspected extent, it may very well be pure self-deception. We do not know that death even when it takes the form of the slaughter of birds, seals, or other sentient things in the interests of fashion is ever the terrible crisis in the animal economy that we picture it. It is unexpected, and, as a rule, no doubt, too swift to be painful. Moreover, there is good reason to believe that the supposed pangs of a slow death are curiously modified by a beneficent nature. Livingstone, caught in the jaws of a lion, found himself dreaming of pleasant distant scenes, with a complete indifference to his danger; Whympier, rolling down a slope of the Andes that *ought* to have been his end, counted his successive shocks and bumps with a feeling akin to amusement; men who have been saved from drowning or cut down from hanging, after unconsciousness had supervened, and when consequently there was nothing more for them to feel, do not describe their last sensations as even disagreeable. And *à propos* of this, I believe a great deal of nonsense is talked in the press about the virtues of the long as compared with the short drop, the fact being that strangulation producing instant unconsciousness is practically as painless as dislocation of the neck, the true effect of which we really do not know; though probably the rupture of the spinal column means a crash of sound and flash of light to the victim, with perhaps momentary sensations of both taste and smell of a disagreeable nature.

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A favourite aversion of the sensitive in this country is fox-hunting. But, as an old proverb rightly puts it, we have never had the fox's account of the hunt. We are not without some indication of his feelings, however, and it is not favourable to the humanitarian view. The effort to escape the hounds brings all the fox's faculties, physical and mental, into healthy play, than

which there can be nothing of a more pleasurable character. Of terror he probably knows nothing. I have been assured that when hard pressed by the hounds a fox has been seen to stop and jump round playfully after his brush before starting off again on a straight run in front of his pursuers. At the worst, when caught, it is not likely that his sufferings are greater than those of Livingstone in the jaws of the lion. He is too excited by his run to feel anything, just as the soldier in the heat of battle is insensible to his wounds. It has been my lot to see more of bull-fighting in Spain than of fox-hunting in England. At the mention of a bull-fight, the English fox-hunter himself looks aghast. But after close observation of the bull-ring I am not convinced that the bull is more deserving of our pity than the fox, though the disembowelled horses may be. He has a glorious twenty minutes with the toradors. His instinct is to fight, and it is gratified to the full. The finest moment in a toro's life must be that in which he bounds into the ring, in the plenitude of health and strength, with half a dozen flaunting red rags to go for, to say nothing of the gaily-bedizened members of the *cua-drilla*. By the time that the banderilleros begin to prick his hide with their darts, his excitement has deadened him to all pain, and it is in that condition of insensibility that he meets his fate at the hands of the *matador*. The horses are, I own, in a different category. They have no excitement to sustain them. On the other hand, they are so blindfolded as never to see the bull, and when gored they cannot have the least idea of what has happened to them. Their death, then, is usually as speedy and as painless as it could be in natural course; and they are always horses, be it remembered, with whom death is overdue.

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I am aware it may be thought an ungracious task thus to hold a brief for what is termed cruelty. But it is surely

needless for us to remain under a delusion on the subject, if delusion there be; and it seems to me impossible to maintain the cruelty thesis, on the basis of current humanitarianism, without laying oneself open to the charge of gross inconsistency on the one hand, and a rather grotesque criticism of the ways of Providence on the other. To the sensitive editor of *The Daily Chronicle* it ought to be some consolation to discover that Nature is kinder in her methods than he had imagined. After all, cruelty at the worst means death, and death is the inevitable concomitant of life. No egret killed for the sake of its plumes, no fox torn to pieces by hounds, no bull pierced to the heart by a skilful spada, has inflicted upon it a fate which it would, if left to itself, escape. The victim of fashion or sport is robbed of some portion of what may be called its natural life, but life itself is of such small account in Nature's estimation that daily she sacrifices millions of lives in the germ; at which phenomenon, strange to say, the humanitarian, with his proclivity for straining at gnats and swallowing camels, looks on unmoved. It is the minutest fringe of the great mystery that he concerns himself with. The adornment of a fashionable hat with a bird's plumage is the satisfaction of an instinct, and throughout animated nature the satisfaction of an instinct on the part of one created thing is recognised as a valid death-warrant to another, or countless others. In fact, premature death, with what is supposed to be its concomitant, suffering, prevails in the world to such an extent that all the efforts of man probably could not augment or diminish the sum of it by a hair's breadth. The humanitarian who himself lives only at the cost of the daily death of countless numbers of living organisms, for there are those that he drinks and breathes, as well as those that he eats, ought, if he were true to his principles, to abstain from nourishing

his body at all, and fade out of a world that he believes to be a mistake. In accordance with what code of ethics does he pronounce immoral this or that portion of a scheme of creation of which he does not know the alphabet?

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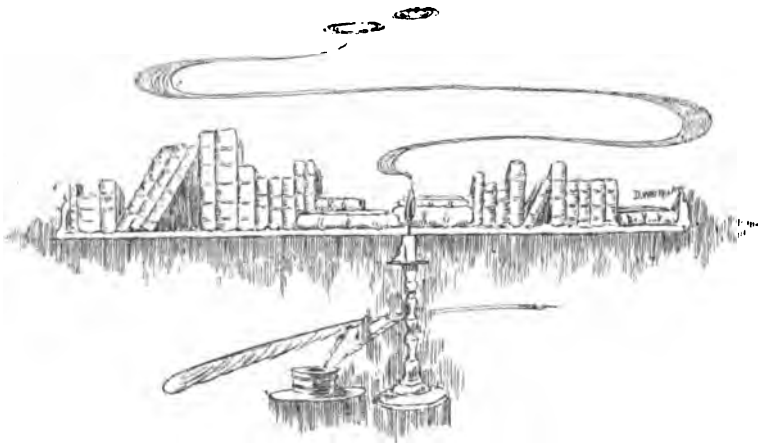
The instinct to use an animal for adornment is as natural as the instinct to use it for food, and who dare say that the one is more immoral than the other? What is this egret for whose feelings so much tender solicitude is shown? It is a species of the voracious heron family, living mostly on fish, but sparing nothing in the way of frogs, rats, mice, snakes, or *the young of other birds* that comes within its reach. Every egret spared at the instance of *The Daily Chronicle* becomes a minister of cruelty on its own account. Who shall say that the instinct which causes these fiercely predatory birds to be destroyed for the gratification of human vanity is not a factor in the maintenance of that "balance of nature" in which we discern something of the elements of human justice? In an universe which it is beyond the scope of the human intellect to understand, it behoves us at least to be humble. It is open to the humanitarian to follow the dictates of his organisation, and no one will say him nay, but in the name of modesty let him refrain from proclaiming himself either the ally or the adversary of the Almighty.

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About death, I feel strongly with the French writer, who said, "*Ce n'est pas la mort que je crains, c'est le mourir.*" It is sad to see either human being or animal struggling for a petty existence, but once death has supervened, it must be better so. Death enters so inevitably into the scheme of Nature that we must be wrong to dread it, or rather in dreading it, we must merely be the victims of that instinctive love of life which keeps the animal kingdom going. Death ought not to be,

and probably is not, more terrible than birth. The suffering that we associate with it is read into it by the living who are strong and well ; it is not often that the dying man himself longs for life ; for with the depression of the vital forces that precedes death in the natural course the very instinct to live passes away. In the case of violent death to the healthy, the shock that kills deranges the very mechanism through which alone we can perceive the nearness of our end. The

man is dead before he has realised that he is dying. In short, in whatever form it presents itself to the victim, death is so smooth and easy a process, that, on its approach, it loses all its terrors. Perhaps cruelty itself is a figment of the imagination. At all events the maudlin sentimentality which is lavished from time to time in the hysterical press upon such matters as osprey plumes, strikes me as far more vanity and pharisaism than healthy-minded humanity.





ILLUSTRATED BY LOUIS GUNNIS.

THE story is written, in outline, on a tombstone which stands in the Berlin cemetery, in unconsecrated ground. But this is all the tombstone says :—

In Memory of  
HERBERT REICHARDT,  
Born Jan. 7, 1831.  
Died Nov. 19, 1872.

The story is also written, a little more fully, in the stiff formal phrases of a certain *procès-verbal*, which was drawn up to explain and justify a duel. But even the *procès-verbal* told very little. It spoke of provocation given in a *café*. It mentioned the place and hour of the meeting ; recorded that swords were the weapons chosen, and that, at the first encounter, Herr François Walther's sword passed fatally through Herr Herbert Reichardt's body. No more than that. Reading it, one might have fancied that the writer's reticence was designed to hide a woman's secret. But one would have fancied wrongly. There was no woman in the story of the quarrel ; though, none the less, there was a something in it of which

the *procès-verbal* did not speak, a something which it seems worth while to chronicle.

It all happened in the autumn of the year 1872. The great war with France was over ; the indemnity was paid ; the Prussian soldiers had evacuated the provinces which they had held to ransom. Some time in the September of that year, François Walther, for reasons of his own, had travelled from Strasburg to Berlin, and settled there. He was an Alsatian, who had been at Nancy at the time when the famous four Uhlans rode up and summoned the city to surrender. During a great part of the German occupation he had been obliged to stay there. Afterwards, he had managed to slip through the German lines, and had joined the franc-tireurs of the Vosges, and shot down scores of Uhlans with the deadly aim of a man who has been used to stalk big game. Yet, when the peace was signed, and Alsace had become a German province, he had not emigrated, but had let himself become a German citizen. He had his reasons.



It was not a time when things were pleasant in Germany for anyone whose sympathies were French. The anniversaries of the great battles—of Woerth, and Weissenburg, and Gravelotte, and Sedan—were *fêted* one after another with noisy demonstrations which could not fail to wound a Frenchman's sensibilities. Yet there were plenty of Germans who bore no more rancour than they could help, and who abstained from undue arrogance in private life. So that the young man was not friendless at Berlin, but had plenty of acquaintances to sit and talk with in the beer gardens and the *cafés*. And one acquaintance introduced him to another until, at last, he came to know Herr Herbert Reichardt, officer in the Prussian Land-Wehr, and merchant of the City of Berlin.

François Walther lived an idle life. Beyond the fact that his manners were good, and that his family was honourable, his German friends had practically no knowledge of his affairs. Only they perceived that he was a diligent attendant at a certain school of arms, that his pistol would snuff a candle at any reasonable distance, and that, with the *épée de combat*, the fencing-master himself was not his equal. They laughed together, saying that he was making ready betimes for "La Revanche."

"It is wonderful," the fencing-master used to say, "how well these Frenchmen fence. Practice how we will, we Germans will never be a match for them."

Once again he complimented the young Alsatian on his skill.

"If ever you are challenged, Herr Walther, you will surely kill your man," he said.

"I mean to," was François Walther's curt reply.

"And what is curious is that you never practice with the foil—always with the *épée de combat*."

"Yes, it is a means to an end," the young man answered in a tone that did not encourage further questions.

That was on the morning of the 16th of November; and it was on the evening of the next day that the provocation was given in the *café*.

The talk, that night, had turned upon the duelling code of Germany. The young Alsatian had wished to know in what respect, if any, it differed from the code obeyed in France; and his companions—Herr Herbert Reichardt among the others—had enlightened him.

"Is it necessary," the young man asked, "to belong to the nobility in order to claim the right of redressing injuries by arms? Would a tradesman, for instance, have the right to send a challenge, or be under the obligation to accept one?"

The others answered, drawing a delicate distinction.

"The tradesman *quâ* tradesman has no rights which are admitted by the laws of honour. If a tradesman insults a nobleman, the nobleman will merely hand him over to the police. But it may happen that the tradesman also holds rank as an officer in either the Land-Wehr or the Land-Sturm. In that case the law of honour will forget that he is a tradesman, and, treating him as an officer, will require him to behave as one."

"And if he does not?"

All speaking at once, the Germans sketched the horrors of social outlawry which awaited such a man. Respectable houses would be closed to him; he would be excluded from the clubs; anyone might insult him with impunity. They told the story of an old professor of the University whom a Court of Honour had condemned because he had not challenged a young man who had rudely hustled him at the theatre door. Met everywhere with contumely, they said, the professor had committed suicide. It was exaggerated, as such talk in *cafés* mostly is; but, none the less, there was more than a germ of truth in it.

The Alsatian asked another question.

What was the nature of the insult which, among equals, could only be avenged by an appeal to arms?

"I suppose," he said, "a blow is an insult of that character?"

The others assented; and Herr Herbert Reichardt added, as with a touch of personal pride:

"In the case of an officer, the blow need not be actually struck. It is enough to touch an officer upon the shoulder, in the place where his epaulettes would be, and give him to understand that an insult is intended."

"You mean to say that if I were to rise from my place and slap you on the shoulder, calling you an abusive name, you would have no alternative but to call me out?"

"Unless you apologised I should certainly have no alternative," the Berliner chuckled.

"You are quite sure of that?"

"Quite sure."

The young man sprang from his seat, and the German merchant felt a heavy hand upon his arm, and the words "*Je vous gifle*," hissed in his ear.

He laughed, and the other men at the table laughed too. The joke was in bad taste. No doubt the young man had been drinking more Rhine wine than was good for him. He would be sorry in the morning. Meanwhile it was kinder to take his jesting in good part—the more so, perhaps, since he snuffed candles at twenty paces, and had sometimes disarmed the fencing-master.

For all the evidence, it was hard to believe the insult seriously meant. The thing was so opposed to the everyday experience of their lives. In theory, these smug prosperous Berlin merchants might be proud of their right to avenge themselves like officers and gentlemen. In practice they never had any quarrels on their hands which could not be better settled in the Law Courts. They could not understand this fiery young Alsatian, who first lured

them on to boast about their duels, and then required that they should make good their words. They tried to calm him.

"When one is received politely in Berlin," they said, "one has no right to behave as though one were always thinking of the Revanche."

But François Walther waved his hand and silenced them.

"Sit down, gentlemen," he said. "As a German citizen, I have no business with the Revanche; and, in any case, I know better than to try to avenge the wrongs of a nation on an individual. But I have business with Herr Reichardt, and the things I have to say to him had better be said in public."

A hush followed on his words, and the Alsatian turned to the Berlin merchant, and in tones of studied insolence continued:

"It seems, sir, that you have no disposition to resent my blow unless I first explain the reason why I struck you."

Herr Herbert Reichardt tried to laugh again; but the laugh sounded strangely in the silence which the curiosity of everyone within ear-shot of the table had produced. When François Walther resumed, there was an emotion in his voice which none of them had ever heard in it before.

"Herr Herbert Reichardt," he said, "you are an officer of the Prussian Land-Wehr. As an officer in the Prussian Land-Wehr, you served in the war which resulted in the humiliation of my unhappy country. Am I not right?"

The Berlin merchant nodded, the others wondered. If there were no question of the Revanche what could this speech be leading up to?

"You were a lieutenant in one of the regiments stationed at Nancy during the Prussian occupation of Lorraine?"

The Berliner nodded again, but with a puzzled look upon his face. Think how he might, he could not imagine what was coming next.

"And now, Lieutenant Reichardt, be



HAVE I INSULTED YOU ENOUGH ?

good enough to throw your memory back. Try to remember a certain morning in November, just two years ago to-day. You were angry that morning, because a certain French soldier—a prisoner of war,—not seeing you pass neglected to salute you; and you struck him with your hand upon the face. You have the idea—you Prussians—that the blow of an officer is no insult to the common soldier. This common soldier thought differently, and he struck back. By your iron discipline, the punishment for that is death; and that same evening that soldier was shot, by your orders, in the prison-yard. Do you remember the incident, Lieutenant Reichardt?"

Herr Herbert Reichardt shook his head.

"One is only too glad to forget the horrors of war in time of peace," he said; and his tones were clearly meant to be conciliatory. But the young Alsatian was in no mood to be conciliated.

"You do not remember?" he repeated. "No. Why should you? But I remember. I have good reason to remember. For the man who was thus foully murdered by your orders was my brother."

The other tried to interject a word of protest, but he was not heard. The eyes of the Alsatian flashed, and the words flowed in an angry torrent from his lips.

"Yes, Lieutenant Reichardt, he was my brother. Does it surprise you that, when I heard the story of his death, I vowed that I would hunt down his murderer until I found him? I think not. It took me two years to find him; but now I have found him, and have struck him,

just as he struck my brother, and I find him such a coward that he does not dare to resent my blow."

Again there was a pause. Lieutenant Reichardt was trying to collect his dazed thoughts—trying to transform himself once more from the prosperous Berlin merchant to the truculent Prussian soldier. He felt like a man with a double personality. It seemed so cruel that the soldier's brutality should be avenged on the merchant's head.

He would have given worlds for a sense of justice to sustain him in this quarrel that was being forced on him. But he had none. He could not doubt that, as a soldier, he had done many things of which, as a merchant, he did not approve.

But while he pondered, François Walther spoke the final word which stung him into self-respect.

"Have I insulted you enough? or is it necessary to spit in a Prussian officer's face before he will consider himself affronted?"

And then at last the officer asserted himself, and the merchant was forgotten. His face was pale, but he spoke calmly:

"You need not frighten yourself, sir," he said. "Be good enough to give me your card, and my friends shall wait on you before the morning."

But he said it with the full knowledge that he was sentencing himself to a death as certain as that to which he had condemned the French soldier in the Nancy prison.

And the rest of the story is rightly written in outline on the tombstone, and more fully in the stiff phrases of the *procès verbal*.





## WANDERINGS IN BOOKLAND.

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

TO please oneself is one of the first conditions of being a real writer—as opposed to being a popular novelist. On this principle Mr. Max Beerbohm is self-confessed a great writer. In the epilogue to his *Works* (Lane) he confesses that he is self-satisfied, “self-scanned; self-honoured, self-secure.” As the Americans say, he “allows” that he is a classic. There is no need, he feels, for him to write any more. Like Mr. Patmore, in a memorable preface, he has completed the work, attained the goal he set before him. “Once,” he says, “in the delusion that Art, loving the recluse would make his life happy, I wrote a little for a yellow quarterly, and had that *succès de fiasco* which is always given to a young writer of talent. But the stress of creation, soon overwhelmed me. Only Art with a capital H gives any consolation to her henchmen. And I, who crave no knighthood, shall write no more. I shall write no more. Already I feel myself to be a trifle outmoded. I belong to the Beardsley period. Younger men, with months of activity before them, with fresher schemes and notions, with newer enthusiasm, have pressed forward since then. *Cedo junioribus*. Indeed, I stand aside with no regret. For to be outmoded is to be a classic if

one has written well. I have acceded to the hierarchy of good scribes, and rather like my niche.”

Mr. Beerbohm, as we all know, is one of the youngest apostles of pose, a poet of dandies, and an evangelist of artifice. He is likewise an apologist of discredited kings, and a true believer in himself. More than all these, he can *write*—which, I once more beg to reiterate (at the risk of wearisomeness), is the first condition of being a writer. I am not a dandy. God has not given me the natural grace or distinction that go to the exquisite creation of a Brummell or a Beerbohm (so much that is interesting begins with B); all the more can I appreciate Mr. Beerbohm’s great dream of Brummell, the Messiah of dandies, and his other great dream of the perfect costume. This second dream is of a dress that will not only express the personality of its wearer, but will change with every changing mood of his soul. Mr. Beerbohm naturally despaired of ever discovering it, but one morning, near Half Moon Street, he met a friend who asked him to accompany him to his club to watch for the results of the racing at Goodwood:—

“This club includes hardly any member who is not a devotee of the turf, so that

when we entered it the cloak-room displayed long rows of unburdened pegs, save where one hat shone. None but that illustrious dandy, Lord X., wears quite so broad a brim as this hat had. I said that Lord X. must be in the club.

"‘I conceive he is too nervous to be on the course,’ said my friend. ‘They say he has plunged up to the hilt on to-day’s running.’

"His Lordship was indeed there, fingering feverishly the sinuous ribands of the tape-machine. I sat at a little distance watching him. Two results straggled forth within an hour, and, at the second of these, I saw with wonder Lord X.’s linen actually flush for a moment and then turn deadly pale. I looked again, and saw that his boots had lost their lustre. Drawing nearer I found that grey hairs had begun to show themselves in his raven coat. It was very painful, and yet to me, very gratifying. In the cloak-room, when I went for my own hat and cane, there was the hat with the broad brim, and (lo!) over its iron-blue surface little furrows had been ploughed by despair."

One of the most charming passages in Mr. Beerbohm’s book is this description of a Roman lady’s toilette:—

"The slave-girls have long been chafing their white feet upon the marble floor. They stand, those timid Greek girls, marshalled in little battalions. Each has her appointed task, and all kneel in welcome as Sabina stalks, ugly and frowning, to the toilet chair. Scaphion steps forth from among them, and, dipping a tiny sponge in a bowl of hot milk, passes it lightly, ever so lightly, over her mistress’s face. The Poppæan pastes melt beneath it like snow. A cooling lotion is poured over her brow, and is fanned with feathers. Phiale comes after, a clever girl, captured in some sea-skirmish on the Ægean. In her left hand she holds the ivory box wherein are the phucus and that white powder, psimythium; in her right a sheaf of slim brushes. With how

sure a touch does she mingle the colours, and in what sweet proportion blushes and blanches her lady’s upturned face. Phiale is the cleverest of all the slaves. Now Calamis dips her quill in a certain powder that floats, liquid and sable, in the hollow of her palm. Standing upon tip-toe, with her lips parted, she traces the arch of the eyebrows. The slaves whisper loudly of their lady’s beauty, and two of them hold up a mirror to her. Yes, the eyebrows are rightly arched. But why does Psecas abase herself? She is craving leave to powder Sabina’s hair with a fine new powder. It is made of the grated rind of the cedar-tree, and a Gallic perfumer, whose stall is near the Circus, gave it to her for a kiss. No lady in Rome knows of it. And so, when four special slaves have piled up the head-dress, out of a perforated box this glistening powder is showered. Into every little brown ringlet it enters, till Sabina’s hair seems like a pile of gold coins. Lest the breezes send it flying, the girls lay the powder with sprinkled attar. Soon Sabina will start for the Temple of Cybele."

It is evident that everybody interested in the evolution of modern prose will keep their eyes on Mr. Beerbohm. Also, of course, Mrs. Meynell, who, having entitled her first volume of essays *The Rhythm of Life*, naturally entitles the second *The Colour of Life* (Lane). Do you ask, you who may have deemed and rejoiced that life has many colours, what is the correct colour it should wear? Read then that "the true colour of life is not red."

"Red has been praised for its nobility as the colour of life. But the true colour of life is not red. Red is the colour of violence, or of life broken open, edited and published. Or if red is indeed the colour of life, it is so only on condition that it is not seen. Once fully visible, red is the colour of life violated, and in the act of betrayal and of waste. Red is the secret of life, and not the manifestation

thereof. It is one of the things the value of which is secrecy, one of the talents that are to be hidden in a napkin. The true colour of life is the colour of the body, the colour of the covered red, the implicit and not explicit red of the living heart and the pulses. It is the modest colour of the unpublished blood.

"So bright, so light, so soft, so mingled, the gentle colour of life is outdone by all the colours of the world. Its very beauty is that it is white, but less white than milk; brown, but less brown than earth; red, but less red than sunset or dawn. It is lucid, but less lucid than the colour of lilies. It has the hint of gold that is in all fine colour; but in her latitudes the hint is almost elusive. Under Sicilian skies, indeed, it is deeper than old ivory; but under the misty blue of the English zenith, and the warm grey of the London horizon, it is as delicately flushed as the paler wild roses, out to their utmost, flat as stars, in the hedges of the end of June."

I confess that to me, though the fancy in this passage is ingenious, and the words well-chosen, neither the fancy nor the words seem of sufficient importance to compensate one for the paucity of tangible meaning it contains. I like Mrs. Meynell on Eleanora Duse. She cleverly notes in Duse "that affinity with the peasant which remains with the great ladies of the old civilisation of Italy," and here is a passage crowded with perceptions:—

"I have spoken of this actress's nationality and of her womanhood together. They are inseparable. Nature is the only authentic art of the stage, and the Italian woman is natural; none other so natural and so justified by her nature as Eleanora Duse; but all, as far as their nature goes, natural. Moreover, they are women freer than other Europeans from the minor vanities. Has anyone yet fully understood how her liberty in this respect gives to the art of Signora Duse room and action? Her countrywomen have no anxious vanities, because,

for one reason, they are generally 'sculpturesque,' and are very little altered by mere accidents of dress or arrangement. Such as they are, they are so once for all; whereas, the turn of a curl makes all the difference with women of less grave physique. Italians are not uneasy."

Mrs. Meynell's literary power is marked by subtlety and distinction, but it suffers from anæmia, superciliousness, and lack of sympathy. Also, she says too much in too short a space. Compression is a virtue up to a point, after that it is a cramp. She doesn't allow herself room, as Nietzsche says, for the beating of her heart. The corset of her style is too tightly laced. Mrs. Meynell's essays are, so to say, intellectual "tabloids," which will take a good deal of dissolving by some readers. I wish she could add to her many gifts something of the expansiveness of Mr. Traill's entertaining sketches in his new book *From Cairo to the Soudan Frontier* (Lane). It is, above all, a "bright" book, bright in the best sense—without descending to the groundlings, or ascending to the gallery. Of its accuracy as a description of Oriental life, others better qualified must judge; I can only speak of its fascination. Here is Mr. Traill's analysis of the colour-scheme of a Cairene crowd:—

"Nature herself, in compounding the pigments for these swarthy skins, has entered into a decorative conspiracy with man. Considered merely as an arrangement in browns, the faces of a Cairene crowd are a study in themselves. Between the light *café-au-lait* colour of the half-Westernised Levantine and the blue-black negroid from Abyssinia or the Soudan, there are well-nigh half a dozen different shades distinguishable to the attentive eye. The *café-au-lait* changes to chocolate, the chocolate to a kind of *café noir*, the kind that you complain of on grounds of defective strength; and this, again, to the kind that you complain of on the strength of excessive grounds. Then comes the

lustreless jet, as of the unpolished boot; and then—last and lowest note of the gamut, the lower C, so to speak, in the descending scale of colour—comes that deep glossy ebony, which might drive all the blacking manufacturers in the world to the despairing confession that, whatever a certain fashionable paradoxist of the day may say to the contrary, Nature is, here, at any rate, superior to art."

Just now I followed the fashion and quoted Nietzsche. This was the result of my reading two volumes of the English translation of that much discussed philosopher, which Messrs. Henry & Co. are publishing under the editorship of Dr. Alexander Tille. The publishers have adopted the curious plan of issuing the later works first—that is, the books nearest to that final catastrophe of Nietzsche's mind which the vulgarly "sane" Nordau has brayed abroad. The edition is to be complete in eleven volumes, and volumes eleven and eight have recently been issued. Volume XI. contains the "maddest" of all Nietzsche's writings: *The Case of Wagner*, *Nietzsche contra Wagner*, *The Twilight of the Idols*, and *The Antichrist*. Nietzsche began as a devoted Wagnerian, as he himself confesses, but as Wagner grew away from the heroic paganism of his earlier work, and turned to Christian mysticism for his themes, Nietzsche became estranged from him, and finally assumed the attitude of a repudiation whole-hearted as his previous discipleship. "What ye hear is *Rome*," he exclaimed,—"*Rome's faith without expression*"; and Christian ethics and æsthetics were in Nietzsche's eyes a form of decadence from what he considered the nobler, more masculine, morality of the old pagan world. So strong was this Anti-Christian conviction of his that he came to regard himself as a sort of modern Anti-Christ, and his last printed words before his madness are a foaming denunciation of Christianity, which he calls "the one great

curse, the one great intrinsic depravity . . . the one immortal blemish of mankind." Its gospel of pity seemed to him, a worshipper of the strong and beautiful, a dandling of weakness, which he would say it is right and proper should go to the wall—that the race may grow stronger and more beautiful by the selection and cultivation of its finest types.

In this Volume XI. there are many expressions of that egomania which is ever one of the most pronounced signs of mental trouble. In one place we read: "I have given to mankind the profoundest book it possesses, my *Zarathustra*"; and, at all events, *Thus Spake Zarathustra* (Vol. VIII.) is certainly one of the most brilliant and picturesque books in the history of philosophy—though it seems to me that its profundity may be over-rated, and has at least been anticipated. Anyone attracted to Nietzsche by the hope of *newness* of philosophical conceptions will certainly be disappointed—for his chief doctrines, such as the doctrine of "beyond-man" (the familiar gospel of living for the good of the coming race), and the doctrine of the sacredness of physical life, the blessedness of mere earthly existence, are already in the blood and bones of two generations of Englishmen reared on Darwin, Spencer, and Whitman. This does not prevent Nietzsche from trumpeting his utterances with the most oracular pomposity, as if the world had never before heard the like; but this again is not to say that his book is not an exceedingly fine one, for all that. For philosophical wit and aphoristic brilliancy, as also for its frequent great beauty of phrase and fancy, it is certainly unsurpassed by any book of its kind. It belongs, indeed, rather to poetry or *penste* literature than to philosophy. Its form is modelled on the old Oriental sacred books, a *mélange* of parables and discourses, with the connecting thread that they are supposed to be spoken by a great mythical philosopher,



Zarathustra (the name only being borrowed from Zoroaster), who occasionally leaves the cave of his contemplation to bring his hoarded philosophy to market among men. I have no space to give any example of his parables, which are only occasionally happy, but these phrases taken at random will give some idea of the aphoristic riches of the book—a book considered by Nietzsche's admirers as the crown of his work.

Democracy is "the idolatry of the superfluous." Nietzsche is fiercely aristocratic, and "the Staté" is to him "the coldest of all cold monsters."

"Once spirit was God," he says, "then it became man, and now it is becoming mob."

On woman he is as misogynistic as Schopenhauer, one of his discarded masters. He regards her merely as the mother and the plaything.

"Two things are wanted by the true man, danger and play. Therefore he seeketh woman as the most dangerous toy."

But his philosophy of woman finds its most cynical expression in the phrase, "Thou goest to women. *Remember thy whip!*"

However, I have accidentally gathered some of his bitterest fruits; and there is much that is lovely and tender better worth quoting; for it is true what he says of himself: "I am a forest in a night of dark trees, but he who is not afraid of my darkness findeth the banks full of roses under my cypresses."

Here are some of the roses:—

"I tell you, one must have chaos within to enable one to give birth to a dancing star."

"Since man came into existence he hath had too little joy. That alone, my brethren, is our original sin."

"Let a ray of starlight shine in your love."

"Thus willeth the tribe of noble souls, they wish not to have anything *for nothing*, least of all life."

"The heart of earth is of gold."

"Not yet had he learnt laughter and beauty."

"Night it is; now talk louder all springing wells. And my soul is a springing well."

"Night it is; only now all songs of the loving awake. And my soul is the song of a loving one."

"All good things laugh."

"Yonder are the graves of my youth. Thither will I carry an evergreen wreath of life. . . ."

"From your direction, my dearest dead ones, a sweet odour cometh unto me, an odour setting free heart and tears. . . ."

"Still I am the richest, and he who is to be envied most—I, the loneliest! For I *have had* you, and ye have me still. Say, for whom as for me have such rose apples fallen from the tree?"

"Still I am the heir and soil of your love, flourishing in memory of you with many-coloured, wild-growing virtues, O ye dearest!"

It is not so much for the originality of his thoughts—what thoughts merely as thought are original?—as for their pointed and passionate expression that Nietzsche is to be read. Certainly he is one of the greatest poet-wits that philosophy has inspired.

Dr. Tille's translation seems admirably done. It reads more like an original, and some of the most beautiful passages could not be more beautiful in any language. But it is a pity that he could not have found some more graceful substitute for the ugly word "Beyond-man." A word of praise is due to Messrs. Henry & Co.'s simple and stately format, which makes Nietzsche much easier reading than he might otherwise have been.

# THE HORRORS OF LONDON.

BY ALLEN UPWARD.

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST GOODWIN.

## VIII.—WATERLOO.



HERE is no place in Europe which has been more lied about than Waterloo. To begin with, it is not in Belgium at all. It is in London, within five minutes' walk of the bridge named after it.

The popular belief that this place is near Brussels is doubtless due to the unscrupulous tactics of the railway companies running to the east coast. They want to divert the tourist traffic to their lines to Harwich or Queenborough, and hence they have bribed the authors of the cheap school histories—notoriously an impecunious class—to deceive the public in this matter. Bold advertising has done the rest. To this day there are thousands of ignorant persons from the provinces who travel to Ostend in search of a spot which any cabman in London would take them to for a sovereign.

It may be asked why the directors of the London and South-Western Railway make no effort to combat these misrepresentations. But the fact is that they welcome them. It is an open secret that they do not care for traffic on their line. It is part of their policy to discourage it, for fear of wearing out their rolling stock. They do not like to subject their valuable old carriages to the rough usage of a horde of common passengers. These choice antiques demand care. The directors of this railway would be only too glad if the situation of their terminus were even more unknown than it is. They are said to be contemplating the promotion of a bill in Parliament to impose a fine of

forty shillings on every passenger using their trains.

But it is not merely the situation of Waterloo which has been made the subject of widespread falsehood. The accounts of the celebrated struggle between Napoleon and Wellington, which have crept into the popular history books, are garbled in the extreme. The whole affair has been magnified and distorted out of recognition. The real facts are simple enough, as the briefest statement of them will convince any intelligent mind.

In the first place it is quite untrue to describe Napoleon as having been on horseback on this occasion. He arrived on the scene of action in an ordinary hansom cab; and, instead of being, as has been absurdly represented, in charge of a military excursion to Brussels, he was, of course, an ordinary passenger on his way to Wimbledon.

The Duke of Wellington, on the other hand, as the books of the company will show, was at that time Chairman of the Board, in which capacity it naturally became his duty to frustrate, if possible, Napoleon's daring and ill-advised design.

Allowing for these differences, the confused accounts which have been written of the engagement at once become clear, and their contradictions can easily be reconciled. Strip the narrative in Thiers of its extravagances, and it corresponds substantially with the facts. The five charges, as he calls them in his inflated diction, represent, of course, the five attempts made by Napoleon to force his way on to as many different platforms,



HE ARRIVED ON THE SCENE OF ACTION IN AN ORDINARY HANSON CAB.

from which he imagined that the Wimbledon train was about to start.

In the same way the lurid description of La Haye Sainte really applies to the booking-office, by which the invader was baffled during the first part of the day. And Hougoumont is probably intended for the bridge, defended by a picked corps of inspectors, who thrice defeated his attempts to pass from one part of the station to the other.

One of the most obscure points in the story, as related in these lying histories, is the conduct of Grouchy. The whole difficulty disappears when it is understood that Grouchy was simply Napoleon's valet, whom he had sent on in advance with the luggage in a four-wheeler, and whose failure to discover his master on the ground proved one main cause of the latter's ultimate defeat.

The steady courage shown by Wellington in resisting the frantic efforts of his adversary has been deservedly praised. It will be remembered how he held on, hoping against hope for the appearance of the general manager—general, the histories call him—Blucher, who, by the way, was not a Prussian but a Polish Jew, and lived in Battersea.

Blucher had been detained, in consequence of a check received at the hands of a Sunday School excursion, which forced its way into a train for Clapham Junction; and when he came up the gallant ticket examiners in charge of the platform-gates had just given way before the last desperate attack of Napoleon, who had succeeded in carrying the platform by storm.

It was at this crisis that Wellington, whose eagle eye had watched the varying fortunes of the day from Messrs. Smith & Son's bookstall, perceived that the only chance left was to despatch the train before Napoleon had time to get to the smoking carriage at which he was charging. Hence his celebrated command, the utterance of which has been

challenged as a myth, but which is really one of the most authentic incidents in the narrative, though the precise words used have been variously represented, "Up, guard, and drat him!"

This famous order sealed the fate of the luckless Napoleon, who, seeing his last hope gone, flung himself into his cab, crying out in despair the name of the hotel he had left that morning. This hotel, whose name was so strangely muddled by the reporters, was not the *Sauve-Qui-Peut*, but the *Savoy*. It is still in existence, almost over-looking the field, and is extensively patronised by Frenchmen to the present day.

In spite of the eighty years which have rolled away since then, no one who visits the scene of Wellington's victory can fail to realise the truth of the foregoing description. Indeed, the strategy of that great man has been practised by his successors ever since, with admirable success.

But military science has made great strides since Wellington's time. It is doubtful whether the present directors are sufficiently alive to this, and whether they realise that the weapons with which they have armed the defenders of their lines are becoming obsolete. If they were roused to a sense of their peril, they would probably see the wisdom of supplementing the punches and nippers at present in use with a few Winchesters and revolvers. Much might also be done in the way of strengthening their outer defences. The approaches might be blocked with *chevaux-de-frise*, and commanded by rifle-pits.

The fact is, the directors have trusted too much to cunning, and not enough to force. They have borrowed hints from the Maze at Hampton Court, and they fancy they are secure from intrusion. But it has been well said that the human mind can construct no puzzle too intricate for the human mind to solve. Some day the directors may be made to understand this bitter truth.

# FOOTE'S CATORIUM.

BY W. L. ALDEN.

ILLUSTRATED BY D. B. WATERS.



“DID I know Sam Foote? (said the bar-keeper). Well! I should smile! Why I knew Sam from the time that he was three years old. We were like two brothers. There wasn't hardly a day that we didn't fight, and I'm free to say that Sam generally had the best of it. I was his best man, as you might say, the first time he was divorced. I sat alongside of him in the court-room, and sort of braced him up, and after the thing was over I had him and his late lady to a bang-up divorce supper, and I never saw two people enjoy a supper more than they did. Sam was a white man all the way through, but he wasn't a practical man. He was full of ideas, but they were all bad, or at any rate they turned out bad when he tried to carry them out. Did ever you hear about his Catorium? It was a good scheme in some respects, but Sam made a most everlasting muddle of it.

He was living in Chicago at the time, not two blocks from here, and one day he came to me and says, “I've struck it this time. Before the year is out I shall be a rich man, and you and I will take a trip to Yurup at my expense, and call on every king and emperor in the business.”

“What's your little game?” says I. “Is it anything that you want to keep quiet?”

“Not at all,” says he, “and if it was I could trust you. Here's the whole scheme, and I don't think that you or anybody else will say that it aint practical.

“I've been looking into the statistics of Chicago lately, and I calculate that there

are on an average five thousand families that go into the country every summer from the first of July till the first of October. Now it is safe to say that at least three-fourths of these families keep a cat, and most of them think a heap of it. What troubles them is how to dispose of their cats while they are in the country. They can't leave the cats to starve, and they can't take them with them. The consequence is that when a family owning a pet cat goes into the country, somebody has got to be left behind in the house to look after the cat. Of course this costs money, and is a risk besides, for when you leave a caretaker in your house you can never feel sure that the caretaker won't invite every burglar in Chicago to supper the first night you are out of town. My own idea is that, besides these five thousand families that go into the country, there are at least a thousand more that stay at home all summer, just because they can't make up their minds to leave their cats behind them.”

“I aint denying what you say,” said I, “but I don't see yet how you are going to make money out of cats.”

“It's this way,” says Sam; “I'm going to open a Catorium, where cats will be boarded during the summer months.”

“Where did you get that name?” says I.

“I got it in the Zoological Garden. The place where they keep the carnivorous animals is called the Carnivorium. Similarly a place where cats are kept ought to be called a Catorium. There is nothing like giving a thing a scientific

name. People will send cats to a Catorium who wouldn't dream of sending them to a plain Cat's Home.

"What I mean to do is this. I've hired the old skating-rink in Three-hundred-and-First Street—the one that has been condemned by the authorities, and is to be torn down next spring. I've got it for six months at a rent of fifty dollars, and it will hold a good two thousand cats. I'm going to advertise in all the papers that I'll take cats to board at the rate of fifty cents a week, and give them the best of care.

"Cats supplied with Pure Milk and Wholesome Meat! Mice for Mental Relaxation, and Sparrows for Sport! Morals strictly attended to! Make your Holidays successful by making your Cats Happy!" That's the way the advertisement reads, and I think it's about as attractive as any advertisement you ever came across.

"Now there isn't the least doubt that out of the five or six thousand families that want to go into the country for the summer, at least a thousand will jump at the chance of leaving their cats at the Catorium. Suppose that I get only five hundred cats, and that on an average they stay with me eight weeks. Five hundred cats for eight weeks at fifty cents a week is two thousand dollars. Say that my expenses are, all told, two hundred and fifty dollars, and as I make the calculation they can't possibly be more than that, I shall then have fifteen hundred dollars clear profit. The second year I shan't have less than two thousand cats, and shall clear at least six thousand dollars. I tell you that my Catorium is the biggest business scheme of the century, and it won't be very long before the papers will be full of paragraphs about the 'Hon. Samuel Foote, the eminent Chicago millionaire.' You come round to the Catorium when I get it in full swing, and you'll see that I have been telling you the exact truth."

I didn't think much of Sam's schemes as a general thing, but it really looked as if this time he had struck a good idea, and I took a good deal of interest in his Catorium. He spent about a hundred dollars fitting up the old rink for the reception of his boarders. Along the sides of the place he had a thousand small bunks, for all the world like the bunks in a steamer's cabin, and every one had its number painted over it. The floor of the rink was covered with asphalt, and was in middling good condition; but the walls were full of rat holes, and Sam stocked the place with five hundred mice and two hundred and fifty big rats. Down the middle of the rink he had a trough which he calculated to fill with milk every morning; and on the rafters in the roof there was a big colony of sparrows, which Sam introduced, so as to furnish the cats with healthy recreation.

The day the Catorium opened I was there to see how the thing worked. Sam sat in a little office, like the ticket office of a railroad station, and took in his cats through the window, giving a handsome printed receipt for them. He had got hold of a book of forms such as they use at the Police-station, and he filled one of these forms out whenever he received a cat. For instance, he took in a tabby cat from a friend of mine, and the receipt read, "Name, Thomas G. Thurman; age, two years; residence, Number 10, Lake Avenue; occupation, general house cat; religion, unknown; number of cell, 157." This gave the affair a mighty serious and business-like aspect, and people who brought their cats were so much pleased with their receipt that they went away full of admiration of Sam's business talent.

The Catorium opened at eight o'clock, and by nine o'clock the stream of cats that was pouring in was amazing. People stood in a long line with their cats in their arms, waiting to hand them over to Sam. Just as fast as he could make out his receipts

he took his cats in through the window, and handed them to his assistant, at the same time singing out the number of the bunk assigned to each cat. The assistant stowed the cats away in their respective bunks according to instructions, and he

had really struck a good thing ; and so he had, only he slipped up in managing it. His first mistake was in not taking pay for his cats in advance, and his next mistake was in supposing that any cat would be willing to stay in its proper bunk. If you know



"JUST AS FAST AS HE COULD MAKE OUT HIS RECEIPTS HE TOOK HIS CATS IN THROUGH THE WINDOW."

and Sam were about the two busiest men in Chicago. By noon Sam had taken in five hundred and seventy odd cats ; and in the course of the week more cats kept trickling in, till, according to Sam's figures, he had pretty near seven hundred, not counting unexpected kittens.

As I said, my first idea was that Sam

anything about cats, you know that a cat is the most conceited animal on earth. You can put a cat in the best arm-chair in the house, but you can't make the cat stay there. She or he, as the case may be, will say, "I don't let no man select no chair for me," and with that the cat will take another chair, and, as a rule, will

always take just the identical one that you want for yourself. Sam, not being intimate with cats, and, considering all the bunks were just alike, supposed that the cats would be contented to stay where they were put; but there wasn't one of them who didn't change his or her bunk the minute Sam's assistant had turned his back. The consequence was that those cats were so everlastingly mixed up that the smartest old maid that ever lived couldn't have identified her own animal.

What with good food, and no end of mice to catch, and lots of sparrows to swear at, Sam's cats had a bang up time. Of course considerable fighting went on, especially at night; and there were times when two tom cats would start a difficulty, and the rest would join in, and there would be a pile of cats about six feet high, swearing, and biting, and kicking till the whole place was full of flying fur, and Sam would have to go in and cool them off with buckets of cold water. However, it wasn't often that anyone was killed; and there wasn't any sickness to speak of among the cats. What discouraged Sam a little was the avalanche of kittens that begun almost as soon as the Catorium was opened. In the course of the first four weeks a hundred and fifty or sixty kittens made their appearance, and Sam considered that this was playing it low down on him. You see he couldn't let the kittens die, and he knew that he couldn't charge board for them; they never having been entered on his books and receipted for. I told him that he ought to consider the kittens as a sort of interest on his investment in cats, and that by fair rights the kittens were his property. But this didn't satisfy him, he not having any use for kittens, and knowing well that the market was so overstocked that kittens wouldn't fetch ten cents a gross.

Along towards the first of September, when it was nearly time for the owners of the cats to return to town, Sam told me how the cats were all mixed up, owing to their refusal to stay in their proper bunks;

and he admitted that he should probably have some difficulty in satisfying the owners. I saw at once what a fix the man was in, and I took pains to be on hand on the first of September to see the fun. The first cat claimant was a middle-aged woman, who handed in a receipt for cat number fifty-three. Sam went into the Catorium, and brought out a black and white cat with four kittens, and handed it over to the woman, remarking that she was getting a good deal more cat than she had originally left with him.

"That ain't my cat," says the woman. My cat is a black tom, and I want him, and I don't want no other."

"Your cat, madam," says Sam, "was number fifty-three, as you will see by looking at your receipt. I can't help what it was when you brought it here. The best of food and the best of accommodations will do a good deal towards improving a cat. That's the identical cat you left with me, and I'll thank you to pay me two dollars, and take the dear, sweet animal away."

Well! the woman was about as mad as any woman I ever saw, and I've been married three times. She threw the cat and all four of the kittens in Sam's face, and kept on demanding her own precious Tommy, till Sam got frightened, and told her to come into the Catorium and find her cat. She did so, but she went away without paying, and left Sam feeling pretty small. That was only a sample of what happened with everybody who came for a cat. Sam never once produced the correct cat, and of course everybody got mad, and said that Sam was a swindler. He tried letting people in to find their own cats, but he soon found that it wouldn't work. It was like letting people select their own umbrellas at a public concert. By the time the first twenty or thirty people had been allowed to look for their cats, Sam found that all his best cats were gone. Every man or woman who came for a cat



carried away the handsomest animal they could find, and when Sam shut down on this proceeding he had hardly a swell cat left. Along about noon there was so big a crowd at Sam's office, and such an everlasting row, that I slipped out and called a policeman, who made Sam close his establishment, and took him home in a cab, so as to protect him from the mob.

That night Sam came around to see me, and confessed that he was a ruined man. He couldn't possibly return his cats to their owners, and consequently he couldn't collect his pay. The only comforting thing about the affair was that he found out that he couldn't be sued for stealing cats. He had been to a lawyer, who told him that the law didn't recognise property in cats, which, as I afterwards found out, was true. If you steal a dog you can be arrested, but you can steal every cat in Chicago, and the owners can't touch you. The lawyer told Sam that all he had to do was to keep his Catorium locked up till people had got tired of demanding their cats, and that then he could quietly drown the whole lot. It was a consolation to Sam to know that he couldn't be sent to jail, but when he reflected that he was out of pocket some two hundred and fifty dollars, and that he wouldn't receive a cent for all his summer's work and outlay, he was naturally pretty downhearted.

Sam followed the lawyer's advice, and kept his Catorium closed, and himself out of sight. This saved him from a lot of abuse, but it didn't help him out of his trouble. About a dozen cat owners, when they found that they couldn't get back their cats, swore to make things as unpleasant for Sam as possible, and they hit on the plan of having him arrested for cruelty to animals, provided he should give them the slightest chance. They formed a committee, and took turns in watching outside the Catorium to see if the animals were properly fed and

watered. Sam knew that it wouldn't do to give the committee any plausible reason for complaining of him, and therefore he felt obliged to feed the cats twice as often as was really necessary. Every morning and every afternoon he had gallons of milk, and pounds of cat's meat carried into the Catorium, and he kept his assistant in the place night and day to see that the cats didn't fight, and attract attention by their howls. All this cost money, and Sam was pretty near at the end of his purse. It looked as if he would have to feed those miserable cats all winter, for the committee showed no signs of letting up on him, and he knew that the minute he neglected the cats, or tried the experiment of drowning a few of them, he would be hauled up and fined for cruelty. What especially aggravated him was the way the cats kept on increasing. By November there were over four hundred kittens of different sizes in the establishment. It looked as if there was a deliberate plan on the part of the cats to ruin him. "If I have to keep those cats till spring," said Sam, "there will be about two thousand of them. If I can't drown them, I had better go and drown myself." And then he used language about cats in general which I won't repeat, but which was no more than natural under the circumstances.

The weather got to be pretty bad in November, and the committee found that watching outside the Catorium at night wasn't as amusing as it had been. I recommended Sam to take fifty or a hundred cats down to the lake in bags every night, and so get rid of them by degrees, but he said that it wouldn't be safe, and that he hadn't the courage to try it. Somebody would be sure to find out that he was drowning cats, and then the committee would have him arrested. As for letting the animals loose, that wouldn't do either, for the committee would have charged him with turning innocent cats out to starve, and public

sentiment was so down on Sam that he would have been found guilty of almost anything, if he had been brought into court.

One day I saw an advertisement that gave me an idea. It was a big poster, notifying the public that a meeting of the Society for the Advancement of Woman was going to be held in the Mormon meeting-house. This was a big building that stood next to the Catorium, and had been vacant for several years, owing to there being no Mormons in Chicago—the boys having spent a lot of money in tar and feathers by way of inducing the Mormon congregation to emigrate. As soon as I saw the poster I sent for Sam and told him about it. "What you want to do," said I, "is to have your cats attend this meeting for the Advancement of Woman. There will be about six or seven hundred old cats in petticoats present at that meeting, and there is no sort of reason why your own cats shouldn't join them and take part in the proceedings. You just pass your cats in at the window of the Mormon meeting-house the night before this Society holds its pow-wow, and then you leave town by the first train in the morning. Nobody can charge you with having treated the cats cruelly, and if anybody says you have turned them out to starve, you can reply that you let them go to the meeting so as to improve their minds, and that if they didn't come back to the Catorium it wasn't your fault."

Sam took to the scheme at once, and I agreed to come down to the Catorium at night and help him carry the cats over to the meeting-house. It was considerable of a job, but we finished it about two o'clock, and shut up the window of the meeting-house and came away.

The meeting was to begin at ten o'clock the next morning, and I was on hand when the doors were opened. A procession of Advanced Women with a band of music arrived at the same time and marched into the meeting-house with

banners flying and brass instruments blowing, and a chorus of Advanced Women singing an advanced female hymn. The cats didn't wait to see the show, but every blessed one of them bolted under the stage that had been erected across the upper end of the meeting-house. I was only in time to see the last of them disappearing under the stage, and at first I thought that I should see no more of them while the meeting lasted. But this turned out to be a mistake. After the meeting was opened the Advanced Women took to making speeches, and the house was middling quiet. One woman had been speaking for about half an hour, and she was abusing men as lively as you please, when one of the tom cats judged that the thing had gone far enough, and that it was time for him to take a hand in the proceedings. So he ripped out a few curses and a few yells, and, so far as I could understand, pitched into another cat that probably had expressed some sympathy with the object of the meeting. The cats were crowded together pretty thick under the stage, and being hungry as well as generally discontented, they were ripe for a difficulty. In less than a minute every cat that wasn't occupied with family cares had joined in, and if ever you have heard the noise that two cats can make fighting in the back-yard, you can imagine what happened when four or five hundred went in for an argument about the advancement of women. I've seen pretty lively times at a meeting of the Chicago Common Council, but I never saw or heard anything to compare with that consolidated cat-fight. The woman who was speaking fainted away on the spot, and there was a panic in the building that couldn't have been worse if there had been an alarm of fire. The women all yelled and rushed for the door, and the tearing of dresses and scattering of hairpins, and general wreck and ruin that went on was what might have been expected if a hamper of



AND ALL THAT TIME THE CATS KEPT ON ARGUING.

rats had been let loose. Knowing what was the matter I kept quiet, waiting for the meeting-house to be cleared, and for the women that had fainted and were lying around here and there, to come to their senses again. There was such a tremendous crush around the door that it must have been fifteen minutes before the place was emptied, and all that time the cats kept on arguing, and the fur kept sifting out through the openings under the stage, till the whole place seemed sort of hazy with it.

I went home just as the police and the fire department arrived. They turned the hose on the cats, so I am told, and the policemen killed the bulk of them, on the ground that they had all gone mad. I don't know but what they had gone mad, and, considering the speeches they had been compelled to hear, I can't say as I can blame them. The surviving cats scattered through the neighbourhood, and that was the end of Sam's Catorium, so far as he and the cats were concerned.

Some of the Advanced Women did try to make out that Sam had attempted to murder the lot of them by introducing mad cats into their meeting; but Sam was far enough away from Chicago by that time, and besides, nobody could prove that he had anything to do with putting the cats into the Mormon meeting-house.

If Sam had only had the foresight to collect pay for his cats in advance, and the ordinary good sense to fasten labels round their necks, so that he could identify them when they were called for, his Catorium would have made him a rich man; but that was always the way with him. He would invent a first-class scheme, and then muddle it so that it would be a first-class failure. For all that, he was a good, honest chap, and when I heard that he had been hung by mistake out in Montana—he being suspected of stealing mules, which it afterwards turned out had been stolen by the Mayor of the next town—I must say that I felt honestly sorry for him.



## LETTERS TO CLORINDA.\*



MY DEAR CLORINDA,—I have just finished reading a book that has greatly interested me. Fortunately or unfortunately for himself, an editor rarely finds time to read modern novels. Leech once told a story, in his incomparable black and white, of a worried, over-worked newspaper editor. The times were exciting, and the poor man, after some eighteen hours' continuous work, had escaped from his office at about nine in the morning. On his way home, he stopped at a hotel for breakfast. He ordered his coffee and chop, and sank down into a chair. Suddenly he was startled out of his peacefulness by the advent of a polite stranger.

"Have you seen this morning's paper, sir?" said the stranger, with amiable intent, laying before him his own journal.

A magazine editor grows to regard fiction as his chief enemy in life. To ask him to read a novel is like giving a shampooer at a Turkish bath a ticket for a bathing machine.

Luckily for one's friendships, it is only the very young author who expects you to read his book or who cares twopence whether you read it or whether you don't. There is a mistaken idea in society that the only possible thing to talk to an author about is his own work. I have seen a very clever man writhing in agony while a well-meaning lady suffocated him with gush about his own novels, carefully selecting for praise all the points that his own judgment told him were the weak spots. I remember an amusing incident that once happened to my friend Hall Caine. An American gentleman meeting him for the first time, and feeling sure that the only topic that could interest him

would be Hall Caine, at once plunged into the subject.

"I can't tell you," said the American gentleman, "how your works interest and amuse me. Do you know I think your *Cloister and the Hearth* is one of the finest books in the English language."

"I am delighted to know that you appreciate that great work," replied Mr. Caine, enthusiastically. "I have long been of your opinion that it is one of the most perfect works in English fiction. It cannot to my thinking be too highly estimated."

The American gentleman looked at Mr. Hall Caine, and Mr. Hall Caine beamed at the American gentleman.

"Well," evidently thought his American friend, "I have heard something about the conceit of literary men, but I never thought they talked about themselves like this, to a comparative stranger."

"Now, I am glad you agree with me," however, he continued, aloud. "Why should not a man be a judge of his own work, if it is good?"

"I am proud of that book," replied Hall Caine. "I think it a credit to European literature."

"You think it the best of all your works?" suggested the American.

"I have never written anything to equal it," was Caine's answer, "nor, to my belief, has any other man."

The American gripped his hand. "I like you," he said, "'pon my soul I like you. You don't go in for false modesty." But to another friend, a few minutes later, he said,

"Oh, yes; he's right enough; picturesque figure and all that; but he's got an uncommon good conceit of himself."

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"Oh," replied the friend, "what makes you think that?"

"Well," said the American, "I was talking to him about one of his own books, and he told me he considered it one of the finest works in the English language."

"You do surprise me," said the friend; "what book was that?"

"The *Cloister and the Hearth*," was the answer.

"Caine never wrote the *Cloister and the Hearth*," replied the friend, "you're thinking of Charles Reade."

"Moses!" cried the American, "now you come to mention it, so it was. I've been thinking Caine wrote it."

But I am wandering from my subject. I wanted to talk of *The World and a Man*, written by Z. Z. Of course you know who Z. Z. is—our friend Zangwill's younger brother. I do not think they will clash. The two men are utterly different. Zangwill will sometimes spoil his finest work—and his finest work can be very fine indeed—by his utter incapacity to avoid making a joke. His brother would be improved by a greater sense of humour; but perhaps it is as well that the two men are so far apart. *The World and a Man* interested me more by its subject than by its style. The frequent and unreasoning jump from the past to the present tense is alone enough to irritate a fidgety reader. And Z. Z., in his endeavour to point a moral, forces his characters into actions and situations that one feels are utterly impossible to them. They cry out from the pages against their author's injustice and tyranny. Yet in spite of its faults—and the better the work the greater its faults is an axiom of literature—the book is one that must fascinate any thoughtful reader; and I, above all, ought not to blame Z. Z. for forcing his moral, because I am merely talking about his book for the purpose of enforcing one of my own.

His hero is a young man of noble

aspirations and heroic ideals, a martyr to truth, a prophet burning to reform the world. Its lying, its conventions, its injustice, its cruelty madden him. A passionate believer in the possibilities of human nature, he will devote his life to its regeneration. Of course he falls into socialism and fifty other fads founded on truth, but inconsiderate of fact. With merciless logic, Z. Z. shows how every ideal fails him. Everywhere he finds that men talk one thing and act another. Disillusionment meets him at every step of his career, purity of passion only brings about his own misery, and the degradation of the beloved one. Honesty in business he finds incompatible with an existence outside the workhouse. Faith in men's word only marks him for their victim. He discards his ideals, makes materialism his god, disbelief in virtue his religion, and animalism his guide. Now, all this is very true—very true indeed, up to a certain point, and that point occurs just midway on the road to Truth. Z. Z. makes his hero see only one half of life. It is the mistake that Zola makes. When Zola describes war, he sees only its horror, its blood-thirstiness, its cruelty. He is incapable of conceiving the heroism, the unselfishness, the nobility it nourishes and develops. He sees only the material aspect of it, but cannot perceive the glamour. But the glamour is as much a part of the picture as are the shadows. Zola, describing a mad charge of horse, tells you every sensation the men felt during the few moments between the first spur and the final crash, except the one feeling that made them mad to charge. Zola, describing a sunset, would tell you the exact shades of red and yellow as they broke upon the hills, he would tabulate the rising temperature by the help of a thermometer placed within handy reach of his note-book, and he would gauge the degrees of increasing light by means of the most perfect scientific instruments

that money could procure, but the poetry of the phenomenon he would neither feel nor pen.

Z. Z.'s hero sees that there is evil in all men. If he looked closer into life he would see that there is also good. He meets an old country lodging-house keeper; he is charmed at first with what he thinks her simple honesty; he relishes the atmosphere of homely goodness that fills the little house. Later, he finds that she has overcharged him for his food, that she purposely places a vase where it can easily be broken in the hope that he will upset it, and thereby allow her to make a small unjust profit out of him. At once his faith in country lodging-house keepers vanishes. He does not stop to think that side by side with the petty meanness of her nature there lies in the heart of this common woman much sweet motherly unselfishness and much strong love. She cheats her lodgers out of a few pence, but for what purpose other than to make home brighter for those she labours to support?

He finds his fellow commercial travellers vulgar and untruthful, their behaviour is not always strictly moral. Let him put such things down to their debit account by all means. But let him also remember that in the book of all men's lives, there is a credit as well as a debit column. If men are worse than we once thought them, they are also much better. And having regard to the weakness of human nature, may it not be fair to assume that in the general summing up, one honest man will be found to outweigh two rogues?

Let us acknowledge by all means that we are sinners. We know most of us who examine ourselves, that we are capable of every meanness and every wrong under the sun. It is merely because of the accident of circumstance, aided by the helpful watchfulness of the policeman, that our possibilities of crime are known only to ourselves. But having acknowledged our evil, let us also acknowledge

that we are capable of greatness and of heroism. The Christian martyrs of years ago, who faced death and torture unflinchingly for conscience' sake, were mere men and women like ourselves. They had their mean side. There must have been much about them that, had we known them in their homes, we should have despised them for. Before the small trials of daily life they no doubt fell as we fall. We know that many of them were by no means the pick of humanity. Thieves many of them had been, and murderers, evil livers, and evil-doers. But the nobility and the grandeur were also there, lying dormant, and their day came. Among them must have been men who had cheated their neighbours over the counter; men who had been cruel to their wives and children; selfish, scandal-mongering women. In easier times their virtue might never have been known to any but their Maker.

In every age and in every period, when and where Fate has called upon men and women to play the man, human nature has not been found wanting. They were a poor lot those French aristocrats that the Terror seized, cowardly, selfish, greedy had been their lives. But come, there must have been good, even in them. When the little things that in their little lives they had thought so great were swept away from them, when they found themselves face to face with the realities of things; then even they played the man. Poor shuffling Charles the First, crusted over with weakness and folly, deep down in him at last we find the great gentleman. The good is there, the evil lies above it; but it is not fair to human nature to judge it always by the outside. Under the husk there lies the kernel.

In connection with this subject, my thoughts turn to young Hoopdriver, the hero of Mr. Wells' *Wheels of Chance*, which I am running through *To-Day*. Mr. Wells spares us no unpleasant detail of his hero. He is the shop boy with his big knuckles and weak eyes. He

lies about his position and his birth. The instincts of snobbery and of meanness are within him. Most people meeting such a man would see in him only the bounder and the cad. But we find that underneath the Hoopdriver known to the Putney drapery establishment, there is a great souled gentleman. This man is real. To draw him either cad or gentleman would be false; to draw him a strange combination of the two is truth. I like to hear stories of the littlenesses of great men. I like to think that Shakespeare was fond of his glass. I even cling to the tale of that disgraceful final orgie with friend Ben Jonson. Possibly the story may not be true, but I hope it was. I like to think of him as poacher, as village neer-do-weel, denounced by the local grammar school master, preached at by the local J.P. of the period. I like to reflect that Cromwell had a big wart on his nose; the thought makes me more contented with my own features. I like to think that he put sweets upon the chairs, in order to see finely dressed ladies spoil their frocks, to tell myself that he roared with laughter at the silly jest, like any East End 'Arry with his Bank-Holiday squirt of dirty water. I like to read that Carlyle threw bacon at his wife, and occasionally made himself highly ridiculous over small annoyances, that would have been passed by with a smile by any man of better balanced mind. I think of the fifty foolish things a week I do myself, and say to myself, "I too am a literary man."

I think of all the Apostles, Peter is loved best by most of us. He was so human, and when we say a man is "human," we mean that he is so sweetly foolish, so delightfully full of faults. I like to think that even Judas must have had his moments of nobility, his good hours when he would willingly have laid down his life for his Master. Perhaps even to him there came before the journey's end the memory of a voice saying: "Thy sins be forgiven thee."

I remember when I was a very small boy, at the age when one thinks more seriously than one does in after life, I lay awake one night, worrying myself about heaven—I was surer, in those days, of going there than I feel now—and I wondered whom I should meet there. All my friends and relatives would be there, that went without saying;—another point on which my faith was stronger then than it is to-day. My mother came into the room—she was used to finding me awake when I ought to have been asleep, and to sit answering foolish questions till considerations for my physical well-being compelled her to firmness—and together we discussed the subject. And among other names I mentioned the name of Judas; I asked her if she thought he would be there. I can recall the look on her face as she sat holding my small restless hand, for it was summer time, and the red sun streamed through the window, falling upon the curtains just above my head.

"Perhaps," she answered, and I felt glad. There seemed comfort in the thought.

I think if there is any scheme in nature, it makes for the preserving of the good that there is in man: Virtue lies like the gold in quartz; there is not very much of it, and great labour has to be expended on the extracting of it. But Nature seems to think it worth her while to fashion these huge useless stones, if in them she may hide away her precious metals. Perhaps, also, in human nature, she cares little for the mass of dross, provided that by crushing and washing she can extract from it a little gold, sufficient to repay her for the labour of the world. We wonder why she troubles to make the stone at all. Why cannot the gold lie in nuggets on the surface? But her methods are secrets to us. Perhaps there is a reason for the quartz. Perhaps there is a reason for the evil and folly, through which run, unseen to the careless eye, the tiny veins of virtue.

Yours sincerely,

JEROME K. JEROME.





PUNTING.—THE IDEAL.

*By Fred Pegram.*



**PUNTING.—THE REAL.**  
*By Ernest Goodwin.*



## THE IDLERS' CLUB

### IS IT RATIONAL TO DANCE ?

BY EVELYN SHARPE, MRS. BALDRY, W. L. ALDEN, FREDERICK DOLMAN,  
S. L. BENSUSAN, MADAME MALVINA CAVALLAZZI MAPLESON, AND ADRIAN ROSS.

ILLUSTRATED BY L. BAUMER.

**Evelyn Sharpe  
hopes not.**

Let us hope not. Quite enough nice things are spoilt by being rational ; such as dress, for instance, and, sometimes, women. But nothing could well be less rational than to assemble a quantity of young men and maidens, in a room that is too small for them to walk about comfortably, and then expect them to dance in it. For all that, the most irrational part of a dance is generally the part that we do not spend in dancing, the part that we spend in sitting on the stairs and being anything but rational. We do not even spend it in conversation, for this kind of thing cannot well be called conversation :

" You did ; you know you did ! "

" I didn't. He did. At least, *she* did really, only she said she didn't. "

" She didn't say she did, to me. Nobody said they did. Perhaps, nobody *did*. "

" What nonsense ! You always do talk nonsense, now *don't* you ? "

" Oh, I don't think so. I leave that to you ; you do it so charmingly. But, then, you do everything charmingly. "

" Don't be so absurd. You know you don't think so, really. I wish you would talk about something sensible. "

" I prefer to talk about you. "

" Now, you are laughing at me, you know you are. And I never can endure to be laughed at. I always *hate* the people who laugh at me. "

" Really ? Now, I always love the people I laugh *at*. Funny, isn't it ? "

"Yes—oh, yes. Dreadfully f—funny; the f—funniest thing I ever heard. Hadn't we better go on dancing?"

"That depends on whether you prefer my dancing to my conversation. Do you?"

"Your dancing is certainly irreproachable, and the same cannot be said of your——"

"Of my conversation? Shall we dance, then?"

"I—I think you're very unkind. I don't want to dance. I don't want to do anything. All the same, I—I think I like your conversation best. Isn't that silly?"

After that, there is no conversation at all. There is no dancing either; all of which is most irrational. In fact, there is rarely a rational person in the room, except the host, and he only keeps his reason by means of losing his temper. The host is a very pitiable object at a dance; the only wonder is that he is there at all. He never dances, he cannot effect a single introduction because he knows nobody's name, and he finds the doorway, when the door has been taken off its hinges, a very draughty place in which to spend the evening. And nobody knows who he is. He has paid for the whole show, that's all.

"I wish you wouldn't talk to all the wrong people," complains his wife, when she comes across him, quite by accident, in the course of the evening.

"My dear, I thought the wrong people were only there for the express purpose of being talked to. You generally complain bitterly of me because I prefer talking to the right people. Why you ask the wrong people at all, is always a mystery to me. They don't dance, and they don't enjoy themselves, and nobody wants to talk to them, and they have to be taken down to supper."

"I wish you would take someone down to supper, now."

"All right," says her husband, promptly. "What is the name of the pretty little girl over there, in white foam?"

"You mustn't take anyone like *that*! And don't stop talking to me, John, it looks so bad. Choose someone older and more important; the Honourable Mrs. Simpson, for instance."

"What, again? Oh, all right, it doesn't matter to me. But you might tell me the name of the pretty little——"

"I'm sure I don't know who she is. The Hortons brought her, so she is sure to be some penniless cousin of theirs; and your youngest son has been with her all the evening. It's distracting."

"Infernal," adds her husband. "The young rascal has inherited all my tastes, though." And the fact quite restores his self-respect for a moment or two.

All of which, as I said before, is most irrational.

\* \* \* \* \*

Does it matter very much whether it is or not? There is much too much inclination just now to tack the term "rational" on to a great many things to which it does not really belong. We seem, all of us, to be at present busy trying to prove that there has been in the past no such thing as reason or commonsense; for every new invention or strange fad designed to supersede something which has for centuries quietly served a



Mrs. Baldry says  
it doesn't matter.

useful purpose is now specially recommended as rational. It is a good word, but this constant repetition of it, in season and out of season, is more than a little irritating. Rational dress is, perhaps, a permissible combination, because our clothes have for so long been opposed to every sensible idea of convenience or comfort that they have to be made rational before they can really become decently wearable. But rational dancing, what would it be like?

However, a good deal depends upon the sense in which the word is used. If what is really asked in this question is whether dancing is legitimate as an occupation for sensible people I should say it certainly is. Dancing is a pleasure, and, like other pleasures, it may not be strictly in accordance with the rules of sober sense; but it is certainly all the more delightful for that reason. I should imagine that this enquiry



into its intellectual merits, and into its value as a brain exercise, must have been suggested by someone who has never tried it. From the view of the chaperon or the elderly husband of a dancing wife I daresay dancing is a very illogical and stupid performance; but to the real dancer who finds enjoyment in being active and has a sense of rhythm and easy movement it is a particularly attractive way of satisfying that occasional appetite for playing the fool which is proverbially such a wholesome craving. And whether dancing is intellectual or not it certainly requires qualities in the performer which are by no means universally discoverable. It takes an intelligent man or woman to dance well, just as it takes a superior kind of brain power to think out the lighter and more useless kinds of literary work. The serious and deeply studied specialist is more often than not an

abject idiot outside the narrow bounds of his specialism, but the good dancer has wider bounds and is generally able to turn successfully to more remunerative vocations. Most people, in fact, who have made a success of life have danced well, and have been proud of the fact that they could dance. They apparently never troubled themselves about the question whether or not their favourite pastime was considered rational.

I hope most sincerely that no ardent reformer will in default of any other innocent victim undertake to bring dancing into accordance with what may seem to him to be laws of strict reason. He would take away, I suppose, its pretty trimmings of pleasant foolery and its frills of delightful unreason, and invest it instead in a kind of "natural wool" atmosphere of decorous gymnastics. He would make it a purely healthy exercise, a species of musical drill solely for the benefit of bodily health, then from his point of view it would have become rational—and from mine simply drab and colourless. In such a case I should give up dancing.

\* \* \* \* \*

**Alden thinks the true dance eminently rational.**

The so-called "square" dance is not a dance at all. It is merely a compromise with the Puritanical conscience, and is unworthy of the name of dance. The true dance, wherein the dancer revolves on his own axis, and moves forward in a circle, is eminently rational. We move, when we are not dancing, in straight lines—for I assume that no reader of *The Idler* knows by experience the devious movements of intoxication. Now, there is nothing so wearisome to mind and body as sameness. The



sameness of always moving in straight lines is horribly tiresome. It tires the mind as well as the body. Our ideas gradually become accustomed to the one form of progression, and they lose all freshness and variety. In order to avoid this painful state of things we must from time to time move in circles instead of straight lines, and the most efficacious form of circular movement is the cyclonic whirl of the waltz. The waltzer has the double movement of the cyclone, for he not only revolves on his axis, but he also has a progressive movement which is invariably of the nature of a curve. His rapid revolutions thoroughly stir up and mix together his ideas, and if he allows them time to settle, he will find that fresh ideas have come to the surface, and are waiting to be utilised. No man can be a great and original thinker who does not dance. So convinced were the Greeks of this that they raised dancing to the rank of a religious ceremony, and I have not the slightest doubt that Sophocles prepared himself for writing a new tragedy by waltzing, and that Pericles owed his greatness in a large measure to his habit of practising the "barn dance" with Aspasia. Of course, if a man attempts to write immediately after waltzing, and before his ideas have had time to settle, the result is disastrous. There are many women writers who write immediately after dancing, as can be readily perceived by reading their books; but this is no argument against the rationality of dancing. It is the abuse, and not the use of waltzing that produces the *Sorrows of Two Mighty Yellow Twins*.



Doubtless, if a man were to dance in strict solitude it would benefit him to a certain extent. Even if he were to do nothing more than to revolve on his axis in a corner of the room, without troubling himself about the curve of progression, his mind and body would be thereby strengthened. But, just as walking four miles alone does not do a man half as much good as walking three miles with a congenial companion, so solitary waltzing is much less beneficial than waltzing with a girl who is a skilful waltzer. If you desire to develop all the possibilities of your nature you must waltz daily with a person of the opposite sex, and preferably with a young and pretty person. Possibly you who read this have been accustomed to look upon dancing with contempt, and to say to your benighted self that for a man with an immortal soul to whirl around a room with his arm around a young woman is the saddest and silliest of occupations. That is solely because you do not understand the true nature and purpose of dancing. The moment you do understand it you will perceive that there is nothing that is more truly rational than dancing.

The selfishness of men who won't dance has for several years been a favourite theme with the ladies' papers. So far judgment has gone by default in favour of the fair ones. The hostesses who cannot provide their girl guests with partners have doubtless a practical grievance, and although they have at any moment the remedy in their own hands—by ceasing to give balls—the remedy may naturally appear to them to be worse than the disease. But is there nothing to be said for the men who decline their invitations? Is it the mere selfishness of their sex which causes them to stay away? Is it not rather the actual outbreak of a revolt, long

**Frederick Dolman** says that the ballroom is a social tyranny.

slumbering, against the inanity of the ball-room—the courageous expression of a slowly-formed conviction that, in these times of enlightenment and earnestness, the art of dancing has ceased to have any legitimate claims on an educated and rational being?

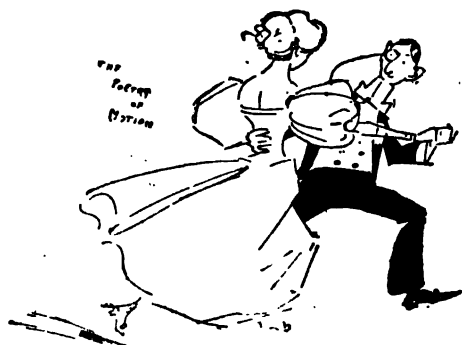
It is easy to understand the strong hold which dancing has gained as a recreation for both sexes. The ball-room has been the vantage ground alike of the matrimonial adventurer and the match-making mother. Under no circumstances can a man turn his good looks and insinuating manners to better account than in cleverly piloting the wealthy heiress through the labyrinth of whirling figures, and no time is more favourable to the advancement of mamma's projects than the quiet intervals in the corridors or the conservatory. This is the practical philosophy of dancing in real life as well as

in penny novelettes. How many Benedicts would have continued in their heresy, how many spinsters would have been fated to a life of single blessedness, had it not been for the blandishments of the ball-room?

There are clearly "vested interests" concerned in the tyranny of the ball-room, and in the subjection of men who won't dance. But what is its justification from any rational point of view? Why is it above all things necessary, in the conduct of social life, that intelligent men and women should be willing

to keep their limbs in almost constant motion for hours and hours through the night, pirouetting in a few square yards of space? Some enthusiasts term dancing "the poetry of motion." Yet, strangely enough, few of these enthusiasts seem to enjoy witnessing "the poetry of motion." Despite the popularity of the Alhambra and the Empire, there can be no doubt that dancing has steadily declined as a public entertainment; the ballet has greatly fallen in repute since Taglioni enthralled Europe, and since Auber and Meyerbeer it has been of little importance in opera. That the most zealous upholders of the tyranny of the ball-room should fail to take pleasure in stage-dancing seriously discredits their own plea. For the dancing on the stage is generally of the best; the art is performed by those most gifted with it. But who has ever been in a ball-room where half the dancers could get through the figures with perfect ease and grace, or waltz a few yards without getting in each other's way? The truth is that many men—whatever may be the case with women—have not the natural talent with which to dance to their own enjoyment, or to that of their partners. It is surely too severe a punishment for what may or may not be their misfortune, but is certainly not their fault that, because they will not go to balls to suffer and to cause suffering, they should be visited with the withering scorn or the harsh reproach of charming hostesses.

It is related of Lord Campbell that he learned to dance at the age of forty. That at such an age of discretion the eminent lawyer should have endured the tuition of the dancing-master is a remarkable illustration of the despotism which the ball-room then exercised over men of thought and action. Doubtless he recognised that his intellectual powers were of small avail in social intercourse if he did not shine in the ball-room, and to-day there is but little less contempt shown for the man, not yet excused by the infirmity of age, whatever his conversational gifts, if he cannot on occasions



offer his arm for a waltz or complete a "set" of Lancers. Fortunately, Lord Campbell's spirit of meek submission has almost disappeared, and in its place there is one of firm resistance, which is not to be cowed by accusations of indolence and selfishness. Let those who are impervious to the ridiculous aspect of dancing, and who really find delight in the ball-room, dance to their hearts' content. But let there be an end put to the tradition which makes a man's appearance in the ball-room the test of his social eligibility, the proof of his chivalry.

People competent to dance are born, not made, and I notice that they usually elect to be born outside England. To me the modern ball-room is one of the most painful sights to be seen anywhere. Therein I notice the survival of the unfittest at every turn. Some men and women hide lack of elegance in repose; set them dancing, they instantly become the personification of absurdity. A small percentage of English humanity is fit to dance, to the majority the pastime should be absolutely forbidden. Studious devotion to practice, constant drill, a good ear for music, a quick eye for distance, a strong arm, and a body trained to turn at a moment's notice—these are but a few of the things required for the equipment of a dancer; but your modern hostess ignores these things, and invites people to dance because they are her friends or acquaintances. Such a proceeding is absurd. The dance exists because it is almost the only recognised medium for lawful flirtation, and the ball-room rules the marriage market. In the excitement of the moment and of the champagne, the fancies of the average man lightly turn to love and supper. He whirls round an overheated room, happily unconscious of the absurdity of his position; he is allured by the strains of Waldteufel or Strauss; he is seized with a thirst that only iced champagne can satiate; he is surrounded by the fair sex at its fairest and best; he sups unwisely; a conservatory dear to novelists intervenes; he commits matrimony. This gruesome tragedy is repeated yearly, but now and again the observer sees the married man looking on at the repetition of the old, old conspiracy, and in the helpless victim's looks he reads the truth. I suppose these things will not be altered by protest, but for the sake of the æsthetic eye, I would suggest an improvement on the modern ball-room usages. Let all guests be received by a competent committee of experts, and duly licensed. Those who are physically fit to dance might have a distinctive badge, the rest could go undecorated. For example, an unhappily-built heiress might be labelled, "Eligible, but not elegant," or "For sitting out only." Men might be classed, "Eligible," "For the smoking or billiard room," "For the supper room," "For the doorways," and so on. A few detectives in evening dress could seize miscreants who wandered out of their class. I am confident that such an arrangement, though open to objection on the score of novelty, would be for the best in the end, and dancing would become a healthy recreation for the upper and middle classes. As things are, good dancing is seen only on the stage, for the best performers in a ball-room have their chances ruined by the worst. Fortunately, a long study of dancing in several countries has given me a keen sense of my own shortcomings. If I am bidden to a dance where some kind friends of the opposite sex will save me a

S. L. Bensusan  
does not like the  
modern ball-  
room.



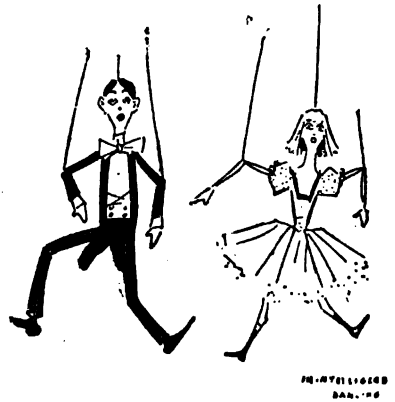


few dances and sit them out, if the retiring rooms are adequate, and the supper beyond reproach, I am to be found; in all other cases I accept the invitation to avoid giving offence, and rely upon a vivid imagination and a telegraph office to come to my rescue in the hour of need. *Verbum sap.*

**Madame Malvina Cavallazzi Mapleson regards the question from the Italian standpoint.**

I am compelled, naturally from my nationality, to regard your question from perhaps a different standpoint than would appear to the mind of an English-born and English-taught dancer. To the Italian temperament, dancing comes as a natural result of movement and sound and character. Dancing to the nations of the South is not so much a matter of teaching as of intuition. In spite of this fact, however, England possesses more National Dances than perhaps any other country, and dancing as an amusement is more general with you than with nations to whom graceful movement in accord to music comes as second nature. Whether the mere fact of dancing may be accepted as a sensible exercise that requires the use of intelligence, entirely depends upon the manner in which it is done. You can waltz with intelligence and with a true exercise of your mental faculties, or you can waltz stupidly and with no reason in any one of your movements. Music can so animate your brain and so appeal to your senses that every motion becomes instinct with life and intelligence. There is no reason why dancing should not be a thoroughly rational form of amusement. With the English people it must, however, be a matter of education. English women do not, except in a few instances, dance naturally. The art must be taught to them. Thus, all the responsibility rests upon the teacher. If she teaches intelligently her pupils must learn intelligently, and in this way the *divertissement* of the dance must be to a certain extent intellectual. I remember a lady coming to me once to learn the waltz. She had been taught, she told me, years before, but she could not dance properly. I could scarcely believe that such a thing was possible, but I soon discovered the cause. She had been taught mechanically, she had learned without interest or without intelligence, and after she had left the class her movements were just as ungraceful as before she came to it; she was not able to follow the beat of the music, and she felt that in society she cut but a poor figure. I found that this state of affairs was simply caused by an entirely wrong method of teaching. She only wanted intelligent instruction. Therefore, this case alone shows the necessity for regarding dancing as a pastime that must exercise the senses and the poetic intelligence, and by the union of these faculties bring that perfect accord that is the beautiful spirit of artistic dancing.

The English people must as a nation conduct even their amusements in a more intellectual spirit than that of other nations. English men and women have more brains, more receptive intelligence than perhaps any other nation in the world. This, then, should not be a drawback to their use of the poetic instinct, but rather an incentive to that grace and elegance that should animate every movement of a dancer.



They have warm hearts, too, and hearts that feel deeply beauty of form and charm of motion. This faculty I think they try to conceal as much as possible, but it is there, all the same, and only requires proper treatment to bring it into play. Dancing in the social sense should not be looked upon as a matter of business. It should rather partake of a spirit of relaxation and complete enjoyment.

Of course, I have spoken of dancing entirely from the amateur point of view, not as a professional. To teach or to dance as a business must necessarily be a matter of the intelligence. The beauty of the dance in its truest sense is in its spontaneity, its absence of all restraint or stiffness. Governed by certain laws of form and figure, it yet must be instinct with the personality of its exponents, or it cannot be true dancing. To dance, you must be animated by intelligence, by sympathy, and by character. Without the exercise of these faculties one of the most beautiful of the arts becomes merely mechanical and stiff.

\* \* \* \* \*

Personally, I may say that, while I have never danced myself, I have been the cause of dancing in others. In common with some composers, some stage managers, and one or two teachers and devisers of dancing, I have assisted in giving to the world many dreams of beauty,

**Adrian Ross distinguishes.**



the memory of which will endure when the songs and the pieces that introduced or framed them have long been forgotten. My first appearance in public will be remembered as the cause of presenting the sapphire twinkle of Miss Katie Seymour's winged ankles to the gaze of an enraptured audience; later efforts will live—if at all—in dramatic recollection, simply because the divine Letitia, the "embodied joy" of light musical entertainments, condescended to appear as Marguerite of Monte Carlo, as Di-Di, as the Chinese Dolly. Perchance, as a rosette, as a buckle on a

dainty shoe, my memory may yet endure, when Time has danced down the worthier deeds which I have every intention of doing presently.

Theatrical dancing, therefore, is the only species with which I am conversant. It is an unfailing resource for the author. Any song, duet, trio, concerted number that ends with a dance is a probable success, provided only that the performers can dance, or even give a colourable imitation of a dance. This is of far more importance than the possession of a voice, for the dance comes last. A deft movement at the end of a spoken song or inaudible duet redeems the vocalisation—or its absence; but the finest vocalist can kill a song by awkward gestures, clumsy "business," or elephantine gambols.

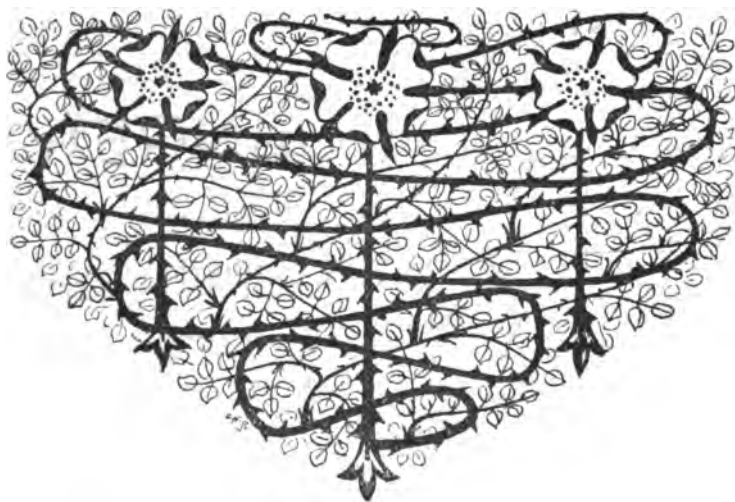
When one is new to matters theatrical, one is tormented by the necessity to lead up naturally to a dance or song. And the dance is hardest to lead up to, for it is established by the convention of opera that, when moved by strong feeling of any sort, or wishing to close an embarrassing discussion, people engage in more or less incongruous vocalisation. It is not, however, so generally admitted that a young lady who is trying to make up her mind (let us say) between two suitors, should solve the difficulty by steps, and kicks, and bends, and the manipulation of extensive drapery.

Even the startling coincidence of her having accidentally come out in an accordion-pleated skirt is not enough to give the proper air of dramatic necessity to her dance.

After having investigated all possible methods of leading up gracefully to a dance, a dramatic author will probably discover that there is only one thoroughly satisfactory to a critic. The person who dances must be supposed to be a professional or amateur performer, and must be either practising or giving some part of an entertainment. Thus the inherent improbability of the dance is shifted on to the shoulders of the merely hypothetical author of some imaginary piece, or one of the characters assumes the responsibility.

Having got thus far, the anxious author may be expected to make another discovery—namely, that nobody but a critic even affects to care how a dance is introduced, so long as it is pretty and does not clash with the neighbouring musical numbers. And the critics themselves do not matter; for those who are severe on the methods by which dances are led up to are precisely those who would like to proscribe dancing and dancing pieces altogether—unless the dance could be made subservient, as in *A Doll's House*, to the problem of the conscience, or some other hereditary disease.

In fine, stage dancing is not rational, but it is frequently attractive, and almost invariably profitable.







# THE IDLER.

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## "THE FAIRY QUEEN."

FROM THE DRAWING BY LOUIS GUNNIS.

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# THE APPLE.

BY H. G. WELLS.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. S. FORREST.



**I** MUST get rid of it," said the man in the corner of the carriage, abruptly breaking the silence.

Mr. Hinchcliff looked up, hearing imperfectly. He had been lost in the rapt contemplation of the college cap tied by a string to his portmanteau handles—the outward and visible sign of his newly-gained pedagogic position—in the rapt appreciation of the college cap and the pleasant anticipations it excited. For Mr. Hinchcliff had just matriculated at London University, and was going to be junior assistant at the Holmwood Grammar School—a very enviable position. He stared across the carriage at his fellow-traveller.

"Why not give it away?" said this person. "Give it away! Why not?"

He was a tall dark sunburnt man with a pale face. His arms were folded tightly and his feet were on the seat in front of him. He was pulling at a lank black moustache. He stared hard at his toes.

"Why not?" he said.

Mr. Hinchcliff coughed.

The stranger lifted his eyes—they were curious dark grey eyes—and stared blankly at Mr. Hinchcliff for the best part of a minute perhaps. His expression grew to interest.

"Yes," he said slowly. "Why not? And end it."

"I don't quite follow you, I'm afraid," said Mr. Hinchcliff with another cough.

"You don't quite follow me?" said the stranger quite mechanically, his singular eyes wandering from Mr. Hinchcliff to the bag with its ostentatiously displayed

cap, and back to Mr. Hinchcliff's downy face.

"You're so abrupt, you know," apologised Mr. Hinchcliff.

"Why shouldn't I?" said the stranger, following his thoughts. "You are a student?" he said addressing Mr. Hinchcliff.

"I am—by Correspondence—of the London University," said Mr. Hinchcliff with irrepressible pride and feeling nervously at his tie.

"In pursuit of knowledge," said the stranger, and suddenly took his feet off the seat, put his fist on his knees, and stared at Mr. Hinchcliff as though he had never seen a student before. "Yes," he said, and flung out an index finger. Then he rose, took a bag from the hat-rack, and unlocked it. Quite silently he drew out something round and wrapped in a quantity of silver-paper, and unfolded this carefully. He held it out towards Mr. Hinchcliff—a small, very smooth, golden-yellow fruit.

Mr. Hinchcliff's eyes and mouth were open. He did not offer to take this object—if he was intended to take it.

"That," said this fantastic stranger, speaking very slowly, "is the Apple of the Tree of Knowledge. Look at it—small and bright and wonderful—Knowledge—and I am going to give it to you."

Mr. Hinchcliff's mind worked painfully for a minute and then the sufficient explanation, "Mad!" flashed across his brain, and illuminated the whole situation. One humoured madmen. He put his head a little on one side.

"The Apple of the Tree of Knowledge, eigh!" said Mr. Hinchcliff, regarding it with a finely assumed air of interest, and then looking at the interlocutor. "But don't you want to eat it yourself? And besides—how did you come by it?"

"It never fades. I have had it now three months. And it is ever bright and smooth and ripe and desirable, as you see it." He laid his hand on his knee and regarded the fruit musingly. Then he began to wrap it again in the papers as though he had abandoned his intention of giving it away.

"But how did you come by it?" said Mr. Hinchcliff, who had his argumentative side. "And how do you know that it is the Fruit of the Tree?"

"I bought this fruit," said the stranger, "three months ago—for a drink of water and a crust of bread. The man who gave it to me—because I kept the life in him—was an Armenian. Armenia! that wonderful country, the first of all countries, where the ark of the Flood remains to this day, buried in the glaciers of Mount Ararat. This man, I say, fleeing with others from the Kurds who had come upon them, went up into desolate places among the mountains—places beyond the common knowledge of men. And fleeing from imminent pursuit they came to a slope high among the mountain peaks, green with a grass like knife-blades, that cut and slashed most pitilessly at anyone who went into it. The Kurds were close behind and there was nothing for it but to plunge in, and the worst of it was that the paths they made through it at the price of their blood served for the Kurds to follow. Every one of the fugitives was killed save this Armenian and another. He heard the screams and cries of his friends, and the swish of the grass about those who were pursuing them—it was tall grass rising overhead. And then a shouting and answers, and when presently

he paused, everything was still. He pushed out again, not understanding, cut and bleeding, until he came out on a steep slope of rocks below a precipice, and then he saw the grass was all on fire, and the smoke of it rose like a veil between him and his enemies."

The stranger paused. "Yes?" said Mr. Hinchcliff. "Yes?"

"There he was, all torn and bloody from the knife-blades of the grass, the rocks blazing under the afternoon sun—the sky molten brass—and the smoke of the fire driving towards him. He dared not stay there. Death he did not mind, but torture! Far away beyond the smoke he heard shouts and cries. Women screaming. So he went clambering up a gorge in the rocks—everywhere were bushes with dry branches that stuck out like thorns among the leaves—until he clambered over the brow of a ridge that hid him. And then he met his companion, a shepherd who had also escaped. And counting cold and famine and thirst as nothing against the Kurds, they went on into the heights and among the snow and ice. They wandered three whole days.

"The third day came the vision. I suppose hungry men often do see visions, but then there is this fruit." He lifted the wrapped globe in his hand. "And I have heard it, too, from other mountaineers who have known something of the legend. It was in the evening time, when the stars were increasing, that they came down a slope of polished rock into a huge dark valley all set about with strange, contorted trees on which hung little globes like glow-worm spheres. Strange round yellow lights.

"And in these trees suddenly this valley was lit, far away, many miles away, far down it, with a golden flame marching slowly athwart it, that made the stunted trees against it black as night, and turned the slopes all about them and their figures to the likeness



of fiery gold. And at the vision they, knowing the legends of the mountains, instantly knew that it was Eden they saw, or the sentinel of Eden, and they fell upon their faces like men struck dead.

"When they dared to look again the valley was dark for a space, and then the light came again—returning, a burning amber.

"At that the shepherd sprang to his feet, and with a shout began to run down towards the light, but the other man was too fearful to follow him. He stood stunned, amazed, and terrified, watching his companion recede towards the marching glare. And hardly had the shepherd set out when there came a noise like thunder, the beating of invisible wings hurrying up the valley, and a great and terrible fear; and at that the man who gave me the fruit turned—if he might still escape. And hurrying headlong up the slope again, with that tumult sweeping after him, he stumbled against one of these stunted bushes, and a ripe fruit came off it into his hand. This fruit. Forthwith, the wings and the thunder roared all about him. He fell and fainted, and when he came to his senses he was back among the blackened ruins of his own village, and I and the others were attending to the wounded. A vision? But the golden fruit of the tree was still clutched in his hand. There were others there who knew the legend, knew what that strange fruit might be." He paused. "And this is it," he said.

It was a most extraordinary story to be told in a third-class carriage on a Sussex railway. It was as if the real was a mere veil to the fantastic, and here was the fantastic poking through. "Is it?" was all Mr. Hinchcliff could say.

"The legend," said the stranger, "tells that those thickets of dwarfed trees growing about the garden sprung from the apple that Adam carried in his hand when he and Eve were driven forth. He felt

something in his hand, saw the half-eaten apple and flung it petulantly aside. And there they grow, in that desolate valley, girdled round with the everlasting snows, and there the fiery swords keep ward against the Judgment Day."

"But I thought these things were"—Mr. Hinchcliff paused—"fables—parables rather. Do you mean to tell me that there in Armenia——"

The stranger answered the unfinished question with the fruit in his open hand.

"But you don't know," said Mr. Hinchcliff, "that that *is* the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge. The man may have had—a sort of mirage, say. Suppose——"

"Look at it," said the stranger.

It was certainly a strange-looking globe, not really an apple, Mr. Hinchcliff saw, and a curious glowing golden colour, almost as though light itself was wrought into its substance. As he looked at it he began to see more vividly the desolate valley among the mountains, the guarding swords of fire, the strange antiquities of the story he had just heard. He rubbed a knuckle into his eye. "But——" said he.

"It has kept like that, smooth and full, three months. Longer than that it is now by some days. No drying, no withering, no decay."

"And you yourself," said Mr. Hinchcliff, "really believe that——"

"Is the Forbidden Fruit."

There was no mistaking the earnestness of the man's manner and his perfect sanity. "The Fruit of Knowledge," he said.

"Suppose it was?" said Mr. Hinchcliff, after a pause, still staring at it. "But after all," said Mr. Hinchcliff, "it's not my kind of knowledge—not the sort of knowledge. I mean, Adam and Eve have eaten it already."

"We inherit their sins—not their knowledge," said the stranger. "That would make it all clear and bright again. We should see into everything, through every-



"THE APPLE THAT ADAM CARRIED IN HIS HAND WHEN HE AND EVE WERE DRIVEN FORTHIL."

thing, into the deepest meaning of everything——”

“Why don’t you eat it then?” said Mr. Hinchcliff with an inspiration.

“I took it intending to eat it,” said the stranger. “Man has fallen. Merely to eat again could scarcely——”

“Knowledge is power,” said Mr. Hinchcliff.

“But is it happiness?” I am older than you—more than twice as old. Time after time I have held this in my hand, and my heart has failed me. At the thought of all that one might know, that terrible lucidity—— Suppose suddenly all the world became pitilessly clear?”

“That, I think, would be a great advantage,” said Mr. Hinchcliff, “on the whole.”

“Suppose you saw into the hearts and minds of everyone about you, into their most secret recesses—people you loved, whose love you valued?”

“You’d soon find out the humbugs,” said Mr. Hinchcliff, greatly struck by the idea.

“And worse—to know yourself, bare of your most intimate illusions. To see yourself in your place. All that your lusts and weaknesses prevented your doing. No merciful perspective.”

“That might be an excellent thing too. Know thyself, you know.”

“You are young,” said the stranger.

“If you don’t care to eat it, and it bothers you, why don’t you throw it away?”

“There again, perhaps, you will not understand me. To me, how could one throw away a thing like that, glowing, wonderful? Once one has it, one is bound. But, on the other hand, to *give* it away! To give it away to someone who thirsted after knowledge, who found no terror in the thought of that clear perception——”

“Of course,” said Mr. Hinchcliff thoughtfully, “it might be some sort of poisonous fruit.”

And then his eye caught something motionless, the end of a white board black-lettered outside the carriage window. “—WOOD,” he saw. He started convulsively. “Gracious!” said Mr. Hinchcliff. “Holmwood!”—and the practical present blotted out the mystic realisations that had been stealing upon him.

In another moment he was opening the carriage door, portmanteau in hand. The guard was already fluttering his green flag. Mr. Hinchcliff jumped out. “Here!” said a voice behind him, and he saw the dark eyes of the stranger shining and the golden fruit, bright and bare, held out of the open carriage door. He took it instinctively, the train was already moving.

“No!” shouted the stranger, and made a snatch at it as if to take it back.

“Stand away,” cried a country porter, thrusting forward to close the door. The stranger shouted something Mr. Hinchcliff did not catch, head and arm thrust excitedly out of the window, and then the shadow of the bridge fell on him, and in a trice he was hidden. Mr. Hinchcliff stood astonished, staring at the end of the last waggon receding round the bend, and with the wonderful fruit in his hand. For the fraction of a minute his mind was confused, and then he became aware that two or three people on the platform were regarding him with interest. Was he not the new Grammar School master making his *début*? It occurred to him that, so far as they could tell, the fruit might very well be the *naïve* refreshment of an orange. He flushed at the thought, and thrust the fruit into his side pocket, where it bulged undesirably. But there was no help for it, so he went towards them, awkwardly concealing his sense of awkwardness, to ask the way to the Grammar School, and the means of getting his portmanteau and the two tin boxes which lay up the platform thither. Of all the odd and fantastic yarns to tell a fellow!

His luggage could be taken on a truck

for sixpence, he found, and he could precede it on foot. He fancied an ironical note in the voices. He was painfully aware of his contour. Fires that went to and fro!

The curious earnestness of the man in the train, and the glamour of the story he told had for a time diverted the current of Mr. Hinchcliff's thoughts. It drove

three inches in diameter, may prove to a sensitive youth on his best appearance. In the pocket of his black jacket it bulged dreadfully, spoilt the lines altogether. He passed a little old lady in black and he felt her eye drop upon the excrescence at once. He was wearing one glove and carrying the other, together with his stick, so that to bear the fruit openly was



"HANG!" SAID MR. HINCHCLIFF.

like a mist before his immediate concerns. But the pre-occupation of his new position and the impression he was to produce upon Holmwood generally, and the school people in particular, returned upon him with reinvigorating power before he left the station and cleared his mental atmosphere. But it is extraordinary what an inconvenient thing the addition of a soft and rather brightly golden fruit, not

impossible. In one place, where the road into the town seemed suitably secluded, he took his encumbrance out of his pocket and tried it in his hat. It was just too large, the hat wobbled ludicrously, and just as he was taking it out again a butcher's boy came driving round the corner.

"Confound it!" said Mr. Hinchcliff.

He would have eaten the thing and

attained omniscience there and then, but it would seem so silly to go into the town sucking a juicy fruit—and it certainly felt juicy. If one of the boys should come by it might do him a serious injury with his discipline so to be seen. And the juice might make his face sticky and get upon his cuffs—or it might be an acid juice as potent as lemon, and, take all the colour out of his clothes.

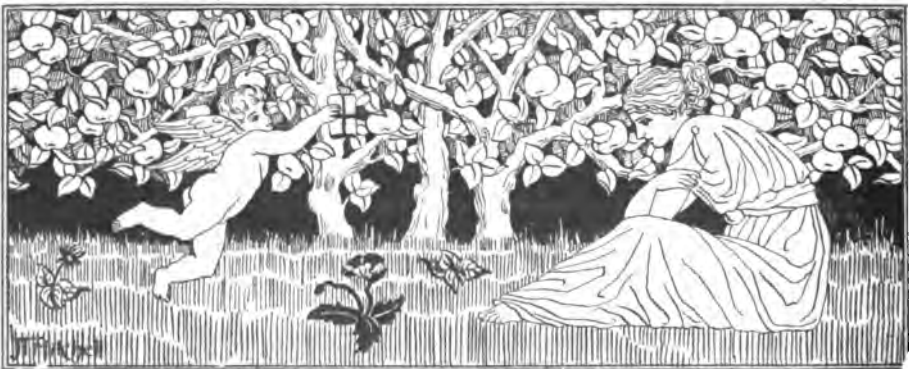
Then round a bend in the lane came two pleasant sunlit girlish figures. They were walking slowly towards the town and chattering—at any moment they might look round and see a hot-faced young man behind them carrying a kind of phosphorescent yellow tomato! They would be sure to laugh.

"*Hang!*" said Mr. Hinchcliff, and with a swift jerk sent the encumbrance flying over the stone wall of an orchard that there abutted on the road. As it vanished he felt a faint twinge of loss that lasted scarcely a moment. He adjusted the stick and glove in his hand

and walked on erect and self-conscious to pass the girls.

But in the darkness of the night Mr. Hinchcliff had a dream, and saw the valley and the flaming swords, and the contorted trees, and knew that it really was the Apple of the Tree of Knowledge that he had thrown regardlessly away. And he awoke very unhappy.

In the morning his regret had passed, but afterwards it returned and troubled him; never, however, when he was happy or busily occupied. At last one moonlight night about eleven, when all Holmwood was quiet, his regrets returned with redoubled force, and therewith an impulse to adventure. He slipped out of the house and over the playground wall, went through the silent town to Station Lane, and climbed into the orchard where he had thrown the fruit. But nothing was to be found of it there among the dewy grass and the faint intangible globes of dandelion down.





**SYMPATHY.**

*By Robert Sawyer.*

"Don't you always pity a girl who is frightened in the dark?"  
"Naturally, I cannot help feeling for her."

# LIFE OF NAPOLEON III.

BY ARCHIBALD FORBES.

ILLUSTRATED FROM NUMEROUS SOURCES.

## CHAPTER III.

TRAVELLING IN DISGUISE—FRANCE—  
ENGLAND—RETURN TO ARENENBERG.

WHILE Hortense lay in Pesaro prostrated by her bereavement, she was informed that the Austrian troops on land were almost in sight, and that their ships were visible in the offing. She realised that she had still one son left, whom she must endeavour to save at all hazards. She and Louis reached Ancona, after a hurried drive, only to find that there was greater danger in Ancona than there had been in Pesaro. The imminence of the danger stimulated the resourceful ingenuity of Hortense. Her English passport was for a lady travelling with two sons; and in order to avoid suspicion on the contemplated journey, it was necessary that she should find a substitute for the son in his grave at Forli. At this time there was temporarily in Ancona the Marquis Zappi, a young nobleman whose position was seriously compromised, since he was the bearer of secret despatches to Paris from the revolutionary Government of Bologna. She offered him the place of her lost son during the journey she was about to make to Paris; Zappi consented, and preparations were at once made for departure. But meanwhile Louis fell ill of the disease which had carried off his brother. In this dilemma, she caused a berth to be taken for

her son on a vessel about to sail for Corfu, and procured for him a passport for that port duly signed by the authorities of Ancona. She spread the report that



THE DUC D'ORLEANS ELDEST SON OF KING LOUIS  
PHILIPPE.

*(From the portrait by Ingres at Versailles.)*

it was she herself who was ill, and made up a bed for her son in a cabinet close to

her own room. Her servants were ostentatiously carrying baggage from the palace of Hortense to a vessel which was to sail the same evening; it duly departed at nightfall, and no one doubted that Louis Napoleon had left Italy in the little craft.

It happened that the general commanding the Austrian vanguard which had entered Ancona, was the officer who had escorted Hortense and her sons from Paris to the frontier in 1815. When, after eight days of anxiety and danger, Prince Louis was pronounced in a condition to travel, Hortense apprized the Austrian commander of her approaching departure. The General courteously furnished her with a pass through the Austrian lines; and she informed him that she would leave Ancona early on the morning of Easter Sunday. One of her servants feigned sudden illness, and Prince Louis dressed himself in the livery of the lacquey; the Marquis Zappi, who had laid concealed in the house of a friend, joined the cortege in the livery of another domestic. Before daylight Hortense, and her son disguised as a footman, descended the great staircase, at the foot of which the guard permitted her to pass without interference. Louis Napoleon stood in livery on the footboard of his mother's carriage, and Zappi on that of the second vehicle. At the gate of the town the passports were duly examined without occasioning any suspicion. By-and-bye Hortense halted to pray in the church of Loretto, and then continued the journey. At Tolentino a wretched Italian who recognised the Prince notwithstanding his disguise, pointed him out to the commander of the Austrian detachment stationed there; the officer replied that the lady's passports were in perfect order, and that he was not there to arrest people.

Hortense made no pause until she had passed the last Austrian outpost. Worn with fatigue and anxiety, she pushed on,

nevertheless, through Foligno and Perugia, whose inhabitants awaited with apprehension the approach of the Austrian masses. On nearing the Tuscan frontier, her anxieties and apprehensions were increased; for all over Tuscany Louis and his brother had been familiar figures. The frontier was passed in the dead of night. The commissioner of police was absent, and had left orders that nobody should pass the barrier until his return. Ultimately Hortense's courier found the commissioner, who *visé*d the passport on the courier's assurance that Prince Louis was not of the party. At Camoscia the travellers were to leave the high road and go by short stages to Sienna. But no relays of horses were procurable at Camoscia. Hortense waited in her carriage in the street, for the inn was full. Prince Louis, the future Emperor of the French, in the dress of a flunkey, slept on a stone bench out in the open, until at length horses were procured.

After driving through the charming valley of Chiana during the whole day, the travellers reached a quiet little town where they ventured to take a night's rest.

"Without that night's sleep," wrote Hortense, "I should have died." On this little-frequented road the travellers were in comparative safety. But the incognito could not be long maintained. Queen Hortense had to go through Sienna, where she was well known, since she had been in the habit of passing through the place every year on her way to Rome. She now took the bold course of passing through the city openly in full day; but this would have been imprudent for Prince Louis. While the Queen's passports were being examined at the gate, Louis jumped from behind the carriage, and, dodging through the bye-lanes, made quickly towards the street leading to the Florence gate. Owing to the number of travelling English swarming in the town, a stay in Sienna was impossible; so the party repaired to a road side inn



outside the town, the Prince having been taken up after a search for him on the way.

Early on the following morning the travelling party was safe in Pisa. By this time Prince Louis and Zappi had changed their clothes, and, as Fritz, Queen Hortense's old domestic, expressed himself, "the servants had ceased to be masters." From this time Queen Hortense was an English lady travelling with

time could breathe freely. Perhaps no spot in Italy is more lovely. "It unites," so wrote St. John, "the magnificence of Switzerland, with the softness of the south—delicious valleys, marble mountains, lofty spreading trees, glimpses of the distant sea, and a sky of deep azure tinged towards the horizon with the soft glow of evening." The thoughts of the mother, like those of her son, were with the dead. Here Hortense persuaded



CASIMIR PERIER. (p. 321.)

her two sons, although Prince Louis was the only member of the party who could speak English, and he only, then, with a marked French accent. Their incognito went for very little. At Lucca the landlord of the inn recognised the courier of the travellers, and the jeweller of the Court of Florence did not need to look at them twice. It was in the valley of Sezarezza, near Pietra Santa, where the elder son of Hortense had formerly lived with his wife, that Hortense for the first

herself that it would be delightful to pass what remained to her of life, plunged in soft melancholy, and communing quietly with her own ideas. The mother and son proceeded until they came within sight of the foundations of the house which the young Napoleon had begun to build for himself. The grass was now springing up among the stones, while he lay at rest in the church of Forlì.

The party hurried through a dependency of the Duchy of Modena, where



GUIZOT. (p. 301.)

there was reason to fear the vigilant police of the Duke. Finally, Genoa was reached, where the British Consul affixed his *visé* to their passports without any difficulty. At length, after having been recognised times out of number, but never betrayed, the fugitives found themselves one more on French soil. They had entered territory from setting foot on

which they had been proscribed ; but after sixteen years of exile, they were in their native land once again, and they slept happily that night at Cannes.

The members of the Bonaparte family were by law exiled from France, and forbidden to return on pain of death. But Hortense and her son had little apprehension that in their case the law would be

sternly enforced, although they took the precaution of travelling under names different from their own. When Hortense had been sent into exile in 1815, she had carried with her letters from Louis Philippe's mother, and his aunt, the Duchess of Bourbon, in which they had thanked

Hortense, in her memoirs, recounts with what happiness she noted that, as they journeyed forward towards Paris, her son threw off the weight of melancholy which had oppressed him since the death of his brother. "When we stopped anywhere," she wrote, "he would go for a walk in the



QUEEN MARIE AMÉLIE. (A. 503.)

her warmly for having obtained pensions for them, and for permission to remain in France — letters which are still extant. Louis Philippe had commissioned the Grand Duchess of Baden to inform Queen Hortense that she might always rely on his good offices. The resolution of Hortense and her son was to travel direct to Paris, to make known to him their presence, and to place themselves in his hands,

streets, enter the *cafés*, gossip with the people whom he met, and then return and relate to me all that he had seen and heard. In some places, finding that he had come recently from Italy, he was asked about the death of young Napoleon, the questioners little imagining to whom they were addressing themselves. But it was when we passed through a garrison town that he hastened to examine the

soldiers and their equipments with the greatest minuteness. . . . My son, electrified by the atmosphere of the country he loved so much, had only one desire—to remain in it, to serve in it as a simple soldier.” This was the object of the following letter which Louis Napoleon addressed to the King, from which some passages were excised by the advice of M. Casimir Périer : (*p.* 298.)

“SIRE,—I venture to address myself to your Majesty, as the representative of the Great Nation, to ask you a favour which is the sole object of my ambition. I pray you, Sire, to open the gates of France to me, and to allow me to serve as a simple soldier. I could console myself for absence from my country when, in an unfortunate land, liberty called me under her standards ; but now that courage has been compelled to yield to numbers, I have found myself obliged to fly from Italy. Nearly all the states of Europe are closed against me. France is the only one where it would not be reproached to me as a crime that I had embraced the sacred cause of a people's independence ; but a cruel law banishes me. Separated from my family, inconsolable for the loss of my brother, who died at Romagna after having given so many proofs of his love of liberty, life would be insupportable to me if I did not continue to hope that your Majesty will permit me to return as simple citizen to the French ranks—happy if one day I may die fighting for my country. France and your Majesty might rely on my oaths, and on my gratitude.”

M. Périer expressed his approval of this appeal, which he undertook to present to the King ; but, so far as is known, no notice was taken of it. Louis Philippe desired in the French army no ambitious and ardent young scions of the house of Bonaparte. He was wise in his generation.

M. Guizot (*p.* 299) thus describes in his memoirs the arrival in Paris, in April, 1831, of Queen Hortense and her son : “On her arrival, Queen Hortense addressed herself to Count d'Houdetot, the King's aide-de camp, begging him to inform the King of her position. The King received her secretly at the Palais Royal ; whither the Queen and Madame Adelaide came also to see her. The Queen and Queen Hortense

were seated on the bed, the King and Madame Adelaide upon the only two chairs. The King and Queen showed the kindest interest in the condition of Queen Hortense. She wished to be permitted to return to France, or at any rate to go to the waters of Vichy.

“‘Vichy, yes,’ said the King, ‘for your health ; it will be considered quite natural. And then you can prolong your stay, or you can return.’

“She desired also to press some pecuniary claims on the Government. The King promised all the help in his power ; but referred M. Casimir Périer to her, whom she did not receive without misgivings. ‘I know, sir,’ she said, as the Minister entered her room in the Hôtel de Hollande, ‘that I have violated a law ; you have the right to arrest me.’

“‘Legally, yes ; justly, no,’ answered the Minister, and presently he departed, having offered Hortense any help she required, which she refused.”

Queen Hortense contradicts in many particulars the account of M. Guizot. Her version was that Louis Philippe, when informed of the arrival in Paris of Hortense, was exceedingly incensed, and sent M. d'Houdetot to intimate his refusal to see her. That emissary told her that the King had said that “he deplored the audacity of the Duchess of St. Leu in returning to France, and that he could not consent to an interview with her.” But later his Majesty sanctioned a visit to Hortense on the part of M. Casimir Périer, the President of the Council, the result of which was that the King consented to see her in the Palais Royal. The ladies of Louis Philippe's family were present at the interview. Nothing could exceed their politeness and their insincerity. His Majesty received Queen Hortense with all the graciousness and courtesy which were the distinguishing characteristics of the “citizen-king.” After a short prelude he began to speak of the subject which he knew lay nearest



to the heart of Hortense, the abrogation of the sentence of exile. "I know," said he, "all the bitterness of exile, and it is not my fault that yours is not yet ended. But," he added, "the day is at hand when there shall be no more exiles! I shall have none during my reign." Hor-

divulged it to none of his Ministers except M. Casimir Périer.. He added that if circumstances permitted, he should be happy to fulfil the aspiration of Prince Louis. "I wish you to understand," said Louis Philippe to Hortense, "that in every respect I shall consider it



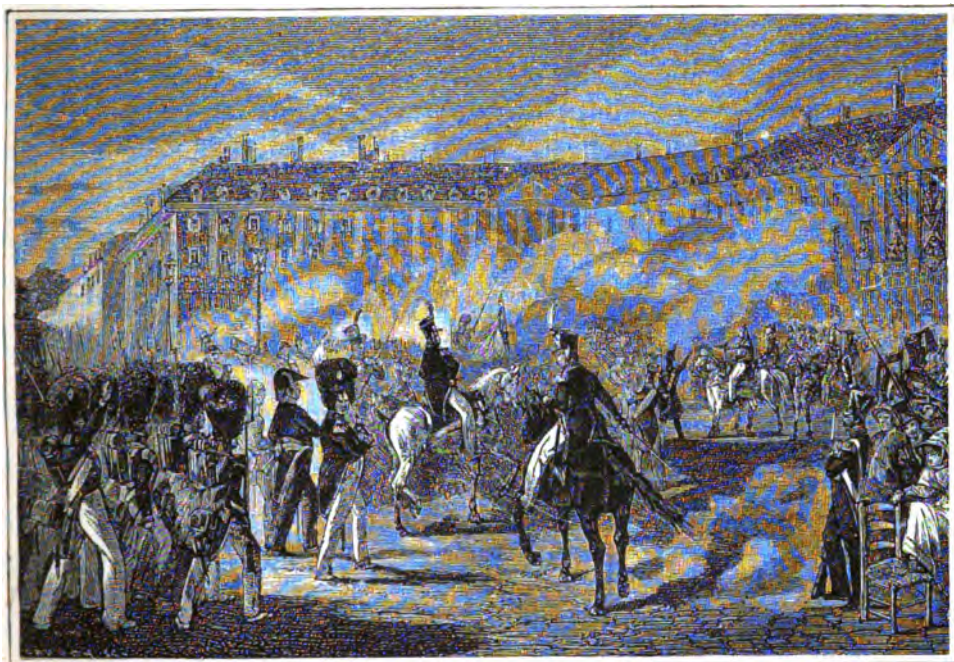
E. BONIAT.

MADAME ADELAÏDE (p. 313.)

tense informed his Majesty that her son had accompanied her to Paris; and that he desired to beg of the King that his Majesty would allow him to enter the French army. It seemed that the King had suspected the coming of the Prince; and he was very desirous that the presence in Paris of the mother and son should be kept quite secret—he had

a pleasure to serve you. I am aware that you have a claim for considerable sums, and that the State has hitherto neglected to do you justice. Write down everything which France owes you, and send the account to me. I know something about this sort of business, and I will be your *chargé d'affaires*."

Hortense believed in the King's honesty



THE INAUGURATION OF THE VENDÔME COLUMN.

(From an engraving.)

and friendship, and was greatly touched by his affability. Queen Marie Amélie (*p.* 300) as well as Madame Adelaïde (*p.* 302), showed her great sympathy. But it was significant that the latter asked Hortense how long she meant to remain in Paris, and that, when Hortense replied that she would probably prolong her stay for three days, Madame Adelaïde exclaimed, in obvious alarm, "So long? Three whole days? Are you aware that there are a great many English families here who have seen your son in Italy, and may recognise him?"

When Hortense returned to her hotel from her visit to the Palais Royal, she found, so she tells, her unfortunate son in bed suffering from a recrudescence of the fever from which he had suffered in Italy. The physician called in declared that he had besides a dangerous inflammation of the throat. This is the account of Hortense. It must, however, be stated that another version is extant for which M.

Thirria, the author of *Napoleon III. avant l'Empire*, is responsible. His story is that on the morning after Hortense's visit to the Palais Royal, M. Casimir Périer said to Louis Philippe at the Cabinet Council, "Did not the Duchess of St. Leu present to you the excuse on behalf of her son that he was confined to his room by illness? Well, believe me, his plea of indisposition was feigned. At the time your Majesty was receiving the mother, the son was in conference with the chief leaders of the Republican Party, and was devising with them the means whereby your throne might be overthrown." Thirria adds that there could be no question as to the Prince's relations with the Republicans, and that they existed more or less actively until December, 1848.

This anecdote must be taken for what it may be worth. Louis Philippe and his Minister could afford to disregard the efforts of the "Republican Party" to sub-

vert the throne. The Bonapartists were not more formidable. In the Revolution of 1830, scarcely any voices were heard uttering the name of the great Emperor in a city which had so long echoed to that sound. Ladvocat and Dumvulin, two men without influence, military reputation, or celebrity of any kind, conceived for a moment the idea of proclaiming the Empire: both were jeered at as visionaries. Old General Gourgaud, who had returned from St. Helena, alone made a feeble effort to stir the dulling pulses of his brother-veterans; and he went so far, before he flickered out, as to protest against the nomination of the Duke of Orleans. But in effect, at this time, there existed no Bonapartist Party. The nominal head of the house of Napoleon was the Duke of Reichstadt, an Austrian prince living in Vienna under surveillance.

Joseph's protest from America was at once futile and belated. Most of the members of the Bonapartist family were living in Italy possessed for the most part by local ambitions, in aid of which they had a sufficiency of means. The Chamber of Deputies gave the Crown of France to Louis Philippe in virtue of the fact that he was the only possible compromise of a dangerous position; the only safeguard, in the words of Thiers, "against a republic and its inevitable tempests." As for Prince Louis Napoleon, he was a mere negligible quantity now and for five years later; a grown man, he nevertheless dangled on his mother's apron-strings.

Sick or shamming, Prince Louis remained in bed in the Hôtel de Hollande; and his mother never left him except to receive M. Périer's daily visit to enquire, in the King's name, as to the Prince's



THE SETTING UP OF THE COLUMN.  
(From a fine print by Ziz.)



health. The Minister and Queen Hortense became very friendly. "As regards you personally, a ready consent," said Périer, "would be given to your return to France ; but your son's name would be an obstacle in his case. If later he should aspire to enter the French army, he would have to relinquish his name." Louis overheard the remark, and broke out into a passion. "What !" he exclaimed, "sacrifice my

the age of seven, he had seen scarcely anything of his native land. He needed no incognito ; his old nurse of the Rue Cérutti would not have recognised him. There was in Paris a varied wealth of intense interest for this curiously belated quasi-Frenchman ; but he had the misfortune to be debarred from making any pilgrimages or any explorations. Hortense and her son had been eleven days in Paris,



TALLEYRAND (p. 307.)

name ? Who dares to make to me such a proposition ? Let us return into obscurity. You were right, mother—the hour of the Napoleons has passed—or has not yet arrived !”

For the time Louis Philippe needed to feel no concern regarding the young man whose letter, if he had received it, he had not deigned to answer. It was really by a *façon de parler* that Louis Napoleon could call himself a Frenchman. He was now in his twenty-third year, and since

and Louis was reported to be still in a very serious condition. On the afternoon of the 4th, M. d'Houdetot, the aide-de-camp of the King, came in great haste to insist that the departure from Paris of Hortense and her son could no longer be postponed. This imperative urgency was occasioned by the circumstance that the following day (May 5th) was the anniversary of the death of Napoleon the Great. The celebration was an annual remembrance of the name which France





THE DUCHESSE DE BERRY.

will never allow to fall into oblivion ; but in 1831 the occasion was honoured with exceptional warmth, because the Premier had carried in the Chamber the proposal to reinstate the statue of Napoleon on the Vendôme column, and the work was already in progress. Already great excitement prevailed throughout the capital ; and it was with feelings of apprehension that Louis Philippe's Government, not yet a year old, regarded a celebration so charged with momentous memories. From the earliest dawn throughout the long day, dense crowds gathered around the Vendôme column, loading the eagles and the railings surrounding it with gar-

lands and crowns of flowers. Hortense had been watching the interesting spectacle from the window of her apartment looking into the Place, and possibly she was recognised. What occurred was in effect, that a hasty knock was heard at her door, and that M. d'Houdetot, pale and confused, entered the room. " Madame ! " he said, hurriedly, " you must depart at once. I am ordered to tell you that not another hour will be allowed unless the doctor is prepared to state that Prince Louis' life will be absolutely endangered by a journey so sudden." Ultimately the travellers started for England on the early morning of the 6th.

A few days later they arrived in London, where the unfortunate Louis was promptly attacked by jaundice. The best people called on the exiles, who thoroughly enjoyed themselves in the free atmosphere of England, dined at Holland House and other notable mansions, and paid a lengthened visit to Woburn Abbey. Talleyrand (p. 305), then the French Ambassador to England, lost no time in enquiring the object of the visit of Queen Hortense and her son. The reply was that they were on their way to Switzerland by way of Belgium, an answer which threw the diplomatic world into a temporary commotion, since that little monarchy had been very recently constituted. Prince Leopold, indeed, had not yet been elected to its throne; and the voice of rumour had it, that Prince Louis intended to try his fortune in that direction. Leopold, an old friend of Hortense, rallying Prince Louis as to the *canard*, said jocosely,

"You'll not pocket my little kingdom as you go home, I hope." On the surface the stay in England of Louis and his mother had no political character or significance. Apparently mother and son were wholly absorbed in the courtesies and pleasures of society. They visited, they dined at great houses, they to all appearance had no concealments and no concerns; but in reality they lived in an atmosphere of plot, intrigue, and jealousy. The Duchess of Berry, who was then living at Bath, had at once hurried to London to watch Hortense. This bold and enterprising lady was already engaged in preparation for an expedition to France, in the forlorn hope of fomenting an insurrection having for its object a revolution which should restore the Legitimist dynasty and place on the throne of France her son, the Count of Chambord, a boy of eleven. She suspected, and probably with reason, a counterplot on the part



AN INTERVIEW BETWEEN THE DUCHESSE DE BERRY AND LOUIS XVIII. IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE.

(From the painting by H. Lecomte at Versailles.)



JOSEPH BONAPARTE IN HIS CORONATION ROBES. 1803.

(Engraved by C. S. Pradier in 1813, after Gerard.)

of Hortense having a similar character and object.

Joseph Bonaparte had quitted his retirement at Bordenstown on the errand of ascertaining whether it would be worth while to take a hand in a plot against Louis Philippe. But the discovery was

made that the Bonapartists of character and devotedness were at this period not strong in France; and the idea was suggested that an advantage might be gained by a coalition with the Republicans. A well-known politician writes: "Lafitte and Lafayette were won over, and several other

Republicans of distinction repaired to London in the hopes of being able to ripen that notable scheme of fusion. Several generals of Louis Philippe's army displayed considerable eagerness to transfer their allegiance; but not being able to invent any reasonable pretext for visiting the British capital, they went, instead, clandestinely to Ostend, where Prince Louis Napoleon met them. What was to have formed the basis of the new revolution was never divulged. In all likelihood it would have been Republican in name, but certainly Bonapartist in reality. About the mode of carrying it out Louis Napoleon and Joseph differed essentially, the former being desirous of pushing things at once to extremities, while the latter, with the characteristic timidity of age, sought all manner of pretexts for procrastination. Meanwhile, the actual conductors of the journal *La Tribune*, having discovered the design of the conspirators, denounced it with great severity. They went back over the bloody history of the Revolution; they enumerated the victims of Napoleon I.'s perfidy and despotism, and they earnestly and vigorously cautioned the French nation against being deluded a second time by any member of the Bonaparte family, against which they weighed as a tyrannical cabal utterly irreconcilable with liberty. This outspoken philippic was attributed to the suggestion of Louis Philippe, with some colour of reason; but, with whomsoever it originated, it had its effect in thwarting the designs of the Bonapartes, and in postponing for nearly twenty years their advent to power."

It became evident to Prince Louis that any attempt in the direction of action would at this time be premature. The French Ambassador furnished him and his mother with passports, and they returned to Arenenberg through France, travelling incognito. During the journey they discovered that there had not been time for the French people to grow tired of King Louis Philippe, who, indeed, was then still

quite popular with the bulk of his subjects. Since no field of action lay open to Prince Louis, he betook himself to his pen. He was a copious writer. His first work was entitled *Political Reflections*, including a project for a new French Constitution. The manuscript had the advantage of being revised, and altered on several points, by the illustrious Châteaubriand, who happened at that time to be on a visit at the Château of Arenenberg. The *Réveries Politiques* may be accepted as the political programme with which Prince Louis was by-and-bye to appeal to France. It was, in effect, the carefully elaborated result of his study of his great uncle's life and works, adapted, according to his own personal views, to the wants and desires of the French people. It was the outline, in short, of the *régime* which he was prepared to establish; and it embodied in effect the form of constitution with which in his hand the Prince was later to make his attempt on Strasburg.

The *Réveries* were presently followed by a pamphlet in a yellow paper cover, on the title-page of which were the words *Political and Military Considerations in regard to Switzerland*. The author's brief and modest preface is as follows: "I commend to the indulgence of my readers these reflections, which I submit to their judgment. If, in speaking of Switzerland, I have been unable to prevent the frequent recurrence of my thoughts to France, I trust that my digressions may be pardoned, for the interest wherewith a free nation inspires me naturally augments my love for my own country. I counsel the Swiss to be always the allies of France, because their local interest invites, because their interest as a civilised nation impels them to that result." This brochure, published in 1833, was mainly the outcome of the studies which the Prince had been pursuing at Thun. It was the result of some thought, reading, and experience. The views he advocated were naturally those of a Frenchman of the



MARIE JULIE CLARY, QUEEN OF NAPLES. WIFE OF JOSEPH BONAPARTE. 1777-1845.  
(From the painting by Robert Lefèvre at Versailles.)

Napoleonic school. He was at this early period of his career a Republican, although he found a crucial difficulty in reconciling his political ideas with the traditions of his family—above all, with his reverence for Napoleon. Among his chief mental idiosyncrasies derived from

that homage, were his hatred of England, and the aspiration, then cherished more or less deeply by nearly all Frenchmen, to avenge the defeat of Waterloo. What of philosophy he then possessed had not yet taught him to regard with calmness the events of history, and to reflect that it

is the destiny of great nations to have to experience alternations of victories and reverses. It had not come to him to realise that the animus of revenge is incompatible with civilisation in its best sense ; and Mr. Jerrold shrewdly points out that the young author would not or could not recognise that Frenchmen might as well chafe at the remembrance of Cressy, Poitiers, and Agincourt, as at the fresher memory of Waterloo. The *Considerations*, nevertheless, are not destitute of interest and suggestion. Their author wrote with strong convictions in favour of freedom, although he seldom permitted himself to be impassioned or enthusiastic.

In evidence of their appreciation of this careful and friendly study of Switzerland, the cantons of Thurgau and Berne conferred on the Prince the rank of Captain of Artillery. In acknowledgment of this honour he wrote : "I am proud to be placed among the defenders of a nation where the sovereignty of the people is

the foundation of the constitution, and where every citizen is ready at any time to sacrifice himself for the liberty and independence of his country."

In the intervals of his literary work the Prince from time to time found change in his duties at the camp of Thun, where 12,000 men were assembled on a war footing, and where he first appeared in the character of a captain of the Swiss Confederation. He drew up a Manual of Artillery for the Swiss Army, which was accepted and taken into use. It was with unaffected modesty that he now regarded himself as the practical head of the House of Bonaparte. For the Duke of Reichstadt had died in 1832. King Joseph had become heir to the Imperial Crown, King Louis being next in succession, and his son, Prince Louis, being third. But Joseph was now old, and never had been adventurous ; King Louis was a permanent invalid ; and the hopes of such Bonapartist Party as there still existed were vested in the son of Queen Hortense.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]





OLD FRIENDS.  
*By B. E. Minns.*

"Do you know Miss Shorter? I met her at the Blanks' last night, and she mistook me for your husband."

"Yes. She always was hard on me, even when we were at school together."



# A CAUTIOUS YOUTH.

BY. W. PETT RIDGE.

ILLUSTRATED BY J. SKELTON.



R. GEORGE WRAIGHT had, after great consideration, asked Miss Betterton to come up the river on the *Cardinal Wolsey*, and little Miss Betterton, after some coy hesitancy, and some debate with Miss Oliffe who shared her room over Oliffe & Oliffe's, had decided to accept it. Miss Oliffe had strongly urged that the invitation should be declined, and this had settled the matter.

"You shouldn't ask my advice, dear," said Miss Oliffe, tartly, "if you didn't mean to take it. Mr. Wraight's a very nice gentleman, and he parts his hair in the middle, and always lifts his hat in a well-bred manner, but I don't think it's the correct thing to go out with any gentleman unless——"

"That's just why I'm doing it, dear."

"You'll find out your mistake some day," said Miss Oliffe, punching her pillow with some annoyance. "Mark my words."

"It isn't as though I was like some girls," urged little Miss Betterton. "I'm not silly."

"So you say, dear."

"Are you fond of Mr. Wraight, Oliffe?"

"I wouldn't accept him," said Miss Oliffe, vehemently, "not if he went down on his bended knees. Have you said your prayers?"

There was equal tumult in the mind of Mr. Wraight in regard to the river trip. The idea had come suddenly to Mr. Wraight that being quite twenty-two the time was approaching when it would be wise to settle down, and compose himself

for married life. This was partly suggested by the fact that an uncle had generously offered to set him up in business in Hackney.

"She's the only girl I ever had the least 'ankering after," said Mr. Wraight to his looking-glass, "and I suppose I can't do better than offer her my 'and and my 'eart. But I shall be as cautious as I can, and the leastest thing will put me off."

It really seemed that everything promised well. At the Old Swan Pier was Miss Flora Betterton, looking much prettier in the eyes of Mr. Wraight than any young person had ever been permitted in this world hitherto to look, and a hat that was perfectly bewildering. Mr. Wraight's hand shook as he purchased tickets at the wooden office; when, down on the pier, Miss Betterton began in her bright decided way to talk, he was forced to hold tightly, with his brown gloved hand, the iron chain, to prevent himself from falling, in consequence of dizziness, into the water.

"The oddest thing!" exclaimed Miss Betterton. "Just along in Lower Thames Street—do you mind doing up this last button of my glove, Mr. Wraight? It is so difficult, you can't think—along in Lower Thames Street, who should I come across but Mr. Mer-vale."

"Ho!" said Mr. Wraight. "This button won't fasten. Your arm's too plump."

"My arm's all right," said Miss Betterton, "it's the glove that's wrong. What was I talking about?"



"You were saying——"

"Oh, I remember! About Mr. Mervale. Well, he's just over from South Africa on a holiday, you know."

"I didn't know," said George, rather gruffly. "Don't know the man from Adam."

"I'll introduce you presently," said Miss Betterton. "I expect he's gone down to the other end of the boat."

"I'm the worst one you ever met for riddles," she said. "I only know that one about 'When is a jar not a——'"

"It isn't exactly a riddle," explained George, awkwardly. "It's more important than any riddles; perhaps, if it's quite agreeable, I'll mention it on the return journey."

"Just as you like," said Miss Betterton agreeably. "We've got all the afternoon



MERVALE SAID HE WAS PLEASED TO MEET GEORGE.

"You'll like him awfully; he's grown so good-looking."

"Good looks ain't everything," remarked George.

"We used to be in an elocution class together," went on Miss Betterton, beamingly. "You don't go in for reciting do you, Mr. Wraight?"

"Singin's my line," said George.

"I suppose there'll be something of the kind going on as we come back. If I'm asked—— Oh, the boat's moving!"

"I've got something I want to ask you presently," said George.

before us. I'm glad there's an orchestra on board, aren't you? I wouldn't give a penny for the river if it wasn't for the music on board."

"Music 'ath charms," quoted George with an effort, "to soothe the savage breast."

"Indeed," said Miss Betterton, coldly, a little hurt at the remark.

"Don't misunderstand me," said George, anxiously. "I wasn't arguing for a single moment that you——"

"Here's Mr. Mervale. Let me introduce you."

Mervale, a tall, clipped-bearded man with a Kentish accent and a quiet manner, said he was pleased to meet George, and George said (but his looks did not corroborate the statement) that he was proud to make the acquaintance of Mervale.

Mervale offered George his cigar-case, and George selected two, placing one in his waistcoat pocket to smoke, as he said, some other time. It was impossible to deny that Mervale was, if a silent, yet an attentive man. Just as George was thinking over the matter of refreshments, Mervale went below and returned with lemonade and claret for Miss Betterton; when the idea of going to the side of the vessel the better to see the Houses of Parliament struck him, he found that Mervale was already conducting the lady thither.

"Seems to me," said George, sitting back on his seat, "that I'm getting left. I shall 'ave to set about this matter seriously."

A sheet of letter paper lay at George's foot. He picked it up absently, and closing his eyes thought out the form of declaration. By the time Miss Betterton had returned to her seat, George had made up his mind.

"Miss Betterton," he said, twisting the slip of paper nervously, "that little matter that I mentioned just now. 'Ave you ever thought about getting married?"

Miss Betterton turned her pretty head away modestly.

"I don't know that I've ever paid much attention to the subject," she said.

"Well," urged George, "it's just as well to look these unpleasant facts—what I mean to say, it's no use putting everything off till the last moment."

"There's certainly something in that," agreed Miss Betterton. She arranged the lace edging of her scarlet parasol with exceeding care. "My mother always used to warn us girls against procrastination."

"Against who?" enquired George, sharply. Miss Betterton explained. "Oh,

I see what you mean. But what I was speaking of, and what I wanted—what I wanted to ask you was——"

George assures me on his honour as a draper and a man, that a glass of water—nay, a mere sip of water at that moment would have saved him. His mouth seemed parched, his tongue unwilling. Nervously he unrolled the twisted sheet of note-paper and glanced at it. The writing was that of the decorous young lady beside him, and the first lines read thus:

"'Alfonso, dearest, why do you remain away from everyone that holds you dear? I, who desire your presence near to me, would fain lay down my life to see thine eyes. Come——'"

George read no more. He crumpled the paper hastily, and the young lady turned to him.

"What you wanted to ask me was what?" enquired Miss Betterton.

"'Pon me word, I forget," declared George, lamely. "My memory's going like anything. I shall forget me own name presently."

"But can't you try to remember?"

George rubbed the top of his straw hat as one endeavouring to stimulate thought, and frowned at Blackfriars Bridge.

"It's gone," he said, despairingly.

"Perhaps you'll think of it again presently," suggested Miss Betterton, with some coyness.

"Perhaps," answered George. He folded the sheet of note-paper. "I fancy," he said, meaningly, "that this belongs to you."

Miss Betterton flushed with great confusion, and, taking the sheet hastily, placed it in her pocket at the back of her white skirt.

"How careless of me," she said, with much annoyance. "I am stupid. Have I just dropped it? I wouldn't have you look at that for worlds."

George went to the stern of the steamboat to smoke a cigar with the satisfied



'THERE'S CERTAINLY SOMETHING IN THAT.'

air of a man who has stopped himself on the very brink of a precipice, and Mervale from South Africa took his place.

"Pulled meself up," said George to himself, "just in time. Another moment and I should 'ave been let in for it."

It was an awkward day for George, but it might have been much worse. To have ascertained the perfidy of Miss Betterton, and to have been forced to wear during the whole of the day a domino of geniality would have been intolerable. The fortunate presence on the voyage of Mervale — who really seemed a very decent, quiet, generous sort of fellow — enabled George, when he could no longer keep up the pretence of good temper, to leave Miss Betterton in the care of the man from South Africa, returning when his equanimity was temporarily restored. Such was George's thankfulness to Mervale, that he determined to disclose to him the information concerning Miss Betterton's foreign friend in order to place him upon his guard.

"You *are* dull all at once, Mr. Wraight," complained Miss Betterton. "When we started you were quite bright. Does the river journey upset you?"

"No," said George, curtly, "it don't."

"That's Richmond Park over there, isn't it? Be nice to go there some day, wouldn't it? A fine afternoon it would be rather pleasant."

"All right for them that like it."

"I believe you're almost a bit of a cynic, Mr. Wraight," said Miss Betterton, with an attractive air of reproof.

"It's enough to make anybody," said George, gloomily.

"I wish you'd tell me what it is that's gone wrong. I'm sure there's something."

"I tell you there isn't," said George, doggedly.

"You're not cross—you're not put out

at all because I'm speaking to Mr. Mervale? You see he's such an old friend."

"I don't mind you talking to him," declared George, honestly. "Seems a straightforward sort of chap enough."

"Well, then," persisted Miss Betterton, "it must be something else. Is it anything I've said?"

"Look 'ere," said George, goaded to desperation, "you let things be as they are. Nag at me too much, and I shall say something that I shall be sorry for after. Now you understand, don't you?"

"You *are* a peculiar young gentleman," said Miss Betterton. "I can't half make you out."

George is not prepared to offer any explanation, but he declares that on the return journey, as soon as the sun had gone down, and the insinuating twilight came, and lamps on board were lighted, he found his heart warming again with an affection for Miss Betterton. He tried to think of the compromising letter which he had read that morning, but even this document could not prevent him from admiring her. Whilst the other ladies on board were dusty and tired, with hair straight that once was wavy, and with temper fractious that once was equable, Miss Betterton looked as delightful and chattered away as good-temperedly as ever.

George went so far once as to stroke her wrist, but Miss Betterton, glancing at the silent Mervale, spoke to George reprovingly. Passing by Kew, singing commenced, and cheerful young gentlemen tipped their hats back and sang rollicking songs about meeting ladies on a 'bus, and about having too much to drink, and of being locked up, and of other diverting incidents; and young ladies closing their eyes sang, in a shrill stolid soprano, ballads of great emotion. When Miss Betterton's turn came, that young lady responded with alacrity (for

it is not on board a steamboat that one may affect to excuse oneself; else is one incontinently passed over).

"I'm not in very good voice for singing," explained Miss Betterton to the circle, "but I can recite a piece if you like."

The silent Mervale moved forward, the better to hear, and there was a gallant murmur of encouragement.

"Is it long?" asked a lad.

"Depends," answered Miss Betterton, sharply, "what you call long. It is called 'The Spanish Maiden to her Lover,' and it's written in what is called blank verse."

"Fire away," said the lad.

Miss Betterton glanced at the admiring Mervale and rose. George, standing at the back out of sight, prepared to listen casually. It occurred to him, he tells me, at that moment, what a proud man he would be if he were to possess some day for a wife a lady so gifted in elocutionary gifts who could entertain company on early closing evenings in this refined and artistic manner.

"The Spanish Maiden to her Lover."

Miss Betterton coughed and looked severely round until everyone had ceased talking. Then again the title.

"The Spanish Maiden to her Lover."

"Is that all?" asked the lad who had previously interrupted.

Miss Betterton killed him with a glance of reproof, and Mervale looked at him in

a manner that caused the interrupting lad to take a serious complexion. Miss Betterton commenced her recitation in a high aggrieved tone—

"Alfonso, dearest, why do you remain  
Away from everyone that holds you dear,  
I, who desire your presence near to me,  
Would——"

George could only restrain himself from rushing forward by holding on tightly to the white painted rail at the side of the steamer. The moment that the recitation was over, he forced his way insistently through the congratulating crowd and shook hands affectionately with the flushed *artiste*.

"I've thought of what I wanted to ask you this morning," he said softly.

"Really?"

"What I wanted to say was would you kindly go so far out of your way as to consent to become my wife?"

"Well," said Miss Betterton, calmly, "I don't know but what I might have done if you had asked me before. But down at Hampton Court Mr. Mervale was kind enough to make the same offer, and so—well, you're too late."

George Wraight, in relating to me this story, said that he is now engaged to Miss Oliffe, and wishes to remark in conclusion that what it seems to him to amount to is simply this. Some people (says George) are born lucky and some ain't. For his part, it seems to him that he belongs to the ain'ts.





**FINISHING TOUCHES.**  
*By St. Clair Simmons.*

# AMBUSH AGAINST AMBUSH.

A STORY OF THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.

BY ARCHIBALD FORBES.

ILLUSTRATED BY J. SCHÜNBERG.



IN December of 1870 I was living with the headquarters of Major von Schönberg's battalion of Saxons in a handsome but sorely-battered mansion, on the German siege-line on the east side of Paris, right opposite to Mont Avron, over whose summit lowered the sullen face and menacing embrasures of Fort Rosny.

There were shell-holes in the roof of our *château*, in its walls, and in the parquet floor of the fine drawing-room, which was the common-room of the Saxon officers, the furniture of which was in a curiously fragmentary condition. A shell had burst in the grand piano, and had wrought utter havoc among the keys, hammers, and strings of the instrument. The place was a favourite target for the guns of Avron and Rosny, and we may be said to have lived under almost constant fire.

A shell burst in an upper room just as Under-Officer Schulz entered to make a report to the Major. Schulz took three measured steps from the door with accurately-pointed toes, halted smartly, bringing his heels together with a sharp click; and stood before his commanding officer motionless, stiff, and severely erect.

"What is it, Schulz?" asked the Major.

"Please you, Herr Major," replied the Under-Officer stiffly, "Corporal Zimmermann reports that in the gap of the park wall of the Schloss Launay, Soldier Claus Spreckels of Captain Hammerstein's Com-

pany was killed by a shot from the little house by the gate. That makes the seventh man killed this week by the French pig-dog who lurks there and never misses a chance."

"Pig-dog indeed!" exclaimed the Major angrily. "He takes every chance, as you say, and never gives one. Have the dead Spreckels buried according to form. You may go, Under-Officer Schulz."

"At your order, Herr Major!" said the Under-Officer with a salute; then he went right-about as if he were a piece of mechanism, took his three measured steps to the door, and disappeared.

Soldier Claus Spreckels's body lay on the doorstep where it had been deposited, while his grave was being dug. His would be the most recent; but the region round about us was one great graveyard of recent dead—the stain of the desperate fighting in Ducrot's great sortie—which lasted without intermission from November thirteenth to December third.

"That villain will decimate the battalion," growled the Major, as he took a long drink of the lager-beer, of which his wife had sent him a barrel from Saxony as a Christmas love-gift. "And how to mend matters beats me!" he added despairingly.

Then impulsive Captain Kirchbach broke out—"Let us rush the infernal hut, Major, and burn it down; that will destroy the fellow's cover. I volunteer to lead the party. Why not to-night?"

"It must not be as you propose, Kirchbach," said the Major, "you know that the French forepost line moves forward

beyond the hut with nightfall, and that not half a rifle shot to the rear is a brigade of the red-legs in Villemeuble. 'We'd risk all that cheerfully, but, as you know, I have strict orders against bringing on fighting now while the pioneers are building the batteries for the siege-guns behind us yonder in front of Maison Guyot.'

"And yet," said little Hammerstein, "it is a horrible pity that our good fellows should be murdered thus!"

"Fortune of war!" cried Helldorf the reckless. "If you are to be bowled over, as well in a patrol as in the *mêlée* at Grave-lotte! Spreckels's turn to-day; mine, mayhap, to-morrow! The Frenchman doesn't respect officers the least in the world—you remember how he picked off Lieutenant von Ernsthausen?"

"Permit me the word, Herr Major!" were the bashful words that came from the lips of a youngster in the light blue cavalry uniform, who was standing near the door. The moustache had not budged on his lip, but there was a quiet resolution in the aspect of him which gave assurance that he was equal to a man's part. The young Baron Steinfurt-Wallenstein was the Cornet in command of the detachment of Saxon troopers doing orderly duty with Schönberg's battalion.

"Well, Baron, are you going to offer to cut the fellow out with your galloping sergeant's party?" asked the Major in rather a bantering tone.

"I think, Major," answered the young cavalryman, "my fellows would snatch at the chance if you gave it them. But, of course, that is out of the question. Yet, sir, if you will allow me, I should much like to try whether, with good fortune, I may not stop this fellow's devilry. They reckon me the best shot with the sporting-rifle in our part of the Saxon Switzerland; and I have my favourite weapon here with me. What I want to do is to go and stalk this French sharpshooter. May I?"

"You may try your luck and welcome, Baron, for me," said the Major. "Mind,

unless you bring good evidence back with you, we shan't believe you've wiped him out."

The young cavalryman was the butt of a good deal of badinage that evening. But he took the chaff with a modest serenity, ate a hearty dinner, and said good-night early. I found him in his quarters above the stable overhauling his rifle, and filling a bandolier with cartridges. He readily consented that I should accompany him, which I was anxious to do from curiosity; of course as a neutral I was to go unarmed.

Early next morning we breakfasted together, filled our flasks, put some sandwiches into our haversacks, and while it was yet dark passed the outposts and climbed the gradual slope, on the crest of which, among the old trees, stood the Château de Launay.

The Baron had the bearings of the cottage, to the watching of which we were to devote ourselves; and instead of heading directly upon it, with the result that our hiding-place would be right in the French marksman's line of sight, we edged away somewhat to our right, with intent to locate ourselves somewhere on the left front of the cottage. At a distance of about five hundred yards we were close to a clump of evergreens in the grounds of the villa of Nelaton, the famous surgeon.

In the heart of this clump, where there was comparatively little snow, we lay down, I a little behind the Baron, who waited patiently till dawn, and then gingerly twisted and broke the twigs of holly till he had a clear vista of aim on the cottage, now dimly visible through the frost haze.

Its occupant, we judged, was cooking his breakfast, for smoke was lazily rising from the chimney. Then the sun chased away the haze, and the Baron caught a glimpse of the dull gleam of a rifle-barrel back in the room inside the wide orifice, where in peace time there had been a window-frame.





IN THE HEART OF THIS CLUMP WE LAY DOWN.

His first impulse was to aim a trifle behind the glint, and then fire; but he restrained himself, for it was probable he would not get many chances, so crafty was the Frenchman, and he was bound, in the words of Kirkpatrick, to "mak siccar." We lay for hours, steadfastly gazing at the white front of the cottage, up against which almost to the window-sill the white snow had drifted.

Thrice the flash of a shot darted out through the window space in the front of the cottage. Each shot might have meant the life gone from out a Saxon soldier, and my impatience became almost uncontrollable. Each time I begged of the Baron to act, the stern, resolute answer was thrown back, "No, be calm, everything comes to him who can wait."

As we passed through the chain of pickets in the dusk of the winter day we learned that the marksman of the cottage had killed a sentry who momentarily exposed himself, and wounded another man on patrol.

The Baron was ruthlessly chaffed during the evening, but the rough badinage of his comrades did not in the least disconcert him. He did not take it ill that I did not care to accompany him on the morrow. He left me before daybreak for his solitary lurking place among Dr. Nelaton's evergreens, where, hour after hour, he lay prone, rifle on shoulder, his gaze fixed steadfastly on the aperture in the wall of the cottage.

In the evening he sauntered into the common-room, his manner quiet and unassertive as was his wont. His entrance was greeted with derisive laughter.

"Back again, empty-handed, oh doughty yokner!" shouted Kirchbach.

"Do you know, Herr Baron," said Captain von Zanthier with a sneer, "that your friend up yonder bowled over another fellow of my company this afternoon?"

Then out spoke Major von Schönberg himself: "You have had two whole days,

Baron, for your experiment with the rifle which wrought such execution in the Saxon Switzerland; to-morrow you will return to your regular duty."

"At your order, Herr Major!" replied the Baron, springing to the attitude of rigid attention on receiving a formal order. Then he relaxed his muscles as much as ever a German officer does, and made a few quiet remarks. "I should not have proposed going out again, Major, in any case. Captain Kirchbach, I have not come home empty-handed; I brought with me my rifle—its barrel is fouled."

Then immediately rose the loud clamour of questioning: "Have you killed the fellow?" "Are you really serious?" and so forth.

The little Baron, in his quietest manner, demurely replied: "Perhaps the gentlemen who are interested in this little matter will take the trouble to-morrow morning to go out to the front as far as the railway embankment, and from thence survey the front of the cottage through their field-glasses." And with that he bowed, said "good-night," and went away to his sleeping quarters over the stables.

By daybreak next morning a party of us started on the errand suggested by the little Baron. As we reached the railway embankment the men of the picket were peering over at the distant cottage, each man with his hand shading his eyes from the dazzle of the sun on the snow. What they saw I need not describe. But there was no mistake about it; the little Baron had fulfilled the task he had taken upon himself. It was while we ate a scrappy breakfast as we stood round the piano-buffet next morning that, in as few words as might be, the lad told us the grim story. During the second day the Frenchman had fired several times, but had never given a glimpse of himself to the young marksman down among Dr. Nelaton's laurels and hollies.

His last shot he had fired just before dusk; this was the shot that killed the



THE FRENCHMAN DROPPED ON THE INSTANT.

man of Zanthier's Company. Then as ever, he fired without exposing himself ; but when the bullet had sped he forgot himself for the first time in the two days.

Anxious, no doubt, to discern whether he had done execution, he had for a moment projected his head and shoulders over the window-sill, peering out to his right front, the direction in which he had fired. He was in the act of drawing back when the little Baron took his snapshot at him. The Frenchman dropped on the instant, falling with head and shoulders outside the window into the attitude in which we had seen the body. Then the Baron came away through the gathering dusk ; and that was all he had to say.

The dead marksman had no successor in the occupation of the cottage.

Strangely enough, the French never ventured up to it. Early in January they were driven bodily backward by the fire of the German "walrusses," as we used to call the siege cannon, from Maison Guyot and elsewhere. Then the region about Villemeuble and the Château de Launay lapsed to the Saxons, who buried the dead sharpshooter under the window from which he had sped death so often when alive.

He had regularly installed himself in the cottage, it seemed ; it was found well victualled with bread, bacon, tinned food, wine and coffee, and the man had brought with him a small library of good solid reading as well as writing materials. On the table in the back room lay a half-finished letter, which began "Ma tres

chere femme," and which told, in the most matter-of-fact style, the results of his ball practice. He sent his love to his children, and begged them to pray for his continued success.

He was not a soldier of the line. He wore the coarse uniform of a private of the National Guard, but his linen was fine, and marked with a good name. In the left breast-pocket of his tunic was found the photograph of a handsome woman, with a little child at her knee, and a baby in her arms.

No doubt the "French pig-dog," as the Saxons called him, was a devoted patriot according to his lights, and regarded himself as fighting the good fight for his native land.

Schönberg's fellows gave me the relics of the dead man when I visited them again just before the capitulation of Paris. When that event occurred, and I found

myself in the fallen capitol, one of the first things I did after attending to my work was to deliver the relics at the address found in the cottage.

The sharpshooter, it turned out, had been himself a journalist. As did so many other gallant French soldiers of the pen, he had rushed to arms when danger threatened the sacred soil. He had escaped from Sedan to form one item in the vast garrison of Paris, and, burning with zeal and devotion to what he strangely conceived duty, he had thrown himself into the miserable business of pot-shooting.

The poor wife thought his work glorious and heroic; his children had a cribbage-board with the pegs of which they had proudly kept the tally of his homicides. I believe, before the Commune time came, that I had almost got to look at the matter from their point of view. I never knew sweeter children.





IN THE PARK

*By Max Cowper.*

"I distinctly overheard that man saying we were Americans. Say now, mamma, how did he know that?"

"From the United States of our dresses, I should surmise."

# FOUNDING A SOCIETY.

BY B. A. CLARKE.

ILLUSTRATED BY LEWIS BAUMER



It is the general opinion in our neighbourhood that the Young Men's Sabbath Union originated in the mind of the minister. Among the old men, who speak at every meeting, the belief is current that it came there by a direct inspiration. As a matter of fact, the idea was entirely my own. It was suggested to me in this way. I was returning from "The Ponds" one Sunday afternoon in the company of four friends, when the conversation happened to turn upon the minister's discourse.

"I could preach a better sermon any day, myself," said Richards, and it came out, in discussion, that the others were similarly endowed.

"I should like very much to hear you preach, Richards," said one who made it his mission in life to propitiate each of us in turn.

"Of course mine could never be a popular style," said the first speaker. "Nine out of ten people, I have no doubt, would infinitely prefer Mr. Hebditch. There would be a good deal less milk and water in my sermons, and more of the sort of stuff that it takes some effort to digest."

"I don't pretend that I could ever be unpopular like you, Richards," said the other humbly; "but if it came to a simple Evangelistic appeal, I believe I could do pretty well. When I was a youngster, I spent part of one summer holidays with an aunt, who has a house at the seaside. A dozen times before I started my parents entreated me, at whatever cost, to keep in her good books. I

promised, having no inkling of what this would involve. A fortnight's mission commenced in the town the morning after I arrived, and my aunt marched me down to two meetings every day. The missionary got to know us, and would give me a nod as he came upon the platform. Even then, young as I was, I used to long to change places with him. I could see so many fine openings he failed to utilise."

"What beats me," said the son of the Church Secretary, "is the fuss these ministers make over the preparation of their twaddling sermons. Hebditch, for instance, writes down every word. Now, if Spurgeon had just the divisions of his sermon in his head when he entered the pulpit, he was quite satisfied. That is the sort of thing I should go in for; with this exception, that I shouldn't bother about having the divisions in my head. Why, when I was in our Sixth Form Debating Society, it happened frequently that I knew nothing whatever about the subject I got up to speak upon, and yet I would manage to jog along until the Chairman asked me to stop. The whole time I was in the Sixth, I don't think I once left off of my own accord. My father says it is the loss of this power of extempore speech that accounts for the pulpit's waning popularity in the present day."

These remarks had the effect of starting me upon a vein of somewhat melancholy reflection. Here was a number of young men, possessed of no inconsiderable amount of pulpit eloquence, and no opportunity was afforded them for show.

ing what they could do. Doubtless their case was that of many others. Who could estimate in a large congregation like that attending Wycliffe Chapel the amount of preaching ability thus allowed to run uselessly to seed?

It is probable that these thoughts would have had no practical outcome if, as I parted from my friends, I had not chanced to run upon the minister. The Rev. Hosea Hebditch wrung my hand affectionately.

"Ah! George," he said, "it is some time now since you and I had the opportunity for a friendly chat." Here were two mistakes. My baptismal name was Charles, and having only recently come into the neighbourhood, I had never spoken to the minister before in the course of my life. I let them pass. It was my intention to make a tool of the minister, and it would have been poor policy to frighten him away.

"Don't you think, sir," I remarked, by way of opening, "that it is a great pity we young men should have nothing open to us on Sunday afternoons but loafing and wasting our time?"

"I watched you and your friends coming along the road. You seemed to me to be stepping out very well."

"We are entrusted with other powers beside pedestrian," I answered, with a touch of reproach.

"With none less liable to abuse," said the minister, placidly.

"Surely, Mr. Hebditch," said I, "you would not maintain that walking out to ponds is the best use we could make of these hours?"

Still the minister refused to rise.

"It's a difficult question," he said. "Personally, I might prefer to see you in the Sunday School. Your dog here would give his voice and tail for things as they are. It depends upon the point of view."

That is the worst of these old men. They try to establish a monopoly in

moral earnestness. Address them in their own strain, and they either resent it, or, as in this case, turn the whole thing into ridicule.

"What is it you are leading up to?" asked the minister, more seriously. I think he saw that his flippant treatment of the subject was not to my taste. I sketched out my ideal: a sort of glorified Young Men's Mutual Improvement Society, to meet on Sunday afternoons for the discussion of serious things. Every meeting would be begun by a short sermon.

"These, of course, would be an improvement on those you listen to already?"

"Some of them, no doubt, would not be so good," I answered, diplomatically, "but we should have a chance of discussing them."

"True," said the minister. "That makes all the difference. Whom would you get to deliver these orations?"

"Oh! the young men themselves," I answered, hastily. "The right to preach would be confined strictly to members. That point is absolutely essential."

"How do you suppose your Society would be regarded by the older men?"

"I believe," said I, firmly, "that there are numbers of them who would be only too glad to come and listen."

"That is not their strong point," said the minister, regretfully. "You think that if I gave it a start this idea would be well taken up?"

"I have not the slightest doubt upon the subject," I replied. "You have no conception, sir," I continued, impressively, "of the amount of preaching power that is lying dormant in the members of your congregation."

When the time came to part the minister held my hand.

"I will think over what you have said, George," he remarked. "It may be I shall see my way to carry out your suggestion. For the present, I should like what

has passed to remain entirely between you and me."

It was some weeks before I heard anything further. Then, one Sunday morning, the minister made an announcement as the congregation rose from the long prayer. It was proposed, he said, to form a Young Men's Sabbath Union, and a preliminary meeting, to draw up a programme and enrol members, would be held in the Church Parlour at a quarter to three. All young fellows (the minister referred to us thus, it was so much more affectionately intimate than "young men") who had attained the age of sixteen were invited to send in their names to the editor of the magazine, who had kindly undertaken the duties of secretary. Then followed an explanation of the aim and methods of the new society, in which my suggestions were followed to the letter. The announcement caused a stir all through the building. Young men who had been staring about became suddenly thoughtful and preoccupied, and heads of families looked at one another and nodded approbation. My father took a gold pencil-case from his pocket, and began to write industriously upon the back of an envelope. I managed to get a peep over his shoulder. He was writing down the heads of a speech delivered by him on the occasion of my eldest cousin's coming-of-age. His notes were headed, "Manhood: Its Privileges and Responsibilities." In fancy he saw these words printed large upon the new programme. Poor Dad! Evidently he had not noticed that only members were to be allowed to preach. Scratching noises were coming from the pews all around me. Half the old men in the congregation, apparently, had made a similar oversight.

After service, I found my friends drawn up in a row outside the main entrance. We waited faithfully there for one another, wet or fine, and would walk home together when nothing more attractive could be secured. On this occasion there was no such reservation. We started up the

hill before half the choir had come out. It was enthusiasm for the new Society that carried us away. At last there was a chance of our taking our right place in popular estimation. Although such was not our main object, it was believed that we might accomplish (incidentally) a considerable amount of moral good. Young men would be less likely to disregard warnings and exhortations that came from one of themselves. At the very least our efforts would have the effect of making the minister "sit-up."

"I'll tell you what," said the son of the Church Secretary. "We had better fix our subjects now, and get them accepted before the meeting begins, otherwise we shall run the risk of being swamped. An awful mush of fellows are coming this afternoon — Senior Scholars, and Endeavourers, and Heaven knows who, all of them simply dying for an opportunity to show off."

"There will be others besides fellows," I said, meaningly.

Then I related what had taken place in our own pew.

"This is a little too much," said Richards, aggressively. "I am not going to join a society to hear White's father on 'Manhood's Responsibilities' every Sunday afternoon; so I give you fair warning."

"There will be worse sermons," said I. "Some of the deacons are taking part."

I was considerably riled. Although the Dad is not exactly a genius (his speech at my cousin's coming-of-age was not the sort of thing I should have felt proud of myself), he is cleverer than old Richards, besides being a good sort, which the senior deacon notoriously is not.

"You are both right," said the peacemaker. "It would be a thousand pities for White's father to be turned loose upon us, and I suppose Richards would be the first to admit that his governor on 'Unfulfilled Prophecy' would not be precisely of



the nature of a draw. I take it we mean to preach these sermons ourselves. If once we start extending the rules out of compliment to relations, the whole thing will go to ruin. Our audiences will simply be frightened away."

"All right," I replied, only half mollified. "I have no wish to force my father on the Society. I wouldn't let him give the sermon now, if he were to be asked. I only want it to be understood that he is quite as bright as any of your governors."

The two who had not spoken hastened to assure me that they held their father's powers in the most moderate esteem.

"That's all right," said the peacemaker, soothingly. "If they are all barred equally, there will be nothing insulting or invidious. White, very honourably, has undertaken that his father shan't give an address; it's only fair we should promise as much of ours."

This was done, and conversation flowed once more in the old channel.

We would each of us preach a sermon, that went without saying, and it was deemed advisable that we should occupy the first five afternoons. We could then withdraw from the Society if subsequent proceedings showed a tendency to decline in interest. With regard to subjects, the peacemaker made a very happy suggestion. It would save time and haggling if we settled them by lot. He knew where to lay his hands on the syllabus of an Evangelical Conference his father had once taken part in. The first five subjects mentioned therein should be ours, and the same sequence followed. He would toss our names in a hat, and the order in which they leapt out would decide at once the subject of each one's discourse, and the date on which it would be delivered.

We agreed to this, directing that all the subjects with the names of those responsible for them should be written upon a single sheet of paper. We would stand or fall together. All or nothing was the

spirit in which we would approach the executive.

Our proceedings were of so absorbing a nature that I did not reach home until the family were half way through dinner. I found them discussing the question of the hour.

"They will find it very difficult, I should think," my mother was saying, "to find people to give all those addresses."

"More difficult to get anyone to listen to them, I should fancy," said my elder brother, with regrettable levity.

I ignored him, and addressed myself to the mater.

"Sooner than the thing should fall through," said I, "I would deliver a sermon myself."

I thought my brother would have come to some harm.

"Let me know the date," he spluttered, "I wouldn't miss it for the universe. What price, 'Straight Talks to Old Men,' for an attractive title?"

"It's a pity you boys turn everything into ridicule," said my father ("boys" was an obvious blunder; but I let it pass). "To show how strongly I feel the necessity for this association, I have joined it myself" (idiot that I was, this possibility had not occurred to me), "and have undertaken to read a paper any afternoon they may like to name."

"Your offer was accepted?" I said blankly.

"There was such a crowd in the vestry around the secretary that I was not able to get in a word, so I left a note for him and came away. It is scarcely likely, though, that he will let me off. I can't imagine where I shall find time to prepare it. You needn't look so anxious, Charley. Somehow or other I shall manage to pull through."

"I wasn't thinking about you, Dad," said I, which was true enough. That ugly rush into the vestry! What might it portend?

We were still sitting over the dinner-table when the Secretary popped in on his way to the meeting. He had not been able to find room for "Manhood: Its Privileges and Responsibilities" (what a grand subject!) owing to all the dates having been disposed of before the governor's note had been handed in. People had all been very kind. He could have filled his programme twice over. The syllabus was very strong, and he believed the sermons would be char-

ruling and red ink. It was surveyed with melancholy interest. My subject, I noticed, was "The Philosophy of Prayer," and came third upon the list. The others were "Local Option," "The Millennium," "Sacerdotalism in the Church of England," and "The Personality of the Devil."

"To think it should all have been put upon one side for a lot of senile folly!" said one, whose father was of no particular account.



ALL THAT WAS DULLEST AND MOST RESPECTED IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD.

acterised by a maturity all too rare in the efforts of young men.

I did not wait to hear more, but slipped out and hurried down to the chapel. Outside, I found my friends awaiting me in a dejected group. It was obvious at a glance that the ill news had got about.

"You asked me to write out our suggestions," said the peace lover. "I tried to make them look as attractive as I could."

He handed round for inspection a document enlivened with much double

"It's simply conceit that has made them come forward," said the son of the Church Secretary, "and I shall rise at the meeting and tell them so."

Richards, rather officiously, took exception to these expressions.

"Of course your father's not down for anything?" said I, moved by a sudden suspicion.

"No—that is, I mean—nothing in the nature of a sermon. Possibly he may make a few remarks one afternoon, by way of opening up a discussion."

"On Unfulfilled Prophecy?"

"It might have something to do with prophecy," he stammered.

"I don't believe you even tried to prevent him," said the son of the Church Secretary.

It was really very sickening. The rest of us had fulfilled our contract to the very letter. Not a relative of ours was down for anything.

"The next time," said I, "my father wants to preach, I shall encourage him, and I only hope he will go on the whole afternoon."

The others said much the same.

I think Richards was relieved when the arrival of the minister drove us all inside.

A glance at the room showed that the meeting was going to be very crowded. It wanted still several minutes to the time, but it was only with difficulty that we managed to secure seats. Not a man of position in the chapel or a youth of none seemed missing. The latter stood, for the most part, congregated sheepishly around the door. The proceedings commenced with the minister's inaugural address. Confronted by six solid rows of all that was dullest and most respected in the neighbourhood, he addressed the gathering as young friends, and said that their bright open countenances was the most inspiring sight he had ever witnessed. The moment the minister sat down a sallow man got up. We had listened, he said, to a noble and large-hearted utterance, and the best vote of thanks we could pass to the minister was to make his project an unqualified success. He could not imagine anything more conducive to this end than the election of the gentleman upon his left as Vice-President. The person referred to, in a few depreciatory remarks, acknowledged his fitness for the position. If they could induce the Senior Deacon to accept similar responsibility the future of the Union might be regarded as assured. The Senior Deacon allowed himself to be overruled, and in his turn removed the retir-

ing scruples of the sallow man. The committee was rushed through in the same manner, no vote of any sort being taken. Before we quite realized what was happening all the officers of the Society were declared to have been duly elected. They had been chosen exclusively from the occupants of the front rows. The same quarter, it came out, was responsible for the programme. In spite of the scramble there had been for dates, the latter was no haphazard production. Three of the openers were Deacons and the others were of the class from which deacons are drawn. My father and two middle-aged men who hand plates round in the gallery were put down as reserves. The reading of the programme brought the proceedings to a close. Our little party walked away too disconsolate for words. Young Richards was the most downcast. Neither then nor afterwards was anything further said to him in the nature of reproach. Poor fellow! He saw only too clearly how largely our defeat was due to his lack of spirit.

"Perhaps some of the old boys will drop out when they see how we handle the first sermons in debate," said the son of the Church Secretary.

"Richards perhaps would object to our making hay of his father," I suggested, "Unfulfilled Prophecy" coming first upon the list.

"He must take his chance with the others," said the young man. "To make an exception in his case because he happens to be related to one of us would be manifestly unfair."

"I will say, Richards," said the peacemaker, generously, "that if we *must* have elderly men, there is no one we shall get so much fun out of as your father."

This was no idle compliment. Not only were the Senior Deacon's fallacies colossal; but there was the further advantage that we knew exactly what he would say.

The doomed man passed us on his



DIRECTLY MR. RICHARDS CEASED, THE CHAIRMAN CALLED UPON HIMSELF.

way up the hill. Our feelings were those of a sportsman who observes a stout partridge on the thirty-first of August. It was a dull eye that did not see him winged and at our feet. Each had his theory of the best way to bring him down.

"I shall tackle him on the Battle of Armageddon and the return to Jerusalem," said one.

"The ascent into mid-air will be good enough for me," said another.

The son of the Church Secretary preferred to try his fortune with the thousand years' reign.

For my own part I resolved to come upon the Deacon at the point where he lost himself with the Ten Tribes.

If the programme had been drawn up in accordance with our wishes we could not have anticipated the next meeting with greater zest.

When the occasion arrived I must confess to experiencing a slight sinking of heart. The room seemed to have grown, and the old men to have become more imperious than ever. One might outplay them, and break through their guard with keen dialectical weapon, but they would go away (one felt it) blandly unconscious of having sustained any hurt.

This would not have prevented me from discharging my duty, but it was not to be. Directly Mr. Richards ceased the Chairman called upon himself, and went on, very leisurely, until it was time to declare the meeting closed.

This was the last straw. We declared wrathfully that our connection with the Young Men's Sabbath Union was severed. Never again would we set foot inside its doors. Some score of other young men at that precise moment were saying the same thing. Nevertheless, the attendance at the next meeting showed no very great falling off; and of those who did absent themselves the majority returned to their allegiance the following week. It would

be prying to closely into family secrets to reveal the thousand and one forms of domestic and social pressure that contributed to this result. Within a month of the Union's starting wilful abstention from its gatherings had become a sin. A visit to the ponds was accepted as evidence of a lax moral sense. "I suppose you are able to reconcile it to your conscience?" said a Church visitor to an offender, his tone implying that the feat passed ordinary credence. Those who continued to indulge in the practice pursued it by stealth, starting early to escape cold nods, or sorrowing reproachful glances from young lady teachers on their way to the Sunday School, and delaying their return to give the Union folk time to get within doors. Occasionally these calculations were upset, and a party continuing the afternoon's discussion would meet a young man of the chapel circle in the company of a damp dog. Him they would address, not reproachfully, commending the dog, and asking particulars about the outing; but underneath it all was something like a sigh. When the young man left them they would agree what a thousand pities it was that one who had shown so much promise as a listener should have disappointed their hopes. But, as has been said, the absentees were very few. The fact was the heads of families had secured an audience, and were determined not to let it slip away. The Young Men's Union aroused their enthusiasm. It was the sort of thing they had unconsciously been seeking for years. Even those not important enough to have a place on the programme lived in hope, for there was always the chance of their being called upon for "a few words." The example of the first meeting was by no means invariably followed. When his own ideas gave out the Chairman would frequently allow another old fellow to have an innings, and these favours were not confined to the circle of his personal friends. It was this wise latitude that

kept them so wonderfully together. The moment a meeting was over there was always a rush to thank the opener for his "helpful words," and even in houses where the minister's sermons were criticised pretty faithfully a similar treatment of the afternoon's discourse was regarded as something like sacrilege.

Our little party obtained, in time, a prescriptive right to the last row of chairs, and there we would sit, while some dreary "advice" or "straight talk" was in progress, until the speaker's voice became gradually faint and far away. Then we saw meadows, and green heights, and a sheet of water that sparkled in the sun. Away on the right was a range of low wooded hills. A lark sang in the sky and four fox-terriers barked loudly for a stick. Then our heads would go back with a dislocating jolt, and we would sit bolt upright, with the knowledge that what we had seen was a reflection of the irrevocable past: "From this Sabbath Union," said Richards, "there are but two doors of escape, Death and the

Sunday School, and upon my honour I have a great mind to take a class."

"It doesn't make it easier to bear," said the son of the Church Secretary, "that this burden has been put upon us by one of ourselves."

I had the presence of mind to enquire, innocently, what he meant.

"Hebditch," he said, "was round at our place last night, and the governor was congratulating him upon the wonderful good he had accomplished in thinking of this wretched Society. Hebditch disclaimed the authorship. The whole thing, he said, was suggested to him by a youth whose name he had unaccountably forgotten."

"I'd give something to know who that youth was," said Richards.

The others said the same thing. They spoke with considerable conviction, but I did not feel called upon to enlighten them. The credit for the Young Men's Sabbath Union rests, at present, solely with the minister, and there it is my fixed intention that it shall remain.







A DAUGHTER OF EVE.  
*By Hounsom Byles.*

## HOW AUTHORS LEARN TO LECTURE.

BY G. B. BURGIN.



HERE comes a time in the position of every author when it occurs to him that he can make a very desirable addition to his income by lecturing. In the enthusiasm evoked by this prospect, he quite forgets all the attendant disadvantages. He may never have addressed an audience before; he may be an extremely shy man; and he may also have some impediment in his speech, which, though not very marked in ordinary conversation, would form a fatal obstacle to success as a lecturer. But he quite overlooks these disadvantages when thinking of the vast multitudes whom he will move to tears and laughter (the latter sometimes may be quite unconscious on his part), and who will crowd to take the horses out of his carriage, and draw him to his hotel in triumph.

So many would-be lecturers have dropped in to consult me as to how they were to set about becoming wealthy in this way, that, after giving many of them minute advice on the point, it occurred to me it would be a judicious thing to go and see a well-known lecture-agent myself, and find out how the art of lecture-giving was attained. The gentleman in question was very obliging, and consented to give me the benefit of his experience, although he could not, of course, narrate anecdotes about his clients; that is, he did narrate the anecdotes, but somewhat inconsiderately spoiled my article by refusing to allow me to publish them afterwards; so I had to fall back on the experiences of several friends of my own. For present purposes we will call the agent Mr. X.

"What I'd like to know is," I said to him, "supposing, for an instant, that I am a moderately successful author, and want to lecture—how shall I set about it? Ought I to give one lecture, or arrange for a series?"

"Well," answered X, "there is a strong feeling now that lectures should be given in courses of seven or eight, and by eminent men (he laid a nasty emphasis on the word 'eminent'). The better known the men are the greater is their chance of success as lecturers. There has been a desire lately on the part of corporations in large towns to run a course of lectures on their own account, and to charge just enough for admission to pay the expenses. The prices of admission vary from 3d., 6d., 9d., to 1s.; and the course consists of eight or ten lectures. This idea was put into their heads by the success of lectures on Technical Education."

"But who are the most fitting people to lecture?"

"I cannot give a hard and fast definition. There is the man who makes his name in some other walk of life, and then starts lecturing because people want to see him and hear what he has to say. And there is the man who happens to be a remarkably good speaker, has something to say and makes his way solely as a lecturer."

"I see. How does he start?"

"The way a lecture-agent generally arranges, is to wait until he gets a sufficient number of enquiries from different parts of the country about some well-known man. What he likes to do is to arrange dates for a lecturing tour of about two



months. He then approaches the man he wants to get to lecture, and lays flattering proposals before him. 'But,' says the victim, 'I have never lectured in my life. I really don't know how to set about it.' 'The best way,' insidiously suggests the agent, 'would be to go to some actor and take lessons in elocution.' Unfortunately, the lecturer frequently relies upon his own individuality, and considers training absolutely unnecessary. This, of course, is a great mistake. The first essential thing is to make one's self heard plainly. A man must have a clear and distinct delivery. This does not mean speaking loudly. I know one man who shouts so much that he nearly takes the roof off the house, but that does not prevent his being very indistinct. Mr. Zangwill, for instance, although he has not a very strong voice, is remarkably clear and distinct. He speaks with great rapidity, but at the same time is heard with ease in the largest hall on account of his absolutely distinct delivery."

"And as to subject?"

"As far as subject is concerned, it is quite impossible to say what will interest the public. I am inclined to think that the successful lecturer nowadays is the specialist—the man who knows something which other people do not, and which they are anxious to hear."

"Is there any definite length for a lecture?"

"A light and entertaining lecture may last for an hour and a half, but a good average time for the more solid ones would be about an hour and a quarter. It is better to send people away, like Oliver Twist, 'asking for more,' than to gorge them. However good a man is, if he lectures for two hours, people become tired and bored; and once the impression gets abroad that a lecturer is a bore, it is fatal to his chances of success."

"And the manner of delivery and preparation?"

"Oh, that is purely a matter of in-

dividuality; a man is born with his own manner, and cannot get rid of it. I once knew a lecturer who spoke so naturally that he offended an old lady in the audience because, as she indignantly remarked, 'He wasn't lecturing at all, but only just talking.' A lecturer should always speak without manuscript, if possible; at the same time, he should not lecture without having prepared anything, unless he is a remarkably fluent speaker. He should have his lecture written out and carefully committed to memory; otherwise, if unaccustomed to public speaking, he begins to wander, and fails to grip his audience."

"What is the usual kind of platform?"

"The lecturer should always have a table on the platform, with the customary glass of water. The audience regard the table and water as old friends which lend the lecturer a certain amount of moral and physical support. The man who lectures for the first time is as much alone on the platform as if he were in the middle of a desert."

"And his manner?"

"If he is manifestly nervous, people get fidgety and nervous too. A natural, easy, unaffected manner is the best possible. You may remember the anecdote of a certain member of parliament who once sought the advice of a friend, how to prepare himself for his first speech to his constituents. 'Oh, nervousness is all nonsense,' said the friend. 'I don't see why you should be more afraid of a collection of idiots when speaking to them than if you were only addressing one idiot. The best thing for you to do is to go into the kitchen-garden every morning, and practice your speech on a bed of cabbages.' The would-be speaker did so; but when he got on his legs to address his constituents he had a very bad attack of stage-fright, and the only thing he could utter was, 'I have nothing to say except that I'm very glad you're not all cabbages.' This was about the best thing he could

have said, for it had the effect of breaking the ice and putting him on good terms with his audience. By the time they had done laughing, he recovered his self-possession, and made a remarkably witty and brilliant speech."

"Isn't the applause a little disconcerting sometimes?"

"It is more disconcerting to be hissed. If applause comes in the middle of a sentence, however, it requires a practised speaker to know how to continue the sentence when the applause ends. A novice frequently becomes slightly disconcerted."

"How about making yourself heard?"

"The best plan is to speak at the most distant man in the room. If you can make him hear, you may be quite certain that everybody else will also."

"Aren't lanterns with slides a great help to the lecturer if he wishes to illustrate his subject?"

"A very great help indeed, although in some places there remains to this day a prejudice against the use of lanterns, on account of the imaginary danger of the gas cylinders bursting. The chances that the cylinder will explode are about one in a million. There is much more danger from ordinary steam boilers."

"Isn't it very important to get on good terms with your audience?"

"Yes; and the one golden rule to observe is always to keep your temper, even if your lecture is going badly. When anything goes wrong try to make capital out of it. Once, when a lecturer's lantern went out, he filled up the quarter of an hour before it could be set going again by telling the audience miscellaneous anecdotes. The result was that the audience sympathised with him and gave him a round of hearty cheers. I remember once when Fred Villiers, the well-known war correspondent, was giving a lecture on the Bombardment of Alexandria, the slide on the screen represented the bombarding vessels coming into the harbour

and gradually getting ready to begin. Before they began, however, the lantern operator accidentally let fall one of the heavy gas cylinders, making a noise which was a very good imitation of a bombardment. Instead of being disconcerted, Villiers turned to the audience and said, 'I'm afraid they're beginning the bombardment a little too previously. It will be more appropriate if we wait until the next slide is on the screen.'"

"Is lecturing more general now than it used to be?"

"Well, twenty or thirty years ago lecturing was not a profession, except with a few people. Eminent men occasionally gave gratuitous lectures on very special subjects. Nowadays, there is not a fortune in lecturing; the people who have really made large sums at it can be counted on one hand. Some people lecture as an amusement, others to make a welcome addition to their income; but the man who is absolutely dependent on lecturing practically does not exist. The field is so crowded by amateurs that they entirely spoil the market."

"Isn't there a good deal of discomfort moving about from place to place?"

"There is a good deal of physical strain, and it affects different people in different fashions. Dr. Andrew Wilson, for instance, always seems thoroughly at home in a first-class railway carriage with a good cigar and writing materials. Under these circumstances he does most of his 'Health Notes' for different papers. Still, in England we have nothing like the extended tours which are arranged for well-known lecturers in America. Max O'Rell once gave 118 lectures in 122 possible days. George Kennan's record is nearly 200 lectures with only about a dozen free dates."

After extracting this information from Mr. X, I called on my friend, Dr. Todhunter, who has given a good many lectures in his time—lectures in the strict sense of the word—things written in one's

study to be read aloud to an audience that comes to be amused or instructed, or both, and has frequently heard other people read compositions of the same kind. The result is that he thinks for anyone who is ambitious of attaining a good prose style, the fatal facility (rather than felicity) of expression obtained by frequent indulgence in lecturing is most pernicious. A written lecture, like a written sermon, is a cross between that most delightful of prose forms, an essay, and an oration, which is not a literary form at all. The lecturer is tempted to be eloquent, brilliant, antithetic, to indulge in *ad captandum* rhetoric, and overstep the modesty of literature in many ways. Let him print his successful lecture as he delivered it, and see how it comes out as a piece of literary work.

"It is true," continued Dr. Todhunter, "that Milton and Ruskin have succeeded in being eloquent and oratorical in prose, which still has its literary value, but they are perilous models for imitation. It is true, also, that Jeremy Taylor's sermons contain passages which have all the imaginative charm of essays; but whether they were as effective in the pulpit, as they are when we read them at leisure, may be questioned.

"A written lecture has one great advantage over a spoken one for anyone who has not a rare gift of speaking; you can get much more neatness and concentration of expression into it. This is its *raison d'être*.

"There are, however, persons who have a rare gift of arrangement and *vivâ voce* expression. To hear Miss Harrison lecture on Greek Archæology and Art at South Kensington is a liberal education for anyone who wants to learn the lecturer's art. Her lectures are carefully prepared, but spoken, not read from MS., the marshalling of her facts is perfect, her sentences concise, clear, and admirably turned, and she is able not only to convey an immense amount of information in

a given time, but to conduct a long course of reasoning to a logical conclusion with a dexterous ease which few scientific lecturers could equal.

"A lecture to be really valuable and stimulating should not merely convey information, but excite interest in the subject in hand. The lecturer should know his subject, but not too perfectly; knowledge in the nascent state is the best stuff for a lecture. The lecturer should be in a condition of mind in which his facts are fresh and vital to him, in which he is still stung with the desire for more knowledge, and is seeking to get a grip of the principles of the art or science with which he deals. Then he is less likely to fall into a jog-trot statement of facts or opinions which have become stale to him, and may get his audience to feel with him, as they catch him, as it were, in the act of feeling and thinking himself.

"A lecture, like most other things, should have a beginning and an end. It should not be like the speech of the average Englishman in Parliament, or at a public meeting, a formless wobbling from commonplace to commonplace. It should lead the hearers pleasantly on from point to point in an intelligent excursion or voyage of discovery.

"Then, the delivery is half the battle. Few people can read decently, especially their own compositions; your average lecturer's whole attention seems to be given to the deciphering of his MS., in which he buries his nose, mumbling the words over anyhow. A lecturer should know his text sufficiently well to address his audience directly, sending his words straight at them. A glance at each sentence should be enough. The art of reading consists in knowing the exact meaning and relative importance of each clause, phrase, and word, and conveying this to the audience by distinct utterance and right intonation. Many people slur their consonants and fling about vague vowels in monotonous sing-song, the property of

which is to make people drowsy. The consonants give the vowels their meaning ; they are bows which, when well bent, send the vowels like arrows to their mark, and blessed is the reader or speaker who allows you to hear the ends of his sentences. So many mutter them as asides for themselves and, perhaps, the chairman. This often comes of defective management of the breath. The art of speaking or reading, like the art of singing, largely consists in management of the breath, as well as of the tongue, throat, and lips. Who can play the organ if the bellows be not kept regularly working ? Many people seem to think they can speak with an empty chest."

To turn to the lighter side of lecturing, a friend told me of an experience which recently befell him in Scotland. It was a very hot afternoon, and he sorrowfully observed his audience fall asleep one by one in their chairs, till all were snoring except one fellow in the gallery, who was known to be the natural or fool of the place. Then he thumped his table and digressed in order to point out how wrong it was to fall asleep, and thus waste the winged words that were being spoken for the public benefit. The only man in the room who had shown decent civility and allegiance by remaining awake was poor Jamie Macalister, the fool. "Oo, ay," said Jamie, from the gallery ; "an if a had'na been a fool, a'd have been asleep too."

Whilst on this subject, I may recall the solitary experience of my old friend F. W. Robinson, the celebrated author of *Grandmother's Money*. "I have never lectured," he said, "but I have read. The effect of my first appearance curdles my blood even now. There was an immense audience—a pile of authors together, Yates, Tom Hood, Thornbury, Clarke, &c. (all dead)—at Kensington Vestry Hall. I felt all right, but my first words, to my own astonishment as well as that of the audience, welled up from my throat

in a wild kind of alto fashion, a shriek of despair, and I never repeated the experiment."

Mr. Pett Ridge told me the other day that he has been secretary for some years to a course of lectures at a well-known institution, and his experience is less of lecturing (which is bad) than of listening to lecturers (which is sometimes horrid). The average committee is shy and coy in regard to the engagement of literary men, and treasures revengeful memories of such a one who once tried to lecture with the gifts of a shrill head voice, a stammer, inability to read his notes, and a cough. Moreover, literary men, when they offer to lecture, usually submit a British Museum-made subject, the mere title of which is calculated to encourage sleep. What the lecture hall patriots really want is gossip. Tell them what Dickens said to you at Gad's Hill ; imitate Tennyson's reading "The May Queen" ; give a diverting anecdote that was told you by Milton ; reveal to them a rumour about Shakespeare that was confided to you by Anne Hathaway, and the audience will stay to the end, and cheer you then as though you were the winner of the Derby.

It is scarcely necessary to add that, next to speaking distinctly, and the avoidance of swallowing the last word of each sentence, the supreme virtue of a lecturer is brightness. Make your audience laugh early, and make them laugh often. Then the lecture-agent will flutter cheques at your feet like snowflakes, freshen you genially with a golden rain, and thus enable you still to enjoy the reckless and improvident hobby of writing books.

Mr. S. R. Crockett, during the course of a brief chat, once told me that the only story of his lecturing he could remember was a sad one—in fact, a bitter memory. It was after one of the two or three public lectures that he ever delivered. A heavy, solemn-faced Scot came round after the tragedy, and shook him by the hand in a melancholy manner.

"I hae read a' your buiks," he said ; and, after a pause, he added, "up to this."

Mr. Crockett expressed his thanks. The man was silent awhile, and tried again.

"You dinna do this for a livelihood ?" he asked, referring to the recent lecture.

"No," replied Mr. Crockett, meekly.

"I was thinking that," said Mr. Crockett's critic, with still deeper solemnity.

"In my young days," said Mr. Moncure D. Conway, when I met him at the "New Vagabond" Club the other day, "lecturing had become an important peripatetic vocation, in America, for able and scholarly thinkers, who had espoused 'new views' in religion, or political or social philosophy. Their heresies had deprived them of welcome in churches, or in legislatures ; but their ideas were heard of in all parts of the country with increasing curiosity ; and the 'Lyceum Lecture,' as it was called, developed itself as a universal pulpit for those who had outgrown other pulpits. The founder of the old lecture system in America was

- Ralph Waldo Emerson, who was eagerly listened to in all the great American cities, and afterwards gave several series of lectures in England. The lecturers in those days had 'burning questions' to deal with—Slavery, Transcendentalism, Position of Woman, Fourierism,—and they could not help being inspired into eloquence. But the abolition of slavery, and the passing away of militant methods of reform—revolutionary fire making way for evolutionary lucidity—and other causes, have turned the American lecture-hall into a place of amusement ; and the Emerson, Agassiz, Holmes, Beecher, Phillips, of old times are replaced by the reciter, or possibly by 'Brudder Bones.' Some of the lecturers used to be highly paid ; Agassiz or Beecher would sometimes get as much as fifty pounds for one lecture, which they might repeat in many

places. I remember, however, hearing Agassiz say that he had just refused a larger sum offered by some western city, and had answered that he 'could not afford to make money.' I have a strong impression that the man who has formed by his own thinking clear ideas on matters that interest or concern his time, and who has large sympathies, may become an impressive speaker or lecturer ; but if he go beyond that, and become an orator, it will probably be less through any special instruction than by listening closely to the best actors, parliamentary debaters, or even earnest preachers (if pulpit sensationalists be carefully avoided)."

Mr. Anthony Hope has never lectured nor tried to learn to lecture. He has no idea of any of these things, and has never been to a lecture since he was compelled to do so in Oxford days. He will not boast of his virtue, but says that he may live to lecture, or even lecture to live. At present, however, his innocence, though gratifying to himself, makes him quite useless as regards any practical information about this somewhat vexed question. As a matter of fact he hazarded a wild conjecture whether most men did not begin to lecture by trying it on their wives ?

I went back to my lecture-agent to ask him about a few points which I had forgotten.

"When does the lecture season commence ?"

"From the beginning of October until nearly the end of March. That is the time when people want to be amused during their evenings ; in summer you cannot get an audience. But I must go and put a little mistake right, if you will excuse me for a moment."

The lecture-agent left the room, and came back with a laugh. "I have just had to soothe an angry client," he said. "I wrote two letters yesterday, one of which was to a gas manufacturer, asking him to deliver twenty feet of gas, and the other to my client requesting him to lec-

ture. The letters were put in the wrong envelopes, and the indignant client wanted to know what I meant by calling his lecture mere gas."

This gas incident reminded me of another story. He was a lecturer, with magic lantern views on the subject of the Holy Land, and his audience was a Sunday School audience, badly in need of Sunday-schooling. They had been murmursome during the view of the Mount of Olives, obstreperous at the sight of the Dead Sea (with mechanical effects), and during the exhibition of the Pool of

Bethesda they went so far as to give way to low, practical jokes. "This picture," said the lecturer, "is——"

Here he paused, the bright disc vanished, and the sheet became suddenly dark.

"This picture is," he tapped emphatically with his foot, and no picture appeared.

"It's 'ell," suggested a small voice from the front bench.

"No," said the lecturer, sadly, "it's not, *but it will be for the boy at the back if he don't get off that gas-bag.*"



# PHROSO: A ROMANCE.\*

BY ANTHONY HOPE.

ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. MILLAR.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### IN THE JAWS OF THE TRAP.



**I**SAT for some moments in stupefied despair; the fall from hope was so great and sudden, the revelation of my own blind folly so cruel. But the mood did not last long, and soon I was busy thinking again. Alas, the matter gave little need of thought! It was sadly simple. Before the yacht came back, Mouraki would have it settled once for all, if the settling of it were left to him. Therefore I could not wait. The passage might be a trap. True, but the house was a prison, and a prison whose gate I could not open. I had rather meet my fate in the hot struggle of effort than wait for it tamely, here in my chair. And I did not think of myself alone, for Phroso's interests also pointed to action. I could trust Mouraki to allow no harm to come to her; he prized her life even as I did. To her, then, the passage threatened no new danger, while it contained a possible slender chance. Would she come with me? If she would it might be that Kortes and I, or Kortes or I, might by some kind caprice of fortune bring her safe out of Mouraki's hands. And on the top of these calculations came a calm, cool, but intense anger, urging me on to try the issue, hand to hand and man to man, whispering to me that nothing was impossible, and that Mouraki bore no charmed life. For by now I was ready, aye, more than ready, to kill him, if only I could come at him, and I made

nothing of the consequences of his death being laid at my door. So is prudence burnt up in the bright flame of a man's rage.

I knew where to find Kortes. He would be keeping his faithful watch outside his mistress's room. Mouraki had never raised any objection to this attendance of his; to forbid it would have been to throw off the mask before the moment came, and Mouraki would not be guilty of such premature disclosure; moreover the Pasha held the men of Neopalia in no great respect, and certainly did not think that a single islander could offer any resistance to his schemes. I went to the foot of the stairs and called softly to our trusty adherent. He came down to me at once, and I asked him about Phroso.

"She is alone in her room, my lord," he answered. "The Governor has sent my sister away."

"Sent her away! Where to?"

"To the cottage on the hill," said he. "I do not know why; the Governor spoke to her apart."

"I know why," said I, and I told him briefly of the crime that had been done.

"That man should not live," said Kortes. "I did not doubt that his escape was allowed in order that he might be dangerous to you."

"Well, he hasn't done much yet."

"No, not yet," said Kortes gravely. "I am bound to add that he took the news of Francesca's death with remarkable coolness. In spite of his good qualities, Kortes was a thorough Neopalian, and it needed much to perturb him. Besides, he was thinking of Phroso only, and the

affairs of everybody else passed unheeded by him. This was very evident when I asked his opinion as to waiting where we were or essaying the way that Mouraki's suspicious carelessness seemed to leave open to us.

"Oh, the passage, my lord ! Let it be the passage. For you and me the passage is very dangerous, yet hardly more than here, and the Lady Phroso has her only chance of escape through the passage."

"You think it very dangerous for us ?"

"Possibly one of us will come through," he said.

"And at the other end ?"

"There may be a boat. If there is none she must try (and we with her, if we are alive) to steal round to the town, and hide in one of the houses till a boat can be found."

"Mouraki would scour the island."

"Yes, but a clear hour or two would be enough, if we could get her into a boat."

"But he would send the gunboat after her."

"Yes ; but, my lord, am I saying that escape is likely ? It is possible only ; and possibly the boat might evade pursuit."

I had the highest regard for Kortés, but he was not a very cheering companion for an adventure. Given the same desperate circumstances, Denny would have been serenely confident of success, and valiantly scornful of our opponent. I heaved a regretful sigh for him, and said to Kortés, with a little irritation,

"Hang it, we've come out right side up before now, and we may again. Hadn't we better rouse her ?"

During this conversation Kortés had been standing on the lowest step of the staircase, and I, facing him, on the floor of the hall, with one hand resting on the balustrade. We had talked in low tones, partly from a fear of eavesdroppers, even more, I think, from the influence which our position exerted over us. Our voices sounded as no more than low murmurs in

the large hall ; consequently they could not have been audible—where ? In the passage !

But, as I spoke to Kortés, in a petulant reproachful whisper, a sound struck on my ear—a very faint sound. I caught my companion's arm, imposing silence on him by a look. The sound came again. I knew the sound ; I had heard it before. I stepped back a pace, and I looked round the balustrade to the spot where the entrance to the passage lay.

I should have been past surprise now, after my sojourn in Neopalía. But I was not. I sprang back with a cry of wonder, almost (must I admit it ?) of alarm. Small and faint as the noise had been, it had sufficed for the opening of the door, and in the opening made by the receding of the planks were the head and shoulders of a man. His face was hardly a yard from my face ; and the face was the face of Constantine Stefanopoulos.

In the instant of paralysed immobility that followed, the explanation flashed like lightning through my brain. Constantine, buying his liberty and pardon from Mouraki, had stolen along that passage ; he had opened the door ; he hoped to find me alone—if not alone, yet off my guard—in the hall. Then a single shot would be enough ; his errand would be done, his pardon won. That my explanation was right, the revolver in his hand witnessed. But he also was surprised ; I was closer than he thought, so close that he also started back for an instant. The interval was enough : before he could raise his weapon and take aim I put my head down between my shoulders and rushed at him. I think my head knocked his arm up, his revolver went off, the noise echoing through the hall. I almost had hold of him when I was suddenly seized from behind and hurled backwards—Kortés had a mind to come first, and stood on no ceremony. But in the instant that he was free Constantine dived down, like a rabbit into a burrow ; he





THE FACE OF CONSTANTINE STEFANOPOULOS.

disappeared ; with a shouted oath Kortes sprang after him. I heard the feet of both of them pattering down the flight of steps.

For a single moment I paused. The shot had echoed loud through the hall. The sentries must have heard it—the sentries before the house, the sentries in the compound behind the house. Yet none of them rushed in ; not a movement, not a word, not a challenge came from them. Mouraki Pasha kept good discipline ; his orders were law, his directions held good, though shots rang loud and startling through the house. Even at that moment I gave a short sharp laugh, for I remembered that on no account was Lord Wheatley to be interrupted—no, neither Lord Wheatley nor the man who came to kill Lord Wheatley was to be interrupted. Oh, Mouraki, Mouraki, your score was mounting up ! Should you ever pay the reckoning ?

Shorter far than it has taken to write my thoughts was the pause during which they galloped through my palpitating brain. In a second I also was down the flight of stairs beyond. I heard the steps in front of me, but I could see nothing. It was very dark that night in the passage. I ran on, but I seemed to come no nearer to the steps in front of me. And suddenly I paused, for there were now steps behind me also, light steps that yet sounded distinct in my ear. Then a voice cried, in terror and distress, "My lord, don't leave me, my lord !"

I turned. Even in the deep gloom I saw a gleam of white : and a moment later I caught Phroso by both her hands.

"The shot, the shot ?" she whispered.

"Constantine. He shot at me—no, I'm not hurt. Kortes is after him."

She swayed towards me : I caught her and passed my arm round her ; without that she would have fallen on the rocky floor of the dim passage.

"I heard it and rushed down," she panted. "I heard it from my room."

"Any sign of the sentries ?"

"No."

"I must go and help Kortes."

"Not without me ?"

"You must wait here."

"Not without you," and her arms held me now by the shoulders with a stronger grip than I had thought possible. She would not let me go. Well then, we must face it together.

"Come along then," said I. "I can see nothing in this rat-hole."

Suddenly from in front of us a cry rang out ; it was some distance off : we started towards it, for it was Kortes' voice that cried.

"Be careful, be careful," urged Phroso. "We are near the bridge now."

It was true. As she spoke the walls of rock on either side receded : we had come to the opening : the dark water was below us, and before us the isolated bridge of rock that spanned the pool. We were where the Lord of the Island had been wont to hurl his enemy headlong from his side to death.

And what happened on the bridge, on the narrow bridge of rock that ran in front of us ? We could not see. But from it came strange sounds—low oaths and mutterings, the scraping of men's limbs and the rasping of cloth on the rock, the hard breathings of struggling combatants ; now a fierce low cry of triumph, a disappointed curse, a desperate groan, the silence that marked a culminating effort. And now, straining my eyes to the uttermost and having grown a little more accustomed to the darkness, I discerned, beyond the centre of the bridge, a coiling writhing mass, that seemed some one many-limbed animal, but was in truth two men, twisted and turned round about one another in an embrace which could have no end save death. Which was Kortes, which Constantine, I could not tell ; how they came there I could not tell ; I dared not fire ; Phroso hung about me in a paroxysm of fear, her hands hold



WHICH WAS KORTES, WHICH CONSTANTINE I COULD NOT TELL.

ing me motionless ; I was myself awed and fascinated by the dim spectacle and the confused sounds of that mortal strife.

Backward and forward, to and fro, up and down, they writhed and rolled. Now they hung, a protrusion of deeper blackness, over the black gulf on this side, now on that. Now the mass separated a little

as one pressed the other downwards, and seemed about to hurl his enemy over and himself remain triumphant ; now that one in his turn tottered on the edge as if to fall and leave the other panting on the bridge. Again they were mixed together, so that I could not tell which was which, and the strange appearance of a single

writhing crawling shape returned. Then suddenly, from both at once, rang out cries; there was dread and surprise in one, fierce, uncalculating, self-forgetful triumph in the other. Not even for Phroso's sake or the band of her encircling arms could I rest longer. Roughly I fear, at least with suddenness, I disengaged myself from her grasp. She cried out in protest and in fear, "Don't go, don't leave me!" I could not rest. Recollecting the peril, I yet rushed quickly on to the bridge, and moved warily along its narrow perilous way. But even as I came near the two who fought there in the middle, there was a deep groan, a second wild triumphant cry, a great lurch of the mass, a moment—a short, short moment—when it hung poised over the yawning vault; and then an instant of utter stillness. I waited as a boy waits to hear the stone he has thrown strike the water at the bottom of the well. The stone struck the water; there was a great resounding splash; the water moved beneath the blow; I saw its dark gleam agitated. Then all was still again; and the passage of the bridge was clear.

I walked to the spot where the struggle had been, and whence the two had fallen together. I knelt down and gazed into the chasm. Three times I called Kortes' name. No answer came up; I could discern no movement of the dark waters. They had sunk, the two together, and neither rose. Perhaps they were wounded to death, perhaps only their fatal embrace prevented all effort for life. I could see nothing and hear nothing. My heart was heavy for Kortes, a brave true man and our only friend; in the death of Constantine I saw less than his fitting punishment; yet I was glad that he was gone, and the long line of his villainies closed. This last attempt had been a bold one. Mouraki, no doubt, had forced him to it, and even a craven will be bold where the penalty of cowardice is death. Yet he had not dared to stand when discovered; he had fled, and must have been flying

when Kortes came up and grappled with him. For a snapshot at an unwary man he had found courage, but not for a fair fight. He was an utter coward after all; he was well dead, and his wife avenged.

But it was fatal to linger here. Mouraki would be expecting the return of his emissary. I saw now clearly that the Pasha had cleared the way for Constantine's attempt. If no news came, he would not wait long. I put my reflections behind me and walked briskly back to where I had left Phroso. I found her lying on the ground, she seemed to be in a faint; setting my face close to hers I saw that her eyes were shut and her lips parted; I sat down in the narrow passage by her and supported her head on my arm. Then I took out a flask, and, pouring some of the brandy-and-water it contained into the cup, forced a little between her lips. With a heavy sigh she opened her eyes and shuddered.

"It is over," I said. "There is no need to be afraid; all is over now."

"Constantine?"

"He is dead."

"And Kortes?"

"They are both gone. They fell together into the pool and must be dead, for there is no sound from it."

A loud sob was her answer, and she put her hand up to her eyes.

"Ah, dear Kortes!" she whispered, and I heard her sob gently again.

"He was a brave man," said I. "God rest his soul."

"He loved me," she said simply, between her sobs. "He—he and his sister were the only friends I had."

"You have other friends," said I, and my voice was well nigh as low as hers.

"You are very good to me, my lord," she said, and she conquered her sobs and lay still, her head on my arm, her hair enveloping my hand in its silken masses.

"We must go on," said I. "We mustn't stay here. Our only chance is to go on."

"Chance? Chance of what?" she

echoed in a little despairing murmur. "Where am I to go to? Why should I struggle any more?"

"Would you fall into Mouraki's power?" I asked from between set lips.

she raised herself on her elbow, turned to me, and sent a straining look into my eyes. What answer could I make to it? I averted my face; she dropt her head between her hands on the rocky floor.

"We must go," said I again. "Can you walk, Phroso?"

I did not notice the name I called her, nor did she appear to mark it.

"Oh, I can't go," she moaned. "Let me stay here. I can get back to the house, perhaps."

"I will not leave you here. I won't leave you to Mouraki."

"It will not be to Mouraki, it will be to——"

I caught her hand, crying in a low whisper, "No, no."

"What else?" she asked, again sitting up and looking at me.

"We must make a push for safety, as we meant to before."

"Safety?" and her lips bent in a sadly derisive little smile. "What is this safety you talk about?" she seemed to say.

"Yes, safety."

"Ah, yes, you must be safe," she said, appearing to awake suddenly to a consciousness of something forgotten. "Ah, yes, my lord, you must be safe. Don't linger, my lord. Don't linger!"

"Do you suppose I'm going alone?" I asked, and in spite

"No; but I need not. I have my dagger."

"God forbid!" I cried in sudden horror; and in spite of myself I felt my hand tighten and press her head among the coils of her hair. She also felt it;

of everything I could not help smiling as I put the question. I believe she really thought that the course in question might commend itself to me.

"No," she said. "You wouldn't go alone. But I—I can't cross that awful bridge."



SHE LET HER HEAD FALL ON MY SHOULDER.

"Oh yes, you can," said I. "Come along," and I rose and held out my arms towards her.

She looked at me, the tears still on her cheeks, a doubtful smile dawning on her lips.

"My dear lord," she said very softly, and stood while I put my arms round her and lifted her till she lay easily. Then came what I think was the hardest thing of all to bear. She let her head fall on my shoulder and lay trustfully, I could almost say luxuriously, back in my arms; a little happy sigh of relief and peace came from her lips, her eyes closed, she was content.

Well, I started; and I shall not record precisely what I thought as I started. What I ought to have thought about was picking my way over the bridge, and if more matter for consideration were needed, I might have speculated on the best thing to do when we reached the outlet of this passage. Suppose, then, that I thought about what I ought to have thought about.

"Don't move while we are on the bridge," said I to Phroso. "It's not over broad, you know."

A little movement of the head, till it rested in yet greater seeming comfort, was Phroso's only disobedience; for the rest she was absolutely still. It was fortunate, for to cross that bridge in the dark, carrying a lady, was not a job I cared much about. However we came to the other side; the walls of rock closed in again on either hand, and I felt the way begin to slope downwards under my feet.

"Does it go pretty straight now?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, quite straight. You can't miss it, my lord," said Phroso, and another little sigh of content followed the words. I had, I suppose, little enough to laugh at, but I did laugh very gently and silently, and I did not propose that Phroso should walk.

"Are you tired?" she said presently, just opening her eyes for an instant.

"I could carry you for ever," I answered.

Phroso smiled under lazy lids that closed again.

In spite of Phroso's assurance of its simple straightness the road had many twists and turns in it, and I had often to ask my way. Phroso gave me directions at once and without hesitation. Evidently she was thoroughly familiar with the track. When I remarked on this she said, "Oh, yes, I often used to come this way. It leads to such a pretty cave, you know."

"Then it doesn't come out at the same point as the way my friends took?"

"No, more than a mile away from that. We must be nearly there now. Are you tired, my lord?"

"Not a bit," said I, and Phroso accepted the answer without demur.

There can, however, be no harm in admitting now that I was tired, not so much from carrying Phroso though as from the strain of the day and the night that I had passed through; and I hailed with joy a glimmer of light that danced before my eyes at the end of a long straight tunnel. We were going down rapidly now; and, hark, there was the wash of water welcoming us to the outer air and the light of the upper world; for day had just dawned, as we came to the end of the way. And the light that I saw ahead was ruddy with the rays of the new-risen sun.

"Ah," sighed Phroso happily, "I hear the sea. Oh, I smell it. And see, my lord, the light!"

I turned from the light, joyful as was the beholding of it, to the face that lay close by mine. That too I could see now for the first time plainly. I met Phroso's eyes. A slight tinge of colour dyed her cheeks, but she lay still, looking at me; and she said softly in low rich tones,

"You look very weary. Let me walk now, my lord."

"No, we'll go on to the end now," I said.

The end was near. Another five minutes brought us where, once again, the enfolding walls spread out; the path broadened into a stony beach; above us the rocks formed an arch; we were in a little cave, and the waves rolled gently to and fro on the margin of the beach. The mouth of the cave was narrow and low, the rocks leaving only about a yard between themselves above and the water below; there was just room for a boat to pass out and in. Phroso sprang from my arms, and stretched out her hands to the light.

"Ah, if we had a boat!" I cried, stopping a few feet from the water's edge.

Had the luck indeed changed and fortune begun to smile? It seemed so, for I had hardly spoken when Phroso suddenly clapped her hands and cried,

"A boat! There is a boat, my lord," and she caught me by the hand, her eyes sparkling.

It was true—by marvel it was true! A good stout broad-bottomed little fishing-boat lay beached on the shingle, with its sculls lying in it. How had it come? Well, I didn't stop to ask that; my eyes met Phroso's in delight. The joy of our happy fortune overcame us. I think that for the moment we forgot the terrible events that had happened before our eyes, the sadness of the parting that, at the best, lay before us. Both her hands were in mine, and we were happy as two children, prosperously launched on some wonderful fairy-tale adventure—Prince and Princess in their cockle-boat on a magic sea.

"Isn't it wonderful?" cried Phroso. "Ah, my lord, all goes well with you. I think God loves you, my lord, as much as —"

She stopped. A rush of rich colour flooded her cheeks. Her deep eyes, that had gleamed in exultant merriment,

sank to the ground. Her hands loosed mine.

"As the lady who waits for you loves you, my lord," she said.

I do not know how it was, but Phroso's words summoned up before my eyes a vision of Beatrice Hipgrave, pursuing her cheerful way through the gaieties of the season—or had she gone to the country by now?—without wasting very many thoughts on the foolish man who had gone to the horrid island. The picture of her as the lady who waited for a lover, forlorn because he tarried, struck with a bitter amusement on my sense of humour. Phroso saw me smile, and she asked a wondering question. I did not answer it, but turned away, and walked down to where the boat lay.

"I suppose," I said coldly, "that this is the best chance?"

"It is the only chance, my lord," she answered; but her eyes were still puzzled, and her tone was almost careless, as if the matter of our escape had ceased to be the thing that pressed most urgently on her mind. I could say nothing to enlighten her; not from my lips, which longed to forswear her, could come the slightest word in depreciation of "the lady who waited."

"Will you get in then?" I asked.

"Yes," said Phroso, but the joy was gone out of her voice and out of her eyes.

I helped her into the boat, then I launched it; and when it floated clear on the water of the cave I jumped in myself and took the sculls. Phroso sat silent and now pale-faced in the stern. I struck the water with my blades and the boat moved. A couple of strokes took us across the cave. We reached the mouth. I felt the sun on my neck with its faint early warmth; that is a good feeling and puts heart in a man.

"Ah, but the sea and the air are good," said Phroso. "And it is good to be free, my lord."

I looked at her; the sun had caught

her eyes now, and the gleam in them seemed to fire me. I forgot—something that I ought to have remembered. I rested for a moment on my oars, and, leaning forward, said in a low voice,

“Aye, to be free, and together, Phroso!”

Again came the flash of colour, again the sudden happy dancing eyes, and the smile that curved in unconquerable wilfulness: I stretched out a hand, and Phroso's hand stole timidly to meet it. Well—surely the recording angel looked away!

Thus were we, just outside the cave; there rose a straight rock on the left hand ending in a level top, some four feet above our heads. And as our hands approached, and our eyes—those quicker foregatherers—met, there came from the top of the rock a laugh, a low chuckle that I knew well. I don't think I looked up; I looked still at Phroso. As I looked her colour fled, fright leapt into her eyes, her lips quivered in horror. I knew the truth from her face.

“Very nice! But what have you done with Cousin Constantine?” asked Mouraki Pasha.

The trap, then, had double jaws, and we had escaped Constantine only to fall into the hands of his master. It was so like Mouraki, I was so much aghast, and yet so little surprised, the fall was so sudden, our defeat so ludicrous, that I believe I smiled, as I turned my eyes from Phroso's and cast a glance at the Pasha.

“I might have known it, you know,” said I aloud.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

##### THE UNKNOWN FRIEND.

The boat still moved a little from the impulse of the last stroke, and we floated slowly past Mouraki, who stood like some great sea-bird on the rock. To his cynical question—for it revealed shamelessly the use he had meant to make of

his tool—I returned no answer. I could smile in amused bitterness, but for the moment I could not speak. Phroso sat twisting one hand round the other and with downcast eyes; the Pasha was content to answer my smile with his own. The boat drew past the rock and, as we came round its elbow, I found across our path a larger boat, manned by four of Mouraki's soldiers, who had laid down their oars and sat rifles in hand; in the coxwain's place was Demetri; it seemed strange to find him in that company. One of the soldiers laid hold of the nose of my boat and turned it round, impelling it towards the beach. A moment later we grated on the shingle, where the Pasha, who had leapt nimbly down from his perch, stood awaiting us. Thoughts had been running rapidly through my brain, wild thoughts of resistance, of a sudden rush, of emptying my revolver haphazard into the other boat, aye, even of assassinating Mouraki with an unexpected shot. All that was folly; I let it go, sprang from the boat, and, giving my hand to Phroso, helped her to land, and led her to a broad smooth ledge of rock, on which she seated herself, still silent, but giving me a look of grief and despair. Then I turned to the Pasha.

“I think,” said I, “that you'll have to wait a day or two for Cousin Constantine. I am told that bodies do not find their way out so soon as living men.”

“Ah, I thought that must be it! You threw him down into the pool?” he asked.

“No, not I. My friend Kortcs.”

“And Kortcs?”

“They fell together.”

“How very dramatic,” smiled the Pasha. “How came you to let Kortcs have at him first?”

“Believe me, it was unintentional; it was without any design of disappointing you, Pasha.”

“And there is an end of both of them!” said he, smiling at my hit.



"They must both be dead. Forgive me, Pasha, but I don't understand your comedy. We were in your power at the house; why play this farce? Why not have done then what I presume you will do now?"

"My dear lord," said he, after a glance round to see that nobody listened, "the conventions must be observed. Yesterday you had not committed the offences of which I regret to say you have now been guilty."

"The offences? You amuse me, Pasha."

"I do not grudge it you," said Mouraki.

"Yes, the offences of aiding my prisoner—that lady—to escape; and—well, the death of Constantine is at least a matter for enquiry, isn't it? You'll admit that? The man was a rogue, of course, but we must observe the law, my dear Wheatley. "Besides——" He paused, then he added, "You must not grudge me my amusement, either. Believe me, your joy at finding that boat, which I caused to be placed there for your convenience, and that touching little scene which I interrupted, occasioned me infinite diversion."

I made no answer to this, and he continued,

"I was sure that if—well, if Constantine failed in perpetrating his last crime—you follow me, my dear lord?—you would make for the passage, so I obtained the guidance of that faithful fellow, Demetri, and he brought us round very comfortably. Indeed, we have been waiting some little while for you. Of course, Phroso delayed you."

Mouraki's sneers and jocularities had no power in themselves to anger me. Indeed I felt myself cool and calm, ready to bandy retorts and banter with him. But there was another characteristic of his conversation on which my mind fastened, finding in it matter for thought; this was his barefaced frankness. Plainly he told me that he had employed Constantine to assassinate me, plainly he exposed to me

the trick by which he had obtained a handle against me. Now to whom, if to anyone, does a man like Mouraki Pasha reveal such things as these? Why to men, and only to men, who will tell no tales. And there is a proverb which hints that only one class of men tells no tales. That was why I attached significance to the Governor's frankness.

I believe the man followed my thoughts with his wonderfully acute intelligence and power of penetrating the minds of others, for he smiled again as he said,

"I do not mind being frank with you, my dear Wheatley. I'm sure you will not use the little admission I may seem to make against me. How grieved you must be for your poor friend Kortès!"

"We have both lost a friend this morning, Pasha."

"Constantine? Ah, yes. Still—well, he is as well where he is, just as well where he is."

"He will not be able to use your little admissions either?"

"How you catch my meaning, my dear lord! It is a pleasure to talk to you." But he turned suddenly from me, and called to his men. Three came up at once. "This gentleman," he said, indicating me, and speaking now in sharp authoritative tones, "is in your custody for the present. Do not let him move."

I seated myself on a rock; the three men stood round me. The Pasha bowed slightly, walked down to where Phroso sat, and began to talk to her. So at least I supposed, but I did not hear anything that he said to her; his back was towards me, and he hid Phroso from my view. I took out my flask, and had a pull at my brandy-and-water; it was a poor breakfast, but I was offered no other.

Up to this time the fourth soldier and Demetri had remained in the boat. They now landed and hauled their boat up on to the beach; then they turned to the smaller boat which the Pasha had provided in malicious sport for our more complete

mortification. The soldier laid hold of its stern and prepared to haul it also out of the water; but Demetri said something—what I could not hear—and shrugged his shoulders. The soldier nodded in apparent assent, and they left the boat where it was, merely attaching it by a rope to the other. Then they walked to the rocks and sat down at a little distance from where I was, Demetri taking a hunch of bread and a large knife from his pocket and beginning to cut and munch. I looked at him, but he refused to meet my eye, and glanced in every direction except at me.

Suddenly, while I was idly regarding Demetri, the three fellows sprang on me. One had me by each arm before I could so much as move. The third dashed his hand into the breast-pocket of my coat and seized my revolver. They leapt away again, caught up the rifles they had dropped, and held them levelled towards me. The thing was done in a moment—I sitting like a man paralysed. Then one of the ruffians cried,

“Your Excellency, the gentleman moved his hand to his pocket, to his pistol.”

“What?” asked Mouraki turning round. “Moved his hand to a pistol? Had he a pistol?”

My revolver was held up as damning evidence.

“And he tried to use it?” asked Mouraki in mournful shocked tones.

“It looked like it,” said the fellow.

“It’s a lie. I wasn’t thinking of it,” said I. For I was exasperated at the trick. I had made up my mind to fight it out sooner than give up the revolver.

“I’m afraid it may have been so,” said Mouraki, shaking his head. “Give the pistol to me, my man. I will keep it safe.” And his eye shot triumph at me as he took my revolver and turned again to Phroso. I was now powerless indeed.

Demetri finished his hunch of bread, and began to clean his knife, polishing its blade leisurely and lovingly on the palm of his hand, and I feeling its point with the

end of his thumb. During this operation he hummed softly and contentedly to himself. I could not help smiling when I recognised the tune; it was an old friend, the chant that One-Eyed Alexander wrote on the death of Stefan Stefanopoulos two hundred years ago. Demetri polished, and Demetri hummed, and Demetri looked away across the blue water with a speculative eye. I did not choose to consider what might be in the mind of Demetri as he hummed and polished and gazed over the sea that girt his native island. Demetri’s thoughts were his own. Let Mouraki look to them, if they were worth his care.

There, I have made that confession as plainly as I mean to make it. I put out of my mind what Demetri might be planning as he polished the knife and hummed One-Eyed Alexander’s chant.

Apparently Mouraki did not think the matter worth his care. He had approached very near to Phroso now, leaning down towards her as she sat on the rock. Suddenly I heard a low cry of terror and “No, no” in horrified accents; and Mouraki, raising his voice a little, answered, “Yes, yes.”

I strained my ears to hear; nay, I half rose from where I sat, and sank back only under the pointed hint of a soldier’s bayonet. I could not hear the words, but a soft pleading murmur came from Phroso, a short relentless laugh from Mouraki, a silence, a shrug of Mouraki’s shoulders. Then he turned and came across to me.

“Stand back a little,” said he to the soldiers, “but keep your eyes on your prisoner, and if he attempts any movement——” He did not finish the sentence, which indeed was plain enough without a formal ending. Then he began to speak to me in French.

“A beautiful thing, my dear lord,” said he, “is the devotion of women. Fortunate are you who have found two ladies to love you!”

"You have been married twice yourself, I think you told me?"

"It is not exactly the same thing—not necessarily. I am very likely to be married a third time, but I fear I should flatter myself if I thought that much love would accompany the lady's hand. However it was of you that I desired to speak. This lady here, my dear lord, is so attached to you that I believe she will marry me, purely to ensure your safety. Is it not a touching sacrifice?"

"I hope she'll do nothing of the sort," said I.

"Well, it is little more than a polite fiction," he conceded. "For she will be compelled to marry me anyhow. But it is the sort of idea that comforts a woman."

He fixed his eyes on me as he made this remark, enjoying the study of its effect on me.

"Well," said I, "I never meant to marry her. I'm bound, you know. It was only another polite fiction designed to annoy you, my dear Pasha."

"Ah, is that so? Now, really that is amusing," and he chuckled. He did not appear annoyed at having been deceived. I wondered a little at that—then.

"We have really," he continued, "been living in an atmosphere of polite fictions. For example, Lord Wheatley, there was a polite fiction that I was grieved at Constantine's escape."

"And another that you were anxious to re-capture him."

"And a third that you were not anxious to escape from my—hospitality."

"And a fourth that you were so solicitous for my friends' enjoyment that you exerted yourself to find them good fishing."

"Ah, yes, yes," he laughed. "And there is to be one more polite fiction, my dear lord."

"I believe I can guess it," said I, meeting his eye.

"You are always so acute," he observed admiringly.

"Though the precise form of it I confess I do not understand."

"Well, our lamented Constantine, who had much experience but rather wanted imagination, was in favour of a fever. He told me that it was the usual device in Neopalia."

"His wife died of it, I suppose?" And I believe I smiled as I put the question. Great as my peril was I still found a pleasure in fencing with the Pasha.

"Oh, no. Now, that is unworthy of you. Never have a fiction when the truth will serve! Since he is dead, he murdered his wife. If he had lived, of course——"

"Ah, then it would have been fever."

"Precisely. We must adapt ourselves to circumstances; that is the part of wise men. Now, in your case——" He bent down and looked hard in my face.

"In my case," said I, "you can call it what you like, Pasha."

"Don't you think that the outraged patriotism of Neopalia——?" he suggested with a smile. "You bought the island—you, a stranger! It was very rash. These islanders are desperate fellows."

"That would have served with Constantine alive, but he is dead. Your patriot is gone, Pasha."

"Alas, yes, our good Constantine is dead. But there are others. There is a fellow whom I ought to hang."

"Ah?" And my eye wandered towards where Demetri hummed and polished.

"And who has certainly not earned his life merely by bringing me to meet you this morning, though I give him some credit for that."

"Demetri?" I asked with a careless air.

"Well, yes, Demetri," smiled the Pasha. "Demetri is very open to reason."

Across the current of our talk came Demetri's soft happy humming. The Pasha heard it.

"I hanged his brother three years ago," he observed.

"I know you did," said I. "You seem to have done some characteristic things three years ago."

"And he went to the gallows humming that tune. You know it?"

"Very well indeed, Pasha. It was one of the first things I heard in Neopolia: it's going to be one of the last, perhaps."

"That tune lends a great plausibility to my little fiction," said Mouraki.

"It will no doubt be a very valuable confirmation of it," I rejoined.

The Pasha made no further remark for a moment. I looked past him and past the four soldiers—for the last had now joined his comrades—to Phroso. She was leaning against the cliff-side; her head was thrown back and her face upturned, but her eyes were closed. I think she had swooned or at least sunk into a half-unconscious state. Mouraki detected my glance.

"Look at her well, use your time," he said in a savage tone. "You have not long to enjoy the sight of her."

"I have as long as it may happen to please God," said I. "Neither you nor I know how long."

"I can make a guess," observed Mouraki, a quiet smile succeeding his frown.

"Yes, you can make a guess."

He stood looking at me a moment longer. Then he turned away: as he passed the soldiers he spoke to them. I saw them smile. No doubt he had picked his men for this job and could rely on them.

The little bay in which we were was surrounded by steep and precipitous rocks except in one place. Here there was a narrow cleft; the cliffs did not rise abruptly, but the ground sloped gradually upwards as it receded from the beach. Just on this spot of gradually rising ground Demetri sat, and the Pasha, having amused himself with me for as long as it

pleased him, walked up to Demetri. The fellow sprang to his feet and saluted Mouraki with great respect. Mouraki beckoned to him to come nearer, and began to speak to him.

I sat still where I was, under the bayonets of the soldiers who faced me and had their backs to their commander. My eyes were steadily fixed on the pair who stood conferring on the slope: and my mind was in a ferment. Scruples troubled me no more; Mouraki himself had made them absurd. I read my only chance of life in the choice or caprice of the wild passionate barbarian—he was little else—who stood with head meekly bowed and knife carelessly dangled in his hand. This man was he of whom Panayiota had spoken so mysteriously; he was the friend whom I had "more than I knew of"; in his blood-feud with the Pasha, in his revengeful wrath, lay my chance. It was only a chance indeed, for the soldiers might kill me. But it was a chance, and there was no other. For if Mouraki won him over by promises or bribes, or intimidated him into doing his will, then Demetri would take the easier task, that which carried no risk, and did not involve his own death, as an attack on the Pasha almost certainly would. Would he be prudent and turn his hand against the single helpless man? Or would his long-nursed rage stifle all care for himself and drive him against Mouraki? If so, if he chose that way, there was a glimmer of hope. I glanced at Phroso's motionless figure and pallid face: I glanced at the little boat that floated (why had Demetri not beached it?); I glanced at the rope that bound it to the other boat: I measured the distance between the boats and myself; I thrust my hand into the pocket of my coat and contrived to open the blade of my clasp-knife which was now the only weapon left to me.

Mouraki spoke and smiled; he made no gesture, but there was just a move-

ment of his eyes towards me ; Demetri's eyes followed his for an instant but would not dwell on my face. The Pasha spoke again ; Demetri shook his head, and

as to be more private in their talk—but was that the object of both of them? Still Demetri shook his head. The Pasha's smile vanished, his mouth grew



"AT LAST, MY GOD, AT LAST!"

Mouraki's face assumed a persuasive good-humoured expression ; Demetri glanced apprehensively around. The Pasha took him by the arm, and they went a few paces further up the slope, so

stern, his eyes cold, and he frowned. He spoke in short sharp sentences, the snap of his lips showing when his mind was spoken. Demetri seemed to plead, he looked uneasy, he shifted from foot to

foot, he drew back from the imperious man, as though he shunned him and would fain escape from him. Mouraki would not let him go, but followed him in his retreat, step for step; thus another ten yards were put between them and me. Anger and contempt blazed now on Mouraki's face; he raised his hand and brought it down clenched on the palm of the other. Demetri held out his hand as though in protest or supplication. The Pasha stamped with his foot. There were no signs of relenting in his manner.

My eyes grew weary with intent watching: I felt like a man who has been staring at a bright white light, too fascinated by its intensity to blink or turn away even though it pains him to look longer. The figures of the two seemed to become indistinct and blurred. I rubbed my knuckles into my eyes to clear my vision, and looked again. Yes, they were a little farther off, even still a little farther off than when I had looked before. It could not be by chance and unwittingly that Demetri always and always and always gave back a pace, luring the Pasha to follow him. No, there was a plan in his head: and in my heart suddenly came a great beat of savage joy—of joy at the chance heaven gave, yes, and of lust for the blood of the man against whom I had so mighty a debt of wrong. And, as I gazed now, for an instant—a single barely perceptible instant—came the swiftest message from Demetri's eyes. I read it; I knew its meaning. I sat where I was, but every muscle of my body was tense and strung in readiness for that desperate leap, and every nerve of me quivered with a repressed excitement that seemed almost to kill. Now, now! Was it now? I was within an ace of crying "Strike!" But I held the word in and still gazed. And

the soldiers leant easily on their bayonets, exchanging a word or two now and again, yawning sometimes, weary of a dull job, wondering when his Excellency would let them get home again; of what was going on behind their backs, there on the slope of the rock, they took no heed.

Ah, there was a change now! Demetri had ceased to protest, to deprecate and to retreat. Mouraki's frowns had vanished, he smiled again in satisfaction and approval. Demetri threw a glance at me. Mouraki spoke. Demetri answered. For an instant I looked at the soldiers; they were more weary and inattentive than ever. Back went my eyes, and now Mouraki with suave graciousness, in condescending recognition of a good servant, stepped right close up to Demetri and, raising his hand, reached round the fellow's shoulder and patted him approvingly on the back.

"It will be now!" I thought, nay, I believe I whispered, and I drew my legs up under me and grasped the hidden knife in my pocket. "Yes, it must be now."

Mouraki patted, laughed, evidently praised; Demetri bowed his head. But his long, lithe, bare, brown right-arm that had hung so weary a time in idle waiting by his side—the arm whose hand held the great bright blade so lovingly polished, so carefully tested—the arm began slowly and cautiously to crawl up his side. It bent at the elbow, it rested a moment after its stealthy secret climb. Then, quick as lightning, it flew above Demetri's head, the blade sparkled in the sun, the hand swooped down, and the gleams of the sunlit steel were quenched in the body of Mouraki. With a sudden cry of amazement, of horror, and of agony the Pasha staggered and fell prone on the rocky ground. And Demetri cried, "At last, my God, at last!" and laughed aloud.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



REFUGE "IN THE MIDST OF THE FIRE AND THEY TAKE NO HURT."  
(Exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery, 1885.)

# AMONGST THE LIONS.\*

A CHAT WITH MR. J. T. NETTLESHIP.

BY ROY COMPTON.

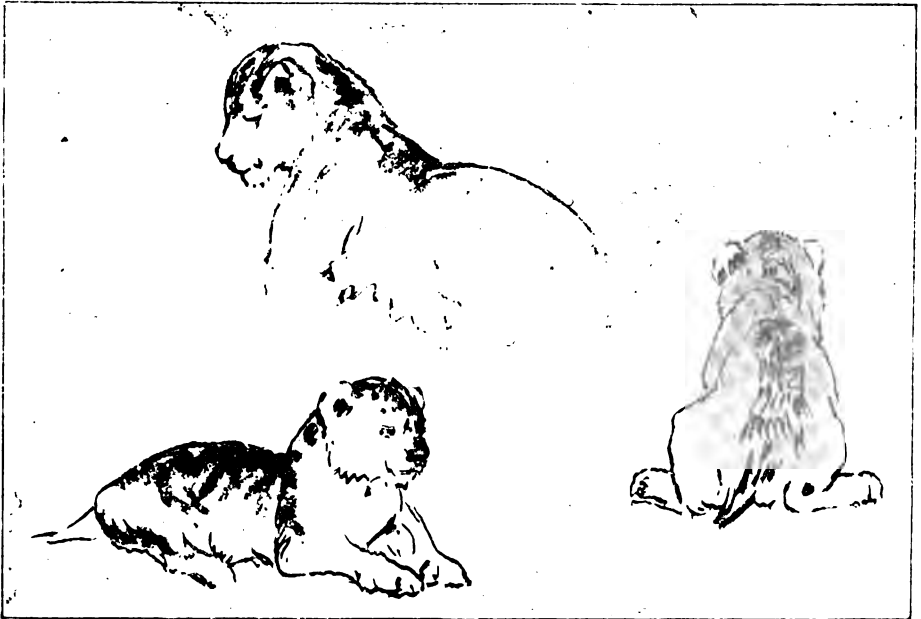
I RANG the bell labelled "Studio" with a slight feeling of trepidation, despite the fact that I had heard many old Indians describe the exhilarating emotions they had experienced during a lion hunt, and that the numberless dangers of the jungle only gave the sport an extra piquant flavour.

There was no sound as the door slowly opened and I was admitted—not even a growl broke the stillness—and I breathed more freely as I ascended the stairs; evidently the lions had been fed, and would scarcely relish an "idle dog"; besides, I had on my latest summer tourist suit, which was loud enough in pattern to choke off even a wild beast.

It was on the first landing of the stairs that "I stalked my game," or rather had the pleasure of meeting face to face, Mr. J. T. Nettleship, the finest wild animal painter of the present century, who was critically examining my card.

As he became aware of my presence, he glanced up with his keen penetrating eyes, and I offered an apology for failing to keep my appointment by half an hour, and received in reply a cordial handshake and a few words of welcome.

"It does not matter in the least," genially remarks the artist, as he leads the way to his den. "I never lunch, and had arranged not to go sketching in the Zoological Gardens to-day."



STUDIES OF LION CUBS FROM LIFE.

\* The copyright of the illustrations accompanying this interview is in every case strictly reserved.



"Do you work there daily?" I query, as we enter a room, one side of which is entirely devoted to books, and which communicates with the den.

"Yes, since May. This is only my summer studio. I have another some little distance away, where I work through the winter months. I am afraid you will find little to interest you in my life: it is the ordinary working life of an artist."

"With a penchant for lions?"

"Yes. They are my speciality, and I am working on one now; it is here on the easel."

As Mr. Nettleship is placing the picture in a good light, I examine a clever pen-and-

ink Darwinian sketch by Du Maurier, and a "Souvenir de Dieppe," by the same artist.

"Ah, those are awfully clever, and were given to me by Du Maurier in exchange for a painting I made of his famous St. Bernard dog, Chang; a very generous exchange on his part."

Then I enter the den and find myself face to face with a magnificent lion, crouch-

ing upon the ledge of a rock, absolutely quiet. A thirst for blood is written on every line of its silently quivering form, as it prepares to spring down upon its prey—a buffalo; while the background is an African sunset illuminating the clouds with marvellous red and golden lights.



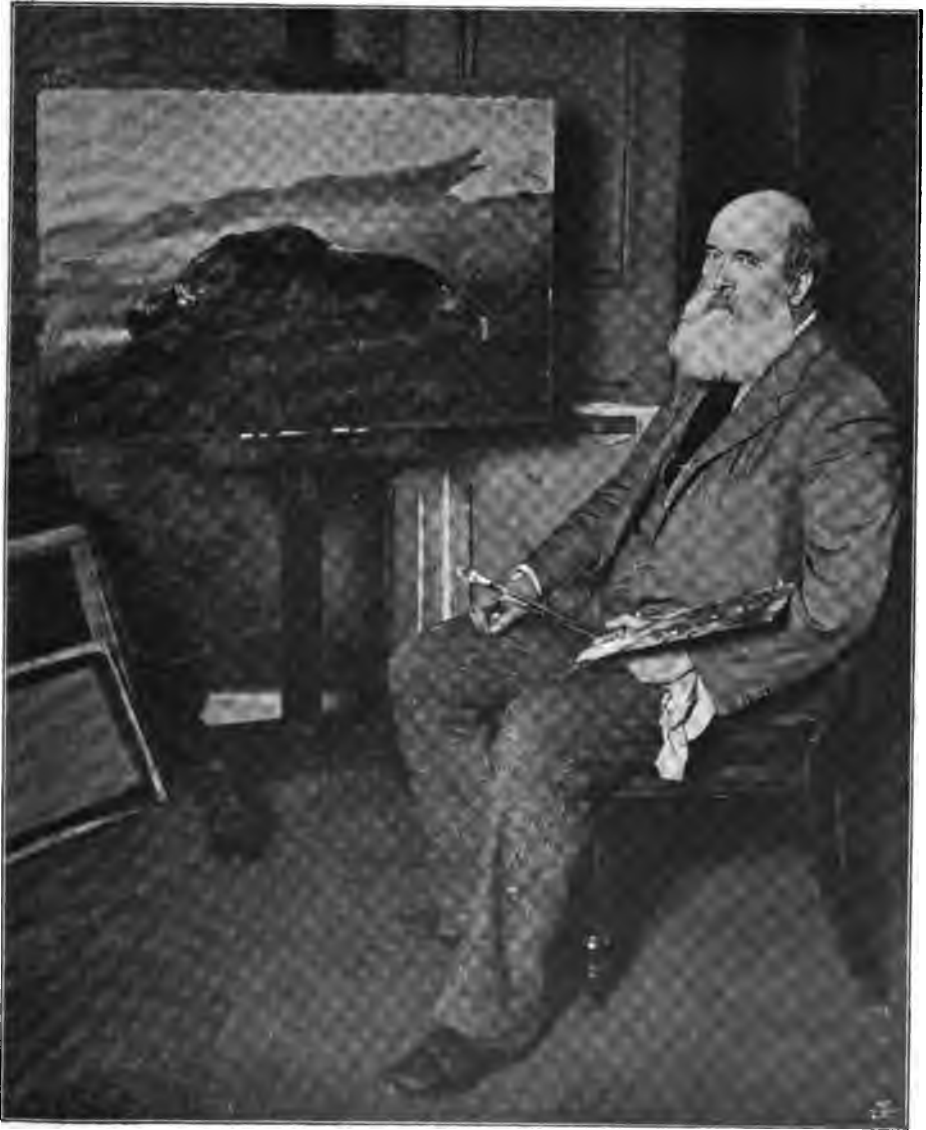
SKETCH FROM LIFE OF A CAPE HUNTING DOG (*Lycaon pictus*).



SKETCH FROM LIFE OF A CAPE HUNTING DOG (*Lycaon pictus*).

So life-like is the posture of the brute that one almost hears the low growl as it falls upon its prey.

ner. Selous, the African hunter, has taken much interest in my lion pictures, and complimented me on the picture 'The



MR. J. T. NETTLESHIP.

(From a photo by Fradelle & Young.)

"Sir John Kirk, great naturalist and chief officer in Livingstone's expedition, was my authority for a lion sometimes stalking its prey in exactly the same man-

Blood Trail' as having exactly the look of lions he had met in Africa. He showed me the manner of growth of a wild lion's mane, which is quite distinct

from that of the caged beast we breed in this country."

"And you made your sketches for this picture——"

"Mainly in the Zoo, although I have worked in nearly every gardens and menagerie in England."

"And you find it very interesting work?"

"Yes, intensely so. In the first place

Regent's Park the lions are out of doors: it is much easier to let one's imagination run riot."

"And how do you create your pathetic and bloodthirsty ideas? Surely some of the scenes are taken from life?"

"No; they are entirely from my own imagination," replied the artist, with an amused smile. "I can make my lions do absolutely anything. I created my last



"FLOOD." (NEW GALLERY, 1891.)

(By special permission of J. T. Grover, Esq., of Nottingham.)

it is outdoor life, and one enjoys nature in all its varied phases. The animals themselves are as diverse in character as human beings. Here is the famous Manchester lion," said the artist, turning round a sketch with its face from the wall.

"He looks pretty tame," I remark, sententiously.

"Oh, no, he isn't. He's a beautiful animal, but suffers from a chronic bad temper. I have painted a deal at the Zoological Gardens, Clifton, but there the grounds are too small. I can never get away from the fact that the animal is caged; whilst in the summertime at

picture from watching the behaviour of the lion when one of the visitors in the gardens amused himself by poking it up with his umbrella. The animal crouched to spring in exactly the position that I have depicted; it was wonderful to notice how quickly the natural instinct of the wild beast reasserted itself, in spite of the fact that it had been born and kept in confinement. Two days later I got one of the keepers to repeat the process in order that I might make the necessary sketch. I'll show you how I work when once my ideas have taken possession of me."



THE BLOOD TRAIL. (ROYAL ACADEMY, 1895.)

Mr. Nettleship thereupon very kindly produces a large stack of note-books, and, opening one, showed me innumerable sketches of paws, eyes, and every detail of the animal's form, which he studies in all positions daily; and generously lent it to me for reproduction in *The Idler*. He also showed me sketches of two Cape dogs, animals which are rarely met with, and which are extremely ferocious.

There is also in the studio a picture of a white tiger, one of the rarest of wild animals, shot in Central India, and a sketch of a cheetah.

"I made this sketch in India when I was there in 1881, to paint a portrait of the Gackwar of Baroda, at his request. He had seen some of my work. When I had completed the portrait, with which he was very pleased, he commissioned me to paint a large picture of a cheetah hunt from life, which I did with the greatest pleasure; the subject was so novel and so interesting. We used to go out at four o'clock in the morning, and I painted with the aid of small field-glasses. Of course the whole scene is over in a few moments. The cheetah is led out, hooded, and leashed, and as soon as a wild buck is spotted, the cheetah is released, and away he goes. When he comes up to the prey he springs upon it, and drags it to the ground. I have ridden to hounds a good deal, and my stiff arm is the result of a bad fall from my horse when in the hunting field. Next to painting, I think my greatest pleasure would be hunting."

"And you never do any figure studies?"

"Yes, occasionally during the winter months. Here is a little painting I have just commenced, and shall finish when I can't work out of doors. It represents a huntress throwing off a falcon, and my idea is to place a panther in the foreground to give the necessary touch of colour. "What do you think of it?"

"The lady is too thin for my idea of beauty."

"In the first place the sketch is not

finished," replies Mr. Nettleship drily. "And, in the second, I think if you look up your mythology you will find that most huntresses are sinewy. I have never yet seen Diana represented as a particularly plump lady."

Feeling I had been distinctly scratched by a lion's claw, I proposed that Mr. Nettleship should leave the lions for a while at rest, and tell me somewhat of his career.

"I was always very fond of drawing as a child. Naturally, animals had the greatest attraction for me. My father was a solicitor in Northamptonshire, and I was educated to follow his profession, much against my inclinations. When I was over twenty, I started out in a line by myself; I had then become acquainted with Browning the poet, and he gave me the first impulse towards my success. I also received much encouragement from his friend Rossetti, to whom he introduced me, and I was greatly impressed by his marvellous personality. To Rossetti I owe my first commission."

"If I remember rightly, you yourself paid a tribute to Browning's genius."

"I have always been a great admirer of his poetry and writings. I wrote a book entitled *Essays and Thoughts*, which was intended as a friendly criticism on his work, published by John Lane & Co., who have lately issued a fresh edition."

"And your next commission?"

"I was then commissioned by Watts to paint a couple of leopards for one of his pictures."

"But after leaving the law surely you had some art training?"

"Yes, I went to Heatherley's for a year or more, and essayed to become a probationer at the Royal Academy; I failed twice, the third time I was successful. Then for some reason which I cannot recall, I threw it up. Later, I went to the Slade School in Gower Street, where I gained a prize for figure-drawing."



AN INDIAN RHINOCEROS CHARGING.  
(The property of John Couell, Esq.)

"Then you exhibited a picture in the Grosvenor in 1882, did you not?"

"Yes. It was entitled 'The Dirge in the Desert,' and represented a lion roaring over a dying lioness. The principal point of the picture was a cub which was unconcernedly drinking water which was blood-stained from his mother's wounds."

"And then 'The Blind Lion'?"

"Yes, in 1883. I imagined the lion being struck by lightning, and finding his way over the precipice, and being mobbed by hyenas. Some of the comic papers made a skit of it, and represented it as Gladstone and the Fourth Party, of which Lord Randolph Churchill was a leading figure. Then," said Mr. Nettleship, thoughtfully, "I think 'The Refuge' was the next; but it is rather difficult to recall them in the order they came. Then 'The Abyss' and 'The Flood,' where the lioness is floating down on the torrent, sheltering her cub in her fore-paws, the eagles wheeling overhead waiting to swoop down upon them. My latest exhibit is in the New Gallery, entitled 'Touch and Go,' a cub climbing down a precipice on its own account."

"You are a great believer in pastels, are you not?"

"Yes. That is a favourite method of work. I have done over two hundred in the last five years, and they sell like hot cakes. I never have one on my hands. Here is one of a white panther, which is being exhibited with 'Touch and Go' in the New Gallery."

"Have you so far escaped being mauled?"

"I've run one or two close shaves, but never anything very desperate. Once, I remember, in the old days at the Zoological Gardens, before the new Lion House was built, I was allowed to go inside the barrier, close against the cage to paint. I got my picture inside, was just settling down to work, when the lion suddenly stretched out his paw, and gripped hold of my right arm. Luckily, the instinct of

self-preservation made me jump quickly away from the cage, or in a few moments his claws would have found their way into the arteries of my arm, and I should have probably met death. As it was, I suffered quite enough; and an old lady standing by, who witnessed the occurrence, immediately trotted off and told the superintendent, who strictly forbade me ever to go inside the barrier again. Another little incident occurred to me when I was staying in a country house for a week fulfilling a commission to paint a savage mastiff kept at the kennels. The dog was brought into the gun-room to sit for me. The first day or two the keeper came with him, and all was well. There were two little girls staying in the house at the time, and one morning they came to look at the picture, bringing with them, innocently enough, another mastiff from the house. No sooner did the dogs face one another than a fight seemed imminent, and this once begun it would have been impossible to stop, as my left arm was in a sling. So I caught my dog by the collar and held him up, and the girls, with perfect coolness, got their dog from the room. My greatest fear was on account of those who did not understand the danger there was, for I felt we had experienced a very near 'shave.' As it unfortunately happened, this was the only morning that the keeper was absent from the gun-room. Curiously enough, for days afterwards the mastiff sulked with me for having stopped the fight, and refused to be friends; in fact, that very afternoon some visitors were coming to see the picture, my hostess was talking to me, and there was a loud knocking at the door. She, fearing another episode, asked me to come outside the room, and shut the dog in. No sooner did we make for the door than the dog made every effort to get out, and when he found I was determined not to give way to him, he jumped up, and caught at my arm. Luckily, I managed



"COME IF YOU DARE." (ROYAL ACADEMY, 1894.)  
(By special permission of C. Czarnikow, Esq.)



to shake him off, got outside, and shut the door upon him ; and later on we beguiled him into his kennel, and saw him locked up with a sense of relief."

"You have done some Alpine climbing have you not?"

"Yes. In my younger days, it was one of my favourite amusements. Once, on a mountain near Grindelwald, which I and one of my friends had climbed without the assistance of a guide, we lost our

way in a snow-storm, and had it not been for our pluck in persisting in going on, although we did not know a step of the route, I should have not been here to tell you the incident."

Mr. Nettleship is a typical Englishman in appearance, broad-shouldered, of good height, with a pleasant cheery manner that makes you feel at home at once, and leaves me with the pleasantest reminiscences of an hour spent in a lion's den.



# REVELATIONS OF AN ALBUM.

PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE.

BY JOSEPH HATTON.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. MARGETSON.

## XX.

### SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.



It was on the eve of November 27th, 1866, that I first met Charles Reade. I am clear about the date, because I have before me an illuminated card from Miss Braddon, inviting me to a certain special dinner at the Langham Hotel. As "Conductor of *The Belgravia Magazine*," she had similarly honoured many other guests. We were called together to celebrate the first number of that periodical. How one's memory clings to the early events of one's life! I lived in Worcester-shire in those days, and my hostelry in town was the New Hummums Hotel. It had long ceased to be new, but there was an Old Hummums; so there had to be a New Hummums.

I remember the dear old landlady taking me into her kitchen and showing me the great open fire at which everything in the shape of roasts was cooked. In these days they tumble joints, chickens, ducks, and game, all together into an oven, to mingle their various flavours and destroy the individuality of each. I recall that there was a "baster" who sat by the fire in the New Hummums kitchen, and my memory goes back to "sops in the pan" in an old Derbyshire "house-place" when I was a lad. But that

is an altogether different story from the one I am writing; so let it pass.

In 1866 I had not yet pitched my tent in London. I was a youngster with a newspaper at Worcester, a newspaper and a seat in the civic government, and other things belonging to what might be called a "rising citizen," who in his heart did not care to rise



MISS BRADDON IN 1866.

in those directions. When Miss Braddon, with all the usual flourishes of journalistic trumpets, announced the fact that a new magazine was to be published under her auspices, I had the temerity to invite myself to contribute thereto. Youth is rash, ignorance is bold. It is wonderful how often both get a footing in the race. The difficulty is to stay. Probationers often come to grief; but, as Jerrold said to his son, "It is no good opening shop until you have something to put in the window." Happy days, when we think we have a store worthy of displaying, goods that might dazzle the most intellectual Bond Street that ever was dreamed of!

My proposal was an article (I had not the audacity to call it an essay) on country life, a chapter of semi-sporting reminiscence. Why do so many young fellows in their earliest work profess to take up the pen of experience and philosophy? I think Miss Braddon must have looked upon her correspondent as a county gentleman, accustomed during a long life to sporting adventure, and house-parties. Anyhow, I was the proprietor of a great county newspaper, and the article itself did the rest. It was accepted, and was mentioned by quite a number of critics as a contribution eminently characteristic of the new editor's policy and purpose, which was evidently not to treat life too seriously, and, as far as possible, to be anecdotal. "The Feast of St. Partridge" was the title of the article, and, though I had just published my first novel, I preferred to be one of the anonymous contributors to *Belgravia*. And this is how I came to be invited to that inaugural dinner, having for my immediate neighbours as guests, Watts Phillips, Tom Taylor, Wilkie Collins, and Charles Reade. Mr. John Maxwell, the husband of Miss Braddon, was then a man of energy and resource. He introduced me, in his effusive but pleasant way, as the youngest author present (you met very

few lady writers thirty years ago), a youth who preferred to sue the goddess Fame anonymously in the first number of *Belgravia*. Poor Maxwell, I knew him in a friendly way for many years after that night, a kindly host, with the capacity to make both enemies and friends, and always true to both in his hatred and his sympathy. He went about the world with a cheerful word or a dash of cynical badinage. The pathos of his later years will always mingle in my pleasantest recollections of him. For many months he suffered from a form of paralysis that made him a prisoner to his couch. His brain remained unimpaired, but he articulated with difficulty. From a life of unbounded activity to the monotony of merely keeping body and soul together, helpless physically, one can hardly imagine a more terrible infliction. Maxwell bore his misfortune not only with resignation but with cheerfulness. His nurse spoke of him as one of the most exemplary patients she had ever attended. After a time the household became accustomed to the master's condition, and his wife was persuaded to continue her social receptions, upon which occasions it delighted the invalid to be visited in his room by his oldest friends, and to sit—(this once great rollicking fellow, with a glass in his hand, and a toast of sentiment on his lips)—his hand in yours, a quiet smile on his face, and content to listen to your optimistic hopes about his health, happy that you seemed happy in them, though he knew, poor fellow, that he was booked for an early passage to the other world. May we all be as patient when our time shall come!

## XXI.

CHARLES READE AND VICTOR HUGO.

It was at this *Belgravia* dinner that I made the acquaintance of Charles Reade. Those were the days of the first Tinsley, Edward, who was stricken down at the opening of his career. He was my first

publisher, and was, I fancy, in the habit of sending most of his new books to Reade. Anyhow, Reade had read my pioneer story, *Bitter Sweets*; the suggestion that he had done so was no empty compliment, for he gave me proof of his sincerity. Perhaps he saw that there was doubt in my expression of surprise. It is always the great man that sits down with you and talks as if you were the greater personage of the two and who draws you out and compares notes with you on work and methods. Questioned concerning my ambition and prospects, I confessed that I was just a trifle disappointed with the pecuniary reward of novel-writing. "Indeed," he

said; "what have you received for your first book?" "Thirty pounds, on account," I said. "More to come?" he asked. "Yes," I said. "And you keep your copyright?" "Yes," I answered. "I congratulate you," was his reply; "do you remember my first work?" "Indeed, I do," I said; "who could forget *Peg Woffington*?" "You think it a good story?" "It is delightful," I replied. "I got five pounds for it," he said, "and was glad to have it published on any terms; be comforted, you have done well." The publisher who gave him five pounds for *Peg Woffington*, would have readily given him as many thousands for one of his later novels. I remember Mrs. Henry

Wood telling me that early in her career nothing had pleased her more than being able to refuse a thousand pounds for a novel which Mr. Bentley had a year before declined to buy outright for a hundred. Ouida, even after one or two of her first books were published, had to wait humbly in the ante-room of a London publishing house, while the principals were considering her manuscripts; where-

as a year or two later they made pilgrimages all the way to Florence to entreat the privilege of securing her next work on her own terms. Yet Reade and Ouida and Mrs. Wood showed the same power of story-telling in their earliest work, which went a-begging, as

in their later novels, that made fortunes for themselves and their publishers.

The freshness and beauty of *Christie Johnstone* are not excelled in any other work of Charles Reade, whose *Hard Cash* and *Put Yourself in His Place*, are examples of that faculty of industry and the genius of taking infinite pains which characterised everything he put his hand to. He once said to me, "I read two hundred works to write one," and I can bear testimony to his conscientious labours.

I have found him at work literally up to his eyes in books of reference. He was as particular about the facts upon which he built his fiction as Darwin was



CHARLES READE, 1880.

in the minutest details of his greater studies. He read the newspapers with avidity, and clipped everything that he thought might be useful in his solidly built up romances. Fond of the theatre, he had almost a childlike love of mount-

minded, modest gentleman, but when he was roused he could defend his position with tremendous energy. No author ever wrote more impressively upon the question of international copyright; no author would have rejoiced more than he at the



MADAME DE LA RAMÉ ("OUIDA") IN THE YEAR 1870.

ing a play with every possible touch of realism he could get into it. In *Dora* he had real wheat, real cows, and real poultry; and in one of his plays he insisted that a dying sailor, who swore wicked oaths, should not be restricted in a certain very graphic curse, which on the very first night astonished a London audience even to the verge of perplexity. Reade was a great, learned, simple-

recent recognition of the rights of English authors in America.

During my editorship of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, in the first palmy days of the shilling series, I published the English version of Victor Hugo's *L'Homme qui Rit*, one of his most masterly studies of character, and I had an interesting correspondence with him. As I could not go over to Guernsey and



VICTOR HUGO AT HOME IN GUERNSEY, 1869.

pay him a visit, he sent me, from time to time, through his friend and neighbour Mr. Oliver, photographs of himself and family. Among these is a picture of the great Frenchman in his salon.

The poet is standing by the fire-place, his arm leaning upon a chair, and amidst surroundings which quite realise the description of him in the third volume of the Letters of Charles Dickens. The famous English novelist found Victor Hugo's house a most extraordinary place, looking like an old curiosity shop, or the property-room of some gloomy, vast old theatre. He was much struck by Hugo himself, who looked every inch the genius he was. His wife was a handsome woman, with flashing black eyes. Sitting among old armour and old tapestry, and old coffers and grim old chairs and tables and old canopies of state from old palaces, and old golden lions going to play at skittles with ponderous golden balls, he and his family made a most romantic show, and looked like a chapter out of one of his own books.

In another picture of Hugo in his arbour there is a sad, reflective expression in his face. He has the look that strongly recalls Reade in his garden that abutted on Hyde Park; and Hugo, in the picture, wears a soft hat, as Reade often did, with a loose black shooting-jacket, grey waistcoat and trousers, open vest, and a small black necktie. Reade and Hugo had many characteristics in common. Reade shared Hugo's passionate hatred of oppression and wrong, and was moved by similar sentiments for the poor. His literary style was often Hugoish in its terse, short, telling sentences, but in his brightest dreams he never had such poetic fancies as the illustrious Frenchman had every day. Hugo oddly enough did not care for music. Reade loved to hear the violin played, and was an expert in regard to the manufacture of that instrument. I was the

medium through whom Mr. Barnet Phillips, the American author and journalist, presented him with one of the finest instruments in his collection. It was made in New York.

Victor Hugo, according to a Parisian biographer, wrote very quickly, but often corrected laboriously. He rarely rewrote. Madame Drouet, who was his literary secretary for thirty years, copied all his manuscripts; otherwise the printers would have found him one of the most difficult authors to put into type. Madame Drouet saved them much worry, and himself, or his publishers, much expense in the way of composition. She also assisted in the correction of the proofs. He generally had several works on the stocks at the same time. Thackeray found recreation in a change of subject; Gladstone rests himself with a treatise on Homer. Victor Hugo evidently regarded his work from a similarly industrious standpoint. He would go from poetry to fiction, from fiction to history, according to his mood. As a rule, he rose at six o'clock in the morning, took a cold bath; then, breakfasting on a raw egg and a cup of black coffee, went to work. What the work was depended upon the inspiration of the moment. In Paris one of his recreations was riding on the top of an omnibus, a habit he contracted during a short visit to London. A friend told him if he wanted to study the street life of London he should ride on the knife-board. In those days the top seat of an omnibus was more or less like a fence on wheels; and it was by no means the thing to be seen among the outside passengers. Indeed, Mr. Yellowplush would have given notice in any service where the master could have so far "demeaned himself." London has now placed garden seats on the tops of her omnibuses. A ride from east to west is a delightful experience; and on summer days the roofs of the people's vehicles are gay with parasols and merry with women's voices.

## XXII.

"SUCH IS FAME."

Among the most sincere mourners of Charles Reade was Wilkie Collins; they were great friends; each admired the work of the other. Collins lived in a spacious house in Gloucester Place. He delighted in his work, and loved to talk about it. In this respect he was the very opposite of Blackmore, who is a market-gardener, not from necessity, but choice. He would rather talk of gardening than of literature; and his chief recreation is fishing in the adjacent river Thames, where Isaac Walton fished, and where Londoners sit for hours at a stretch dreamily watching the pleasure boats pass and enjoying the fresh air. "I tried to talk of other novelists," said a friend of mine who had been visiting Mr. Blackmore, "and he spoke of the ravages of slugs among his strawberries." And when my friend got back again to literature, Blackmore told him how he dealt with the marauding blackbirds among his cherries. Alphonse Karr, the author of that pleasant book, *A Tour Round My Garden*, would have found the literary horticulturist a charming companion. Notwithstanding that Blackmore lives this kind of rural life, he often sits up far into the night at his desk. He lives, like many another Englishman, on the inside of a great brick wall that fences him in from the rude world, although he helps to supply the London markets with fruit. While admiring his work and recognising the genius of it, one may be pardoned for wondering what would have been his fate as an author had not a sympathetic publisher and a royal marriage come to his aid. *Lorna Doone*, which made his reputation, was a failure on its first publication. Neither critics nor readers would have it. For nearly two years it lay in the cold shade of neglect. Sampson Low, its publisher, thought it a great novel, and gave it a fresh chance when it seemed to be dead; he re-issued it, with new

advertisements, on the eve of the marriage of the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne. The similarity of the names Lorne and Lorna attracted attention; the public was in a different mood from that which governed them when first *Lorna Doone* was published, and the novel took its rightful place in the literature of the time. Such are the curious uncertainties of success in literature. *Lorna Doone* had a narrow escape of being sold for waste-paper. Let this comfort all and sundry who have favourite literary children that as yet have had no Sampson Low and no royal marriage to come to their rescue. But fame has its limitations.

A class paper devoted to gardening even discounted Blackmore's pretensions in that direction. It was in a criticism on some opinion which the famous novelist had expressed as a gardener on the subject of cherries. The critic said he had heard that Mr. Blackmore wrote stories for magazines, and if he knew as little about that business as he did about gardening, he pitied his readers; the truth being, I suspect, that Blackmore had forgotten more about both subjects than our bucolic friend ever knew of either.

Some years ago, at a Lotus banquet presided over by the late John Brougham, the chairman, in a moment of forgetfulness, proposed Black's health as the author of that sublime romance *Lorna Doone*. I nudged Brougham and said, "No, that is Blackmore's book not Black's." "What is Black's chief book?" he asked in a theatrical aside. Black sat next to me, and amidst the general embarrassment I could not at the moment remember Black's best book; though *A Daughter of Heth* was trembling on my lips. The genial chairman's mistake formed the oratorical peg of the evening, upon which every speaker hung his wisest comments or his funniest joke; they all mentioned the beauties of *Lorna*



*Doone*, and congratulated Black upon his masterpiece and Brougham upon his discovery of the real author.

## XXIII.

## WILKIE COLLINS AND "THE MOONSTONE."

When I first called upon Wilkie Collins, many years ago, he showed me with pride his latest work reprinted in several languages. It did me good to see a man so frank and open in the enjoyment of his success. He spoke enthusiastically of his hopes for the book he was then writing. On a later day, when I knew him better, he consulted me about the new play upon which he was engaged—a dramatisation of *The Moonstone*.

I was astounded at his leaving out of the play the three guardians of the stone who had given so much dramatic point to the story, and urged him to reconsider the design of his play. "No," he said, "I tried to get them in, but every time I felt that they were like three negro minstrels, and that on the first night the gallery would call on them for a song." This view of the ridiculous side of the mysterious trio, which I am convinced the audience would not have taken, killed his play. *The Moonstone* still remains a great possible drama.

Wilkie Collins talked of his characters as Dickens and Thackeray talked of theirs, as if they lived; but, unlike Dickens, he mapped out his stories and planned his incidents with almost mathematical precision. He worked in a large room in his house in Gloucester Place, breaking off now and then in bursts to tramp up and down, as if he had on hand a sudden walking match against time. I never saw Douglas Jerrold, but Wilkie Collins must have been like him in one respect. They were both short men with large heads. When they were seated at a table they looked like giants, when they got up they were dwarfs—intellectual dwarfs. *Apropos* of this, I remember

telling Collins of a certain little modest comedian, who was called as a witness in a police-court. "Stand up, Mr. Keeley," said the judge. "I am standing up," was the plaintive reply.

## XXIV.

## AUTHORS AT WORK.

Dickens at work was peculiarly sensitive to his surroundings. He loved to have everything orderly about him. Indeed, he could never settle down comfortably to his desk without he felt assured that not only his own room but the entire house was neat and trim for the day. He was far more deliberate in formulating the conception of a story than in designing it, in fixing its landmarks, its halting places, its rests, its outbursts of incident, and its effective situations. He would, as he has said himself, in the first stage of a new book, go round and round the idea of it, as a bird in a cage goes about his sugar before touching it. He did not map out his novels; he not only allowed his characters to run away with him, but to carry his story along with them into channels he had hardly dreamed of. The results are, nevertheless, perfectly delightful, except to the dramatist, who can never fairly fix him with a plot. In this direction Bret Harte reminds me of Dickens. "What plays Bret Harte's stories would make," one hears people say; but sit down to dramatise him, and see how his fine dramatic suggestions elude you. No one knows this better than Bret Harte, with whom I have had the pleasure of collaborating in a play which I hope may one day challenge public criticism. An indescribable interest lies in the fact that before we sat down to write it Bret Harte took hold of the original story, and completed the history of the leading characters. It is the dramatic biography of *Miss* carried to its conclusion; not coming to a vague, if beautifully suggestive, finale, with two people walking out into the

darkness, hand in hand, but developed on the lines of the original sketch into a drama of character and incident, into a comedy of American life and manners. Bret Harte seems to me nowadays to be almost better known in England than in America. We regard him as the Dickens of America, and Dickens, you know, was one of his greatest admirers. For some time he was a neighbour of mine in St. John's Wood. I often met him, taking contemplative strolls in that artistic region where Miss Evans (George Eliot), in sober cloak and bonnet, could be frequently seen walking with Lewes, the critic, whose influence on her latest work changed, some people think, what otherwise would have been great novels into philosophic treatises and psychological studies.

Thackeray worked with difficulty. His muse laboured. He often complained that he could not dispose of his characters to his satisfaction, and he had doubts as to his success. His recreation was his club, and he was fond of a good dinner; he enjoyed rare wine, and liked to talk about it. He spent much of his leisure at the Athenæum, the Rêform, and the Garrick. He was most at home at the Garrick. He is one of the illustrations of the want of wealth compelling genius to be active. He must have drawn many of his characters from the clubs, and seen them perambulating the West End of London. Walking with his daughter, he would point out the houses where they lived. He was very serious about his characters, and believed in them. One day, meeting a friend who mentioned his current novel, he said, "I have killed the Colonel; come into Evans's, and I will tell you all about it."

Mark Lemon, who knew him well, told me that he never felt thoroughly at home with Thackeray, who was "so wise upon

every subject"; and yet to the same man and a few friends Thackeray said, "Let us go out into the fields, and make believe we are all boys again." He enjoyed telling a story of being present at an agricultural dinner at York, when a guest said to another, indicating Thackeray, "Who's your friend?" "Oh! don't you know—Thackeray, the author." "Oh—h!" said the Yorkshireman, "you don't say so; I thought he was a gentleman."

Walter Besant's recreation, if he takes any, seems to be a change from one kind of work to another, from novel writing to the harder business of reforming the existing system of publishing and advancing the interests of women-workers in the East End. It is a great field for practical philanthropy, the East End of London. A few years ago I spent Christmas Eve in the purlieu of Jack the Ripper, and was pathetically impressed with the utter despair of the poor, and astonished at their efforts to make the best of things. In a garret, with the windows broken, the wind creeping in through yawning cracks in the wall, a door that would not shut, a man, his wife, and three children, were living on a few shillings a week, very hardly won by selling old boots in the street; yet the room was decorated with paper flowers, a bit of red-berried holly, and two texts, "Merry Christmas" and "God is love." It was in visits to such localities as this that Dickens discovered some of his most pathetic scenes and characters.

How one drifts into back-waters of the great river, when one has no responsibilities of making this point or the other. After an hour or two at anchor in a back-water, pulling into the main stream again is like getting back to the world. One feels inclined to say to the reader, "Wait for us at yonder bend of the river."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## "CHOICE SPIRITS."

BY W. W. JACOBS.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. G. WALKER.



THE day was fine and the breeze so light that the old patched sails were taking the schooner along at a gentle three knots per hour. A sail or two shone like snow in the offing, and a gull hovered in the air astern. From the cabin to the galley, and from the galley to the untidy tangle in the bows, there was no sign of life to benefit by the conversation of the skipper and mate as they discussed a wicked and mutinous spirit which had become observable in the crew.

"It's sheer rank wickedness, that's what it is," said the skipper, a small elderly man, with grizzled beard and light blue eyes.

"Rank," agreed the mate, whose temperament was laconic.

"Why, when I was a boy, you wouldn't believe what I had to eat," said the skipper; "not if I took my bible oath on it, you wouldn't."

"They're dainty," said the mate.

"Dainty!" said the other, indignantly. "What right have hungry sailormen to be dainty? Don't I give them enough to eat? Look! Look there!"

He drew back, choking, and pointed with his fore-finger as Bill Smith, A.B., came on deck with a plate held at arm's length, and a nose disdainfully elevated. He affected not to see the skipper, and, walking in a mincing fashion to the side, raked the food from the plate into the sea with his fingers. He was followed by George Simpson, A.B., who in the same objectionable fashion wasted food which the skipper had intended should nourish his frame.

"I'll pay 'em for this!" murmured the skipper.

"There's some more," said the mate.

Two more men came on deck, grinning consciously, and disposed of their dinners. Then there was an interval—an interval in which everybody, fore and aft, appeared to be waiting for something; the something being at that precise moment standing at the foot of the foc'sle ladder, trying to screw its courage up.

"If the boy comes," said the skipper, in a strained, unnatural voice, "I'll flay him alive."

"You'd better get your knife out, then," said the mate.

The boy appeared on deck, very white about the gills, and looking piteously at the crew for support. He became conscious from their scowls that he had forgotten something, and remembering himself, stretched out his skinny arms to their full extent, and, crinkling his nose, walked with great trepidation to the side.

"Boy!" vociferated the skipper, suddenly.

"Yessir," said the urchin, hastily.

"Comm'ere," said the skipper, sternly.

"Shove your dinner over first," said four low, menacing voices.

The boy hesitated, then walked slowly towards the skipper.

"What are you going to do with that dinner?" demanded the latter, grimly.

"Eat it," said the youth, modestly.

"What d'yer bring it on deck for, then?" enquired the other, bending his brows on him.

"I thought it would taste better on deck, sir," said the boy.

"Taste better!" growled the skipper, ferociously. "Ain't it good?"

"Yessir," said the boy.

"Speak louder," said the skipper, sternly. "Is it very good?"

"Never," yelled the boy, following it.

"Everything as it should be?" roared the skipper.

"Better than it should be," shrilled the craven.



"SIT DOWN AND EAT IT."

"Beautiful," said the boy, in a shrill falsetto.

"Did you ever taste better wittles than you get aboard this ship?" demanded the skipper, setting him a fine example in loud speaking.

"Sit down and eat it," commanded the other.

The boy sat on the cabin skylight, and, taking out his pocket-knife, began his meal with every appearance of enjoyment, the skipper, with his elbows on the side,

and his legs crossed, regarding him serenely.

"I suppose," he said, loudly, after watching the boy for some time, "I s'pose the men threw theirs overboard becoss they hadn't been used to such good food?"

"Yessir," said the boy.

"Did they say so?" bawled the other.

The boy hesitated, and glanced nervously forward. "Yessir," he said at length, and shuddered as a low, ominous growl came from the crew. Despite his slowness, the meal came to an end at last, and, in obedience to orders, he rose and took his plate forward, looking entreatingly at the crew as he passed them.

"Come down below," said Bill, "we want to have a talk with you."

"Can't," said the boy. "I've got my work to do. I haven't got time to talk."

He stayed up on deck until evening, and then, the men's anger having evaporated somewhat, crept softly below, and climbed into his bunk. Simpson leaned over and made a clutch at him, but Bill pushed him aside.

"Leave him alone," said he quietly, "we'll take it out of him to-morrow."

For some time Tommy lay worrying over the fate in store for him, and then, yielding to fatigue, turned over and slept soundly until he was awakened some three hours later by the men's voices, and, looking out, saw that the lamp was alight, and the crew at supper, listening quietly to Bill, who was speaking.

"I've a good mind to strike, that's what I've a good mind to do," he said savagely, as, after an attempt at the butter, he put it aside and ate dry biscuit.

"An' get six months," said old Ned. "That won't do, Bill."

"Are we to go a matter of six or seven days on dry biscuit and rotten taters?" demanded the other fiercely. "Why, it's slow soocicide."

"I wish one of you would commit soocicide," said Ned, looking wistfully round

at the faces, "that 'ud frighten the old man, and bring him round a bit."

"Well, you're the eldest," said Bill, pointedly.

"Drowning's a easy death, too," said Simpson, persuasively, "you can't have much enjoyment in life at your age, Ned?"

"And you might leave a letter behind to the skipper, saying as 'ow you was drove to it by bad food," said the cook, who was getting excited.

"Talk sense!" said the old man, very shortly.

"Look here," said Bill suddenly, "I tell you what we can do: let one of us pretend to commit suicide, and write a letter as Slushey here ses, saying as 'ow we're gone overboard sooner than be starved to death. It u'd scare the old man proper; and p'raps he'd let us start on the other meat without eating up this rotten stuff first."

"How's it to be done?" asked Simpson, staring.

"Go an' 'ide down the fore 'old," said Bill. "There's not much stuff down there. We'll take off the hatch when one of us is on watch to-night, and—whoever wants to—can go and hide down there till the old man's come to his senses. What do you think of it, mates?"

"It's all right as an idea," said Ned slowly, "but who's going?"

"Tommy," replied Bill simply.

"Blest if I ever thought of him," said Ned, admiringly, "did you, cookie?"

"Never crossed my mind," said the cook.

"You see the best o' Tommy's going," said Bill, "is that the old man 'ud only give him a flogging if he found it out. We wouldn't split as to who put the hatch on over him. He can be there as comfortable as you please, do nothing, and sleep all day if he likes. O' course we don't know anything about it, we miss Tommy, and find the letter wrote on this table,"

The cook leaned forward and regarded his colleague favourably ; then he pursed his lips, and nodded significantly at an upper bunk from which the face of Tommy, pale, and scared, looked anxiously down.

"Halloa !" said Bill, "have you heard what we've been saying ?"

"I heard you say something about going to drown old Ned," said Tommy, guardedly.

"He's heard all about it," said the cook, severely. "Do you know where little boys who tell lies go to, Tommy ?"

"I'd sooner go there than down the fore 'old," said Tommy, beginning to knuckle his eyes. "I won't go. I'll tell the skipper."

"No you won't," said Bill sternly. "This is your punishment for them lies you told about us to-day, an' very cheap you've got off too. Now, get out o' that bunk. Come on afore I pull you out."

With a miserable whimper the youth dived beneath his blankets, and, clinging frantically to the edge of his berth, kicked convulsively as he was lifted down, blankets and all, and accommodated with a seat at the table.

"Pen and ink and paper, Ned," said Bill.

The old man produced them, and Bill, first wiping off with his coat-sleeve a piece of butter which the paper had obtained from the table, spread it before the victim.

"I can't write," said Tommy sullenly.

The men looked at each other in dismay.

"It's a lie," said the cook.

"I tell you I can't," said the urchin, becoming hopeful, "that's why they sent me to sea becoss I couldn't read or write."

"Pull his ear, Bill," said Ned, annoyed at these aspersions upon an honourable profession.

"It don't matter," said Bill calmly, "I'll write it for 'im ; the old man don't know my fist."

He sat down at the table, and, squaring his shoulders, took a noisy dip of ink, and scratching his head, looked pensively at the paper.

"Better spell it bad, Bill," suggested Ned.

"Ay, ay," said the other. "'Ow do you think a boy would spell sooicide, Ned ?"

The old man pondered. "S-o o-e-y-s-i-d-e," he said, slowly.

"Why, that's the right way, ain't it ?" enquired the cook, looking from one to the other.

"We mustn't spell it right," said Bill, with his pen hovering over the paper. "Be careful, Ned."

"We'll say killed myself, instead," said the old man. "A boy wouldn't use such a big word as that, p'raps."

Bill bent over his work, and, apparently paying great attention to his friends' entreaties not to write it too well, slowly wrote the letter.

"How's this ?" he enquired, sitting back in his seat.

"'Deer captin i take my pen in hand for the larst time to innform you that i am no more suner than heat the 'orrible stuff what you kall meet i have drownedd miself it is a moor easy death than starvin' i 'ave left my clasp nife to bill an' my silver wotch to it is 'ard too dee so young tommie brown.'"

"Splendid !" said Ned, as the reader finished and looked enquiringly round.

"I put in that bit about the knife and the watch to make it seem real," said Bill, with modest pride ; "but, if you like, I'll leave 'em to you instead, Ned."

"I don't want 'em," said the old man, generously.

"Put your cloes on," said Bill, turning to the whimpering Tommy.

"I'm *not* going down that fore 'old," said Tommy, desperately. "You may as well know now as later on—I won't go."

"Cookie," said Bill, calmly, "just 'and me them cloes, will you ? Now, Tommy."

"I tell you, I'm not going to," said Tommy.

"An' that little bit o' rope, cookie," said Bill, "it's just down by your 'and. Now, Tommy."

The youngest member of the crew looked from his clothes to the rope, and from the rope back to his clothes again.

"How'm I goin' to be fed?" he demanded, sullenly, as he began to dress.

"You'll have a stone bottle o' water to take down with you, an' some biskits," replied Bill, "an' of a night-time we'll hand you down some o' that meat you're so fond of. Hide 'em behind the cargo, an' if you hear anybody take the hatch off in the day-time, nip behind it yourself."

"An' what about fresh air?" demanded the sacrifice.

"You'll 'ave fresh air of a night when the hatch is took off," said Bill. "Don't you worry, I've thought of everything."

The arrangements being concluded, they waited until Simpson relieved the mate at the helm, and then trooped up on deck, half-pushing and half-leading their reluctant victim.

"It's just as if he was going on a picnic," said old Ned, as the boy stood unwillingly on the deck, with a stone bottle in one hand and some biscuits wrapped up in an old newspaper in the other.

"Lend a 'and, Bill. Easy does it."

Noiselessly the two seamen took off the hatch, and, as Tommy declined to help in the proceedings at all, Ned clambered down first to receive him. Bill took him by the scruff of the neck, and lowered him down, kicking strongly, into the hold.

"Have you got him?" enquired Bill.

"Yes," said Ned in a smothered voice, and, depositing the boy in the hold, hastily clambered up again, wiping his mouth.

"Been having a swig at the bottle?" enquired Bill.

"Boy's heel," said Ned very shortly. "Get the hatch on."

The hatch was replaced, and Bill and

his fellow conspirator, treading quietly and not without some apprehension for the morrow, went below and turned in. Tommy, who had been at sea long enough to take things as he found them, curled up in the corner of the hold, and with his bottle as a pillow fell asleep.

It was not until eight o'clock next morning that the master of the *Sunbeam* discovered that he was a boy short. He questioned the cook as he sat at breakfast. The cook, who was a very nervous man, turned pale, set the coffee-pot down with a thump which upset some of the liquor, and bolted up on deck. The skipper, after shouting for him in some of the most alluring swear words known on the high seas, went raging up on deck, where he found the men standing in a little knot, looking very ill at ease.

"Bill," said the skipper, uneasily, "what's the matter with that damned cook?"

"E's 'ad a shock, sir," said Bill, shaking his head, "we've all 'ad a shock."

"You'll have another in a minute," said the skipper, emotionally. "Where's the boy?"

For a moment Bill's hardihood forsook him, and he looked helplessly at his mates. In their anxiety to avoid his gaze they looked over the side, and a horrible fear came over the skipper. He looked at Bill mutely, and Bill held out a dirty piece of paper.

The skipper read it through in a state of stupefaction, then he handed it to the mate, who had followed him on deck. The mate read it and handed it back.

"It's yours," he said, shortly.

"I don't understand it," said the skipper, shaking his head. "Why, only yesterday he was up on deck here eating his dinner, and saying it was the best meat he ever tasted. You heard him, Bob?"

"I *heard* him, pore little devil!" said the mate.

"You all heard him," said the skipper.

"Well, there's five witnesses I've got. He must have been mad. Didn't nobody hear him go overboard?"

"I 'eard a splash, sir, in my watch," said Bill.

"Why didn't you run and see what it was?" demanded the other.

"I thought it was one of the chaps come up to throw his supper overboard," said Bill, simply.

"Ah!" said the skipper, biting his lip "did you? You're always going on about the grub. What's the matter with it?"

"It's pizon, sir," said Ned, shaking his head. "The meat's awful."

"It's as sweet as nuts," said the skipper. "Well, you can have it out of the other tank if you like. Will that satisfy you?"

The men brightened up a little and nudged each other.

"The butter's bad, too, sir," said Bill.

"Butter bad!" said the skipper, frowning, "how's that, cook?"

"I ain't done nothing to it, sir," said the cook, helplessly.

"Give 'em butter out o' the firkin in the cabin," growled the skipper. "It's my firm belief you'd been ill-using that boy, the food was delicious."

He walked off, taking the letter with him, and, propping it up against the sugar-basin, made but a poor breakfast.

For that day the men lived, as Ned put it, on the fat of the land, in addition to the other luxuries figgy duff, a luxury hitherto reserved for Sundays, being also served out to them. Bill was regarded as a big-brained benefactor of the human race; joy reigned in the foc'sle, and at night the hatch was taken off and the prisoner regaled with a portion which had been saved for him. He ate it ungratefully, and put choleric and inconvenient questions as to what was to happen at the end of the voyage.

"We'll smuggle you ashore all right," said Bill, "none of us are going to sign back in this old tub. I'll take you aboard some ship with me—Eh?"

"I didn't say anything," said Tommy, untruthfully.

To the wrath and confusion of the crew, next day their commanding officer put them back on the old diet again. The old meat was again served out, and the grass-fed luxury from the cabin stopped. Bill shared the fate of all leaders when things go wrong, and, from being the idol of his fellows, became a butt for their gibes.

"What about your little idea now?" grunted old Ned, scornfully, that evening as he broke his biscuit roughly with his teeth, and dropped it into his basin of tea.

"You ain't as clever as you thought you was, Bill," said the cook with the air of a discoverer.

"And there's that pore dear boy shut up in the dark for nothing," said Simpson, with somewhat belated thoughtfulness. "An' cookie doing his work."

"I'm not going to be beat," said Bill blackly, "the old man was badly scared yesterday. We must have another soocide, that's all."

"Let Tommy do it again," suggested the cook flippantly, and they all laughed.

"Two on one trip'll about do the old man up," said Bill, regarding the interruption unfavourably. "Now, who's going to be the next?"

"We've had enough o' this game," said Simpson, shrugging his shoulders, "you've gone cranky, Bill."

"No I ain't," said Bill; "I'm not going to be beat, that's all. Whoever goes down, they'll have a nice, easy, lazy time. Sleep all day if he likes, and nothing to do. *You* ain't been looking very well lately, Ned."

"Oh?" said the old man, coldly.

"Well, settle it between you," said Bill, carelessly, "it's all one to me, which of you goes."

"Ho, an' what about you?" demanded Simpson.

"Me?" enquired Bill in astonishment. "Why, I've got to stay up here and manage it."



"Well, we'll stay up and help you," said Simpson derisively.

Ned and the cook laughed, Simpson joined in. Bill rose, and, going to his bunk, fished out a pack of greasy cards from beneath his bedding.

"Larst cut, soocide," he said briefly. "I'm in it."

He held the pack before the cook. The cook hesitated, and looked at the other two.

"Don't be a fool, Bill," said Simpson.

"Why, do you funk it?" sneered Bill.

"It's a fool's game, I tell you," said Simpson.

"Well, you 'elped me start it," said the other. "You're afraid, that's what you are, afraid. You can let the boy go down there, but when it comes to yourselves, you turn chicken-'arted."

"All right," said Simpson, recklessly, "let Bill 'ave 'is way; cut, cookie."

Sorely against his better sense the cook complied, and drew a ten; Ned, after much argument, cut and drew seven; Simpson, with a king in his fist, leaned back on the locker and fingered his beard nonchalantly. "Go on Bill," he said, "see what you can do."

Bill took the pack and shuffled it, "I orter be able to beat seven," he said slowly. He handed the pack to Ned, drew a card, and the other three sat back and laughed boisterously.

"Three!" said Simpson, "Bravo, Bill! I'll write your letter for you; he'd know your writing. What shall I say?"

"Say what you like," retorted Bill, breathing hard as he thought of the hold.

He sat back sneering disdainfully, as the other three merrily sat down to compose his letter, replying only by a contemptuous silence when Simpson asked him whether he wanted any kisses put in. When the letter was handed over for his inspection he only made one remark.

"I thought you could write better than that, George," he said, haughtily.

"I'm writing it for *you*," said Simpson.

Bill's hauteur vanished and he became his old self again. "If you want a plug in the eye, George," he said, feelingly, "you've only got to say so, you know."

His temper was so unpleasant that half the pleasure of the evening was spoiled, and instead of being conducted to his hiding-place with quips and light laughter, the proceedings were more like a funeral than anything else. The crowning touch to his ill-nature was furnished by Tommy, who upon coming up and learning that Bill was to be his room-mate, gave way to a fit of the most unfeigned horror.

"There's another letter for you this morning," said the mate, as the skipper came out of his state-room, buttoning up his waistcoat.

"Another what?" demanded the other, turning pale.

The mate jerked his thumb upwards. "Old Ned has got it," he continued. "I can't think what's come over the men."

The skipper dashed up on deck, and mechanically took the letter from Ned and read it through. He stood for some time like a man in a dream, and then stumbled down the foc'sle, and looked in all the bunks and even under the table, then he came up and stood by the hold with his head on one side. The men held their breath.

"What's the meaning of all this?" he demanded at length, sitting limply on the hatch, with his eyes down.

"Bad grub, sir," said Simpson, gaining courage from his manner; "that's what we'll have to say when we get ashore."

"You're not to say a word about it!" said the other, firing up.

"It's our dooty, sir," said Ned, impressively.

"Look here, now," said the skipper, and he looked at the remaining members of the crew entreatingly. "Don't let's have no more suicides. The old meat's gone now, and you can start the other, and when we get to port I'll ship in some fresh butter and vegetables. But I don't

want you to say anything about the food being bad, or about these letters when we get to port. I shall simply say the two of 'em disappeared, an' I want you to say the same."

"It can't be done, sir," said Simpson, firmly.

The skipper rose and walked to the side. "Would a fi'pun note make any difference?" he asked in a low voice.

"It 'ud make a little difference," said Ned, cautiously.

The skipper looked up at Simpson. On the face of Simpson was an expression of virtuous arithmetical determination.

The skipper looked down again. "Or a fi'pun note each?" he said, in a low voice. "I can't go beyond that."

"Call it twenty pun and it's a bargain, ain't it, mates?" said Simpson.

Ned said it was, and even the cook forgot his nervousness and said it was evident the skipper must do the generous thing and they'd stand by him.

"Where's the money coming from?" enquired the mate as the skipper went down to breakfast, and discussed the matter with him. "They wouldn't get nothing out of me!"

The skylight was open; the skipper with a glance at it bent forward and whispered in his ear.

"Wot!" said the mate. He endeavoured to suppress his laughter with hot coffee and bacon, with the result that he had to rise from his seat and stand patiently while the skipper dealt him some hearty thumps on the back.

With the prospect of riches before them the men cheerfully faced the extra work; the cook did the boy's, while Ned and Simpson did Bill's between them. When night came they removed the hatch again, and with a little curiosity waited to hear how their victims were progressing.

"Where's my dinner?" growled Bill, hungrily, as he drew himself up on deck.

"Dinner!" said Ned, in surprise; "why, you ain't got none."

"Wot?" said Bill, ferociously.

"You see the skipper only serves out for three now," said the cook.

"Well, why didn't you save us some?" demanded the other.

"There ain't enough of it, Bill, there ain't indeed," said Ned. "We have to do more work now, and there ain't enough even for us. You've got biscuit and water, haven't you?"

Bill swore at him.

"I've 'ad enough o' this," he said, fiercely. "I'm coming up, let the old man do what he likes. I don't care."

"Don't do that, Bill," said the old man, persuasively. "Everything's going beautiful. You was quite right what you said about the old man. We was wrong. He's skeered fearful, and he's going to give us twenty pun to say nothing about it when we get ashore."

"I'm going to have ten out o' that," said Bill, brightening a little, "and it's worth it too. I get the 'orrors shut up down there all day."

"Ay, ay," said Ned, with a side kick at the cook, who was about to question Bill's method of division.

"The old man sucked it all in beautiful," said the cook. "He's in a dreadful way. He's got all your clothes and things, and the boy's, and he's going to 'and 'em over to your friends. It's the best joke I ever heard."

"You're a fool!" said Bill, shortly, and, lighting his pipe, went and squatted in the bows to wrestle grimly with a naturally bad temper.

For the ensuing four days things went on smoothly enough. The weather being fair the watch at night was kept by the men, and regularly they had to go through the unpleasant Jack-in-the-box experience of taking the lid off Bill. The sudden way he used to pop out and rate them about his sufferings and their callousness was extremely trying, and it was only by much persuasion and reminder of his share of the hush-money that they could

persuade him to return again to his lair at daybreak.

Still undisturbed they rounded the Land's End. The day had been close and muggy, but towards night the wind freshened and the schooner began to slip at a good pace through the water. The two prisoners, glad to escape from the stifling atmosphere of the hold, sat in the bows with an appetite which the air made only too keen for the preparations made to satisfy it. Ned was steering, and the other two men having gone below and turned in, there were no listeners to their low complaints about the food.

"It's a fool's game, Tommy," said Bill, shaking his head.

"*Game?*" said Tommy, sniffing. "'Ow are we going to get away when we get to Northsea?"

"You leave that to me," said Bill. "Old Ned seems to ha' got a bad cough," he added.

"He's choking, I should think," said Tommy, leaning forward. "Look! he's waving his hand at us."

Both sprang up hastily, but ere they could make any attempt to escape the skipper and mate emerged from the companion and walked towards them.

"Look here," said the skipper, turning to the mate, and indicating the culprits with his hand; "perhaps you'll disbelieve in dreams now."

"Strordinary!" said the mate, rubbing his eyes, as Bill stood sullenly waiting events, while the miserable Tommy skulked behind him.

"I've *heard* o' such things," continued the skipper, in impressive tones, "but I never expected to see it. You can't say you haven't seen a ghost now, Bob."

"Strordinary!" said the mate, shaking his head again. "Lifelike."

"The ship's haunted, Ned," cried the skipper in hollow tones. "Here's the sperrits o' Bill and the boy standing agin the windlass."

The bewildered old seaman made no

reply; the smaller spirit sniffed and wiped his nose on his cuff, and the larger one began to whistle softly.

"Poor things!" said the skipper, after they had discussed these extraordinary apparitions for some time. "Can you see the windlass through the boy, Bob?"

"I can see through both of 'em," said the mate, slyly.

They stayed on deck a little longer, and then coming to the conclusion that their presence on deck could do no good, and indeed seemed only to embarrass their visitors, went below again, leaving all hands a prey to the wildest astonishment.

"Wot's 'is litle game?" asked Simpson, coming cautiously up on deck.

"Damned if I know," said Bill, savagely.

"He don't really think you're ghosts?" suggested the cook, feebly.

"O' course not," said Bill, scornfully.

"He's got some litle game on. Well, I'm going to my bunk. You'd better come, too, Tommy. We'll find out what it all means to-morrer, I've no doubt."

On the morrow they received a little enlightenment, for after breakfast the cook came forward nervously to break the news that meat and vegetables had only been served out for three. Consternation fell upon all.

"I'll go an' see 'im," said Bill, ravenously.

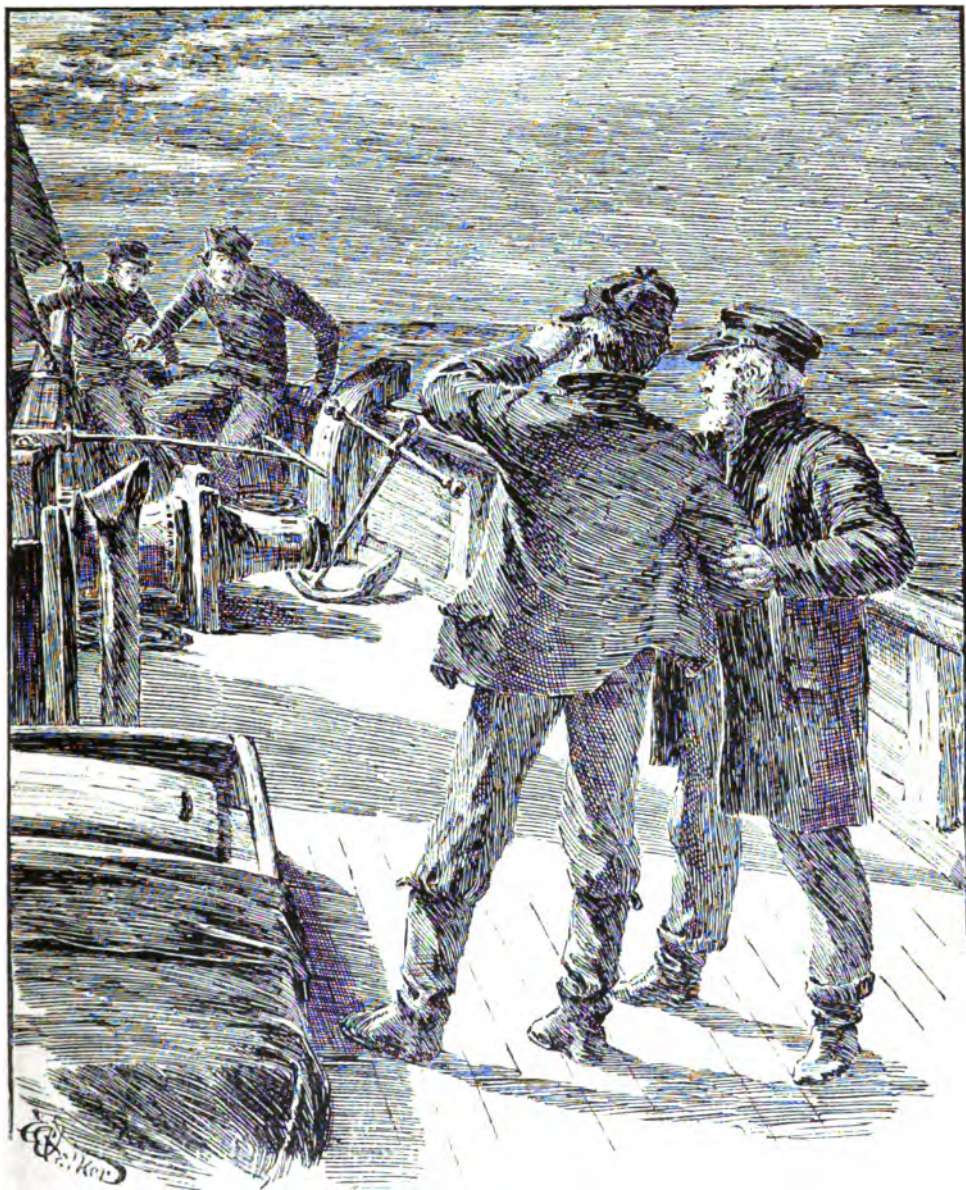
He found the skipper laughing heartily over something with the mate. At the seaman's approach he stepped back and eyed him coolly.

"Mornin', sir," said Bill, shuffling up. "We'd like to know, sir, me an' Tommy, whether we can have our rations for dinner served out now same as before?"

"*Dinner?*" said the skipper in surprise. "What do you want dinner for?"

"Eat," said Bill, eyeing him reproachfully.

"Eat?" said the skipper. "What's



"I CAN SEE THROUGH BOTH OF 'EM," SAID THE MATE SLYLY.

the good o' giving dinner to a ghost? Why you've got nowhere to put it."

By dint of great self-control Bill smiled in a ghastly fashion, and patted his stomach.

"All air," said the skipper, turning away.

"Can we have our clothes and things then?" said Bill, grinding his teeth. "Ned says as how you've got 'em."

"Certainly not," said the skipper. "I take 'em home and give 'em to your next o' kin. That's the law, ain't it, Bob?"

"It is," said the mate.

"They'll 'ave your effects and your pay up to the night you committed suicide," said the skipper.

"We didn't commit suicide," said Bill; "how could we when we're standing here?"

"Oh yes, you did," said the other. "I've got your letters in my pocket to prove it; besides, if you didn't I should give you in charge for desertion directly we get to port."

He exchanged glances with the mate, and Bill, after standing first on one leg and then on the other, walked slowly away. For the rest of the morning he stayed below setting the smaller ghost a bad example in the way of language, and threatening his fellows with all sorts of fearful punishments.

Until dinner-time the skipper heard no more of them, but he had just finished that meal and lit his pipe when he heard footsteps on the deck, and the next moment old Ned, hot and angry, burst into the cabin.

"Bill's stole our dinner, sir," he panted, unceremoniously.

"Who?" enquired the skipper, coldly.

"Bill, sir, Bill Smith," replied Ned.

"Who?" enquired the skipper, more coldly than before.

"The ghost o' Bill Smith," growled Ned, correcting himself savagely, "has took our dinner away, an' him an' the ghost o' Tommy Brown is a sitting down and boltin' of it as fast as they can bolt."

"Well, I don't see what I can do," said the skipper, lazily. "What 'd you let 'em for?"

"You know what Bill is, sir," said Ned. "I'm an old man, cook's no good, and unless Simpson has a bit 'o raw beef for his eyes, he won't be able to see for a week."

"Rubbish!" said the skipper, jocularly. "Don't tell me, three men all afraid o' one ghost. I shan't interfere. Don't you know what to do?"

"No, sir," said Ned, eagerly.

"Go up and read the prayer-book to him, and he'll vanish in a cloud of smoke," said the skipper.

Ned gazed at him for a moment speechlessly, and then going up on deck leaned over the side and swore himself faint. The cook and Simpson came up and listened respectfully, contenting themselves with an occasional suggestion when the old man's memory momentarily failed him.

For the rest of the voyage the two culprits suffered all the inconvenience peculiar to a loss of citizenship. The skipper blandly ignored them, and on two or three occasions gave great offence by attempting to walk through Bill as he stood on the deck. Speculation was rife in the foc'sle as to what would happen when they got ashore, and it was not until Northsea was sighted that the skipper showed his hand. Then he appeared on deck with their effects done up neatly in two bundles, and pitched them on the hatches. The crew stood and eyed him expectantly.

"Ned," said the skipper, sharply.

"Sir," said the old man.

"As soon as we're made fast," said the other, "I wan't you to go ashore for me and fetch an undertaker and a policeman. I can't quite make up my mind which I want."

"Ay, ay, sir," murmured the old man.

The skipper turned away, and seizing the helm from the mate took his ship in. He was so intent upon this business that he appeared not to notice the movements of Bill and Tommy as they edged nervously towards their bundles, and waited impatiently for the schooner to get alongside the quay. Then he turned to the mate and burst into a loud laugh as the couple, bending suddenly, snatched up their bundles, and, clambering up the side, sprang ashore and took to their heels. The mate laughed too, and a faint but mirthless echo came from the other end of the schooner.



OCTOBER.

*By Max Couper.*



# THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

BY J. F. NISBET.



WRITER in a ladies' paper, I see, discusses the "Insincerities of Society." Of course, everyone with the smallest faculty for observation is acquainted with these insincerities. People praise pictures or books that they really care nothing about, and profess a vast interest in matters of absolutely no concern to them, such as the state of your health. Such social flim-flams abound. Just lately I have been declining invitations to dinner at a hospitable West End mansion because the hostess always gets upon my nerves by her excessive observance of the futilities of etiquette. Perhaps there are other reasons that weigh with me. Perhaps the *menu* of the company is not exactly as good as that of the *cuisine*. Perhaps I have lived long enough to learn that to dirty three or four plates at the club (if I must go out to dinner) is better business than dirtying sixteen or eighteen at a groaning board in Mayfair, where there happen to be no adequate compensations. But the reason I assign to myself is the social insincerities in question as practised by the hostess, who has them in a rather trying form. As you enter the drawing-room to pass that *mauvais quart d'heure* before dinner she will receive you effusively, discuss with a simulation of the utmost interest some trivial question of the moment, and break off in the middle of her remarks to greet another arrival with an equally sham enthusiasm. I cannot believe that this degree of politeness is agreeable to anybody. It is too manifestly hollow.

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Am I then opposed to the writer above alluded to, who quotes the insincerities of society only to condone them, on the ground that, on the whole, they give pleasure? Not at all. The experience I have related is, no doubt, unfortunate. But it is exceptional; and I see no reason for proposing that we should all blurt out the awkward truth at any moment. This would be to reduce society to chaos; for the result of such plain speaking, I imagine, would not be nearly so funny—that is to say, it would be far more disagreeable than that set forth in Mr. Gilbert's "Palace of Truth."

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The fact is that while agreeing with the writer in question that society is better with than without its insincerities, I support them on a totally different ground. I doubt whether the prevailing extravagance of compliment does give so much pleasure, for the simple reason that no experienced person (unless he or she has a prodigious amount of vanity) takes it literally. It is a sort of jargon with a meaning of its own. Like other jargons, it has a grammar, the rules of which must be observed. The compliment must not be overdone; it must not shock us by any lack of proportion or plausibility, but should fall pleasantly upon the ear or the other senses while leaving our judgment perfectly free to estimate it at its true value. To overdo the compliment is to break the rules of the grammar of this jargon, which was the particular offence of my too exuberant hostess. I am giving her up as I should do the society of a man who in ordinary English dropped his h's. Not to be in-

sincere to some extent in society is impossible, because practically we all know or think of each other more than it would be good to say. That we read the truth through the hyperbole I admit, but in that form somehow it is not offensive—perhaps because it allows our vanity just a little play. So by all means let these amiable hypocrisies prevail. Provided we are able to discount the gush, to gather approximately our friend's meaning, independently of the language in which it is couched, no harm is done.

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Perhaps the insincerities of society reach their height when the merits of some deceased celebrity are in question. Tombstone flattery has long been a by-word, but we now get the same thing in the papers on the very morrow of the great man's death. The late Sir Augustus Harris was a theatre-manager and an operatic impresario of much energy and resource. Like the city merchant, or the big West End tradesman, he made his position by foresight, enterprise, and the hard driving or the hard interpretation of bargains—in plain language, by the exercise of a little of that unscrupulousness which is admittedly the soul of commercial life. The master of Drury Lane and Covent Garden, and of all the legions thereof, was no worse than his fellows. He played the game according to the rules. But on the morrow of his regretted decease I read a touching biographical notice of him, in which, after bringing out a variety of previously unsuspected moral excellencies in his nature, the writer suggested the erection of some memorial to Harris near Covent Garden or Drury Lane, where he was "known and loved." A goodly phrase, i' faith. I like it. I wish I had been the first to use it in that connection myself. But what meaning would it convey to the unsophisticated? At the least, that of a gentle, saintly Harris, soft in manner, winning in speech, fond of little children,

whom he would allow to play with his drafts of contracts and his cheque-books, unostentatious in his benevolence, indulgent to a fault. Of course, the scribe may have been faithfully rendering his own impressions. But *that* is not the Harris I knew. I prefer to regard this post obit eulogy as jargon to be read with the necessary key.

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People deplore what is called the decay of manners characteristic of the present day. It appears that our young men no longer hold out their arm in ceremonious fashion to take a lady down to dinner, and no longer employ a set and sonorous phrase when they ask her for a dance. The fact is, however, that gesture and language have always to be interpreted. To say, "Can you give me the next dance?" means absolutely no more and no less than, "Gracious lady, may I aspire to the honour of a waltz with you?" even if the words were accentuated by a low bow. Language may be flowery, or it may be abrupt. The one thing essential about it is the meaning it conveys. Mere words, however much insisted upon, can never be taken in a sense against which the secret judgment of the auditor rebels. The late Sir Augustus Harris, for example, was billed as part author of every play produced at Drury Lane during his long period of management. But the public never thought of him, and do not now remember him, as a dramatist. They knew or felt that his collaboration with his authors, useful as it might be, was not literary. After all, though we English suffer in our social relations by pitching the note a little higher than we mean, we are better off than most of our neighbours. The German is still committed to cumbrous forms of address, from which we have long shaken ourselves free. The Spaniard still thinks it necessary, as a form of politeness, to invite an acquaintance to dinner without specifying day or date. In the East, of course, truth stands to



hyperbole in the relation of Falstaff's ha'p'orth of bread to his intolerable deal of sack. But jargon doesn't matter provided you hold the key, and provided, also, that it is spoken according to its established rules.

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The other day a poor woman applied to one of the Metropolitan magistrates for the redress of a grievance. She had picked up a lost bundle of bank-notes in the street, and had taken them to the police, by whom they were duly handed over to the owner. This ill-conditioned person, however, had refused to reward her for her honesty. Hence her tears; and she was anxious to hear from the magistrate whether anything could be done for her. The magistrate—it was Mr. Hannay—confessed himself unable to take action; but he was righteously indignant with the owner of the notes for his scurvy treatment of the poor woman; and, as plainly as a magistrate could, he hinted that there were some people who didn't deserve to have their lost property returned to them at all. Except that, as the result of the magistrate's remarks, a reward was privately subscribed for the complainant, that closed the police side of the case, the social issues of which still remain open for the consideration of the philosophical. And very curious some of these issues are. It is evident, for instance, that in the matter of honesty our theory and our practice are not quite the same, even on the magisterial bench. This poor woman who picked up the notes lost, let us say, an hour of her time by taking them to the police-station. What would an hour of her time be worth as a charwoman? Sixpence? Well, a shilling at the outside. The magistrate was indignant that she should not have been rewarded, as she herself expected to be. But supposing the owner of the notes had paid her a shilling for her trouble, would that have been satisfactory to the public conscience, of which the magistrate

is the mouthpiece? I opine not. A shilling would have paid this woman amply for her trouble: but there is a secret conviction in the public mind that mere honesty is not good enough as a policy. It is felt that it ought to be rewarded in hard cash; and what is more, that the greater the value of the property surrendered the greater the reward ought to be, the assumption being that a stronger effort in honesty is required to give up a hundred pounds than a thousand or a million.

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What would be the adequate reward for giving up a million of money that might be dropped in the street, or left in an omnibus by Mr. William Astor or Mr. Cecil Rhodes? A five pound note? There is probably not a magistrate on the bench who would not express his indignation at such meanness. Yet it would be as easy for the finder to take a million of money to Scotland Yard as a pound of sausages. I know, because I have had the pleasure of handling a million of money, *moi qui vous parle*, who, yet, am not too proud to write a common magazine article. To be given a million of money to hold in your hand is one of the episodes of a visit of inspection to the interior of the Bank of England. I remember the packet of bank-notes constituting that sum did not seem to me to look any more important than Becky Sharp's "dixunary" may have done, and for a moment I had an insane desire to throw it out of the window.

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The truth about honesty I take to be this—that although civilised people have ceased to act upon the primitive doctrine of "findings, keepings," they are still not educated up to the copy-book maxim that virtue is its own reward. Of course, crossed cheques, papers of no use to anyone but the owner, compromising pieces of jewellery (that would have to be disposed of in Amsterdam), and other articles

of an unnegotiable kind, are easily rendered up to Scotland Yard. There is more difficulty in bringing yourself to hunt for the owner of a stray sovereign. And I suppose it is only to the *élite* that the idea would occur of dropping this treasure trove into the collecting-box of a hospital; I own that I, myself, am not, as the French say, *de cette force-là*. There may be people to whom virtue is its own reward—in fact, I have no doubt there are, but such people are not free from a certain suspicion of self-glorification. They practice virtue with an effort, and secure an equivalent in self-esteem. Like the Pharisee, they murmur smugly to themselves that they are not as other men are. Perhaps, on the whole, then, the honester course if you pick up a sovereign, is to put it in your waistcoat-pocket, and say nothing about it; and with other and less negotiable descriptions of treasure trove, to wait, at least, till the offer of a reward is published, and then to consider whether the virtuous course is worth adopting. If the poor woman who applied to Mr. Hannay had acted upon this plan she would have been spared her idle laments, and the reader, perhaps, these reflections.

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The question of honesty is an extremely difficult one, both for the psychologist and the biologist. Upon its right answering it is not too much to say that the fate of one of the most imposing and plausible systems of philosophy ever erected depends—I refer to Mr. Herbert Spencer's. Mr. Spencer is a believer in the transmissibility of acquired characteristics, and has lately been waging a life and death battle on the subject with that younger giant in the biological world Professor Weismann, who holds that no moral or physical peculiarities acquired by a parent in his lifetime, such as a knowledge of mathematics or an amputated leg, can be passed on to his offspring. Now, the keystone of the

Spencerian philosophy is that among a people who have been strictly policed for many generations honesty becomes at length instinctive and transmissible, in virtue of some modification of brain structure. Appealed to for material proofs of his thesis, the truth of which, I am afraid, he had rather too lightly taken for granted, Mr. Herbert Spencer has not been able to satisfy the whole of the scientific world, which accordingly remains divided on this all-important question. Certain it is that many of the stories formerly believed in as to parents being able to transmit to their sons a split finger-nail (though never an amputated leg or a Chinese woman's distorted foot), or as to mothers impressing upon their unborn children the likeness of animals that had frightened them, do not, when properly tested, hold water. On the moral side, again, no one can say that a child will learn French more easily because its father was a linguist or even a Frenchman. In fact, one of the great arguments against the transmissibility of acquired characteristics is that although the modern languages of Europe have been spoken in their present form for fifteen or twenty generations, the newborn European babe has no more aptitude for one than for another; or, indeed, for Chinese.

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But as to honesty! A good many people will be prepared to say that that at least is instinctive—that while it must have been inspired in the first instance by fear of the police it has become ingrained by transmission through successive generations. At first sight this is a plausible view. You call on a friend and are shown into the drawing-room, where for a few minutes you are left to your own devices. There are valuable nick-nacks lying about, some of which you could certainly slip into your pocket without fear of detection. You do not, however, do this. If you even had the idea some-

thing would restrain you. What is that something? Is it heredity or calculation? The evidence seems very strong in favour of some hereditary moral check, especially when it is considered that you may make the stealable article as valuable as you please, and that still the secret Mentor in your bosom whispers, "No." One would almost suppose that in certain natures there is an automatic moral check, imposing honesty. And scientifically such a moral check, the result of modified brain structure, could be accounted for, even on Weismannic principles, since you have only to assume for the moment that honesty and dishonesty are "spontaneous variations," and that the dishonest man is so sat upon by the police, spending so much of his time in prison, that it is the honest man who has the largest number of children, and whose type consequently tends to survive.

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As a working hypothesis, I have no doubt this would pass muster at a meeting of the Royal Society. Yet I do not think it the true explanation of our ingrained honesty. I believe this to be no more than calculation—unconscious calculation no doubt, but still calculation—a fear of public opinion and of the

punishment which that can inflict; because you have only to alter the conditions to see that there is no fixed moral principle in the thing at all. A stockbroker would not steal a bank-note, even if secure from detection, because a variety of mental impressions, derived from his intercourse with the world, would crowd in upon him to forbid it. But place this instinctively virtuous gentleman, as it would seem, in a position to rob the widow and the orphan by a dexterous operation on the Stock Exchange, and he would not hesitate to do it. Why? Clearly because, as the result of unconscious calculation, he feels that the injury inflicted in such a case is remote—the work of Providence, perhaps he would say—and that it is not censurable to the same extent by public opinion. On the whole, then, is it surprising that the virtuous charwoman who came before the magistrate should have wanted to be rewarded for her virtue, or that that public functionary should have thought her entitled to a reward for the same? I suppose we shall continue to retain the copy-book maxim as to virtue being its own reward in its present place of honour. It shows, at least, how we should like matters in this imperfect world to be ordered.



# THE CAPTAIN'S DILEMMA.

BY SOPHIE HART.

ILLUSTRATED BY D. B. WATERS.



T was the night of the masked ball, and the Captain, as he lounged in his cosy after-cabin smoking a choice cheroot,

were problems that he had solved long ago. They bored him collectively—and individually; well, in the whole course of his five and forty years he had never felt

wondered whether it was worth while going ashore for so hackneyed an entertainment.

He had been to so many masked balls and had found them so woefully alike. Everyone seemed in dominoes, more or less ugly, every mask showed a horrid lack of originality, and everyone squeaked the same parrot cry, "I know you," "I know you," till he felt tempted to echo "And what the devil do I care if you do?"

*A quoi bon* to move then? If only he had felt an interest in some woman it might have been fascinating. But women

humanity bow and smirk and fool and flirt, as to spend an evening in the company of the first person singular. He

tempted to ask one to be his wife.

He was a handsome man, this Captain Luard of the *Dacotit*. Keen-eyed, hawk-nosed, thin-lipped, he was of that type which helps to build a country's fame. Also, his thick iron-grey hair and gleaming teeth had earned for him the sobriquet of the "Grey Wolf."

But by the time he had finished his cigar his mood changed. He would go after all. As well to lounge against a wall and watch



HE WOULD GO AFTER ALL.

might squeeze a little fun out of this particular orange—though as a rule, long before he had squeezed his oranges dry he threw them away. Sometimes others picked them up.

Meanwhile, below in the gun-room, the juniors, as befitting their youth, were in a state of great excitement over this particular ball, for they were launching into the stormy whirl of petticoats a little middy named Marsh. He was so pretty, so delicate, that one and all had agreed he was to go to the ball dressed as a girl, and the previous week had been spent in furnishing his "kit," which was complete even to the dainty silk stockings and patent leather high-heeled shoes; for the very feet of young Marsh helped to emphasize his effeminacy—they were so small, arched, and well-shaped.

The victim in question was hugely enjoying the joke and was pretending to give himself the coy and skittish airs of sweet seventeen, which consisted of casting languishing glances with a superb pair of grey eyes, and telling the other fellows to "get along."

"I say, you chaps," he presently said, holding up a dainty frilled petticoat, "how on earth am I to get into this gill-guy? Does it fasten before or abaft? And I know these heels will break my legs."

"You stow it! We'll fix you up!" assured a great overgrown midshipman, whose large head, large face, and large smile had earned for him the nickname "Piggy."

"By Jove! You'll look a corker in this bag," said another, holding up a really charming domino, made of grey and heliotrope silk. "You'll knock all the gals endways and create envy, malice, and hatred. A pretty penny you've cost the Mess too, you bounder, but I'll be hanged if anyone will know you. What screaming fun it will be to see you take 'em all in! Mind you lay it on thick!"

"You bet," said the fair trickster with a

diabolical wink. "I'll make 'em sit up. Confound these stays! I know they'll bust!"

"No they won't, and you've got to wear 'em. What's the use of a twenty-three waist frock, if you want to stick to your own bally figure?"

"Oh! my lord," groaned Marsh, "*another!*" as the dresser-in-chief spread out an innocent looking arrangement of white upon the deck and made Marsh step into the band. "Holy Moses! how do the girls manage it?" trying to draw the skirt over the numerous under garments which he stuffed down and round as he might have stuffed hay into a sack. "That's got 'em," with a sigh of relief. "Damn this hook and eye!"

At last he was triced and buckled into the bodice. Then a very curly wig was clapped on his head. A darkening of eyebrows, a dash of rouge, and a charming young girl stood revealed, in the place of Paddy Marsh, the most rogueish and dare-devil young midshipman of H.M.S. *Dacot.*

"By Jove! you look stunning," said the boy with the large smile. "Come on—now for the rest."

They tied on the black mask, which was cut to show the glisten of the great grey eyes, also the lace just revealed the merry mouth with its row of white, even teeth. Then the domino was adjusted, and after much fussing and arrangement of skirts, the effect was pronounced most excellent. A well-fitting pair of black gloves, a fan, and a bunch of violets pinned on the left breast,—"*just to seem as though I had made a rendezvous,*" said the young rascal—*and* Paddy Marsh stood attired in all his girlish loveliness.

The gun-room capered round him in the greatest glee. They saluted, they asked for dances, they made rude speeches—such as asking if "he'd got 'em on," &c.—till poor Paddy, what with the heat of his strange attire, the mask

pressing on his nose, and the high heels of his smart shoes, felt quite distracted.

However, at last the party started, and after presenting their card of invitation at the door of the great hall, passed through and were soon mingled with the crowd of the ball-room.

Such a pandemonium ! Everybody was peering into everybody else's eyes ; those in domino trying to find the face beneath the mask. Others, who had gone there in uniform or plain clothes, were besieged by a mad mob, who tweaked their noses, squeaked their names, and behaved in such a bewildering manner that the unfortunate individuals thus set upon could only grin in helpless bewilderment or try as best they could to be funny.

The "Grey Wolf" lounged against one of the doors, surveying with bored amusement the little comedies enacted before his eyes. How foolish it all seemed, he thought, and what a fool he was to have courted all this noise and idiocy. The room was so hot, the scent of the flowers so *fade*, and the rustling of women's skirts so irritating. He hadn't seen a decent pair of ankles, and as for the voices—Punch and Judy wasn't in it.

And then by some strange process of mental cerebration his thoughts went back to a day in the long ago when he had loved a woman madly, recklessly, and had found out at a masked ball that she was false and that in her eyes all men were alike. God ! how he had suffered. But that was over and done with. He could laugh at his pain now, he who had breasted the storm and stress of the ocean and had "ransacked the ages and traversed the climes," the languid and fleeting emotions he now experienced were no sooner indulged in than they were forgotten, and he lived only for his profession, and did not care how soon the end came.

He was in the midst of this sombre meditation, when out from the surging mass of dominoes there suddenly stepped

a little figure clad in grey and heliotrope. It stood quite still, and, after quizzically looking into the fine, worn face, said in a laughing tone, and with indescribable impertinence,

"A penny for your thoughts, most noble Captain."

The "Grey Wolf" looked down from his long, lazy height, and met a pair of superb grey eyes flashing from between the holes of the mask, like a sweet temptation.

"You're a very inquisitive young person," he replied, without moving an inch. "But as they didn't interest me they couldn't possibly interest you."

"Oh ! but I'm sure they would," said the young person in question, unfurling her fan and smiling. "I've been watching you for the last ten minutes. There is such a speak-to-me-not, a *je ne sais quoi* air about you that I felt I really had to come and drag you down to earth."

"But really you flatter me," said the Captain, condescending to examine his promiscuous companion, and thinking what a very pretty domino she wore. "I assure you I shouldn't amuse you at all. Much better go and talk to a middy ; they'd live and die and come to life again for you, all in the space of an hour !"

"You don't think much of 'em, that's very evident."

"I don't think much of anything, as far as that goes—but aren't you wasting time talking to me? Don't you want to dance?"

"I want an ice."

"Which means, I suppose, that I'm to help you find one. May I have the pleasure?" and with the utmost gravity the Captain of the *Dacot* offered his arm to the unknown mask.

"Oh, Lord ! here's a go !" thought Paddy Marsh ; "won't I have him on ?—won't I tie him to a piece of string ?—won't I rot him ?"

He slipped his hand into the extended arm of the Captain, and presently was

being elbowed through the crowd, which jostled and laughed and squeaked more madly than ever. Paddy's progress was quite triumphal. From right to left the grey eyes flashed and glanced till quite a train was following in the wake of the grey domino, wondering who on earth she was, and thinking that the "Grey Wolf" was in luck's way.

They came to the refreshment-room, and the Captain thought that in the process of eating ice the fair unknown might by some chance reveal her identity.

Not so, however; every spoonful was carefully piloted beneath the black lace, and the ice was begun and finished without the slightest clue being given.

By-and-bye they returned to the ball-room, and from thence to one of the little sitting-out corners that were a cunningly-arranged feature of the dance. Here the "Grey Wolf" chose an easy chair, and deposited his companion in one smaller, but equally comfortable.

After a pause of some minutes, during which the notes of a languorous waltz sent its haunting refrain through the dim corridor, and Paddy eyed the point of his dainty shoe, the silence was broken by the latter enquiring,

"You're the captain of the *Dacot*, aren't you?"

The "Grey Wolf" bowed.

"I suppose you consider yourself a big gun, don't you? All the women look at the curl on your sleeve, and the stripes, and smile because you're a captain?"

"That's so, I believe"

"They'd be talking to a middy or any other officer as sweet as possible, but directly a captain came up they'd drop 'em."

"You read your sex admirably; is this why I am indebted for the pleasure of your company?"

"Hang it all!—I mean I beg your pardon, I'm not a bit given that way. I think it's beastly. I know a girl they call the 'Worm' on that account."

"Indeed! I begin to think you're rather an extraordinary young lady. Don't you?"

"Perhaps," with an inward chuckle. ("Lord! if he only knew he'd skin me," thought Paddy.)

"You're rather nice, though," leaning forward, the devil beginning to wake in his eye.

"You think so?" looking coyly down and trifling with his fan. "I've been told so before, but I don't believe it!"

"Of course not—that would be absurd. Won't you tell me your name?"

"The one my godfathers and my godmothers gave me!"

"I don't suppose you'd use any other."

"Oh, but one has pet names!"

"And yours?"

"I've so many."

"And one of them?"

"Satan!"

"No, really, a dainty little lady like you to be called Satan! I'll not believe it. Now, if I were to christen you, I should feel inclined to call you——"

"What?" ("He's getting on, the old rip," thought Paddy.)

"Oh! there are many names one could call you. Bright Eyes, for example—or——"

"Yes?"

"You've got very pretty hands," taking one tightly-gloved paw of the awful Paddy. "Tell me, what made you come up and worry me like you did?"

"Worry you, I—well, that is unkind! I'd heard such awful reports about you—what a martinet you are on board—and how you hate women—that I thought I should like to find out what you really were with the mask off."

"And what do you think of me? Do you consider me a very much-maligned person, dear, odd little girl that you are?"

"I don't think you're half a bad sort; but I can't believe you're not a bit of a corker on duty."

"A what?"



'YOU'RE THE CAPTAIN OF THE 'DAGOIT,' AREN'T YOU?



"Oh! don't pay any attention to my slang, I learnt it from my mother—no, I mean my brothers—and—and you make me nervous, you know." ("If only these stays weren't so tight and my shoes didn't pinch!") inwardly groaned Paddy.)

"Your brothers have found an excellent pupil! However, all the new young women of to-day are admirably *au fait* of slang, and you're no exception, I suppose."

"Yes, I'm very new," acquiesced Paddy. ("Brand new, if you only knew it.")

"Then of course you disdain love-making, and any such old-fashioned weakness?"

"Oh! I don't mind an occasional flirtation now and then, just by way of a change, you know."

"What do you call flirting?" leaning a trifle forward to Paddy's huge delight.

"Well," said the extremely wide-awake youngster, "I believe I'm flirting now, don't you?"

"Are you?" touching his hand; "do you like it?"

"You're a Captain. Of course I like it."

"You're certainly the most impudent young lady I've met. Do you know how I punish impudent young ladies?"

"Can't give a guess even!"

"Well, I kiss them."

"Rather rough on the young ladies, isn't it?"

"As a rule, they've rather enjoyed it."

"Rum taste!"

Here Paddy lifted his bewitching eyes and looked straight into the weary *blasé* ones of the "Grey Wolf."

It was a challenge—direct, unwavering—and the Captain of the *Dacoit* was ever a man of action.

"I'm going to punish you," he said, calmly.

"Indeed!"

"Yes, I mean it. Don't get up—it's useless."

"You want to kiss me?"

"That is my intention."

"But I thought you didn't care a damn—no, I mean a razzle-dazzle—no, a fig about women!"

"But I happen to care a razzle-dazzle for you at this present moment. In fact you interest me sufficiently to make me wish to see you again."

"You shall see me often! I'm staying here for a month."

"Where do you live?"

"Ah!"

"Tell me, and please remember I'm waiting to kiss you."

"Then I'm afraid you'll have to wait. Although you *are* king of the *Dacoit* you aren't king of me." ("At least not while I'm in petticoats," muttered Paddy, *sotto voce*.)

"You're not going?" said the Captain, as the grey domino rose, and daintily shook out her skirts. "You're really very unkind." He lifted himself lazily from his chair, then suddenly placed his hands on either of Paddy's shoulders.

"You little—tantalising—wretch!" he said, slowly. "Come, kiss me," and he stooped forward to touch the red smiling mouth.

"Some other evening," quoted Paddy, dexterously freeing himself. "Just now I'd like another ice!" And before his astonished companion could protest he had slipped into the middle of the corridor, where such a thing as a kiss was quite impossible.

"You little wretch!" muttered the Captain, tucking Paddy's hand under his arm and squeezing it. Nevertheless, he smiled more gaily than he had smiled for many a long day. This resistance was so new to him—and there was something about his tormentor as unconventional as it was exhilarating. Most certainly he would have to see her again, and soon too!

So during the whole of the time that Paddy coquetted with his ice, and, as he elegantly expressed it, held his superior officer tied to a piece of string, the "Grey Wolf" was trying with many ingenious

questions to find out the abode of his promiscuous acquaintance. Without avail.

No weather-beaten old diplomat, no matchmaking mamma, no finished coquette could have parried this fencing better than did this cheeky, dare devil young midddy; and when he finally persisted in saying good-night, the vision that Paddy carried away with him to his ship was that of the "Grey Wolf" staring after him with the most bewildered and interested air of astonishment.

When the Captain of the *Dacot* turned into the smoking-room after the departure of his unknown little acquaintance he was conscious of a distinct sense of amusement. He also thought himself a fool to be amused. After all, what had he to do with such frivolity—he, the sceptic, the embittered, the hater of all things feminine? But there had been something about the grey domino that had lashed his sense of curiosity. She was so different from the ordinary type of bread-and-butter miss, so *nonchalante*, so daring, so original, that he had felt inclined to take her in his arms and shake her for a naughty impertinent child. He must certainly see her again, he would know those grey eyes, that mouth anywhere—and if she was as interesting without her mask as with, well, then he might condescend to cultivate her acquaintance. And then he smiled his weary smile, and thought as he sat in his cabin that night that all women were frauds, and that little girls in grey dominoes were perhaps greater frauds than any.

\* \* \* \* \*

A week later Paddy Marsh sat on the gun-room table, looking, as his companions termed it, a "bit sick." I grieve to say that, favourite as he was, Paddy was decidedly slack in his duties. He was always being run in—in fact, on more than one occasion he had recently run foul of the Commander.

Such trifles as lifting the mast out of his cutter by mistaking the davits for the

gangway, and relieving the morning watch a quarter of an hour late, were as nothing to our friend Paddy.

However, the previous day he had surpassed himself by allowing two of his boat's crew to leave the boat under the pretence of buying a "sack of 'spuds' for the mess!" The coxswain mildly remonstrated, but Paddy was benevolent. He had been so pleased with himself over his recent conquest of the "Grey Wolf," that he saw everything *couleur de rose* and distributed his favours with a royal hand. So the men were allowed to go.

The consequence was—after a reasonable time had elapsed for the purchase of the "spuds," and the purchasers had not returned—that some more of the crew, under the direction of the coxswain, had to go in search of them. They were brought back helpless. Their object had *not* been "spuds" but something far more potent.

This escapade was the cause of Paddy looking a "bit sick." For the Commander had informed him that the Captain would deal with him this time, and that he would probably have to leave the ship in consequence.

His pals were offering him every consolation in their power, telling him to "buck up," to "put on a bold front," to "ship a face like a boot," &c., to which advice Paddy only shook his head mournfully.

"I'll get chucked to a cert," said he with conviction; "the Wolf's a whale on such cases. He broke Sherman, if you remember, and now he'll break me. If only I could plug those bounders' eyes with a dozen sacks of 'spuds,' I'd bring them to a jelly. What shall I do, what *am* I to say? And to think how he made love to me!" with a passing chuckle. "'Bright eyes,' indeed! 'little impudent wretch,' oh! Moses, if you'd only heard it, all you fellows!"

"We've done nothing but hear of it all

the week," murmured a surly young midgy. "Fact is, you were getting so beastly conceited over your 'bright eyes' that you were bound to come a cropper."

"Shut up, Denby," said the boy with the large head, "don't kick a chap now he's down. You're jealous! But that's neither here nor there. I've got an idea. We'll pull you through, Paddy our Pride!"

"Carry on," said Paddy, dolefully, "let's have it!"

"It's just this—you said 'the Wolf' talked a lot of rot about seeing you again, and we know that he's been sculling off on shore a good deal more often than he usually does. Well, I propose making a bold shot for it. What say if you go before him in just the same rig as you went to the ball in? He couldn't break you then. He'd turn into a lamb!"

"Done!" cried Paddy, springing off the table and nearly falling on top of the large boy. "Piggy, you're a jewel! That idea is worthy of your fine head! I'll go! I'll go, if I die for it. Help me to shift. I'm to be there in half-an-hour!"

How Paddy was dressed, hustled, or rather smuggled into the Captain's cabin remains a mystery to this day.

Get there he did.

By some special intervention of Providence, the "Grey Wolf" was sitting with his back to the door writing.

"That you, Marsh?" he queried, without turning round.

"Yes, sir," replied Paddy, his heart in his mouth.

"Been misbehaving yourself, as usual? Well, it must end. And," veering round, "What the d——l—who are you?—How did you get here?" he questioned, in rapid and surprised astonishment.

"Now for it," thought Paddy.

"I'm 'Bright Eyes'—otherwise, Marsh of the *Ducoit*——!"

"You—infernal—young—scoundrel! Off with your mask!"

Paddy obeyed—and when his charming face peeped from within the hood of the domino, with the wig of little fluffy curls adding to the feminine delusion, the "Grey Wolf" burst into a roar of laughter.

"Well, of all the confounded cheek! A pretty dance you led me the other night! What do you mean by it? What have you got to say for yourself?"

"Nothing, except that you made love very nicely!"

"I'll love you—you—you——"

"Tantalising—little—wretch!" prompted Paddy. "You'll never have the heart to dismiss me now, sir?"

"I'll drop you overboard."

"The men wanted those spuds very badly—and I've had my head turned ever since—you know!"

"*Will* you be quiet!"

Paddy smiled.

"If I followed my inclination," said the "Grey Wolf," slowly, "I'd tie a round shot to your feet, and put you overboard. If I did my duty, I should send you off at the double! As it is, I can't be hard on a lady! I'll look over it this time, but I trust on future occasions you'll be more careful in your steering, and that you won't give promiscuous leave to thirsty blue-jackets when they want to buy 'spuds.' Slackness never did make smart officers—and I like my officers to be smart. They also ought to be careful not to tackle their Captain at masked balls, though your domino has saved you. Now go!"

"Thank you, sir," said Marsh of the *Ducoit*; and he went.

After his departure, the "Grey Wolf" leaned back in his chair, and shouted. "Well, if this isn't the funniest thing I've ever heard," he thought. "To think how the little beast took me in! It's too delicious! Won't they have a joke against me! And my curiosity was really piqued. Well, I'm glad I was able to let him off—I like the youngster—and

I also owe him a debt of gratitude for a new sensation. If all women were so *difficile*! Ah! well."

Paddy simply fell into the gun-room, where an anxious crowd was awaiting him.

"Well, well," they chorused, "how did it go off?"

"Splendidly—he took it magnificently! He's a ripper—you chaps—a ripper, and I only hope when he hoists his flag that I shall serve under him. I'm not going to be so beastly slack in future, either; one wants to be smart with a ripper like that!"

And so ended the Captain's dilemma.



## WANDERINGS IN BOOKLAND.

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.



ONCE a year, as all reviewers know, the publishing industry takes a two months' nap. Gorged with their gains, and swollen with the blood of authors, the great publishers sleep the sleep of the boa and the anaconda, and during July and August no one publishes, no one sells, and no one buys. Day after day the bookseller sits dozing in his shop like an Arab merchant in front of his bazaar. Ostensibly his business is being carried on as usual, his shutters are taken down each morning and put up each evening, and occasionally his shop door clicks and the alarm-bell arouses him, yawningly, and somewhat resentfully, to sell a sixpenny manual or a penny classic to some unseasonable enthusiast of learning. Fancy anyone being so inconsiderate as to want to buy a book in the dead season!

For the reviewer this dead season is at once an embarrassment and a refreshment—an embarrassment because it compels him to make the bricks of his causeries and his columns on the smallest supply of straw, and a refreshment because the shower of parcels clamouring for immediate notice has temporarily ceased, and for this short breathing-space he may do a little reading on his own account, and visit the unfrequented shelf to which so often and so vainly through the preceding months he has turned his wistful hard-worked eyes—that is, of course, if he is one of those reviewers who take their holidays on the principle of the Cockney 'bus-driver, who spends his, we are told, on the knife-board of a friend's omnibus, finding a sufficient change in being driven where he is

accustomed to drive. I'm afraid I must plead guilty to being one of these, and this year Messrs. Longmans have given me the opportunity of uniting work and play by sending out for review an almost complete reissue of Mr. William Morris's poetical works, in verse and prose. Thus I have spent my holiday in reading again my favourite stories in *The Earthly Paradise* and revisiting the most flowery plots in *The Life and Death of Jason*, and some others of the many heart-remembered books with which Mr. Morris has so long enriched us. What an astonishing mass of beautiful work these volumes contain. Perhaps no other poet, except Spenser, has united so great a productiveness, with so uniform an exquisiteness of quality. Such dream-stuff is usually sold us by the troy-weight of small and liberally leaded volumes, but Mr. Morris is so generously gifted with creative energy that he can afford to sell his honeycomb by the pound. I know no set of books that gives such a sense of richness to a shelf as a set of Mr. Morris. His work is an earthly paradise in itself. It is our great palace of poet's poetry—and yet, if one may judge from the number of editions, it has not been found *caviare* to the general reader. The first two volumes of *The Earthly Paradise* are in their ninth editions, and the third and fourth in their seventh, while *The Life and Death of Jason* is in its eighth. And *Jason* is one of the longest narrative poems in the language, running to 376 pages, and containing upwards of ten thousand lines! Mr. Lang once declared that "To read long poems life's too short," but here evidently the facts are

against him. Yet the most eager lover of poetry might well feel daunted brought face to face with ten thousand heroic couplets. When, however, he has once made a start how soon are his ears enslaved by their dreamy magic of cadence, and his eyes filled with the rich colour and the warm beauty of the pictures—so clear and yet so evidently seen in a dream. Who can forget this wonderful description of Medea's stealing from her palace at midnight to perform her incantations in the dark woodland :

"But when all hushed and still the palace grew  
She put her gold robes off, and on her drew  
A dusky gown, and with a wallet small  
And cutting wood-knife girt herself withal,  
And from her dainty chamber softly passed  
Through stairs and corridors, until at last  
She came down to a gilded watergate,  
Which with a golden key she opened straight,  
And swiftly stepped into a little boat,  
And, pushing off from shore, began to float  
Adown the stream, and with her tender hands  
And half-bared arms, the wonder of all lands,  
Rowed strongly through the starlit gusty night  
As though she knew the watery way aright.  
So, from the city streets being gone apace,  
Turning the boat's head, did she near a space  
Where by the water's edge a thick yew wood  
Made a black blot on the dim gleaming flood ;  
But when she reached it, dropping either oar  
Upon the grassy bank, she leapt ashore  
And to a yew-bough made the boat's head fast.  
Then here and there quick glances round she cast  
And listened, lest some wanderer should be nigh.  
Then by the river's side she tremblingly  
Undid the bands that bound her yellow hair  
And let it float about her, and made bare  
Her shoulder and right arm, and, kneeling down,  
Drew off her shoes, and girded up her gown,  
And in the river washed her silver feet  
And trembling hands ; then turned about to meet  
The yew-wood's darkness, gross and palpable,  
As though she made for some place known full  
well."

And again, her incantations over, this description of her stealthy return down stream, with its lovely picture of dawn :

"Nor heeded she that by the river-side  
Still lay her golden shoes, a goodly prize  
To some rough fisher in whose sleepy eyes  
They first should shine, the while he drew his net  
Against the yew wood of the Goddess set.

But she, swept onward by the hurrying stream,  
Down in the east beheld a doubtful gleam  
That told of dawn, so bent unto the oar  
In terror lest her folk should wake before  
Her will was wrought ; nor failed she now to hear  
From neighbouring homesteads shrilly notes and  
clear

Of waking cocks, and twittering from the sedge  
Of restless birds above the river's edge ;  
And when she drew between the city walls,  
She heard the hollow sound of rare footfalls  
From men who needs must wake for that or this  
While upon sleepers gathered dreams of bliss,  
O'er great distress at ending of the night,  
And grey things coloured with the gathering light.  
So 'gainst the watergate soft slid her prow,  
And though high breathless, scarcely dared she  
now

To wait to moor her shallop to the stone,  
Which yet she dared not leave ; so this being done,  
Swiftly by passages and stairs she ran,  
Trembling and pale, though not yet seen by man,  
Until to Jason's chamber door she came."

In these passages one is struck, as we are in all the work of the Pre-Raphaelite school, of which Mr. Morris has been, after Rossetti, the most important figure, by the continuation of an exceptional realism of detail, with a curious unreality of atmosphere. Pre-Raphaelite realism is the realism of dreams, the exactitude with which everything is outlined resembles the spectral clearness of objects seen by moonlight, or in the stronger light of dawn. Then the rich texture of the verse, the warm colour, the sensuous cadence, the incommunicable sweetness and glamour, the indefinable smoulder of scented fire from end to end—over-honeyed, over-dreamy, no doubt for some tastes ! But for those, as Lincoln said, who like the kind of thing, how supremely and uniquely is *Jason* the kind of thing they like !

Scattered here and there amid the narrative, and cunningly saving it from monotony, occur some of the most perfect of those lyrics in octo-syllabic couplets, whose exquisite lyrical subtlety are only to be matched among those simple-subtle lyrics similarly set here and there in Tennyson's longer poems. Here is a

song which the nymphs who first sang it could (with truth to literary history) declare "a sweet song sung not yet to any man":

"I know a little garden-close  
Set thick with lily and red rose,  
Where I would wander if I might  
From dewy dawn to dewy night,  
And have one with me wandering.  
And though within it no birds sing,  
And though no pillared house is there,  
And though the apple boughs are bare  
Of fruit and blossom, would to God,  
Her feet upon the green grass trod,  
And I beheld them as before.

There comes a murmur from the shore,  
And in the place two fair streams are  
Drawn from the marble hills afar,  
Drawn down unto the restless sea;  
The hills whose flowers ne'er fed the bee,  
The shore no ship has ever seen,  
Still beaten by the billows green,  
Whose murmur comes unceasingly  
Unto the place for which I cry."

Nor can I resist further quotation of this song with which Orpheus cheers the Argonauts at their oars, as they turn homewards with the Golden Fleece:

"O surely now the fisherman  
Draws homeward through the water wan  
Across the bay we know so well,  
And in the sheltered chalky dell  
The shepherd stirs; and now afield  
They drive the team with white wand peeled,  
Muttering across the barley-bread  
At daily toil and dreary-head.

And midst them all, perchance, my love  
Is waking, and doth gently move  
And stretch her soft arms out to me,  
Forgetting thousand leagues of sea;  
And now her body I behold,  
Unhidden but by hair of gold,  
And now the silver waters kiss  
The crown of all delight and bliss.  
And now I see her bind her hair  
And do upon her raiment fair,  
And now before the altar stand,  
With incense in her outstretched hand,  
To supplicate the Gods for me;  
Ah, one day landing from the sea,  
Amid the maidens shall I hear  
Her voice in praise, and see her near,  
Holding the gold-wrapt laurel crown  
'Midst of the shouting, wondering town."

What has been said of *Jason* applies

generally to *The Earthly Paradise*, to which great poetical tapestry it essentially belongs, though its *dramatis personæ* are, I think, more vitalised than the dreamy shadows which people the longer poem. In this shadowiness of realisation Mr. Morris is obviously quite another from his master, Chaucer, for he has no touch of Chaucer's power of character-creation, though his other gift of narrative he has inherited in no small degree. The poet he more resembles is Spenser. He is a sort of Spenser with the glow and colour of Keats. But there is one poem, perhaps his greatest, to which this hardly applies, the splendidly forceful *Sigurd the Volsung*, a masterly version of the famous myth, and, indeed, largely derived from the Volsunga Saga. To the vigour and dramatic power of the book quotation can do little justice, as its most striking effects are cumulative, as in the splendid battle descriptions, and in such a scene as the haunting death of King Gunnar. Of the strong movement of the verse, the opening lines will give some idea, though even here quotation is like bringing one wave to convey the idea of an ocean:

"There was a dwelling of Kings ere the world  
was waxen old;  
Dukes were the door-wards there, and the roofs  
were thatched with gold;  
Earls were the wrights that wrought it, and silver  
nailed its doors;  
Earls' wives were the weaving-women, queens'  
daughters strewed its floors,  
And the masters of its song-craft were the  
mightiest men that cast  
The sails of the storm of battle adown the bicker-  
ing blast.  
There dwelt men merry-hearted, and in hope ex-  
ceeding great  
Met the good days and the evil as they went the  
way of fate;  
There the gods were unforgotten, yea, whiles they  
walked with men,  
Though e'en in that world's beginning rose a  
murmur now and again  
Of the midward time and the fading and the  
last of the latter days  
And the entering in of the terror, and the death of  
the People's Praise."

In addition to his poetry Mr. Morris's prose romances are rapidly making a large body of work in themselves. They have not yet been adequately appreciated, their deliberately archaised English being a stumbling-block to many readers—though there are others who consider it, and I think rightly, an admirable and often beautiful medium for the stories Mr. Morris had to tell. It is to be found at its best in *The Wood beyond the World* and in *News from Nowhere*, two of the loveliest fairy-tales ever written. In addition to all this vast production, Mr. Morris has found time to throw himself heart and soul into the propagandism of Socialism, and his complete writings include many fervent contributions to the literature of unpractical politics. He has written some Socialist "chants," but here for the first time his inspiration has failed him. And this is to take no account of "Morris & Co." and all the beauty they have brought to our common everyday life, or the Kelmscott Press, a hobby which would have sufficed for the life-work of men less energetic than this most industrious "idle singer of an empty day."

The only other considerable interest of this dead season is a poetical interest also, a new volume of verses by Robert Louis Stevenson, entitled *Songs of Travel*. These, as Stevenson himself suggested, form an addition to *Underwoods*, and an addition exceedingly welcome. Indeed, I think these new verses are almost better than any that have preceded them. The volume is particularly rich in those simple four-line-verse lyrics, the art of which Stevenson seemed to have recaptured. Here is a charming example:—

"She rested by the Broken Brook,  
She drank of Weary Well,  
She moved beyond my lingering look,  
Ah, whither none can tell !

"She came, she went. In other lands,  
Perchance in fairer skies,  
Her hands shall cling with other hands,  
Her eyes to other eyes.

"She vanished. In the sounding town,  
Will she remember too?  
Will she recall the eyes of brown  
As I recall the blue?"

So good, indeed, are these verses that one almost wonders whether if Stevenson had lived he might not have developed his poetical gift to a perfection equal to that of his prose. For his art of prose, it will be remembered, was deliberately developed, and so great and rare was Stevenson's power of artistic adaptability, that I am inclined to think that he could, by taking thought, have made himself as fine a poet in verse as he had made himself in prose. That the poetry in his verse is not merely "essential," but inheres in the form itself as well as in the spirit which animates it, the subtle rhythmic charm of the regularly irregular metre in the following beautiful poem is sufficient to prove :

"In the highlands, in the country places,  
Where the old plain men have rosy faces,  
And the young fair maidens  
Quiet eyes ;  
Where essential silence cheers and blesses,  
And for ever in the hill-recesses  
Her more lovely music  
Broods and dies.

"O to mount again where erst I haunted ;  
Where the old red hills are bird-enchanted ;  
And the low green meadows  
Bright with sward ;  
And when even dies, the million-tinted,  
And the night has come, and planets glinted,  
Lo ! the valley hollow  
Lamp-bestarred !

"O to dream, O to awake and wander  
There, and with delight to take and render,  
Through the trance of silence,  
Quiet breath ;  
Lo ! for there, among the flowers and grasses,  
Only the mightier movement sounds and passes  
Only winds and rivers,  
Life and death."

There has been a great dearth of good prose, even in the form of fiction. The only notable book of stories I have come across is the Hon. Mrs. Henniker's *In Scarlet and Grey* (Lane), which has the distinction of including one story, "The



Spectre of the Real," written in collaboration by Mrs. Henniker and Mr. Thomas Hardy. This story, however, is far from being the best in the book. Indeed, I am inclined to think it the worst. Evidently collaboration does not suit the gifts of either writer, and Mrs. Henniker's own stories prove her more than clever enough to stand alone—but that, of course, has been proved before this volume.

Her opening story, "The Heart of the Colour-Sergeant," is a charming bit of romance, which, though neither very striking nor original in theme, has the merit of convincing and touching the heart—the first business of a story-teller; whereas "Bad and Worthless" is a harrowing bit of ironical realism, and "A Successful Intrusion," perhaps the best of all, an exceedingly bright bit of comedy and character study. With her literary gifts, her wide knowledge of the world, and her sympathetic way of looking at it, Mrs. Henniker ought to go far.

Mr. William Platt has published (this time without a publisher) another of his odd tantalising books, books shot through with gleams of genius, drowned too often in seas of pathos. *Do we Live? Do we Love?* is Mr. Platt's suggestive title, and he answers the questions in his own spasmodic way, in a curious *mélange* of prose sketches, verse snatches, and bars of music. For many Mr. Platt harps too constantly on a theme which seems a mono-mania with him, the holiness of the physical, the purity of sex, and the necessity of high passion—or none—in

sexual relationships. Too often his enthusiasm lands him in crudities and absurdities, but of the noble quality of that enthusiasm, and of the frequent beauty and always volcanic force of its expression, no one who reads him with a fair mind can have a moment's doubt. In this new volume the prose hardly reaches the high level of his former books, but one is more than compensated for this by the great improvement observable in the verse, in which one ventures to see a tendency towards a greater control over, and therefore effectiveness of form than has before been perceivable in Mr. Platt's work. I have but space here to quote this lovely "Death-Song over a Sweetheart Wife":

"Thou art dead who lived so well;  
Thou art dead; but who can tell  
Of the wondrous blood of thee,  
Prolonged by thy fertility?  
Through the veins of each sweet child  
Runs a flood as undefiled  
As mountain-torrent that with leaps  
Flies laughing down the rocky steeps;  
Thus down the deep eternity  
Goes bravely the sweet blood of thee;  
A million years it will outrun,  
Nor then will thy rich heart be done!"

One of Mr. Platt's great masters, John Ford, master of strangely crooning dirges, would not have disdained this song, which is perhaps alone among Mr. Platt's verse in being flawless in its perfect simplicity. Such a poem covers a multitude of literary offences, and the man who writes it can afford to ignore the neglect of the supercilious critical person.



# THE HORRORS OF LONDON.

BY ALLEN UPWARD.

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST GOODWIN.

## IX.—THE BANK OF ENGLAND.



HERE is no poetry about the Bank of England. It makes no appeal to your higher nature. You gather this from the outside. This Bank is the ugliest building in London.

The power of money has been strikingly demonstrated in this matter. It was no easy task to create a structure which should be uglier than the National Gallery, and the Monument, and Euston Station. But the builders of this Bank did not shrink from the gigantic enterprise, and nobly have they been rewarded.

The artifice adopted by the architect was simplicity itself. He planned his building so as to have four streets round it. In this way it is possible to see more of it than of any other building, and its hideousness is thus firmly impressed upon the mind. To walk once round this Bank destroys the appetite and freezes the laugh upon the lips. To walk round it twice unhinges the reason, and drives the victim to suicide or the Underground.

The policy of the directors in all this is easily understood. Their object, of course, was to deter burglars who might be tempted to raid the treasures stored within. Hence they sought to erect an edifice, the mere aspect of which would paralyse the energies of the robber afar off, and render him incapable of carrying out his purpose. Their cunning plot has triumphed. No statistics have been preserved of the number of burglars rendered *hors de combat* by this infernal con-

trivance, but all the authorities are agreed that it must be very large. On a fine summer night burglars may be seen as thick as flies clinging to the railings opposite in a state of suspended animation, with their tools scattered on the pavement. The police pity them, and pass on; and in the early morning their friends come reverently and carry them away.

No more striking instance of the force of habit has ever been adduced than the fact that the employees of the Bank are able to come and go every day with seeming impunity. But even these men, hardened as they are by long use, adopt precautions in approaching the place. They usually drive up in omnibuses, from which they alight at the entrance, and then shut their eyes and bolt in. In this way many of them are said to have attained to a green old age.

The inside of the Bank does not come up to the expectations raised by the outside. In this the directors have taken a hint from the travelling showmen, who attract customers by covering the front of their caravans with superb pictures of tigers devouring beautiful women, whereas nothing of the sort is occurring within. In the same way when you have braved the architectural terrors on the exterior of this Bank, you find inside nothing worse than the ordinary cashier.

But the directors know well the gullibility of mankind. It is on this that they prosper. For years their chief business has consisted in the manufacture of their so-called notes—worthless pieces of paper



THE POLICE PITY THEM, AND PASS ON

which they contrive to pass off upon the public at rates which would be considered extravagant for postage stamps. Up to now they have been doing a roaring trade, but these inflated prices cannot last. On the day when the inevitable slump in bank-notes takes place there will be a bitter awakening for the deluded holders.

It would be well if those who run this Bank showed a little more modesty about their ill-gotten gains. But from the moment you pass inside their doors they do nothing but flaunt their money in your face. They leave huge heaps of gold and silver lying about in every direction, and pretend they have forgotten them. They shake up half-crowns in trays, like children, for the sake of hearing them rattle, and dash down bags of sovereigns in front of you to make you jump.

And yet these people have nothing really to be proud of. Their methods are old-fashioned in the extreme. It is extraordinary that other firms do not take up the same line of business, and cut them out with a better class article. A bank-note produced by the photogravure process would take away a lot of their trade. A good line in coloured notes would bankrupt them in a week. The public are sick of these black and white things. A scented bank-note in blue and crimson, with a picture of a little girl and a big dog in one corner, would be simply fought for.

The fact is, the proprietors of this Bank make their money so easily that they do not even trouble to pick up profits which are within their reach. It has never even occurred to them that their notes would be as good a medium for advertisements as the tram-tickets.

If they are too proud to make money in this way, they might at least consult

the wants of their customers by printing a table of cab fares, or a guide to the Underground Railway, on the backs. Something of that sort would make these bank-notes really useful. It might be too much to ask the Bank people to stamp them with crotchet patterns, but even a little light literature would be better than nothing. Some chatty science paragraphs, or a few well-selected conundrums, would popularise these publications, and might serve to introduce them into many a cottage home where they are not at present to be found.

The directors, it is true, claim certain advantages for their notes, of a more or less trivial kind. They are said to be popular as cigar-lights among a limited class. It is generally admitted that they make a good bait for pike. But even here these people show their usual lack of enterprise, and have not had the sense to set up on their counter a stuffed pike in a glass case, with a half-chewed note in his mouth, and a label :—"PIKE, 20 lbs., caught with our favourite £20 note. A large assortment of these notes always in stock." Such persons do not deserve to have a trade.

It is the same with them all round. They are too lazy to solicit advertisements, and too dull to advertise themselves. They issue no cards and employ no travellers, but just jog on in their same old sleepy William and Mary way. If people want their notes they can have them; if not they can leave them alone. Those are their principles. Some time, no doubt, they will forget to take down the shutters one morning, the cashiers will slumber with their heads pillowed on dusty sacks of gold, the spiders will weave their webs across the entrance, and the once-sought-for notes will be sold for their weight in cowrie-shells.

## LETTERS TO CLORINDA.\*



Y DEAR CLORINDA,—In my last letter I talked about the inability of Zola and some other writers to see human nature as a whole.

Such see only one surface of man, forgetting that he is a many-sided figure. I thought of this the other day, as, taking up Flammarion's *Astrology* for an hour, I opened the book by chance at the following eloquent passage:

"Behold a little globe whirling in the infinite void. Round this globule vegetate one thousand four hundred and fifty millions of so-called reasonable beings who know not whence they come nor whither they go, each of them, moreover, born to die very soon; and this poor humanity has resolved the problem, not of living happily in the light of nature, but of suffering constantly both in body and mind. It does not emerge from its native ignorance, it does not rise to the intellectual pleasures of Art and Science, but torments itself perpetually with chimerical ambitions. Strange social organisation!

"When men know something of the earth, and understand the modest position of our planet in infinity; when they appreciate better the grandeur and the beauty of nature, they will be fools no longer. They will live in peace, in the fertile study of Truth, in the contemplation of the Beautiful, in the practice of good, in the progressive development of the reason, and in the noble exercise of the higher faculties of intelligence."

Now, to enable me to speak about the one man with whose thoughts and opinions I am most conversant, and concerning the workings of whose mind I possess, if not knowledge, at all events some insight, let

me be personal. All the reflections that prompted Flammarion in writing this passage have been my reflections. Of the details of the science of astronomy he is a Master, I only an unpromising pupil in the first class. But the thoughts that come to one upon the contemplation of the subject are the property of every thinking man. Often of a night have I dragged my eyes away from the sky, lest, looking at the stars longer, I should unfit myself to be a human citizen. In face of these eternities, our moment's life appears so utterly insignificant as to be hardly worth the living. Contemplating the fact that the earth is but an infinitesimal portion of an equally infinitesimal system, hastening to an unknown end, through an eternity of space, it seems somewhat unnecessary to shave oneself, and to pull on one's socks. To the man wrestling with the idea that he is one atom among millions, existing for a few years upon a star that is in itself but one of a system of stars that has no boundary, no beginning, and no end; that has existed from all time, that will exist to all time, that was never created, that can never disappear—to the man trying to grasp the fact that, were he to find himself upon the farthest star of all the heavens, he would still see stars beyond him, as far before him as the earth would be behind him; that travelling thus through all eternity he would still find these suns, these vast worlds, stretching in endless vistas before him, that beyond them there is nothing, for they continue always, the sound of the dinner-bell is apt to appear somewhat unimportant.

I admit the littleness of human life, the futility of all our strivings and our strainings, and yet, were the drums to

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beat round Chelsea Barracks, and the torn standards to flutter down the roaring streets on their way to Plymouth or to Portsmouth, my blood would tingle in my veins, and though I might not voice it, I should be cheering in my heart as madly as any thoughtless brat, clinging to the railings and waving his dirty cap.

Now, I cannot stand alone; there must be many men as foolish as myself. We know our lives are but as a spark in the night. We know we are such stuff as dreams are made of, that men and nations pass away, and leave not a wrack behind. Of what use is all our mad striving, our passionate desire? Will it matter to the ages whether, once upon a time, the Union Jack or the Tricolor waved over the battlements of Badajoz? Yet we poured our blood like water into its ditches to decide the question. Will it matter in the days when the glacial period shall have come again to clothe the earth with silence, whose foot first trod the Pole? Yet generation after generation we draw nearer to it, marking the roadway with the milestones of our whitening bones. So very soon the worms come to us. Does it really matter much whether we love or hate, whether we live or die? Yet the hot blood rushes through our veins, we wear out heart and brain for shadowy hopes that ever melt away as we press forward. And so it will be to the end.

Is it not better that it should be so? Imagine a reasoning ant standing upon the ant-hill, and calling to its brother ants: "Of what use is our delving and our hoarding? This little hill of ours is not the world, it is only a mound in a man's garden. The gardener's spade will soon crush us. The garden roller is at hand; soon it will pass over us, and our city will be no more. Let us cease our toiling." But the ant does not listen to reason. He has his instincts and his passions, and their guidance he follows. Mr. Wells in his *Time Machine* pictured a period when

mankind had conquered nature. There was no need for further effort; men did not struggle. They sat down in peace, and enjoyed the fruits, won for them by the labour of former generations. But freed from the necessity of strife, the muscles of the brain and body languished. The human race was defeated by its own victory. Man grew weak and powerless to act or think, and so humanity died out.

I remember when a boy the greatest terror I had was of heaven—as pictured for me by the good folks round about me. I was told that if I were a good lad, kept my hands clean, and did not tease the cat, I would probably, when I died, go to a place where all day long I would sit still and sing hymns. There was to be no breakfast and no dinner, no tea and no supper. One old lady cheered me a little by a hint that the monotony might be broken by a little manna, but the idea of everlasting manna palled upon me, and my suggestions concerning the possibilities of sherbet or jumbles were scouted as irreverent. There would be no school, but also there would be no cricket and no sliding. I should feel no desire, so I was assured, to do another angel's "dags" by walking in the heavenly gutters. My only joy would be to sing.

"Shall we start singing the moment we get up in the morning?" I asked.

"There won't be any morning," was the answer. "There will be no day and no night. It will all be one long day without end."

"Then shall we always be singing?" I persisted.

"Yes, you will be so happy you will always want to sing."

"Shan't I ever get tired?"

"No, you will never get tired, and you will never get sleepy or hungry or thirsty."

"And does it go on like that for ever?"

"Yes, for ever and ever."

"Will it go on for a million years?"

"Yes, a million years, and then another million years, and then another million

years after that. There will never be any end."

I can remember to this day the agony in which I used to lie awake and think of this endless heaven. There was no escape from it. If I killed myself, I should only get there all the sooner, and if I was bad, I should go to the other place, but that went on for ever and ever also. I think good people would not talk to children about eternity if they knew what misery they were inflicting.

M. Flammarion imagines that if men only studied astronomy, human passions would die out. M. Flammarion forgets who planted human passions in the human heart. Poor mankind can think reasonably, but he acts unreasonably. We forget that man hangs between two forces. The voice of reason whispers to him "Live reasonably and soberly; a few years are all your life. Enjoy yourself and be happy, and let others enjoy themselves. Eat the fruits of the earth while you are here; live and love, it will soon be over." But a more commanding voice, utterly unreasonable, cries, "March, fight and bleed and die for no reason whatever. Strive with sweating brow and aching heart for the unreasonable." And the second voice will be obeyed. Why do we do these things? There is no answer. It is the question in another form, "Why do we live?" Why each morning do we get up and wash and dress ourselves, to undress ourselves each night and go to sleep again? Why do we work merely to earn money to buy food, and eat food so as to gain strength that we may work? Why do we love, merely in the end to say good-bye to one another, and pass away into the eternal space where we may never meet again? Why do we labour to bring children into the world that they may die and be buried? Why do we live?

From the earliest dawn of thought we have been asking ourselves that one question, that Tennyson put into rhyme :

"Do we move ourselves, or are moved by an unseen hand at a game?"

Are we quite such independent creatures as we think, or are we working at some building we cannot see? When we look around, we find that every creature in Nature is labouring at a work that it knows not. The flower struggles up from seed-hood, draws the sweet sap from the ground, folds its petals each night and sleeps. Then love comes to it in some curious form, and it longs to mingle its pollen with the pollen of some other flower. So it puts forth its gay blossoms, no doubt thinking the doing of this some clever idea of its own, and the wandering insect bears the message from seed-pod to seed-pod, and the seasons pass bringing with them the sunshine and the rain, till the flower withers, never having known the real purpose for which it lived, thinking the garden was made for it, not it for the garden. The coral insect dreams in its small soul, which is possibly its small stomach, of home and food; so it works and strives, deep down in the dark waters, never dreaming of the continents it is fashioning.

Are we also labouring at some work too vast for us to perceive? Are our passions and desires mere whips and traces, by the help of which we are driven? Any theory seems more hopeful than the thought that all our eager, fretful lives are but the turning of a useless prison crank. Looking back the little distance that our dim eyes are able to see into the past, what do we find? Civilisation, built up with infinite care, swept aside and lost. Beliefs, for which men lived and died, proved to be mockeries, Greek art crushed to the dust by Gothic bludgeons, dreams of fraternity drowned in blood by a Napoleon. What is left to us but the hope that that work itself, not the result, is the real monument, that the mere effort is its own accomplishment?

Have you ever stood at a busy corner of some great city, watching its gangs of

men and women, driven by Necessity to their work? We talk of freedom; we are only slaves. My study windows, as you know, look down upon Hyde Park, and sometimes it amuses me to watch the epitome of human life that passes to and fro beneath. At the opening of the gates there creeps in the woman of the streets. Her pitiful work for the time being is over; shivering in the chill dawn she passes to her brief rest. Next comes the labourer, hastening to his day's work, with his tools upon his back. Then the shop-boy and shop-girl, making love as they walk, not to waste time. After these the slaves of the desk and the warehouse, employers and employed, clerks and tradesmen, solicitors and merchants, stock-brokers and judges, glorying in their freedom and independence, thinking of the shocking days when men were slaves, driven by the whip; looking anxiously at their watches from time to time, lest they be late; thinking of the money to be earned, the bills to be met, and the households to be maintained. Then follows peace for a few moments, till begin to arrive the slaves of fashion, dressed and curled with infinite pains. They must be there at such and such an hour, they must sit in such and such a place, they must say such and such things to one another. From eleven to one they must balance a bicycle, and go up and down slowly from Hyde Park Corner to the Magazine and back. Or, if they be very independent spirits, they will substitute a horse for a bicycle, and trot. In the afternoon they must return again, and this time they must sit in a carriage, and smile and bow for an hour and a half, after which they may dine, and hasten off to be present at dreary functions that bore them intolerably.

With the evening, come the slaves back

from their work, judges and barristers, conning over their briefs and notes, clerks and tradesmen, shop-boys and shop-girls, labourers and artisans. The day's duty is done, they may rest till the next morning.

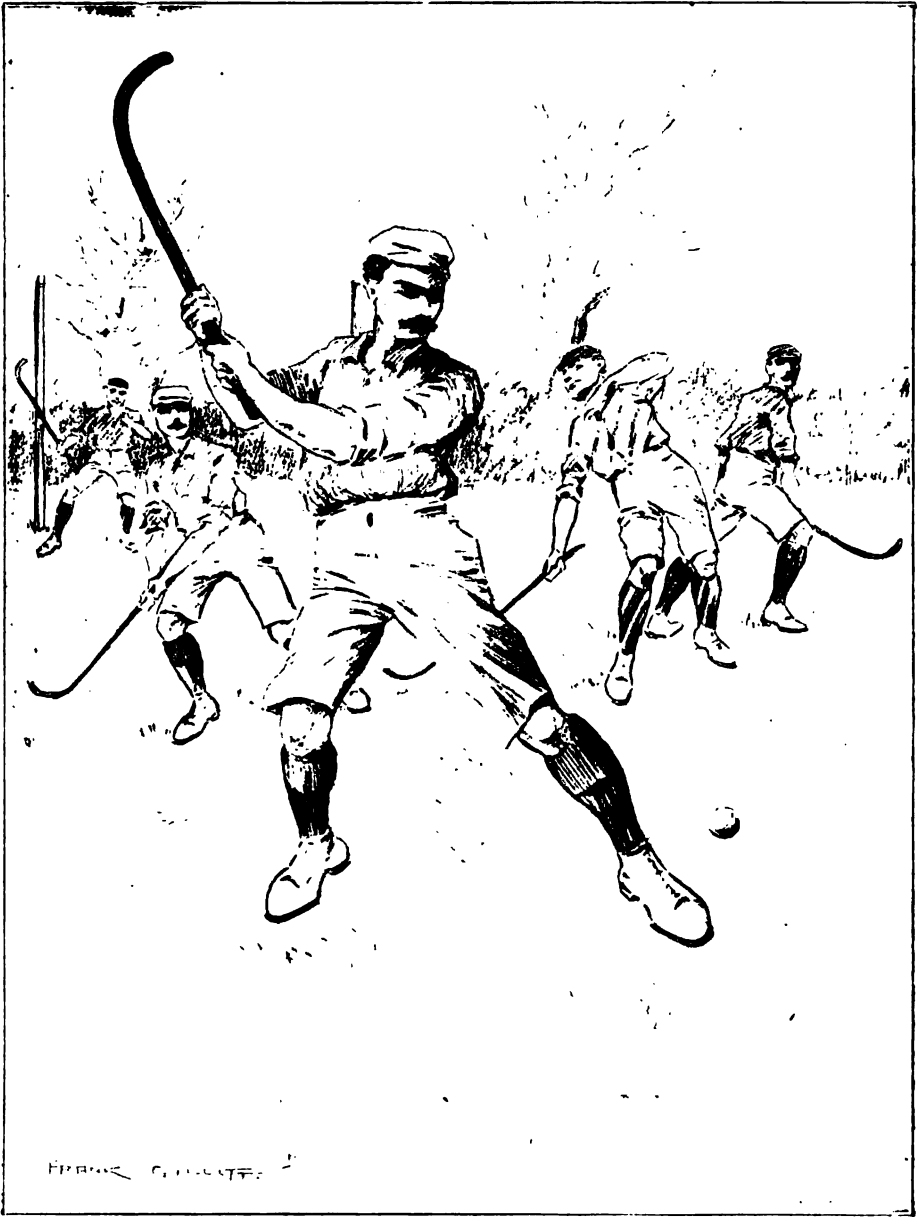
The daylight deepens into night, and there creep back the women of the streets; their work is only just beginning. Like the shadows, they round the city's days, the first to go, the last to come. So we all labour, driven by the whip of necessity, Nature's slaves. If we do not do our work, she strikes us, only the pain of her whip we feel in the stomach, instead of on the back, and because of that, we call ourselves free men. A few here and there among us do remain free; they are our tramps and outcasts. We well-behaved slaves shrink from them, for the wages of freedom in this world are vermin and a crust. We can only live lives worth living by joining the ranks of the slaves.

We call it by another name, but it is slavery still, and it is better that it should be so. Some great work we know not of we hope we are accomplishing. I write, you nurse. I imagine in my foolish moments that I am expressing my own opinion. I am only a voice—a drum, a tin-whistle, what you will, played by unseen fingers. I stir the air with sound, for what purpose I know not. You think you choose to nurse and doctor, because it is your will, your inclination. You were written down to do it before the solar system formed itself out of the dust of vanished worlds. So the universe whirls round, whirling us with it, and the science of astronomy, M. Flammarion, may set us thinking, but the tattoo of the distant drums is beating a mad march within our hearts. We must tramp.

Yours ever,

JEROME K. JEROME.





**HOCKEY.—THE IDEAL.**  
*By Frank Gillett.*

The game as it might be but for the rules.



**HOCKEY.—THE REAL.**  
*By Frank Gillett.*

Four of your own side and none of your opponents have turned up.



BY MRS. LYNN LINTON, W. L. ALDEN, PETT RIDGE, W. W. JACOBS, AND G. B. BURGIN.

ILLUSTRATED BY LEWIS BAUMER.

**Mrs. Lynn Linton says the giving of presents is determined by the motive.**

Like most other things in life, the giving of presents is determined by the motive—the action being the unchanging mask, the motive, the words spoken through it. The conventional presents demanded by society are of all things the most tiresome, the most heartless, the most inane. Those given for love and from the heart are the most delightful, both to the giver and the receiver. They are so many consolidated caresses—enduring words of love carved in marble or engraved in gold; they are “reminders,” more lovely than the old tokens of changing stones and blossoming flowers, and they are as imperative as they are precious. If you love you *must* give. It is cause and effect, and a chain whereof the links are solidly attached. But when there is no love, and the presents have to be made because you have dined a certain number of times in so-and-so’s house, and have been generally included in the crowd thronging the staircase and stifling in the rooms, then the thing becomes a mere tax, and is paid no more cheerfully than other taxes. And modern present-giving has run into this kind of conventionalised stereotype. In olden days a valentine meant some amount of love or admiration for a girl, and was confined to a copy of verses or a painted allegory of bad art and veiled meaning. Then it began to take on itself the doubtful features of a present; and a valentine was no longer a letter, but a gift, and a gift made by a mere friendly acquaintance to another friendly acquaintance, when all that pertained to this good Bishop-saint and his doves and loves was forgotten. Christmas presents, too, were once more intimate and more circumscribed than they are now. Once they touched only the family and the immediate dependents, now they stretch out into the farthest bounds of the circle, and the outlanders are brought into the citadel. Thus, what was once a pleasant little family party has now become a huge gregarious

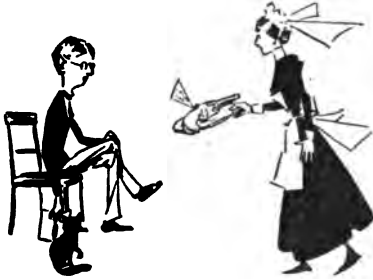
kind of fair, wherein all sweetness and all meaning are hopelessly lost. So with wedding presents, the very name of which is enough to send a cold shiver down the back of the man or woman who is much in society. For the older you grow the more the weddings multiply, and your presents with them ; and the human heart having its circumscribing limits, the less you care for the young people. Where you do care for them, and do love the father and mother, the gifts you make are with the heart ; but the majority of wedding gifts are made from the pocket outward, and because "I must," and not from the heart inward, and because "I love to do it." Growl, however, as we may, this habit of present-giving is as old as human nature, and will survive all assaults made on it. In Homer and the Bible "presents" form a large part of social observances ; and to our more fastidious ears the *naïveté* with which those gifts are demanded is the oddest part of the whole matter. The custom continues under various forms, and taxes, tithes, the *corvée*, Easter offerings, the queer heriots and fines paid to the lord of the manor, and things analogous, are all the commutation of the old "present," such as the patriarchs took in their hands for propitiation, and such as Ulysses and Telemachus so calmly demanded as their due ere they took their departure. In the north long lingered, and still may be found, the "penny wedding," where each guest contributed something towards the housekeeping of the young people. We have only enlarged, gilded, beflowered, and befrilled that primitive custom in our grander lists—published with a flourish in the society papers ; for, like many great things, the habit of giving wedding presents has a somewhat mean origin ; and what is now the butterfly was once the worm. All of which goes to show the strong hold this habit of giving presents has on human nature, and how impossible it would be to get rid of it. But we might regulate it better than we do ; we might be less bound by that paralysing tie of convention than we are ; we might refrain where we have no love, to heap up where we have. We might remember more than we do that motive does create the worth or the valuelessness of action ; and that when we have no other motive than "I must" we degrade the recipient of our gift to the level of a pauper, and make that which should have been the sign of honour the seal of disgrace.



The man mentioned in the Scriptures who gave his son a stone instead of a loaf of bread, has apparently served as a model for the average giver of presents for the last eighteen centuries. There is no doubt that the man's gift was injudicious, for few small boys possess sufficient powers of digestion to digest a stone. The juvenile stomach draws the line at green apples and wedding-cake, and the boy must be exceptionally hungry who will eat any stone that is harder than slate, or soapstone. The fault of the Scriptural father was his failure to give his son what the latter really wanted, and in this respect he has been sedulously imitated ever since. People who give presents seem to be utterly lacking in judgment. Those things which I don't want, and which I can never use, are constantly given to me, but it is seldom indeed that anyone gives me anything that I desire. For example, friends insist upon giving me cigar-holders, though I never dream of using one ; but they fail to give me cigars to any noteworthy extent. Feminine cousins are perpetually giving me handkerchief-cases, which are utterly useless, except as re-

**Alden wants to reform the system.**

ceptacles for artificial flies. I once had an uncle who annually gave me a bootjack, oblivious of the fact that I never wear boots, and that it was impossible for any man to wear out one bootjack per year. So far as I can ascertain this is the experience of all my acquaintances. I knew one man who had a baby given to him by some generous person who modestly left it on his doorstep. He had at that time what a bagman would call a "full line of babies," having four boys and seven girls, including two pairs of twins. Almost anything would have been more useful to him than a baby, and yet someone must go and give him what was only a second grade of baby. I knew



another man who detested tea, and one of his friends, who was in the tea trade, gave him every six months a tea-chest full of Wazzermatter tea. I had an intimate friend who was the mildest-mannered man in the whole United States, and to this man were given, at different times and by different people, no less than seven revolvers.

It is this total lack of judicious giving that makes the giving of presents little better than a nuisance. If you have many friends, and they give you many presents, your house gradually

becomes filled with useless things that you dare not throw away, and that it would be outrageous to sell. I have been suffering for ten consecutive years from a chandelier given to me by an injudicious aunt (who fortunately never reads *The Idler*). Instead of lighting my dining-room, it casts a gloom over the entire house. I would gladly take it into the back-yard, and smash it with an axe, but of course that would never do. Unless I survive my well-meaning aunt I shall suffer from that chandelier during the rest of my life. There are times when I look at it and I say to myself that I devoutly hope that no one will ever again make me a present, which I need hardly say is reckless and unwise. The giving of presents would be an admirable practice if the givers would confine their gifts to either money or cigars, two things which would always be welcome. Money is always a good thing to have, and so are good cigars, while it is always possible to bury bad cigars in the back-yard since the giver does not expect you to keep them intact. But such is the perversity of mankind that money and cigars are precisely the things that people do not give away. In the course of a long and eminently useful life, my admiring friends and relatives have given me only three boxes of cigars, all told: and not one shilling of money. They have preferred to give me hundreds of well-meant gifts that I do not want, and cannot get rid of. Some day there will arise a bold reformer who, on receiving some useless present, such as a tenth consecutive silver match-box, will have it appraised by a jeweller, and will then send it back to the giver with the announcement that he prefers to receive the worth of it in money. It will take a great deal of courage to begin this great reform, but until it is begun and carried through, the giving of presents will continue to be a source of annoyance and discontent.

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Pett Ridge thought  
the custom had  
died out.

I wish someone would send me a full and alphabetical list A to Z of the people who still give presents. I thought the custom had long since died out. Presents are, I know, still interchanged with relatives, and if a man has an inordinate number of aunts he has to keep a ledger in order that the business may be conducted properly. But in

regard to gifts, as in everything, they are lost illusions. For instance, I was always under the impression that when a man had written books he received countless tributes from anonymous admirers in the shape of handsome sets of Stevenson in first editions, or several brace of acceptable grouse, or noble salmon, or a few dozen of admirable Tokay. I had, too, a vague impression that ladies of title—not exactly Marchionesses you know, but nearly—and with otherwise rigid and haughty manners, unbent, so to speak, and confided in him, by scented missives, secrets of their innermost thoughts, and handsome sets of collar-studs. This, one regrets to find, is not, strictly speaking, the case. *C'est dommage!* It would be so agreeable for the gifted author to receive these tributes, and he could always in acknowledging them protect his dignity by saying that he was grateful, “not so much for the intrinsic value of the gift as for the kindly spirit which prompted it. Believe me, my very dear sir, with my sincere thanks for your generous appreciation of my poor works, your obedient servant, (signed) Gifted Author.”



An incident of this kind would be pleasing to all parties concerned, even to the recipient, and one hopes it is only thoughtlessness on the part of readers that has prevented them from giving effect to it. As matters exist at present the only present that Mr. Gifted Author receives is an occasional letter from a lady who has a stall at a bazaar and who likes Mr. G. Author's books so much although (as she says candidly) he is a perfect stranger, and will he send her several complete sets with his autograph and an original thought on each fly-leaf. If Mr. Author be a bachelor, this lady usually finishes her letter cheerily by hoping that Mrs. Author and all the dear little bairns (she has a pleasant style, the bazaar lady) are going well and strong.

A manner of giving presents much favoured by promising young men of the day that is not without its advantages consists in bestowing Abstract Presents. Beg of the happy possessor of a birthday, or one of the leading characters in a marriage, to state exactly what they really require. What shall it be, eh? Gold watch or tiara of diamonds, or a house in Berkeley Square, or what? Come now! This brings a blush of gratification to the cheek of the recipient and, after some coy hesitation, he declines to make a choice and gratefully leaves it open. And here it is that one has to use a good deal of care. A true artist in Abstract Presents does not drop the subject suddenly, as an amateur would; he gradually diminishes his references to it, so gradually indeed that the other man feels ever burdened by a debt of gratitude and speaks of the Abstract Presenter with affection and regard.

“A good fellow!” says the receiver of the Abstract Present with enthusiasm. “Open hearted, and as generous as the day.”

“But, dear! He never really gave you that——”

“Oh well! (*Excusingly.*) “It slipped his memory I expect.”

“Seems to me he's all talk. If it was *my* case, I should remind him.”

“Wouldn't do that,” says the receiver of the Abstract Present definitely. “Wouldn't do that for fifty thousand pounds. Wouldn't like to hurt his feelings. I know he means well, and that's good enough for me. Good, generous chap! One of the best!”

There is this to be said for the Abstract Present, that with it the ghastly incident of

repeated gifts of a similar nature does not occur. Nearly every man of my acquaintance has a skeleton in the cupboard in the shape of a box containing several gross of plush tobacco-pouches of divers colours ; and there is a young married couple whose happiness has been marred and almost—the expression is not too strong—damned, by the unwilling possession of nineteen tall bamboo fern-stands. It is scarcely necessary to point out to intelligent minds that if these nineteen givers had contented themselves by merely promising each a bamboo fern-stand, all conflict would have been avoided and—this will be obvious to all present buyers—the initial outlay would have been less. As it is, the unhappy young owners of nineteen tall bamboo fern-stands will continue to be cool with each other until they have a fire.

\* \* \* \* \*

The habit of giving presents is, as a rule, not fraught with those injurious consequences so common to other habits, and but few men have been known to ruin their constitution by going to excess in this direction. Some of them, indeed, acquire it with difficulty, and it must be admitted that there is a marked improvement in health and spirits when they have broken themselves of it.

At the present day the habit is largely fostered by the prevalence of birthdays and weddings ; two occasions upon which honest citizens wear themselves out prematurely by gazing into shop-windows in search of articles which look ten times their value.

Some people never seem to hit upon the right thing. I know of one lady who always gave her husband, a singularly quiet man, a parcel of neckties on his birthday. "It brightens John up a bit," she says, though nobody to look at John when the presentation is made would think so. She is an authority on the latest tie, and John invariably sets the fashion in his neighbourhood, it being no matter of consolation to him that nobody follows it.

Young men are seldom fortunate in their presents to children of tender years. They always buy a gaudily painted article, and, desiring to do good by stealth, bestow it privately. Then they sit smiling complacently and waiting for some such remark as : "Oh, Mr. Blank, you spoil that child," or "Really now, you *are* kind and thoughtful." What they do hear when the infant, roused by communications from the interior to a due sense of its peril, comes from behind the curtains howling dismally, and looking like an Indian brave ready for the war-path, is different.

There is generally a pleasant rivalry between engaged couples in the matter of presents. Edwin gives a brooch, and Angelina responds with a pair of hand-worked slippers, which he wears by stealth. He gives a jewel-case, and she returns with a patent pipe full of internal complications invented to prevent any smoke getting into his mouth, or cigars which have the same hygienic quality without any complications whatever. By these means they obtain a knowledge of each other's dispositions which enables them to marry with confidence.

A little selection is always desirable on the part of the donor, and with this in mind many of them have cautiously taken soundings. "If you had a fairy-godmother," said one of these in an affectedly careless tone of voice to the beautiful girl, "what would you like her to give you ?" The beautiful girl's eyes became dreamy, and she seemed to sink gently into a hypnotic state from which he was about to arouse her, when he became conscious that she was speaking. "A bicycle," she said slowly, "then a little tiny, tiny gold watch, then one or two really *good* rings, a bracelet, and—

and—wait a minute, let me think.” She paused, and he did a little thinking on his own account.

There are other people who put the question bluntly as to what the consignee would like, but in these cases it is considered advisable by experts to make a suggestion at the same time. A sort of financial finger-post with the figures plainly marked.

Even commerce has not escaped from this habit of giving presents, and nowadays the lucky purchaser may have to lug home five pounds of tea under one arm, and a drawing-room clock, fortunately warranted to go in any position, under the other. Or the busy city man who has, under pressure from his guardian angel, purchased a few pounds of breakfast bacon, may be seen steering homewards with a couple of air-balls in leash, floating in the breeze, and disarranging by repeated knocks the pose of his hat. He consoles himself by thinking of the pleasure they will afford the children; but they are of the usual type, and after attracting much attention on his way through the city, fade gradually and yield up their last breath on his doorstep.

The golden rule to be borne in mind with regard to presents is that the fewer you give the more they are appreciated. Also that much depends upon appearances, a patent mangle making a braver show than a diamond scarf-pin.



It is a very usual and useful custom. There are so many things of which we want to get rid, if we can only screw our courage to the giving point. When I was married, I found myself the proud recipient of sixteen salt-cellars. People seemed to have been under the impression that I was an Arab chief, and required them for travellers who claimed my hospitality in the desert. One man so far relented as to change three salt-cellars for an inkstand. This brought the inkstands up to five. We managed to get rid of the fifth inkstand by putting it in the spare room, with the result that our maiden aunt, on coming to stay with us, talked about our “profligate expenditure in inkstands” when we had omitted to provide her with curtains round the bed. She seemed to forget that there are individuals technically known as “uncles,” who, on occasion, are quite as serviceable to humanity as maiden aunts.

**Burgin considers presents are expensive.**

I knew a man who prided himself on his originality in the matter of giving presents. This originality took the form of fish-slices. “Always serviceable,” he said, with modest pride. “No one else ever thinks of such a simple thing. People must eat fish, and there you are. I have their initials put on, and then they can’t swap them for anything else. I’ll put B. on yours. The chances are against your knowing anyone whose name begins with a B. who is getting married, and they (the slices) will lose their freshness before you can give them away.” We expressed our admiration at his thoughtfulness, and informed him that we already had three sets. But he was not to be reasoned with. He had been accustomed to present fish-slices all his life and declined to give anything else.

The initial mistake which all people make when giving presents is that they never sufficiently consider the wants of the recipient. If they like books, they give their friends books; if they like coal-scuttles, they give away coal-scuttles. We have all heard of the haunch of venison gift to Goldsmith, and the witty acknowledgment that



it was like giving him ruffles when wanting a shirt. Man's career in this world is generally marked by three gifts—a christening mug, a wedding present, and a funeral wreath. The first encourages him to drink, the second to spend his evenings at home, and the third indicates that he need not trouble himself in future about those daily wants which make the sum of what we variously call our life, our career, our ambitions. I find, on looking into my diary, a debtor and creditor account of presents for the year 1895 :

Dr.		Cr.	
To fur-lined cloak for Aunt Sophia, in consequence of vague expectations ...	£10 0 0	By realisation of vague expectations per legacy from Aunt Sophia for mourning ring ...	£3 3 0
To family presents (various) at Christmas ...	£7 0 0	By family presents, six Christmas cards and a penwiper ...	£0 1 9
Amount to debit ...	£13 15 3		

Children, however, unlike grown-up people, always know what they require, and generally get it. "If I wanted to treat you," suggested a small boy to me as we passed a pastry-cook's, "what would you like me to give you?" I hesitated, overcome by this noble generosity in one so young. "Because," he continued, with the artless *naïveté* of childhood, "if you were going to give me anything, I should like six tarts, a couple of sausage rolls, and a few *mrangs*."



But the most genuine present of which I ever heard was that given to an American missionary friend of mine in Armenia, who cured a Kurdish chief of the stomach-ache. The chief was grateful. "What can I give you?" he asked my friend; "I must make you a present." My friend hesitated. "If you have a small carpet," he said, dubiously, "you might give it me to take back to America as a souvenir. But I really don't want anything." The Kurd nodded and strode off. In two days he returned with a beautiful carpet worth about fifty pounds. My friend was aghast. "No; this won't do at all," he said, shaking his head decidedly. The Kurd thought that my friend fancied the carpet wasn't valuable enough. "What is a carpet when compared with pains in the stomach?" he said. Then he went away, raided another caravan, and returned with a carpet worth about a hundred pounds. My friend had to take this carpet lest the grateful chief should make a third raid.







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## THE INTERLUDE.

BY DUDLEY HARDY, R.B.A.

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# THE PIEBALD RAT.\*

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

ILLUSTRATED BY LEWIS BAUMER.



It was all the result of old Briggs asking the Doctor if he might "instil the lads with a wholesome fondness for Natural History." That's how he put it, because I heard him ; and the Doctor said it was an admirable notion, and might keep some boys out of mischief on half-holidays. It also kept some boys out of bounds on half-holidays ; and after a time I think the Doctor was pretty savage with old Briggs, and wished he'd stuck to his regular work, which was writing, and drawing, and such-like. Because, when one or two of the chaps really got keen about Natural History, and even chucked cricket for butterflies and beetles, others, who didn't care a straw about it, pretended they did to gain their own ends. And it was these chaps, if you understand, who finally made the Doctor so sick with Natural History generally, and old Briggs in particular for starting it.

My chum, Travers, began the rage for study of "our humble relations," as old Briggs called everything down to woodlice. He let it be generally known that he had two live lizards in his desk, and this being the best thing Travers had ever thought of, the idea caught on well. I had a dormouse myself, and Foster major kept a spider pretty nearly as big as a young bird, which he had poked out of a hole in the playground wall. He caged it in a tin matchbox, and fed it with blue-bottles and wasps. At least, he got blue-bottles and wasps for it, but the fool wouldn't eat them ; and after a week he found it with its legs all tucked up as

neatly as anything. Only it was dead. I thought the matchbox must have been too tight a fit for it, but Foster said not. He believed there was something about a tin matchbox which must be poisonous for spiders.

Then chaps went on collecting till it got to be swagger to keep big live things ; and the bigger the thing the more swagger it was. Shawe had a couple of guinea-pigs in his desk for a week. Then Browning, the classical master in the fifth, who must have had a nose like a gimlet, smelt them at prayers, happening to come in late and kneeling down by Shawe at the time. The Doctor didn't make much fuss then, because that was just at the beginning of the craze ; only he said a desk was not the place for guinea-pigs, and added that a chap in Shawe's position in the school ought to have known it. He let the gardener look after them from that time forward. But Shawe lost all interest in them somehow after the gardener had them. Anyhow it was rough on Shawe to be landed over it, because, as a matter of fact, guinea-pigs have no scent worth mentioning, and nobody but Browning would have spotted them. After that Wilson and Brookes caught a blind-worm, one foot two inches long ; and they tossed for it and Brookes got it. Nobody knew what a blind-worm likes to eat, unfortunately, so it died ; but not for a fortnight. Then there was another scene with my dormouse which led to tremendous things. There's a hole in a desk where the ink-pot goes in, and one day my mouse got out through it, having climbed up two dictionaries and a Greek

\* Copyright in America, by Eden Phillpotts.



HAPPENING TO COME IN LATE AND KNEELING DOWN BY SHAW.

Testament to do so. It happened old Briggs himself was taking the lower fourth, which is my class, and I hoped it would be all right. But he didn't seem friendly over it, and I noticed, when he told us to find the mouse, he put his feet up on the rungs of his chair. It's a rum thing about old Briggs that he doesn't care much for natural history objects while they're alive; he likes them dead and dried, or stuffed and pinned on cards, or in glass cases all labelled and neat. My dormouse gave us a jolly good hunt round, then it finally tripped over a lead pencil and fell into Foster major's ink. So we caught it, and I was drying it with a piece of blotting-paper, and old Briggs was just telling us that dormice belong to a genus of rodents called *Myoxus*, and are allied to mice, though they have a squirrel's habits, when the Doctor came in. He asked particulars, looked as if he could

have jolly well killed the mouse, which was shivering rather badly owing to the ink, and said once for all that he would allow no animals of any kind inside any of the desks.

Then, unluckily, as an afterthought, he demanded a clearance on the spot; and he was pretty well staggered to find the result.

"I will ask you, Ferrars, as head boy of the class, and one I am happy to think above any of this childish folly, to inspect the desks, one by one, and report to me where you find indications of any live animal," said the Doctor.

Ferrars was always right with the Doctor, chiefly because he has a face like a stone angel in church, and a very smooth voice, and an astounding knowledge of the Scriptures. He is also a tremendous worker, and will go into the fifth next term as sure as eggs. It was jolly awk-

ward for Ferrars then, because he happened to be one of the keenest natural history chaps of all, and had a piebald rat, which even fellows in the sixth had offered him half-a-crown and three shillings for, yet he would not part with it. So, though we didn't like him much, owing to his queer ways, we felt almost sorry for the fix he was in now. Of course, we thought such a model bounder as Ferrars would drag out his piebald rat right away, and perhaps even give it to the Doctor, or offer to sell it for the alms-box ; but he didn't. He got up, rather white about the gills, and opened the desks one by one, and a jolly happy family it was. Only the Doctor scattered the things to the four winds, till there wasn't an atom of natural history left in the whole classroom except Ferrars' piebald rat, snug in his desk.

First Timmins, who goes in for water things, had to empty his jam jar of tadpoles out into the play-ground ; which was a beastly cruel thing to make him do, because they all died ; then Cawdor was sent off with his young rabbit to the hay-field ; and Vere's two sparrows were let go ; and Playfair's mole, which, by the way, had been queer for some time, owing to having no earth to burrow in. There were a lot of other things, but Corky minor, who is my brother, I being Corky minimus, scored rather, because his goat-sucker moth laid about a hundred eggs on Todhunter's algebra a few hours before it was let free. Corky minor says a goat-sucker moth's nothing after it's laid eggs, but the eggs turn into fine caterpillars. The few things the Doctor didn't know what to do with, and didn't like to have killed, he said must be given to the gardener. He thought it would be better to put my mouse out of its misery, and turned it over on my hand with a gold pencil-case, and said it had probably swallowed some of the ink and would die ; but old Briggs explained that it might live if put in cotton-wool ; so the

gardener looked to it, and it did live, and I took it home at the end of that term and have it still, though it is getting oldish now.

But the extraordinary thing was Ferrars. After the Doctor had gone, old Briggs, to whom he had whispered something before he went, gave out that his Natural History half-hours would be suspended for the rest of the term ; then I got a word with Ferrars. I said :

"However did you have the cheek—you supposed to be such a saint ?"

He said :

"I don't know. Something came over me to do it. I've got a jolly peculiar feeling to that rat. It's not an ordinary rat. I'm wrapped up in it. Even my respect for the Doctor couldn't stand against it. I know what you chaps think. I dare say you reckon I'm a hound, but I couldn't help doing what I did. Somehow that rat's a sort of 'mascotte' to me. A mascotte's a thing that brings luck. All my best luck's happened since I had it."

Of course, when a chap goes on like that, what can you do ? I didn't understand Ferrars. He seemed to me to be simply talking rot. So I said :

"Well, it's pretty thick, considering the opinion the Doctor's got of you. I shan't try to score off your rat, because I know it's a jolly fine one, and I like it ; but very likely somebody will even kill it after this."

He looked in a fair funk when the full thought of having his rat killed came to him. Before the end of that day he spoke to every chap in the class separately, and all but three promised and swore not to lay a finger on the rat. But Wilson, Murdoch, and Ashdowne wouldn't swear. Finally he paid Ashdowne two shillings and so got him over, and Murdoch he let crib off him in "prep." three times ; and Wilson, who was an awfully sportsmanlike chap really, said he was only rotting all the time, and would be the

last to do a classy rat like Ferrars' any harm.

Mind you, though, of course it was simply barbarous for Ferrars to think that his piebald rat could have any effect on his work, yet he proved to me that his success in school and his great popularity with the Doctor dated from the coming of the thing. When he first got it, it was a mere cub-rat, so to say ; now, though not a year old, it had turned into as fine a rat as you could wish to meet anywhere. In appearance it had pink eyes and a white head, and a fairish amount of white fur about the body, which got thinner on its stomach, so that you could see the pink skin through to some extent. But the piebaldness of the rat was the great feature. It had two big round patches of fur like the common or garden rat, and one small patch at the nape of its neck ; and in addition to this it had one large patch of yellowish fur, such as you chiefly see on guinea-pigs. Its tail was pink and hairless.

Ferrars often kept back good things at meals for it, and the bond between them seemed to grow weirder and weirder, till he let the rat get on his mind, and Wilson said he was going dotty about it. Which I think was true, for one day, going into the class-room to get a knife from my desk, I saw Ferrars with his rat out, talking to it. He was swatting like anything in playtime for a special Old Testament history prize, and he had the rat and the Bible and various books of reference all before him. Then, not knowing I was there, he spoke :

"I must win it, 'Mayne Reid.' Stick to me this time, old chap, and see me through."

He called his rat "Mayne Reid," because that was his favourite author.

And "Mayne Reid" seemed to understand, and he turned his pink eyes on to the open Bible and walked over it. Finding he'd walked over the ninth chapter of the Second Book of Kings, Ferrars got

excited, and, seeing me, said, "By Jove ! then I'll learn that chapter by heart, though it is so long. It's good exciting stuff anyway, and I bet my rat walking over it means that there'll be a question about Jehu and Jezebel."

"You'll go cracked about that rat," I said.

"It's part of my life," he answered. "I know it seems very peculiar, and so it is, and I don't suppose such a thing ever happened before, but something tells me my prosperity and success is all bound up in that rat. If he died, I should never do much more good, and very likely stick in this class for the rest of my days."

"You'd better not think like that," I said, "because rats are short-lived things, owing to the nasty food they eat. Not that 'Mayne Reid' has nasty food ; but all pink-eyed animals are delicate, and you'll have to lose him sooner or later."

Ferrars didn't take warning by me, but after he really did win the Old Testament prize, and there really was a question about Jezebel, he made a sort of idol out of the rat, and some chaps declared he said his prayers to it. I know he constantly bought it cocoa-nut chips, which it was very fond of. He trained it, too, to live in his breast-pocket, and I often saw him glancing down in class just to get a glimpse of its little eyes looking up at him. That taking the piebald rat into class shows the lengths Ferrars ran. The whole thing was very peculiar. Some chaps said there was a strong likeness growing up between Ferrars and the rat ; and certainly his thin, white face had a rattish look sometimes. Other fellows told him his rat was an evil spirit, and would end by doing him a bad turn, but Ferrars turned upon them and jawed them with such frightful language that they never said it again. Meanwhile the Doctor went on taking to Ferrars more and more.

Then came the end of the affair like this. Ferrars was so dependent on his



rat now that he wouldn't do a lesson without it, and he lugged it fearlessly into the Doctor's study on those occasions, fortunately rare, when the Doctor took our class himself in Scripture. But Ferrars was such a flyer that we all got tarred with the same brush, and the Doctor, after questioning Ferrars for half an hour, and getting a string of right answers out of him, would dismiss us all in great good temper, forgetting that he'd only been having a go at one chap.

A day came when the Doctor left us for five minutes in the middle of this class, and while most of us had a hurried dip into the plagues of Egypt, which was the business in hand, Ferrars, who knew as much of the plagues as ever Moses did, just got out his rat and gave it a bit of almond and a short walk of a yard or so along the floor. But, the Doctor coming back suddenly, he had only just time to pop it into his pocket, and even then he put the rat into an unusual pocket which it was not accustomed to, and didn't like, viz., a trouser pocket. Ferrars also shoved a handkerchief down into the pocket to steady the rat.

Then I saw an awful rum expression come over him, and he grabbed at the pocket and his mouth fell open, and his face got putty colour. At the same time I saw his eyes turn to a big bookshelf with glass doors against the side of the room.

"What's the matter, Ferrars?" said the Doctor. "You appear unwell."

"Nothing, sir; merely a little passing sickness, I think."

"Then withdraw, my boy, and ask the matron to give you a few drops of brandy and water. You need not dine to-day," said the Doctor, very kindly.

But Ferrars wouldn't withdraw. He knew "Mayne Reid" had got through his pocket and down his trouser leg; he also knew it was now behind the bookshelf and might reappear at any moment. So he said he was better, and that it

would be a grief to him to miss one of the Doctor's own lessons.

But afterwards, when the rat didn't come out and the class was dismissed, Ferrars was frightful to see. His hair all got on end somehow, and his eyes swelled and stuck out of his head like glass beads and his cheeks got hollow. He risked everything going into the Doctor's study that day, but the rat wouldn't come out, and Ferrars looked old enough to be a master when he went to bed, though only eleven and a half really.

"One of two things has happened," he said to me, for we were in the same dormitory; "either it's got wedged in behind the bookshelf and will die if not let out, or else there was a rat hole there, and it went down and has joined common rats and become a sort of king among them."

"Or been killed," I said.

"No, they would not kill it," he answered. "Anyway, to-morrow after the Doctor's class is over and everybody has gone, I shall stop and make a clean breast of it, and ask him for the sake of humanity to have the bookshelf moved. Anyway, it's all up with me if the rat has lost its feeling towards me and won't come back. But if it was merely stuck and couldn't come back, that's different."

He didn't sleep much that night, but he said some prayers, which was a thing he didn't often do; and of course he was praying that the piebald rat might be allowed to return.

But next day, after the Scripture class, in which Ferrars was not nearly so much to the front as usual, the Doctor saved him the trouble of asking about his rat. He—the Doctor, I mean—had been jolly glum all through class, and when it was ended he did a rum thing, which was awful to see, knowing all we did. He told us to keep our places, then went to the fireplace and picked up the shovel. From the face of it he removed a bit of



"MAYNE RKID" HAD GOT THROUGH HIS POCKET AND DOWN HIS TROUSER LEG

newspaper, and under the newspaper was "Mayne Reid." His pink eyes had gone foggy and there was a little streak of blood on his mouth. Otherwise his body looked all right.

"Now here," said the Doctor, sternly, "we have a dead piebald rat. There can be no outlet for error concerning such a rat as this. To have seen such a rat is to remember it. Already three classes have been before me to-day, but nobody knew anything about this animal. That it was a tame rat its fatness and sleekness testify. Moreover, the piebald rat is an outcome of artificiality. A wild rat in a state of nature is brown or black, as the case may be. This rat, then, had an owner, and that owner brought it into my study—MY STUDY—and suffered it to escape here. That I do well to be angry you will the more easily understand when I tell you that this miserable creature was upon my desk last night, and has scratched and even eaten some papers whereon were notes for my next sermon. It was discovered this morning by one of the domestics. She, seeing some object moving upon my desk, struck with the broom-handle, and destroyed this rat. Now, let there be no prevarication or evasion of the questions I am going to put to you. First, I wish to know if this rat belongs, or rather belonged, to any of you; and secondly, I desire to learn whether, supposing the rat be not the property of any present, you happen to know whose property it is, or rather was?"

I stole a look at Ferrars, and he appeared so frightful to see that for some reason I thought I'd try and help him. So, like a fool, I spoke. I said:

"Please, sir, it might be a foreign sort of rat that came over in that box of pine-apples Warren major had sent him from the West Indies."

"When I desire your aid in the elucidation of this problem, I will apply for it, Corky minimus," said the Doctor to me, so I shut up

Then, in a sort of voice that was strange to us, and seemed to come from his stomach or somewhere new, Ferrars spoke, and I never saw a chap look so ghastly. His eyes were fixed on the rat, and he came forward slowly.

"Please sir, it was my rat."

"Yours, Ferrars! *You* to disobey! You, of all boys, to set my orders at defiance!"

"It wasn't an ordinary rat, sir."

"I can see what sort of rat it was, sir, for myself," thundered the Doctor. "This it is to consider a boy, to devote thought to him, to particularly commend him for his religious knowledge."

"I don't take any credit for knowing anything now, sir. It was the rat as much as me."

"Robert Ferrars!" said the Doctor, in his caning voice, "you are now adding wicked buffoonery to an act in itself sufficiently disreputable!"

"I can't explain, sir; I don't mean any buffoonery. That rat was more to me than you'd think. It—it *did* help me somehow, and now it's dead it wouldn't be fair to it to say not. And if you'll let me b-bury it properly, I'll be very thankful to you."

The Doctor looked at Ferrars awfully close during this speech.

"Either you are lying," he said, "or you suffer from some hysterical and neurotic condition, Robert Ferrars, which I have not suspected and not discovered."

Then he told us to go; but Ferrars he kept for half an hour; and when Ferrars came in to dinner I saw he'd been blubbing.

He explained to me after we'd gone to bed. He said:—

"No, he didn't cane me or anything. He just talked, and told me a lot about several things I didn't know, and said that familiar spirits were specially barred in the Bible. I never thought he'd have even tried to understand me; but he

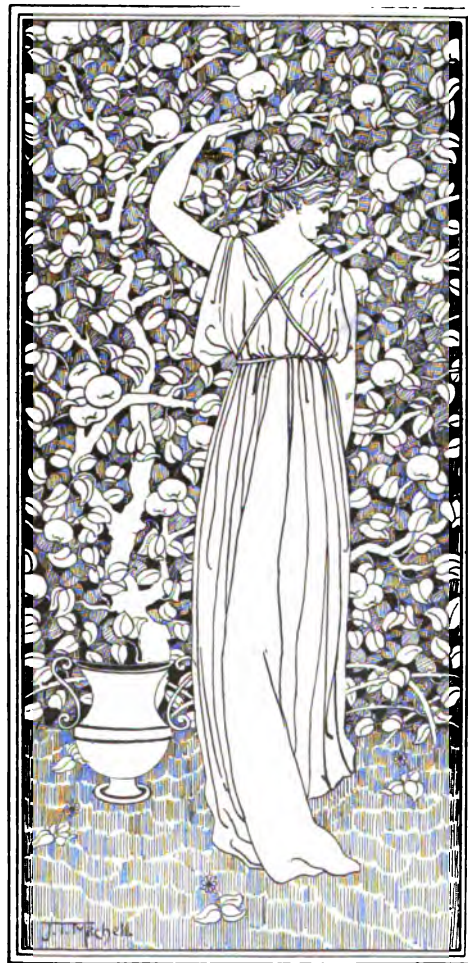
did, and he quite saw my side about the rat. He said kind words over it, too, and was sorry it was dead. He let me have it to bury, gladly. I'd go to the end of the w-world for him."

"Where shall you arrange the rat?" I said.

"I'm sending it home in a stays-box that Jane gave me. I've written to my sister where to bury it. Jane it was who

killed it. She cried like anything when I told her what 'Mayne Reid' was to me. But he's in the book-post by now, beautifully done up. It's no good talking any more. Only I will say that if he was a familiar spirit, he was a jolly good one—very different to the sort barred in the Scriptures. I don't know how I'll get on in the exams. now. I wish I was dead, too."

Then he sniffed a bit, and went to sleep.



Æ J I M 7



**A MOTHER'S HEROISM.**

*By St. Clair Simmons.*

"His Lordship is paying attentions to Mabel."  
"Yes, but her mother is trying to fascinate him  
on her own account."

"Oh, she wants to save her child by marrying  
him herself."

# LIFE OF NAPOLEON III.

BY ARCHIBALD FORBES.

ILLUSTRATED FROM NUMEROUS SOURCES.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE ATTEMPT ON STRASBURG.

PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON in 1836 had been quietly watching public opinion in France for a considerable time, and had been in constant communication with some of the leading men of the country. He was aware that discontent in France with the government of Louis Philippe was gradually becoming profound and general. In writing to his mother after his failure he declared that in undertaking the Strasburg expedition he acted on calmly settled convictions; and that it was after mature reflection, and after very careful calculations, that he resolved once again to raise the Imperial eagle within the borders of France. "What," he continued, "care I for the shouts of the vulgar, who now call me fool because I did not succeed, and who would have exaggerated my merit had I been triumphant? I take all the responsibility of the attempt upon myself, for I acted from conviction and not by impulse."

Laity, the chronicler of the attempt, avers too sanguinely, yet not wholly without warrant, that a revolution consummated at Strasburg by the nephew of the Great Emperor in the name of liberty and the sovereignty of the people, would have stirred France to its depths. "Had this city been secured," in Laity's ardent words, "the National Guard would have manned the ramparts and protected it from assault without. The youth of the city, formed into corps of volunteers, would have been added to the garrison. The march on Paris would have been begun

with 12,000 men, 100 guns, a full military chest, and spare arms for the enthusiasts rallying to the cause. Every garrison in Alsace would have fallen into line. The route of march on Paris would have been through the Vosges into Lorraine, and Prince Louis might have entered Champagne at the head of 50,000 men." Instead of which hypothetical, swift, and amazing successes, the Prince was fast in prison a few hours after he had entered the fortress which he had come to conquer. Yet he was not far from winning the *coup* which he had projected; he had friends in many of the cities of Eastern France, and he had the ardent good wishes of a great many influential inhabitants of Alsace and Lorraine.

Nephew of the Great Emperor, yet condemned to the vexations of an obscure youth, his kindred proscribed, while he himself was exiled by an unjust law from the country which he loved, and in which the memory of Napoleon was still alive, Louis Bonaparte believed himself destined to uphold the honour of the great name he bore, to punish the persecutors of his family, and to re-open for his country a path to fame and glory. The enterprise was hazardous, and Prince Louis, who had conceived it, was not strong enough to carry it through. Louis Blanc with rare perspicuity has thus described the character of the Prince at the opening of his active career: "To be insensible and patient; to care for nothing but the end in view; to dissemble; not to expend one's daring on mere objects, but to reserve it for action; to urge men to devotedness without putting implicit faith in them; to seem



strong in order to be so ; such, in the egotistical and vulgar meaning of the phrase, is the genius of the ambitious. Now, Prince Louis possessed scarcely any of the constituent elements of that genius, whether good or evil. His easily-moved sensibility exposed him unarmed to the spurious officiousness of subalterns. Through haste or good nature he often



GENERAL VAUDREY.

erred in his judgment of men. The impetuosity of his aspirations deceived him or hurried him away. Endowed with a natural straight-forwardness injurious to his designs, he exhibited in curious combination the elevation of soul that loves the truth, and the weakness of which flatterers take advantage. He was prodigal of himself to augment the number of his partisans. In a word he possessed neither the art of husbanding his resources, nor that of dexterously exagger-

ating their importance. But, on the other hand, he was generous, enterprising, prompt in military exercises, and the uniform sat upon him with a manly grace. There was no braver officer, no more gallant cavalier. Though the expression of his countenance was gentle rather than energetic and imperious, though there was an habitual langour in his looks often dashed with thought, no doubt the soldiers would have loved him for his frank bearing, his honest and hearty speech, his small figure resembling his uncle's, and the lightning which the passion of the moment kindled in his blue eyes."

In July, 1836, Prince Louis left Arenenberg for a temporary residence at Baden-Baden, a place which he found suitable to his purpose from its vicinity to Alsace, and from the opportunities it afforded him of covering his designs under the mask of pleasure. It was there that the preliminary arrangements for the project were made, and whither gathered around him some of his most trustworthy adherents. Colonel Parquin, an old soldier of the Empire, had been long an intimate of Arenenberg, having married in 1822 Mademoiselle Cochelet, Queen Hortense's reader and school-time friend. The Colonel's esteem for the Prince, and his estimation of the latter's qualities, had helped to draw to the vicinity of Arenenberg many soldiers of the Empire. Colonel Vaudrey was a scar-worn officer who had commanded a battery at Waterloo, and who was now in command of the artillery force in Strasburg. Fialin, afterwards Count, and later Duke, of Persigny (p. 442), a *ci-devant* cavalry officer who had been cashiered, had attached himself devotedly to the fortunes of the Prince, and proved a man

of remarkable ability and character. The plan of the project was bold, and had a specious aspect of feasibility, mingled, however, with fantasy. The Alsatian democrats were to be gained over, the garrison of Strasburg was to be captivated by the cry of "*Vive l'Empereur !*"; the citizens were to be summoned to liberty, the young men of the schools to arms, the ramparts were to be entrusted to the holding of the national guards. And then the pictures which presented themselves in the glowing mind of Prince Louis were towns surprised on the march to Paris, garrisons swept onward with the movement, young men eagerly enlisting under the tricolour, and old soldiers quitting the plough to salute the eagle in its advance, amid acclamations caught up by echo after echo along the valleys and over the hills.

The decisive blow was to be struck in Strasburg. Two months before the actual attempt, Prince Louis was brought into that city under cover of night, and introduced into a room in which a friend of the cause had assembled twenty-five officers of the garrison, representing the different arms of the service. He was received with unanimous enthusiasm. "The nephew of the Emperor was welcome," was the cry, "he has nothing to fear. We would defend him with our lives!" He made the officers a short speech, which appeared to stir them greatly; and, according to Laity, one and all declared that the Prince should no longer live in exile, and assured him that they would exert themselves to restore him to his country.

The preliminary arrangements had the pretence of secrecy, but it is certain that many persons must have been aware that a conspiracy was in the air. So frank, indeed, was the Prince, that he himself made overtures to General Voirol, in chief command at Strasburg, and military governor of the department of Bas Rhin. Voirol was an old soldier of the Empire, but he



COLONEL PARQUIN

*(From the portrait by Mauzaisse.)*

was true to his salt. He repelled the advances of the Prince, and warned him off French territory. He further considered it his duty to acquaint the Prefect of Strasburg with the projects in progress on the frontier. The Prefect wrote on the subject to the authorities in Paris, adding that he had a secret agent about the person of the Prince. Louis Philippe's government apparently regarded the matter as trivial ;



at all events no obstacles were offered to the designs of the conspirators.

During the stay in Baden a strange element was imported into the enterprise in the person of a certain enthusiastic Madame Gordon, said to be the daughter of a captain in the Imperial Guard, and brought up in the worship of Napoleon. While

giving concerts in the Kursaal in the character of a professional singer, she became duly initiated into the secrets of the plotters, and she threw herself ardently into their designs, devoting herself to gathering in partisans for the Prince. He had returned from Baden to Arenenberg on a short visit to his mother, and when, on 25th October, he took farewell of her,

ostensibly to join a hunting-party in the principality of Hechingen, Hortense showed more emotion than a short separation seemed to warrant. It is probable that she was aware of the danger which her son was about to encounter; for, pressing him to her heart, she slipped on his finger the marriage-ring of Napoleon and Josephine, which she regarded as a talisman. A *rendezvous* in the Grand Duchy of Baden with some important persons on whom he counted somehow miscarried; he found

no one at the place appointed; and at length, on the morning of the 28th, he quitted Friburg along with Parquin, Vaudrey, and Fialin, and reached Strasburg late the same night. Next day was spent in consultations and arrangements with Parquin, Vaudrey, Laity, an officer of pontoniers in the Strasburg garrison, and the

rest of the fifteen faithful participators in the adventure of the morrow. The Prince presented a report on enquiries which he had directed to be made in Neuchâtel, Colmar, and other frontier towns, and the result seemed to afford the conviction that their garrisons and civilian inhabitants were prepared to rise so soon as an imposing military



FIALIN, DUKE OF PERNIGNY.

force should be known to have raised the Imperial eagle in Strasburg.

The first condition towards success, then, was to secure the adhesion of a regiment. The garrison of Strasburg consisted of the 3rd and 4th regiments of artillery, a pontonier battalion, and the 14th, 16th, and 46th regiments of line infantry. The 16th, quartered in the citadel, was isolated by a fortified neck from the ramparts surrounding the town. The 14th regiment, quartered in the

Margarethen barracks, in the western section of the city beyond the Ill, was quite outside of the prospective line of operations. The nearest military quarters to the house in which the conspirators were in consultation were the Austerlitz barracks, occupied by the 4th artillery; of which, as well as of the 3rd artillery, Colonel Vaudrey had the command. Diagonally across the town from the Austerlitz barracks was the open space of the Place d'Armes, otherwise known as the Broglie-Platz, the extremity of which abutted on the north-eastern section of the ramparts. Bordering the Place d'Armes were the Hôtel de Ville, the General's quarters, the Prefecture, the military establishments, and the quarters of the 3rd artillery regiment. Some distance away, close under the northern extremity of the ramparts, were the Finkmatt barracks, separated from the ramparts only by a narrow enclosed court, and occupied by the 46th infantry regiment. There were two accesses to the Finkmatt—one by the broad thoroughfare of the ramparts, the other by a narrow lane from the Faubourg Pierre.

It was finally determined that the first regiment to be attempted was the 4th artillery. Its rank and file were strongly Bonapartist—it had been Napoleon's own regiment, and it had opened the gates of Grenoble to him on his return from Elba. The attachment of the soldiers to their chief, Colonel Vaudrey, a brave soldier attached to St. Louis, seemed to give assurance that his regiment would be most easily carried. The fulfilment of the plan consisted in repairing as soon as possible from the Austerlitz quarters to the Finkmatt, where, as has been said, were the barracks of the 46th. The leaders would have arrived there before the movement should become known, according to the plan, and therefore before any opposition should be encountered. On the way through the Place d'Armes they would pass the resi-

dences of the chief authorities, who would be won over or secured. The 46th once carried, the military difficulties would have been surmounted; since, while the 46th was being dealt with, the officers of the 3rd artillery and of the pontonier battalion, who were in the confidence of the Prince, would form their respective corps, and bring them on without delay to the general *rendezvous* on the Place d'Armes.

The morning of October 30th, 1836, was dark and cold. As day dimly broke, and the cathedral bells chimed the hour of six, Prince Louis and his handful of some twenty adherents set forth on what the less sanguine hearts of the party must have felt to be a forlorn hope. But all wore a good front, and tramped sturdily towards the Austerlitz barracks, whither Colonel Vaudrey had gone in advance. Parquin, now dressed as a general officer, walked alongside the Prince, as holding the rank of second in command. De Querelles, a retired cavalry officer, carried the shrouded eagle which he was to display before the soldiers whom Vaudrey was preparing to muster. Lombard, a military surgeon of Strasburg, was on his way to the printing-office to have the proclamations printed and distributed. Louis, like most Frenchmen, was addicted to proclamations; and, unlike his great-uncle, he preferred that they should be long. The first was addressed to the French people, and its opening sentence was certainly to the point. "You are betrayed," it said; "your political interests, your commercial interests, your honour, your glory, are all sold to the foreigner." The second proclamation was to the army, and had a certain reminiscence of the "little corporal's" bulletins: "Soldiers! the time has come to recover your ancient remorse. The Government, which betrays our civil interests, would also tarnish our military honour. The simpletons! do they think that the race of the heroes of Arcola, of

Austerlitz, of Wagram, is extinct?" The third instalment of bunkum was addressed to the citizens of Strasburg, and began in this wise: "Alsations! my name is a flag that should recall great memories to you; and this flag—you know that it is inflexible before factions and the foreigner—will droop only before the Majesty of the People." Alas! that Lombard should have destroyed efforts so striking, if also so full of platitude! Persigny and Madame Gordon were more purposeful when they committed to the flames all the compromising documents left by the Prince.

The trumpet-sound calling Vaudrey's soldiers to fall in was the signal in the barrack-yard for the appearance of the Prince and his sparse following. Laity, an eye witness, has recorded the scene. "The officers pressed closely round him as the Prince entered the yard. 'Forward, Prince!' they shouted; 'France is following you!' The Colonel was in the centre of the square; as the Prince advanced the regiment presented arms." At the close of the inevitable harangue, the Colonel cried, "Shout with me, long live Napoleon! Long live the Emperor!" The soldiers replied "with indescribable enthusiasm." Then the Prince signified that he desired to speak, and when silence had been restored he said, in a strong deep voice: "Soldiers! I present myself in the first instance to you, because between you and me grand memories exist. It was in your noble regiment that the Emperor Napoleon, my uncle, served as a captain; it was with you that he made himself illustrious at the siege of Toulon; and, again, it was your brave regiment that opened the gates of Grenoble to him on his return from Elba.

"Soldiers! The glory of beginning a great enterprise be yours. Yours be the glory of having first saluted the eagle of Austerlitz and of Wagram." Here the Prince seized the eagle which one of his

officers carried, and presenting it to the regiment, continued:

"Soldiers, there is the symbol of French glory, destined henceforth to be also the emblem of liberty! During fifteen years it led our fathers to victory. It has shone over every battle-field. I confide it to your honour, to your courage. Let us march together, against the oppressors of their country, to the cries of 'Long live France! Long live Liberty!'"

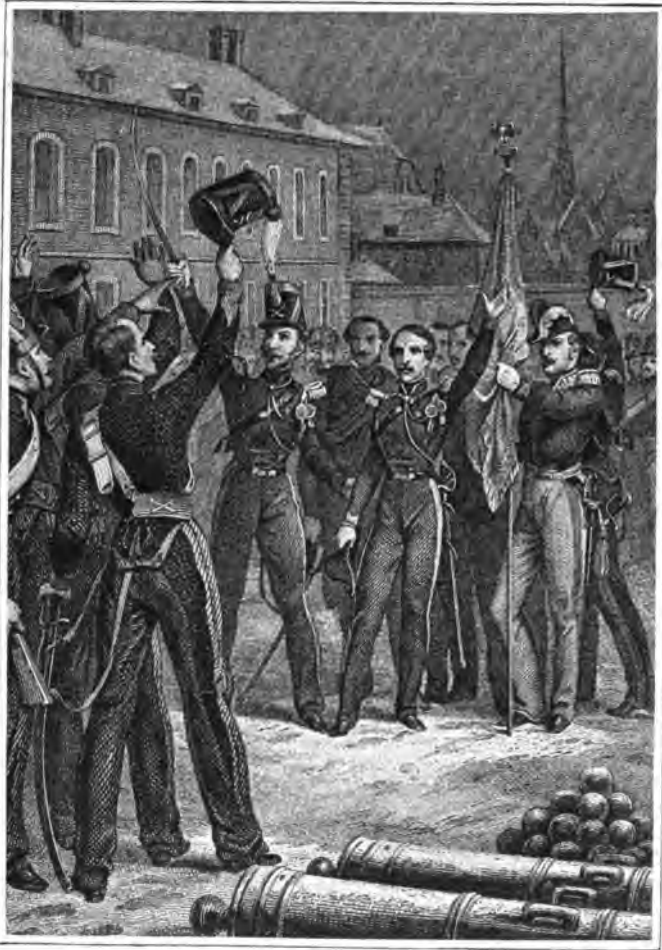
The Prince's address was scarcely finished when every sword was drawn. The men held their shakoes aloft, cheering with prolonged vehemence, their cries mingling with the sounds of martial music. But now, the regiment gained to a man, no time was to be lost. The regiment, with the Prince and Colonel Vaudrey at its head, Parquin and other conspirators following, began its march, its band in the advance. Lombard hurried to the printing office to hasten the publication of the proclamations. A detachment took possession of the station. The officers of the 3rd Artillery hastened to bring their men on to the parade ground, and an officer went off to notify in advance the distant 46th at the Finkmatt. The Prince with his staff led the 4th artillery through the city to the headquarters on the Place d'Armes.

Though still early, crowds thronged the streets, and considerable enthusiasm was visible. The Prince, doubtless, felt assured at that moment that he had not mistaken the sentiments either of the army or of the people. General Voirol remained staunch to his duty; the Prince could not shake his allegiance, and he was kept a prisoner in his quarters—but in the universal enthusiasm the General's obduracy reckoned as but a petty check. The progress of the 4th artillery, still headed by the Prince, was resumed. But whereas the proper route to the Finkmatt barracks was along the broad ramparts on which a body of men could march on a

wide front, he led the column into the Pierre Faubourg, which was connected with the main entrance to the Finkmatt quarters only by an extremely narrow lane. The barrack itself was separated from the ramparts only by a long narrow yard, at one end of which was an iron gate locked. Leaving the mass in the Faubourg, the Prince followed the lane, and he presently found himself with a weak escort in a narrow and overhung yard which, if fortune failed him, might easily become his prison or his grave.

It was a serious misfortune that the officer sent in advance to apprise the 46th of the Prince's coming should not have arrived. The infantrymen were thus taken by surprise, but they crowded to the windows and the doors when they heard the name of Napoleon. The cheers of the gunners were caught up by the foot soldiers; and, in short, the reception of the Prince was at first as hearty and unanimous as it had been at the Austerlitz barracks. Success now seemed assured on all sides. General Voirol and the Prefect were under arrest, as were the general of brigade and the colonel of the 3rd artillery; and that regiment was hurrying to the general rendezvous on the Place d'Armes. Several companies of the 46th

had been already formed by the Prince and his officers. An old sergeant exclaimed that he had served in the Imperial Guard, stooped down to kiss the hands of the Prince, and embraced him



PRINCE LOUIS PRESENTING THE EAGLE TO THE 4TH REGIMENT OF ARTILLERY  
AT STRASBURG, OCTOBER 30TH, 1836.

(From an engraving.)

with tears. Emotion seized the soldiers at this spectacle; already the Prince was surrounded with marks of devotion; already the cry was heard of "*Vive l'Empereur!*"; when suddenly a strange clamour astonished the bystanders, and Colonel Tallandier, commanding the 46th, came storming forward with drawn sword,

shouting loudly to his men, "Soldiers, you are being deceived—this man is an impostor!" A staff officer called out, "He is not the nephew of the Emperor! I know him—he is the nephew of Colonel Vaudrey!" An infantry lieutenant named Pleignier rushed forward to seize the Prince. Himself arrested by the artillerymen, the wildest confusion ensued. Linesmen and gunners became mingled in a general struggle; muskets were loaded, bayonets were fixed, and swords were drawn. The Prince was parrying with his sword the bayonets pointed against him by the infantrymen, when a rush of artillerymen rescued him; but both he and they were driven back up against the barrack wall. The court-yard resounded with menaces, and swords were out and flashing in all directions. The artillerymen who had been left in the Faubourg, hearing of the Prince's imminent danger, moved forward; suddenly they were seen rushing in great crowds into the barracks; and with them entered pell-mell sixty mounted cannoneers. The infantry, thus driven back to both ends of the yard, formed again with shouts of fury, and returned fiercely on the Prince's partisans, who were pushed and knocked down by the horses against the base of the ramparts. Here stood the foot-soldiers with bayonets charged; there the gunners with levelled carbines; on the ramparts the populace cheering for the Prince, and throwing volleys of stones down on the infantry, amidst wild clamours, roll of drums, clash of arms, and neighing of horses.

But the end soon came. The people were scared by a few shots fired in the air by order of Colonel Tallandier. Gricourt and Querelles would have cut a passage, sword in hand, for the Prince, but he rejected the offer, and was made a prisoner. Colonel Vaudrey wisely dismissed his men, and surrendered himself. Parquin and Laity followed his example; and, later, all the members of the Prince's following, with the exception of Persigny,

who escaped, found themselves in prison. The daring attempt, almost at the moment of seeming success, had suddenly and utterly collapsed. The Prince remained a prisoner in Strasburg until 9th November. In charge of two officers he was then brought to Paris, where he arrived in the early morning of the 11th, and was confined in the Prefecture of Police. His mother had already hastened to Paris, and had addressed to the King and his Ministers petitions in favour of her son. His Majesty and the Council had already resolved not to try Prince Louis at the bar of justice, but to despatch him in a frigate to the United States. After a detention of but two hours in Paris, he was hurried to the fortress of Port Louis, near Lorient, where he remained until the 21st, when he sailed for America in the *Andromède* frigate. He had written a manly letter to the King, entreating his mercy and generosity on behalf of his companions in misfortune, who, he said, had been led away by him, and "seduced by the charm of glorious recollections." It may be said here that after a long trial which lasted for twelve days, the associates of Prince Louis in the attempt on Strasburg were acquitted by the unanimous verdict of a jury, to the great disgust of Louis Philippe and his Ministers. When the *Andromède* was on the point of sailing, the sub-Prefect of Lorient asked the Prince whether he had any means wherewith to meet his immediate wants on arrival in America. "None," replied the Prince. "Well, then," said the sub-Prefect, "His Majesty the King has desired me to hand you this case, which contains 15,000 francs in gold." The Prince accepted the case, the sub-Prefect landed, and the *Andromède* set sail.

Prince Louis had assumed that the frigate was bound direct to the United States. But as soon as the captain opened his sealed letters when some days out, it appeared that in his orders from

Paris he was directed in the first instance to make a détour by way of Rio Janeiro, to take in fresh water and provisions there, to keep the Prince on board during the *Andromède's* stay in the roadstead, and finally to convey him thus circuitously to the United States. Ultimately he was put ashore at Norfolk in Virginia in March, 1837, and was there greeted by the cheer-

ing tidings of the acquittal of his Strasbourg associates. Joseph Bonaparte, who had been in England since the death of the Duke of Reichstadt, Prince Louis had known would risk nothing to assist the fortunes of the family, and his nephew was well assured that he disapproved of the Strasbourg attempt. Nevertheless, before his departure from

France, Prince Louis had written to his uncle begging for a few letters of introduction for Philadelphia and New York, and requesting Joseph to inform him through his American agent what land he would sell him. Louis, so he wrote, had determined to turn farmer; and perhaps, he added, he would never return to Europe. On his arrival in New York, Prince Louis found that his uncle was more incensed against him than he had apprehended, and that Joseph had not written him a line. This

was discouraging, but he allowed himself to be disheartened neither by the indifference of his family nor by his distance from France. It was seldom that Louis Napoleon was pathetic; but in one of his letters of this time to his mother, he reveals a sorrow. Among his cousins, was one, Mathilde, daughter of King Jerome, to whom he was attached, who was

believed to return his affection, and who is still alive, the last survivor of her generation. The little passage is as follows: "When, a few months ago, I was returning through the park of Arenenberg, after having accompanied Mathilde home, I came on a tree riven by the storm. I said to myself, 'Our marriage will be broken by fate.' This

vague, passing thought has become the truth. Have I exhausted, then, all the store of happiness life had in store for me?"

Prince Louis' stay in America was shorter than he had anticipated; but in two months and a half he assimilated a vast quantity of information in travelling, visiting, and conversing. He lived much with such people as FitzGreene Halleck, Generals Scott and Watson Webb, the Schuylers, the Hamiltons, the



H.H. THE PRINCESS MATHILDE, DAUGHTER OF JEROME BONAPARTE.

(From an engraving.)

Clintons, the Livingstones, the Bayards. His friends, of the best houses in the States, found him silent and reserved, but conceived a great and lasting regard for him; and they contrasted his conduct and manners with those of his dissipated and rowdy cousin, Prince Pierre Bonaparte, who was in America at the same time. One prominent gentleman of New York wrote of him: "His bearing was always quiet, gentlemanly, and reticent; he seldom laid aside his grave demeanour. He associated almost exclusively with our best and oldest families, and he always evinced a fondness for ladies' society. He mixed occasionally in a small, but refined French circle. I never heard of his having committed any imprudence; he always sought the company of persons older than himself, and preferred grave topics of conversation." Another friend writes: "He was winning in the invariableness of his amiability, sometimes playful in spirits and manner, and warm in his affections. He was a fondly attached son, and seemed to idolise his mother. When speaking of her the intonations of his voice and his whole manner were as gentle and feminine as those of a woman. It was said that he was without means, and lived on loans which he never repaid; but this was wholly untrue. Funds were awaiting his arrival in New York, and money was always at his command."

Apparently Louis had no intention of persevering in the farming project, at all events until he should receive from Europe some definite advice. With General Watson Webb's assistance, he was planning a year's tour through the States of the Union, with intent to study their institutions and observe the practical operation of their political systems. But a letter from his mother, delayed in transmission, reached him, intimating her intention to undergo an operation which she had assured herself would prolong her life. The doctors knew differently, and therefore it was that the

faithful and skilled Conneau wrote on the envelope the fateful words "*Venez! Venez!*" Sailing by the first packet, the Prince reached London on July 10th, only to be refused passports by the representatives of the Great Powers. And now it was charged against him that when deported to America by the French authorities instead of being tried for high treason, he had given an undertaking not to return to Europe within a period of ten years. Nevertheless the Prince, having suddenly returned from America, persistently denied that he had entered into any such undertaking; and that so far from agreeing to any conditions, it had been his ardent desire to remain in France and present himself for trial at the head of his adherents, not only that he might accept the whole responsibility of the Strasburg expedition, but also prove to the world how much more serious and more nearly approximating to success was that enterprise than the journalists in the hire of Louis Philippe were instructed to represent it. His contention was upheld later, when referring to the Strasburg affair, a servant of the Government of July, M. Franck-Carré, *Procureur-General* to the Court of Peers, exclaimed at the Prince's subsequent trial in 1840: "Conquered without a fight, pardoned *unconditionally*, ought he not to have remembered that his machinations were not feared?"

Prince Louis was at length fortunate enough to obtain the use of a friend's passport; and after a rapid journey he reached the Château of Arenenberg in the dead of night. Conneau told him that his mother was asleep, and that it would be unwise to disturb her. In the early morning the quick ear of the sick mother was on the alert, and a few minutes later her son knelt by her bedside. The first glance told him that Hortense was stricken for death; and relay on relay of medical men whom he requisitioned as forlorn hopes told him that no human hand could save her. Day after day Louis spent by her

bedside until the end came. She lingered until October 5th. Her last physical effort was to clasp her son in her worn arms. And, as the early sun rose over the Swiss mountains, Hortense de Beauharnais, Queen of Holland, Duchess of St. Leu, passed from a world "in which she had paid for a brief period of splendour and joy with more than twenty years of exile, harassment, and suffering." Her son closed her eyes in the light of which he had lived so long, and fell weeping on the bed. Her dying entreaty that her remains might lie by the side of her mother in the church of Rueil, near Malmaison, was granted by the French Government.

In July, that Government, to which the return of Prince Louis to Switzerland occasioned great uneasiness, wrote to the Swiss Federal Directory requesting his expulsion from the republic. For the moment the matter rested, M. Molé being content to wait until Queen Hortense should pass away. After her death the Duke of Montebello presented himself at Lucerne to communicate the demand of the Cabinet of the Tuileries that Prince Louis Napoleon should be compelled to quit Swiss territory without delay. The demand was answered by a firm refusal. The French emissary was peremptory for immediate

expulsion, and there ensued a close combat of words gradually threatening actual hostilities between France and Switzerland. The situation was abundantly satisfactory to Louis Napoleon. He became for the nonce an European celebrity; the newspapers were full of him, and he acquired vast importance in the eyes of the Napoleonic Party throughout France. He was

no longer a mere adventurer, but was elevated into the position of a serious political opponent of the French King. Switzerland actually armed to resist the French demand for his expulsion; and a French army was in course of concentration to coerce the Switzers and enforce the extradition of Prince Louis Napoleon. Should the situation become further exacerbated, there was a



DR. CONNEAU.

possibility that the Prince might be crushed between the upper and the lower millstone. For the present Louis Napoleon had made himself sufficiently conspicuous in the eye of the world; and he prudently put an end to the trouble by voluntarily withdrawing himself from Swiss territory. He sold his carriages and horses by auction at Arenenberg, paid his farewell respects to the Diet, and, travelling through Germany and Holland, returned to London in the end of October, 1838.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]





THE INTELLIGENT FOREIGNER.

By Max Cooper.

"But the point I do not understand is this : you write your *menus* in French. True : it is a great compliment to us. But why do you continue to cook them in *English* ?"

# "THE TALE OF A TAIL-GIRL."

A GOLD COAST STORY.

BY HESKETH BELL.

ILLUSTRATED BY D. B. WATERS.



ADJUA sat on the crown of a great boulder of rock that jutted out from the side of the Fetish Mountain of Krobo. The sun had just disappeared behind the black fringe of palms on the horizon, and the afterglow was lingering rosily over the broad West African plain that lay stretched at her feet. Fetish Hill rose like an island out of a sea of verdure, and, as far as the eye could reach, the undulating land looked like a great green carpet dotted here and there with darker spots where the clumps of "Umbrella" trees grew among the guinea-grass. The silver reaches of the Volta River serpentine across the carpet from north to south, and the placid waters shimmered with the glow of the fading sky.

But the palms, the afterglow, and the shimmering waters were all utterly lost on Adjua. The wild beauties of Nature had few attractions for this artless daughter of Africa, and she probably gazed on the beautiful landscape with about as much emotion as would have stirred the breast of a cat in a similar position. If you had asked Adjua what any place was like, she would either have told you that it was a cool nice spot, or else that it was a hot and dusty one. She might also, possibly, have remarked on the insects and said whether the mosquitoes were large and urgent. For she was an "*Otufo*" or "Tail-girl," as they are called on the pestiferous Gold Coast, and a Tail-girl's æsthetic

ideas do not go much beyond what she thinks the colour of her "tail" ought to be, or what she hears is the latest thing in the shape of "hip-beads."

As West African wenches go, she was undubtedly pretty. Her mother had a touch of Yoruba blood with a dash of the Arab in it, and it was from her that she had got a tricky little nose which would not have shamed a white face. Her soft sleepy eyes could glisten too, when she smiled, like dewdrops in the sun; her cheeks were round and velvety; her lips were not very thick, and her teeth would have made a grand advertisement for anybody's tooth-powder.

Adjua's costume was cool and becoming. Between it and nothing, there were only a tall brimless straw hat, shaped like an inverted flower-pot, a string of coloured beads around her hips, and a narrow strip of bright red cloth which hung down behind from the beads to the ground. This strip was the "Tail" or badge of the *Otufo*-girls of Krobo,—a sign of maidenhood, and one which all the girls devoutly hoped soon to exchange for the baby-pad which the Krobo matrons carry round their waist. There could be no illusions as to the damsel's figure; she wore so very little that its perfections were absolutely patent to everybody. Adjua was nearly fourteen, and just at the age when a negro girl is often thoroughly beautiful.

Adjua was waiting, waiting for somebody; and while she waited she thought. No very deep thoughts, you may be sure. A West African darkey's thoughts don't

usually go beyond the stomach, money, and the sentiment which, for want of a better name, we call love. One of her legs dangled over the edge of the great rock, while the knee of the other, clasped by her round arms, formed a support for her chin. She gazed into the distance, and her thoughts carried her back to the day when, six years before, she had been taken by her parents to be enrolled as one of the fifteen hundred virgins who were to spend their girlhood's days on the Fetish Mountain. She remembered how she looked forward, with mingled dread and pleasure, to that solemn occasion when, according to the immemorial custom of the tribe, she was to be segregated along with so many of her playmates in one of the Fetish villages on the Hill, there to remain until claimed by a husband to take her place among the matrons of Krobo.

It had been a great day. Her father was a wealthy man, owning groves of oil-palms and big flocks of goats and sheep. He was head-man of his village, and at the famous "Customs," held at the initiation of the "Otufo," had sacrificed at the Fetish House three times as many goats as had been given by any other man that day. It had been quite a big thing, and Adjua, when she saw the fuss and blood and meat, had felt just as the Mayfair girl does when she sees her papa's name down for a hundred guineas at the top of a fashionable subscription list.

The din of the drums, the blare of the ivory horns, the continual firing of the rusty muskets, and the howls of the Fetish priests still seemed to ring in her ears, while the six long years which she had spent on the Hill, since then, with all the other girls, and the few Fetish women who looked after them, seemed to have slipped away like a dream. They had, indeed, been dreary years, varied only two or three times in the twelve months by the celebration of the great Fetish "Customs," when nearly the whole Krobo tribe repaired to

the Hill to be present at the "Kotoclo" and the "Kokonadu," or to sacrifice a few slaves or prisoners in the Ju-ju house.

It was at the last "Kotoclo" that she had seen Bippo. Adjua was, as I said before, nearly fourteen; and there now remained very few of the girls who had been taken up into the Hill in the same batch with her. Nearly all had been chosen by husbands more or less suitable; and, though so pretty, she still remained, much to her disgust, unappropriated. Unfortunately, her father wanted a big price for her; and none of the men who had seen Adjua at the "Customs" had been able to muster the amount of "head-money" that was asked.

Bippo was a fine strapping young blade. He was fully two inches taller than any other fellow in the tribe, and was extremely admired by the ladies of Krobo. He was clean-cut, with muscles in the grandest order, and a few scars that he had on his polished skin, which he had collected in fights with the Akwamu people, rather enhanced his attractions. His family, however, was of very little account in Krobo. So poor, indeed, was his father that on two occasions he had been obliged to put Bippo in pawn to a palm-oil trader as security for money owing for rum and gin supplied for the celebration of the funeral "Customs" observed on the death of two brothers. I may mention that in West Africa one may not only place in pawn one's portable valuables, but also any poor, but able-bodied, relatives that one may have, and who, according to native law, may remain pledged to work as slaves until redeemed from the debtor. It is a custom for which there is much to be said on both sides.

Adjua was almost tired of waiting. She was beginning to fear that he would not arrive before the blowing of the Fetish horn which, a little after sundown, would summon her and the other girls to their

little mud huts, there to be locked up till morning. The fresh green of the plain was losing its brightness, the white malarious vapours were beginning to rise from the river banks in the distance, and there was not a sound save the muffled chirp of the waking crickets or the whirr of a sad-coloured "night-jar" as it flittered weirdly from rock to rock.

At last, he came. Climbing in and out among the hollows in the rugged sides of the hill, Bippo's form suddenly appeared in a sharp silhouette against the pale-tinted sky.

There could be no doubt about the beauty of the animal. He skipped from point to point down the hill-side like a mountain goat, and as the orange glow of the sunset glinted on the polished bronze of his limbs, he looked like a sable Mercury descending from the sky. Like Adjua, he was not overburdened with clothes, and a small blue loin-cloth, tightly twisted, was all he wore.

He sprang from stone to stone so noiselessly that the brown-study of the maiden was undisturbed. At last, clearing like a gazelle a stunted fan-palm at her back, he sat him down beside her. Startled by the suddenness of his arrival, a little cry of surprise and pleasure escaped Adjua's lips. She looked up into his face with a smile that meant a great deal, and, while his arm clasped her yielding waist, she nestled to him and laid her cheek, with a sigh of content, against the brown skin that covered his collar-bone.

They did not kiss each other. They don't do such things in West Africa; at least, among the uncivilised. Though bountifully endowed by Nature with all the elements of osculation, kissing is an unknown art to the primitive African. Some of the tribes who live on the seaboard of the Gold Coast, and who have had opportunities of noting the habits and manners of missionaries and other white folk, have observed the custom, and have coined a word to describe it. It is an

absolutely horrible expression, and a thoroughly realistic sample of the unvarnished prose of these benighted folk.

It was, as may be supposed, rather an extraordinary circumstance for Master Bippo to find himself on the Fetish Hill, alone with his lady-love at the witching hour of twilight. We all know, however, that girls are pretty much the same all the world over, be they black, white, or yellow, and it takes a deal of watching to prevent them from having their little bit of flirtation now and then! The fifteen hundred Otufo girls who were secluded on the Fetish Hill were supposed never to catch sight of detrimental Man from one year's end to another, save at one of the three annual "Customs," and then only under the watchful eye of the guardian priestesses. Scandal sometimes told another tale!

In the present instance, however, I must explain that Bippo, who was in pawn to a white palm-oil trader of the neighbourhood, had that afternoon been dispatched by his master with a message to the old King of Krobo, informing him that he proposed to be present on the morrow at the celebration of the great "Kotoclo Custom." King Sariki, who had just arrived on the Hill with some of his venerable chiefs, had received the intimation with no great satisfaction, and after presenting Bippo with a "dash" of palm-wine for himself, and a lot of hypocritical compliments for his master, had directed one of the aged priestesses to see the seductive youth safely off the premises. A good many of the "tail-girls" were standing around the doors of their mud huts, gazing at the graceful proportions of the young Krobo with such evident admiration that it was deemed expedient to remove him with all dispatch.

As luck would have it, however, the palsied hag who guided Bippo down the precipitous path turned out to be his great-aunt on his mother's side. Stirred by the interest which even an octoge-

narian female cannot resist at the idea of a love-passage, the old lady, in answer to the youth's eager questions, confessed that Adjua would probably be found in her favourite haunt, near the clump of fan-palms on the western slope of the Hill. Faithfully swearing to escape to the plain before the Fetish horn summoned the girls to their huts for the night, Bippo disappeared from the old woman's ken before she had had time to repent of her indiscretion.

At intervals between the caresses of her lover, Adjua would ask him, with a little pout of discontent, when he was going to have enough sheep and beads and gin to pay her dower, or "head-money" as they say on the Gold Coast.

"I'm sick and tired of this old Hill, Bippo," she said, resting her head upon his shoulder and looking with her melting black eyes into his. "All the girls who came up with me have gone, except Tame and Nufa, and they don't count, as they are so very ugly and thin."

"I know that, Adjua, but your old screw of a father wants such a devil of a lot of head-money for you," he answered. "I went to him last moon and he received me like a *patacoo* in his goat-pen. First, he said he wouldn't look at a fellow who was in pawn to a white man, and then he added such a lot of insulting things about my people that I felt inclined to break his head with the Ashanti stool he was sitting on. And besides you know, Adjua," he continued in a ruffled tone, "your father need not talk so much about that sort of thing, because it is well known that when your uncle died after the fight with the Akwamu people, all he did for him, in the way of a "Funeral Custom," was to cut the throats of two wretched old Grunshi slaves who were so much gone in the knees that they had to be carried to the grave! However, that is neither here nor there,—and isn't worth telling about," he added quickly, as he felt Adjua pettishly trying to push his arm

away from her waist. The maiden was hurt at his reference to her father's meanness in the matter of the sacrifice, and it finally required a deal of coaxing on Bippo's part to soothe the little beauty's ruffled feelings.

"You know, Bippo, I can't go on waiting for you here for ever. They tell me that old Adjubin Ankra of Manchekoppe wants me. He is old and ugly, I daresay, but I hear that he has lots of sheep and beads, and that he has offered to make me his head-wife, although he has four others in his 'kroom.' It is a long time since you made me a present, and the other girls who sleep in my hut sneer and say that I am always wearing the same old 'tail,' and that no one who is anybody wears green hip-beads now. I'm sure it's all very hard to bear, Bippo, and I think I'll have to take old Adjubin after all." And poor little Adjua's tears fell fast on her sweetheart's muscular arm.

He was comforting her as best he could, and promised to beg, borrow, or steal the required "head-money" as soon as possible, when their tender passages were rudely interrupted by the blast of the Fetish horns, echoing over the hill for the third time, calling the Otufo maidens to bed. He suddenly realised the horrible punishment which awaited them both if caught, and hastily promising to accompany his master the next day in his visit to the mountain, the young negro fled like a hare and disappeared into the tangled undergrowth below, just as the patrolling priestesses appeared on the scene.

The next day, the Fetish Hill was in a turmoil. Since early dawn, the single precipitous path which led from the plain below to the crest of the Hill, where the Ju-ju house stood, had been thronged with a multitude of Kroboes coming to participate in the great "Kotoclo Custom."

The Fetish Mountain had attracted for

the day nearly the whole population of many miles around, and the shady spots under the projecting rocks and the huts of the little "tail-girls" were crowded with knots of noisy families, who laughed and sang and quarrelled with the greatest vigour.

The twilight hour was again approaching, and the old King, with his chief captains and councillors, was sitting in the open clearing on the crest of the hill waiting for the event of the day—the Kotoclo dance. King Sariki, with a string of gold nuggets tied around a cap of leopard's skin and a striped cloth of green and orange brocade wound about his sinewy form, sat under the great umbrella of State that was gently twirled above his head. This umbrella was an object of great pride to him, and the envy of all the neighbouring potentates. Its pole was fully fifteen feet high, and there were yards and yards of brilliant coloured silk in its spreading canopy. All around it hung a deep valance of gold fringe, and in the place of a ferrule there stood a curious heraldic emblem covered with plates of virgin gold. The royal band stood around and made the most awful combination of sounds.

The dancers were assembling, and angry murmurs were beginning to arise at the delay in the King's signal. Sariki himself was anything but pleased at the hitch in the day's proceedings. Bippo's master, the palm-oil trader, was long overdue, but as he had sent a messenger expressly stating his desire to see the dance, the King feared to offend the great man by ordering the performance to commence before the trader arrived. Sariki, in fact, was in an unenviable position. He owed a lot of money to the white man for gin and rum supplied for a long series of gorgeous debauches. He had even tampered with the tribal treasures attached to the "Stool," and there was good reason to believe that the gorgeous umbrella itself was mortgaged up to the handle, unknown to the chiefs. They and the Fetish priests had been in-

tensely disgusted to hear that there was to be a white witness of the Kotoclo dance, and they murmured much.

Though the Krobo country lies far away up in the interior of West Africa, a hundred miles and more from the Gold Coast seaboard, it is well within the British Protectorate, and *Pax Britannica* reigns throughout the land. The fiat has gone forth that the great White Queen will have no more sacrifices, no more wars, nor slaves, nor plunderings; and the dark-hued kings and Fetish priests are sick and disgusted with the turn that things are taking. The idea of a white man on the Fetish Hill at the celebration of a "Kotoclo" was a thing unheard of, and meant the curtailment of a considerable portion of the most attractive attributes of the dance. For fear a report should be sent to the Governor at Accra, there could be no Skull-dance, and a Kotoclo without a skull-dance was about as much good as a marrow-bone without the marrow.

The murmurs of the young men began to be loud and threatening; and the King no longer dared to delay the performance when, at last, three gunshots were heard in the pathway below, giving notice of the trader's arrival. A few minutes later the King's guest appeared with a little train of followers winding behind him along the narrow path. The ascent was so steep that he had been obliged to get out of the hammock in which, *à la mode d'Afrique*, he always travelled, and the rough climb to the top of the hill had not put the man in a particularly good humour.

John Murphy was the type of a class of which, fortunately, but few now remain on the Gold Coast. Most of the traders and factory-clerks, who come out to West Africa nowadays, are pallid, teetotal young men who wear flannel and die like flies, while the man whom we are dealing with in this case had every characteristic of the old-fashioned lot locally known as

"P.O.R.'s," meaning "Palm Oil Rufians." He was a drunken, ill-bred scamp, who after years of a disreputable life in his factory, many miles up the Volta river, was making a "pile" in palm oil, which he hoped ultimately to spend, "on the burst," in the slums of his native town. He lived with less decency than a savage; lied, cheated, and swore to his heart's content, and gave the benighted natives, who had never seen any other white man, an edifying notion of the boasted superiority of the European.

John Murphy had evidently tempered the weary ascent up the hill by several applications to a flask whose generous proportions displayed themselves hanging to his leather belt. His red face was flushed, and he mopped his great black beard and bald head at short intervals with a red handkerchief. Staggering across the crowded square, and scarcely deigning to give the monarch's fingers the regulation snap which in Krobo takes the place of our hand shake, he sank into a canvas folding-chair which Bippo had placed for him next to King Sariki under the gorgeous umbrella.

The gentleman's first remark was to request, through his interpreter, "the damned brutes to shut up their cursed tom-tomming"; but when the individual who translated the order explained that the band was necessary for the dance which was just about to commence, his lordship merely grunted and turned his attentions once more to his liquor-flask. The aged chiefs and war-captains, sitting and standing round the umbrella, were greatly incensed at the insulting behaviour of the white man. Some of them remonstrated with Sariki for submitting tamely to the contempt so openly displayed; and were it not that the man was well known to the tribe, and accepted as a necessary evil, without whom neither gin nor rum could be obtained, their indignation would have assumed a more pronounced form.

The chiefs, however, did not know the extent to which King Sariki was involved to the white man, and the very cogent reasons which he had for affecting to ignore the rudeness of his self-invited guest. As a matter of form the King ordered the interpreter to ask the trader whether he desired the dance to commence. Another grunt was all the answer, and at last Sariki gave the signal so long deferred.

By this time a glorious moon had risen, and its cool beams were throwing a silvery light on the clear space in front of the great umbrella. A solitary palm-tree rose on the left, and the shadow of its beautiful plume of pendant leaves fell across the clearing, making a lace-like pattern on the ground. A dense crowd surrounded the circle, and the space was only kept clear by the vigorous efforts of a score of white-robed Fetish priests, who authoritatively brandished their peeled wands in the faces of the encroaching negroes. Here and there groups of tail-girls, recognisable by their tall straw hats and strips of red cloth, huddled together under the watchful care of the guardian priestesses, and the little girls gazed in excited anticipation at the vacant centre.

Suddenly, a band of men broke, with ringing yells, from one side of the square, and with extraordinary leaps and bounds, formed in a circle in the centre of the moonlit patch. They were the performers of the Kotoclo dance, and looked more like devils than men with their painted bodies and ghastly head-gear. They jumped, wriggled, and stamped in true African fashion; the noise was deafening, and the whole weird scene was strangely out of accord with the silent beauty of the moonlight.

With his head hanging on his chest, and eyes deadened by the fumes of the liquor which he had so copiously imbibed, John Murphy need hardly have been considered as a restraint on the night's horrid festival. The man was three-parts drunk,

and took no more heed of the dance and its attendant roar than if he had been lying, in his accustomed besotted condition, in the hammock that swung in his factory verandah. The King and the Fetish priests who were standing around quickly noted the trader's insensibility, and the dance was finally allowed to proceed with all the characteristic details which presented such charms to the tribe of Krobo. Out came the human skulls, seven and twenty of them, the thighbones, the strings of teeth, and all the rest of it, and there were enough horrors on the Fetish Hill that night to satisfy the most bloodthirsty!

They danced and shouted for hours; they drank palm-wine out of the brain-pans of the skulls they brandished, and, in short, it was a thorough black *Walpur-gis Nacht*. But they could not keep it up for ever, and one by one the men with the striped and painted skins fell out of the whirling circle. The crowd around was thinning also, but there yet remained a number of the little tail-girls, who thought they could not make too much of their unwonted liberty, and they stood and squatted round the clearing admiring and applauding the nimble dancers.

Adjua was among them; Bippo was once more at her side, and they were having what they call in America "quite a good time." Their billing and cooing was, however, suddenly interrupted by the shouts of Bippo's master. Sobered by the cool night air, the man had awakened from his alcoholic slumber, and was calling for his "boy" to interpret something to the King. John Murphy had awakened with what is technically known among toppers as a "head," and his temper was none the better for it.

I like to be realistic, if I can, but John Murphy's unvarnished remarks to the King, as he delivered them to his interpreter, would certainly offend my readers' eyes, and it is only necessary to say that, after expatiating luridly on what he was

pleased to term the "blarsted row and tomfoolery," the trader stated that since he happened to be on the "darned 'ill," they might just as well talk business for a few minutes. There were several matters, he said, which he would like Sariki to settle without further delay, and "in fact, you tell 'im, Bip', that I ain't goin' to be 'umbugged by 'im any longer!"

The message made the poor old King feel extremely uncomfortable. In another moment the fat would be in the fire! The white man was quite capable of disclosing there and then certain particulars concerning the pawn of the great umbrella, and the whereabouts of the other treasures of the tribe, and some of the chiefs and Fetish priests standing around were already beginning to prick up their ears. With considerable trepidation, Sariki begged Murphy to postpone the consideration of a "trade-palaver" to a more appropriate moment, but the chill night-air, which was beginning to make itself felt as the excitement of the dance ebbed, only increased the white man's ill-humour, and he was just working himself into a passion when his red-rimmed eyes fell on Adjua. The little tail-girl had pressed forward so as to be near Bippo, and in the clear moonlight she looked so cool and fresh that the trader's admiration was vividly expressed. "By gum! That's a darned fine wench," said he, together with a lot more that is quite unfit for publication.

Though John Murphy had, so far, made use of an interpreter in communicating with the King, it was merely as a matter of ceremony which is nearly always observed in West Africa between white men and natives. Owing to his long sojourn in Krobo, the trader spoke the language almost as well as he did his own. This was an occasion, he considered, when ceremony might be dispensed with, and, taking the King's arm, he drew him aside, and for some minutes they conversed out of earshot of the priests and



other people around. The result of the confabulation was evidently satisfactory to both parties, for they returned to their seats on the best of terms with each other.

"That's 'er," said the trader, pointing once more towards Adjua. The little girl, feeling intuitively that she was getting mixed up in some unpleasant matter, tried to make herself as small as possible, and was slinking into the rear of the crowd when she was brought back by one of the King's people, and made to stand before Sariki and the white man.

It is not necessary to go into details. For fifteen years John Murphy had lived like a savage in the "bush," and his establishment was run on the broadest Krobo lines. He was married, according to "Native Custom," to three wives already, and they inhabited the compound of his factory after the fashion of the country. Bippo's sweetheart had struck the man's fancy. He wanted her to be spouse Number Four, and the King had made the girl over to his creditor without the slightest difficulty. In fact, he was charmed. Adjua was of marriageable age, it was in the King's power to dispose of her, the girl's father would be delighted to have a white man for a son-in-law, and, in short, it was a grand thing all round! The contract was complete; it was arranged that the goods should be delivered there and then, and by the irony of fate, Adjua was handed over by her new master to the good care of Bippo.

Neither Adjua nor Bippo had been consulted for an instant. The girl was too much dazed to speak, and could only mutely look from the King to the white man, and then to Bippo. He, of course, had all along been an "unknown quantity" in the affair, and in any case would not have counted as anything worth considering. Adjua's fingers fumbled with the beads that hung around her neck, and she scarcely even heard the congratulations which were being poured into her

ears by some of the other little "tail-girls" who were crowding around.

"Just fancy! to be the wife of a white man! How splendid!" exclaimed the little girls. How lovely to be able to rummage about in that glorious store of his, and pick out just whatever beautiful beads and silken stuff she might like to have!

A few of such thoughts certainly scrambled through Adjua's brain when she slowly began to recover from the first rush of surprise at having been singled out by the white man. It was undoubtedly a great honour, but what about Bippo?—and she looked lovingly at him out of the corner of her eyes. Then she smiled. Psha! Wasn't Bippo going to be there too? Why, of course. He lived in the white man's factory also, and, really, after all, there was no doubt about it, she was a lucky girl; and a wicked little smile played around her lips. Lord bless you! I don't know what fresh plans were trotting through her head, but though she was only a little African girl, I believe she could look as far ahead in matters of love as any of her pale-face sisters!

Bippo was speechless when he saw what had been arranged. Fury was in his heart, and his mouth was dry as tinder. He could have thrown himself on the white man, there and then, and torn his throat open. He clenched his fists in impotent fury, and his finger nails ran into his flesh. But no one noticed him; Bippo, the Pawn, was beneath contempt. Suddenly, the peremptory tones of the white man recalled him to himself, and, like a machine, he set to work to prepare for the trader's return journey down the Hill. The straggling carriers were collected, and the hammock-men ordered to take up their loads.

Murphy was worn out by the day's excursion. In spite of the murmured protests of the bearers, he flung himself into his canvas hammock, and insisted on



"THAT'S 'ER," SAID THE TRADER, POINTING ONCE MORE TOWARDS ADJUA.

being carried every inch of the way down. After a hasty farewell to her friends, Adjua was ordered to take her place among the carriers behind the hammock, and Bippo took up his position beside her. The rugged path wound down the mountain side through a dense undergrowth, and in many places was merely a gutter worn deep by the rains among the boulders and slimy earth. The moon, by this time, was low on the horizon and the darkness was intense.

Bippo and Adjua walked behind the white man's hammock without exchanging a word. The little girl was being led along passively with that listless unconcern for the future which is so thoroughly an African characteristic. Bippo, on the contrary, was anything but philosophic over the wreck of his plans. He loved the girl with the full force of an African's nature in such matters, and he was consumed with rage at Adjua's transference to the white man. He spasmodically clutched her hand as she walked beside him, as if to assure himself that she was not yet irremediably gone, and once, when the road was especially bad, he placed his arm around her neck, whereat one of the carriers glanced at the semi-drunken white man who dozed in the hammock, and grinned with a world of meaning.

Worse and worse grew the path, until in some places it dwindled into a series of slippery holes where the sweating hammock-men could scarcely keep their feet. The muscles on their sturdy necks strained as if they would crack under the jerks of the heavy pole upon their heads, but still the trader refused to get out and walk, and with many oaths and much profanity he urged the weary carriers to greater efforts. Even as Bippo translated the amiable words of his master, the little procession was threading the very worst part of the road. The path skirted the face of a precipitous cliff, and so narrow was it that whenever the carriers stumbled the hammock swung con-

siderably over the very verge. Great clumps of bamboo arched over the path, shutting out every gleam of moonlight, and in many places it was like going through a tunnel of which one side was a gaping chasm.

Suddenly the swaying pole on which the hammock was slung was violently seized from behind. The man on whose head it rested, unable to bear the terrible strain, fell to the ground. The three other carriers, to save their own necks, dropped their end of the pole also, and the hammock, with its shrieking occupant clutching wildly at the air, disappeared into the chasm. Adjua stood rooted to the spot in speechless terror. All was confusion and tumult. The carriers yelled and jumped about as if demented, each man accusing the other of being the cause of the catastrophe. The light of the lantern was suddenly extinguished, and the scene of the disaster was shrouded in darkness. Some of the men lay on the ground and tried to peer into the gloom of the chasm. They shouted their master's name, but no one listened for an answer.

Adjua, in the absence of anything better to do, burst into violent sobs, and the tears were streaming down her cheeks when, in the darkness, she suddenly found herself violently grasped by Bippo, who, roughly ordering her to follow him, half-dragged, half-carried the girl with him through the undergrowth in the rear of the tumult. Bippo's ears were a little sharper than those of the other men, and he had heard, in the din of the uproar, answering shouts from the white man. The hammock had probably been caught in its fall by a clump of bamboos a short distance below, and Murphy was still alive to carry out a dire vengeance on the author of his fall. Nothing now remained but instant flight, and the pair of dusky lovers slithered through the tangled jungle with the agility of leopards. On and on they went, putting many a mile between them and the blaspheming trader, and



THEY SHOUTED THEIR MASTER'S NAME, BUT NO ONE LISTENED FOR AN ANSWER.

when morning broke, Adjua and Bippo were well on their way to the white men's settlements on the sea-coast, where Murphy would never be able to trace them. In spite of the tumult and confusion caused by the fall of the hammock, and their hasty flight through the "Bush," Master Bippo had carefully retained possession of the small satchel containing a supply of money which was always entrusted to him when his master journeyed. These were now the spoils of war, and thanks to which the youthful pair would be enabled to start in life in a remote district with great advantage. The future, in fact, was full of radiant promise to the guilty but loving pair.

After a few days of travel, pursuit was left far behind, and Bippo and his sweetheart arrived in a land which seemed to them to flow with milk and honey. The soil was rich, and could be had for the asking. Yams and plantains would grow almost by themselves; and in exchange for a few of Murphy's dollars Bippo soon became the possessor of as fine a grove of oil-palms as you could wish to see. Adjua speedily exchanged her Krobo "tail" for the more decorous fathom of cloth that the Fanti women wear; and Bippo loved her with a truly tropic passion. The trader's money made work unnecessary for many a long day. They had a little brown hut, with a golden thatch, nestling under the drooping fronds of a clump of cocoanut palms, and the sands of the sea-shore mingled with the ashes on the cooking hearth. Fanned by

the cool zephyrs off the ocean, Adjua and Bippo would dreamily lie in the grateful shade, and to them the world seemed very good.

But all that was ten years ago! Ten years and more! I saw Adjua again the other day, when I was on a jaunt through the Anamabu district.

Poor little woman!

She is only Number Four now; and Bippo's three other wives rule the roast, and put all the dirty work upon her. A woman

in West Africa is old at five and twenty, and her good looks are gone for aye. Bippo cares not a cowrie for her now, for the chubby limbs, whose silky roundness had attracted him so much on the Krobo Hill, are knotted and knarled through the heavy labour which is now her daily portion. He beats her when so he feels inclined, and the three other women, whose turn will come to-morrow, jeer and make her life a burden. When I saw the poor thing she was wearily plying a hoe in Bippo's yam-patch. The sun was beating fiercely on



A KROBO MOTHER.

(From a photograph.)

her naked shoulders, and a squalling brat was straddling on the baby-pad that hung behind her waist. Her pretty figure had gone to rags, her knees had rough callosities on them through years of labour in the burning fields; and the sunken eyes, which once had sparkled like dew-drops in the sunlight, had the sullen stare of the beast of burden that is weary of life. Oh, the pity of it!

Alas, poor little Adjua! For of such are the women of West Africa.



IN THE FRIGIDARIUM.  
*By Hal Hunt, R.B.A.*



## DISCIPLINE AT OXFORD UNIVERSITY

BY OLIVER S. JONES.

AT the famous University of Oxford, which lays claim to have originated at the instigation and by encouragement of King Alfred the Great, the Vice-Chancellor and the Proctors are responsible for the maintenance of discipline among the undergraduates during term time. Each holds office for a year, though the Vice-Chancellor, who is selected from among the "Heads" of the various colleges in rotation, is, as a rule, re-elected during three successive years.

The two Proctors, senior and junior, are elected by the colleges in turn; they are usually men holding some tutorial or other responsible position in their college, and are members of Convocation of good standing.

It may be well to distinguish between the use of the words "University" and "College." In the Middle Ages the term "University" could be applied to any organised body of men. There could thus be an "university" of persons engaged in any particular occupation. The term came, however, to be appropriated exclusively to bodies of persons engaged in the occupation of teaching and study.

Such Universities or Guilds of teachers and students, when they had attained

some definite organisation, naturally secured the right of granting licenses to teach. As time went on, these licenses were granted to all who demanded them, and who fulfilled certain requirements, and thus the licenses became what we now understand by the term "degree."

The distinguishing characteristic of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge is, undoubtedly, the existence of a number of separate corporations, or colleges. The origin of the colleges was due to benevolent persons who provided a building in which the scholars could live a common life, and also an endowment for their maintenance, thus relieving them of some of the hardships of their life at the mediæval Universities.

The early college consisted of a head and scholars—senior and junior; the senior scholars engaged in giving instruction, and the juniors in receiving it. It was not until long after the establishment of colleges that it became the custom to take in paying boarders—"commoners" as they are known at Oxford.<sup>c</sup> A college, therefore, is only an integral part of the University, and its position may be compared to that of a State in its relation to the American Union.

There are in all at Oxford twenty-six



colleges and halls, varying in membership from three hundred at Christ Church, to forty at St. Edmund's Hall. Each college looks after the welfare and instruction of its own pupils, and prepares them for the various University Examinations which have to be passed before obtaining a degree.

In speaking of "the University" we imply the governing body of the whole system, embracing all the resident Masters of Arts and Doctors of Divinity and Civil Law. The governing body is divided into various groups, chief of which is known as the House of Convocation. Most of these bodies have legislative power, and they are also concerned in conducting examinations and granting degrees.

The post of Chancellor is purely an honorary one, invested in the person of some prominent peer of the realm, as the Vice-Chancellor is practically head of the University at all times. The "freshman" first comes into contact with him on Matriculation.

Each college conducts its own entrance examination, which in some cases, as at Balliol and New College, is of a very high standard; with others, a guarantee of being able to pass Responsions, the first step towards a degree, at an early date is deemed sufficient.

During the first few days of the October term, the senior tutor of each college takes his new pupils in a body before the Vice-Chancellor, stating that they have satisfied him as to their abilities, and asking for their admission to the University; this, like many other similar functions, is purely a formal affair.

Each member subscribes his name, college, and father's occupation in the register, and pays his fee of two guineas. The "Vice" then signs his certificate of admission, and hands him a copy of the Statutes, admonishing the new-comer in a short Latin speech, to study this book and observe its regulations.

The volume is for the most part printed

in Latin, and the majority of men never look into it from the time it comes into their possession. Many of the Statutes, though still retained, have become obsolete by lapse of time or change of manners and customs. For instance, it seems unnecessary nowadays to warn undergraduates "not to play marbles on the steps of St. Mary's Church," nor "bowl hoops on the Broad Walk," though these may have been popular amusements some two hundred years ago.

Most men (all undergraduates are "men") by the time they reach Oxford have learned by tradition how to avoid getting into trouble with the authorities, though a wag once endeavoured to excuse himself of wrong-doing on the grounds that he "had not been able to obtain a translation of the Statutes."

The Vice-Chancellor, together with the Proctors, presides at the confirmation of degrees in the historic Sheldonian Theatre. The whole of this ceremony is conducted in the Latin language, the giving and receiving of the quaint salutations being most impressive.

At the Vice-Chancellor's Court, his place is usually taken by the Assessor, where disputes and indebtedness to tradesmen are discussed and decided on. Here, too, we occasionally hear of charges of riotous conduct which have been preferred by the police against undergraduates, as members of the University cannot be tried by the civil authorities, and, if arrested, must be immediately handed over to the Proctors.

In addition to these duties the Vice-Chancellor takes the chair at all meetings of Convocation, and as his presence is frequently required at numerous unofficial gatherings, as he is also responsible for his own college, it may be readily concluded that he is a very busy man during the twenty-four weeks which embrace the residential terms of the year.

The two Proctors have by no means a sinecure, yet, though some of their



duties would seem to an outsider far from agreeable, the office is seldom refused, since it invests the holder with such time-honoured respect and authority. They are chiefly concerned in enforcing such observance of the statutes as will prevent any breach of discipline or riotous conduct in the town and neighbourhood of Oxford. Within walls the college authorities are held responsible for the conduct of their students.

For the better enforcement of law and order the University has decreed that all undergraduates shall wear their academical dress, *i.e.*, cap and gown, when outside their college gates after sunset. This has always been a bone of contention between Proctors and students, the students preferring to run the risk of incurring a small fine rather than submit to what has always been termed by them an arbitrary rule. The cause of their objection to it is not very apparent; but then undergraduates are not always amenable to reason in such matters.

All are fish that fall into the Proctor's net, be the victim a budding Vice-Chancellor or the sporting "undergrad," who joins the University for a few years without any intention of ever taking a degree.

These sporting undergraduates are the people who give the Proctor most trouble. They are always on the look-out for mischief of some sort, and take a delight in setting all authority at defiance. Usually members of the wealthier ranks, they manage to matriculate at one of the less strict colleges, and spend their time in hunting and driving until their University career is prematurely closed by their superiors.

It must not be forgotten that a man, of however obscure an origin, gains considerable social standing by becoming a member of either Oxford or Cambridge Universities, even if only for a year or two. This induces many aspiring parents to get their boys into college at any price in

order that they may have an opportunity of "hob-nobbing" with dukes and lords, and so perhaps raising themselves and their families in the social scale.

Each evening during Term time, one, at least, of the Proctors, wearing his heavy velvet gown and white bands (his badge of office) sets out on his rounds of inspection. He is accompanied by two or three of his servants, commonly called "bull-dogs," who occasionally have to use something more than moral persuasion to quell any disturbance, or they have to see a wandering and refractory member back to his college.

Should the Proctor come in contact with an undergraduate minus his cap and gown—and the "bull-dogs" seem to know every undergraduate by sight, if not by name—he stops, and, raising his cap, the following formal conversation takes place, the Proctor commencing:

"Are you a member of this University, sir?"

"Yes, sir."

"Your name and college, please."

"Brown, of Balliol."

Down goes the name in "his little book." "Kindly call on the Senior Proctor to-morrow morning at nine o'clock."

During this "call" if the offence was merely "without cap and gown" the undergraduate is requested to hand over a fine of five shillings, which goes to the University Chest. If the charge was greater, such as intoxication, a more serious punishment follows: either a much heavier fine, or a period of "gating," *i.e.*, confinement to college after dinner each evening, or it may be temporary or permanent "rustication," a polite form of expulsion.

The use of hotels and billiard saloons is prohibited to undergraduates, and the Proctor visits these places occasionally to catch the unwary, who may be "winning and dining" in a manner contrary to decorum. To be just, it should be

said the Proctor usually allows them to finish their dinner after ascertaining the "name and college" of those present, with the result that the next morning sees many coins of gold added to the University exchequer.

Among other "penal" offences we may briefly enumerate that of driving on Sunday, driving tandem at any time, blowing horns at night, or causing any disturbance likely to interfere with the comfort of "reading men." The "town" is subservient to the dictates of the "gown" on all such matters.

The town of Oxford owes its prosperity to the existence of the University, and it is estimated that four-fifths of the population are either directly or indirectly connected with life at college. Hence, with the exception of municipal matters pure and simple, the University authorities hold supreme sway.

The power of the Vice-Chancellor and Proctors is almost autocratic. The proprietors of hotels and restaurants, and all tradesmen, conduct their business under the watchful eye of these officials, and their "license to trade" may be revoked at any time, or they may even be compelled to close down altogether. But such extreme measures are seldom neces-

sary. The Terms or Sessions are too short, and men are too much occupied with their studies and social functions to waste their time in loafing round hotels and taverns.

Among three thousand undergraduates, of all ages, aims, and pleasures, there are, however, bound to be some law-breakers; but these become speedily known to the Proctors, who have a system of *espionage* which easily defeats any nefarious designs.

It must not be imagined that there is perpetual war between Proctor and undergraduate; the former can exercise his authority with such discretion as to emerge more popular at the end of his term of office than when he first entered on it, and yet have faithfully discharged his duties. The vicious man alone dreads the Proctor, well knowing that he has already been "spotted," and that permanent expulsion is for him only a matter of time.

The moral tone of the University, thanks to strong preventive measures, is without reproach; and serious conflicts between "town and gown," such as are vividly described in Mr. Verdant Green's biography, are now matters of ancient history.





'NO NO MY LORD!'

# PHROSO: A ROMANCE.\*

BY ANTHONY HOPE.

ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. MILLAR.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### THE ARMENIAN DOG!



HE death-cry that Mouraki Pasha uttered under Demetri's avenging knife seemed to touch a spring and set us all a-moving. At the sound of it the soldiers sprang from idle lassitude to an amazed wonder, which again passed in an instant to fierce excitement. Phroso leapt to her feet with a shriek. I hurled myself across the space between me and the rope, knife in hand. The soldiers, forgetful of their unarmed prisoner, turned with a shout of rage and rushed wildly up the slope to where Demetri stood, holding his blade towards heaven. The rope parted under my impetuous hand: Phroso was by my side: in an instant we were in the boat: I pushed off, I seized the sculls. But then I hesitated. Was this man my friend—my ally—my accomplice—what you will? I looked up the slope. Demetri stood by the body of Mouraki: the four soldiers rushed towards him. I could not approve his deed; but I had suffered it to be done, and I must not run away now. I pushed the sculls into Phroso's hands. But she had caught my purpose, and threw herself upon me, twining her arms about me and crying, "No, no, my lord! My lord, no, no!" Her love gave her strength: for a moment I could not disengage myself, but stood fast-bound in her embrace.

The moment was enough: it was the end, the end of that brief fierce drama on the rocky slope, the end of any power I might have had to aid Demetri. For he did not try to defend himself. He stood

still as a statue where he was, holding the knife up to heaven, the smile that his loud laugh left still on his lips. Phroso's head sank on my shoulder: she would not look. But the sight drew my eyes with an irresistible attraction. The bayonets flashed in the air and buried themselves in Demetri's body. He sank with a groan. But again the blades, drawn back, were driven into him, and again, and again. He was a mangled corpse, but in hot revenge for their leader they thrust and thrust. It turned me sick to look; yet I looked till at last they ceased, and stood for an instant over the two bodies, regarding them. Then I loosed Phroso's arms off me; she sank back in the stern; and again I took the sculls, and laid to with a will. Where we were to go, or what help we could look for, I knew not: but a fever to be away from the place had come upon me, and I pulled, thinking less of life and safety, than of putting distance between me and that sickening scene.

"They don't move," whispered Phroso, whose eyes were now gazing past me to the beach. "They stand still. Now, my lord, row!"

A moment passed, I pulled with all my strength. Her voice came again, low but urgent,

"Now they move, they're coming down to the shore. Ah, my lord, they're taking aim!"

"God help us!" said I between my teeth. "Crouch in the boat. I shall shelter you. Low down—get right down. Can you see? Lower down, Phroso, lower down!"

\* Copyright, 1896 by Anthony Hope Hawkins, in the United States of America.

"Yes, I can see. Ah, one has knocked up the barrel! They're talking again. Why don't they fire?"

"Do they look like hesitating?"

"Yes. No, they're aiming again! No, they've stopped. Row, my lord, row!"

I was rowing as I had not rowed since I stroked my college-boat, and made a bump opposite the Boathouse on the last day of the "Eights" nine years before. I thought of it at the moment; so strange a thing is the human mind.

"They're running to the boat now—they're getting in. Are they coming after us, my lord?"

"Heaven knows! I suppose so."

I was wondering why they had not used their rifles; they had evidently thought of firing at first, but something had held their hands. Perhaps they, mere humble soldiers, shrank from the responsibility; their leader, whose protection would have held them harmless and whose favour rewarded them, lay dead. They might well hesitate to fire on a man whom they knew to be a person of some position, and who had taken no part in Mouraki's death.

"They're launching the boat—they're in now," came in Phroso's breathless whisper.

"How far off are we?"

"I don't know—two hundred yards, perhaps. They've started now."

"Do they move well?"

"Yes, they're rowing hard. Oh, my dear lord, can you row harder?" and she clasped her hands in entreaty.

"No, I can't, Phroso," said I, and I believe I smiled. Did the dear girl think I should choose that moment for paddling?

"They're gaining!" she cried. "Oh, they're gaining! On, my lord, on!"

"How many are rowing?"

"Three, my lord, each with two oars."

"Oh, the deuce! It's no good, Phroso."

"No good, my lord? But if they catch us?"

"I wish I could answer you. How near now?"

"Half as near as they were before."

"Look round. Do you see any boats anywhere? Look all round—no, not just in front—there's nothing there."

"There's nothing anywhere, my lord."

"Then the game's up," said I; and I rested on my oars and began to pant. I was not in training for a race.

The boat containing the soldiers drew near. Our boat, now motionless, awaited their coming. Phroso sat with a despairing look in her eyes. But my mood was not the same. Mouraki was dead. I knew the change his death made was great. Mouraki was dead; and I did not believe that there was another man at Neopalía who would dare to take any extreme step against me. For why had they not fired? They did not fire now when they could have shot me through the head without difficulty and without danger.

Their boat came alongside of ours. I touched Phroso's hand, and she looked up.

"Courage," said I. "The braver we look the better we shall come off." And I turned to the pursuers and regarded them steadily, waiting for them to speak. The first communication was in dumb show. The man who was steering—he appeared to be a subordinate officer—covered me with his barrel.

"I am absolutely unarmed," I said. "You know that. You took my weapon away from me."

"You are trying to escape," said he, not moving his rifle.

"Where is your warrant for stopping me?"

"The Pasha——"

"The Pasha is dead. Be careful what you do. I am an Englishman, and in my country I am as great a man as your Pasha was."

This assertion was, perhaps, on, or beyond, the confines of strict truth; it had considerable effect, however.

"You were our prisoner, my lord," said the officer more civilly. "We cannot allow you to escape. And this lady was a prisoner also. She is not English, she is

"Oh, and between me and the criminal too, perhaps?"

"Perhaps, my lord. It is not my place to enquire into that."

I shrugged my shoulders with an appearance of mingled carelessness and impatience.



AND SPREAD IT OVER HIS FACE.

of the island. And one of the islanders has slain the Pasha. She must answer for it."

"What can she have had to do with it?"

"It may have been planned between her and the criminal."

"Well, what do you want of us?" I asked.

"You must accompany us back to Neopalatia."

"Well, where did you suppose I was going? Is this a boat to go for a voyage in? And can I row a hundred miles

to Rhodes? Come, you're a silly fellow!"

He was rather embarrassed by this; for he did not know whether to believe me or not. Phroso caught the cue well enough to keep her tongue between her pretty lips and her lids low over her wondering eyes.

"But," I pursued in a tone of ironical remonstrance, "are you going to leave the Pasha there? The other is a rogue and a murderer" (it rather went to my heart to describe the useful, if unscrupulous, Demetri in these terms), "let him be. But does it suit the dignity of Mouraki Pasha to lie untended on the shore, while his men go to the harbour? It will look as though you had loved him little. You—four of you—allow one man to kill him, and you leave his body as if it were the body of a dog!"

I had no definite reason for wishing them to return for Mouraki's body: but every moment gained was something. Neopalía had bred in me a constant hope of new chances, of fresh turns, of a smile from fortune, following quick on a frown. So I urged on them anything which would give a respite. My appeal was not wasted; the officer held a hurried whispered consultation with the soldier who sat on the seat next to him. Then he said:

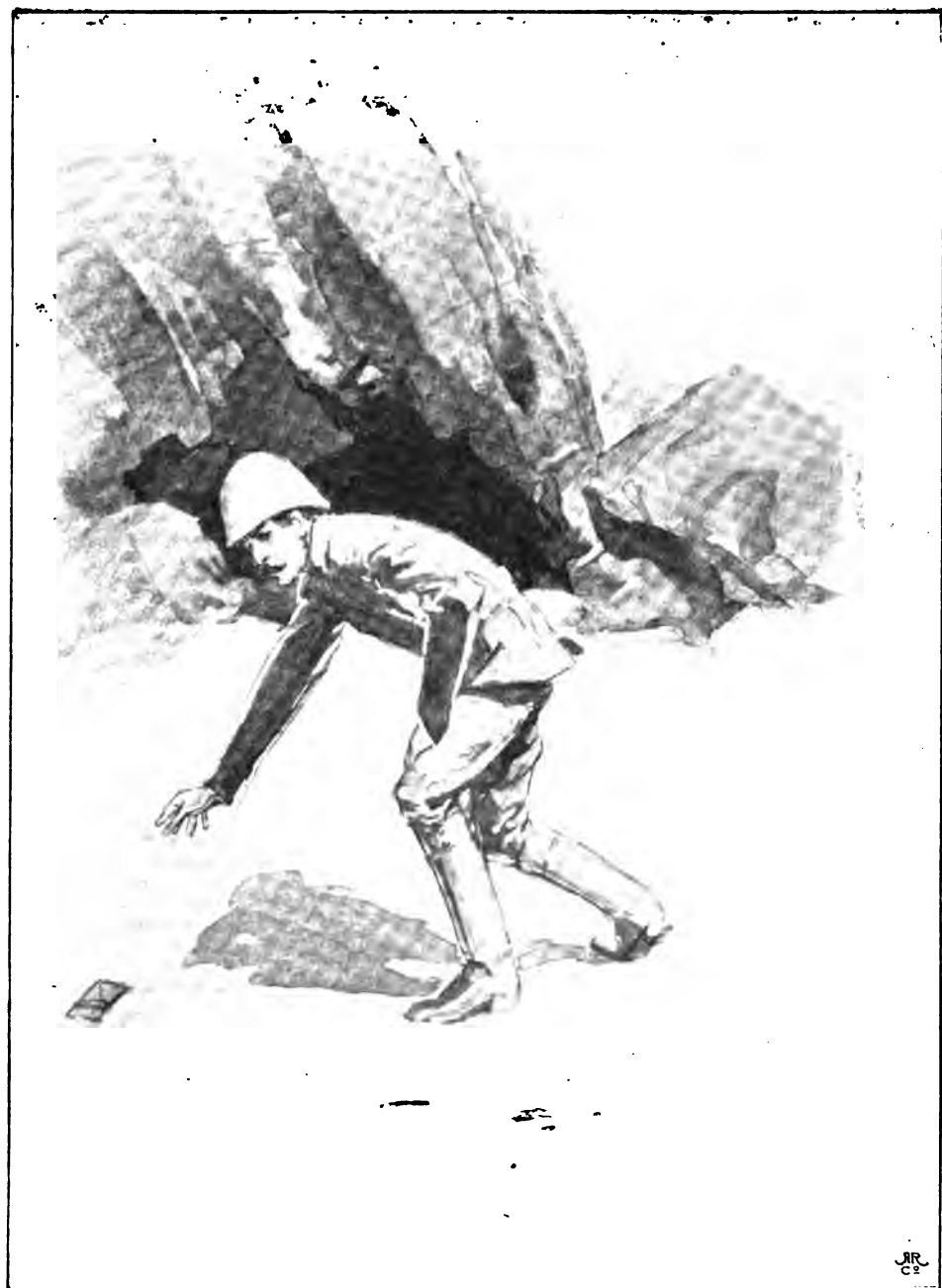
"It is true, my lord. It is more fitting that we carry the body; but you must row back with us."

"With all my heart," said I, and I took up my sculls with alacrity.

The officer responded to this move by laying his rifle in readiness across his knees; both boats turned, and we set out again for the beach. As soon as we reached it three of them went up the slope. I saw them kick Demetri's body out of the way; for he had so fallen that his arm was over the breast of his victim. Then they raised Mouraki and began to carry him down. Phroso hid her face in her hands. My eyes were on Mouraki's face,

and I watched him carried down to the boat, meditating on the strange toss-up which had allotted to him the fate that he had with such ruthless cunning prepared for me. Suddenly I sprang up, leapt out of the boat, and began to walk up the slope. I passed the soldiers who carried Mouraki. They paused in surprise and uneasiness. I walked briskly by them, taking no notice of them, and came where Demetri's body lay. I knelt for a moment by him, and closed his eyes with my hand. Then I took off the silk scarf I was wearing and spread it over his face, and rose to my feet again. Somehow I felt that I owed to Demetri some such small office of friendship as that, and I found myself hoping that there had been good in the man, and that He who sees all of the heart would see good even in the wild desperate soul of Demetri of Neopalía. So I arranged the scarf carefully and, turning, walked down the slope to the boats again, glad that I could tell the girl Panayiota that someone had closed her lover's eyes. Thus I left the friend that I knew not of, and, looking into my own heart, I did not judge him harshly. I had let the thing be done.

When I reached the shore, the soldiers were about to lay Mouraki's body in the larger of the two boats, but, having nothing to cover him with, they proceeded to remove his undress frock-coat, and left it lying for an instant on the shingle while they lifted him in. Seeing that they were ready, I picked up the coat and handed it to them. They took it and arranged it over the trunk and head. Two of them then got into the boat in which Phroso sat, and signed to me to jump in. I was about to obey, when I perceived a pocket-book lying on the shingle; it was not mine; neither Demetri nor the soldiers were likely to carry a handsome morocco letter-case; it must have belonged to Mouraki and have fallen from his coat as I lifted it. It lay now open, face upwards. I stooped for it, intending to give it to the officer, but an instant later it was in my own



I STOOPED FOR IT



pocket ; and I, under the screen of a most innocent expression, was covertly watching my guards to see whether they had detected my action. The two who rowed Mouraki had already started ; the others had been taking their seats in the boat, and had not perceived the swift motion with which I picked up the book. I now walked past them and sat down behind them in the bows. Phroso was in the stern. One of them asked her, with a considerable show of respect, if she would steer. She assented with a nod. I crouched down low in the bows behind the back of the soldiers, and I took out Mouraki's pocket-book and opened it. My action seemed, no doubt, not far removed from theft, but, as the book lay open on the shore, I had seen in it something which belonged to me, something that was inalienably mine, of which no schemes or violence could deprive me. This was nothing else than my name.

Very quietly and stealthily I drew out a slip of paper ; behind that was another slip, and again a third. They were cuttings from a Greek newspaper ; neither the name of the paper, nor the dates, nor the place of publication appeared ; the extracts were merely three short paragraphs, and my name headed each of them. I had not been aware that any chronicle of my somewhat unexpected fortunes had reached the outer world, and I set myself to read them with much interest. Great men may become *blasés* as to what the papers say about them ; I had never attained to this Olympian indifference.

"Let's have a look," said I to myself, after a cautious glance over my shoulder at the other boat.

The first paragraph ran thus : "We regret to hear that Lord Wheatley, the English nobleman who has recently purchased the island of Neopalia and taken up his residence there, is suffering from an attack of the fever which is at the present time prevalent in the island."

"Now that's very curious," I thought. For I had never enjoyed better health than during my sojourn in Neopalia. I turned with increased interest to the second cutting. I wanted to see what progress I had made in my serious sickness ; I was naturally interested.

"We greatly regret to announce that Lord Wheatley's condition is more serious. The fever has abated, but the patient is extremely prostrate."

"It would be even more interesting if one had the dates," thought I.

The last paragraph was extremely brief : "Lord Wheatley died at seven o'clock yesterday morning."

I lay back in the bows of the boat, holding these remarkable little slips of paper in my hand. They gave occasion for some thought. Then I replaced them in the pocket-book ; and I had, I regret to say, the curiosity to explore further. I lifted the outer flap of leather and looked in the inner compartment. It held only a single piece of paper, not in print this time, but in handwriting ; and the handwriting looked very much like what I had seen over Mouraki's name.

"Report of Lord Wheatley's death unfounded. Reason to suspect intended foul play on the part of the islanders. Governor is making enquiries. Lord Wheatley is carefully guarded, as attempts on his life are feared. Feeling in island is much exasperated, the sale to Lord Wheatley being very unpopular."

"There's another compartment yet," said I to myself, and I turned to it eagerly. Alas, I was disappointed ! There was a sheet of paper in it, but the paper was a blank. Yet I looked at the blank piece of paper with even greater interest ; for I had no doubt that it had been intended to carry another message, a message that was true and no lie, that was to have been written this very morning by the dagger of Demetri. Something like this it would run, would it not, in the terse style of my friend, Mouraki Pasha ?

"Lord Wheatley assassinated this morning. Criminal killed by Governor's guard. Governor is taking severe measures."

Mouraki, Mouraki ! In your life you lived irony, and in your death you were not divided from it. For while you lay a corpse in the stern of your boat, I lived to read those unwritten words on the blank paper in your pocket-book. Constantine had killed me—so I interpreted the matter—by fever ; but that would not serve when Denny and Hogvardt and faithful Watkins knew that it was a lie. Therefore the lie was declared a lie : and you set yourself to prove again that truth is better than a lie—especially when a man can manufacture it to his own order. Yet, surely, Mouraki, if you can look now into this world, your smile will be a wry one ! For, cunning as you were, and full of twists, more cunning still and richer in expedients is the thing called Fate ; and the dagger of Demetri wrote another message to fill the blank sheet that your provident note-book carried ! Thinking thus I put the book in my pocket, and looked round with a smile on my lips. I wished the man were alive that I might mock him ; I grudged him the sudden death that fenced him from my triumphant raillery. And suddenly, there in the bows of the boat, I laughed aloud, so that the soldiers turned startled faces over their shoulders, and Phroso looked in wonder at me.

"It is nothing," said I. "Since I am alive I may laugh, I suppose?" For Mouraki Pasha was not alive.

My reading and my meditation had passed the time. Now we were round the point that had been between us and the harbour, and were heading straight for the gunboat which lay just across the head of the jetty. Phroso's eyes met mine in an appeal. I could give her no hope of escape. There was nothing for it ; we must go on, we and Mouraki together. But my heart was buoyant within me, and I exulted in the favours of fortune as a

lover in his mistress's smiles. Was not Mouraki lying dead in the stern of the boat, and was not I alive ?

We drew near to the gunboat : and now I perceived that her steam launch lay by her, and smoke poured from its funnel. Evidently the launch was ready for a voyage. Whither ? Could it be to Rhodes ? And did the pocket-book that I felt against my ribs, by any chance, contain the cargo that was to have been speeded on its way to-day ? I laughed again as our boat came alongside, and a movement of excitement and interest rose from the deck of gunboat and launch alike. The officer went on board the gunboat, and for an hour or more we sat where we were, sheltered by the sides of the vessel from the heat of the sun, for it was now noon. What was happening on board I could not tell, but I heard stir and bustle. The excitement seemed to grow. Presently it spread from the vessel to the shore, and groups of islanders began to collect. I saw men point at Phroso, at me, at the stiffened figure under the coat. They spoke also, and freely, more boldly than I had heard them since Mouraki had landed, and his presence turned their fierce pride to meekness. It was as though a weight had been lifted off them, and I knew from my own mind the relief that had come to them by the death of the hard man and the removal of the ruthless arm. Presently a boat put off, and began to pull round the promontory. The soldiers did not interfere, but watched the boat go in idle toleration. I guessed its errand ; it went to take up the corpse of Demetri—and (I was much afraid) to give it a patriot's funeral.

At last Mouraki's body was carried on to the gunboat, and then a summons came to me. With a glance of encouragement at Phroso, who sat in a sort of stupor, I rose and obeyed. I was conducted on to the deck of the gunboat, and found myself face to face with its captain. He was a

Turk, a young man of dignified and pleasant appearance. He bowed courteously,

authority in Neopolia, and I made him the obeisance proper to his new position.



WE DREW NEAR TO THE GUNBOAT.

although slightly, to me. I supposed that Mouraki's death left him the supreme

authority in Neopolia, and I made him the obeisance proper to his new position.

"This is a terrible, a startling, event, my lord," said he.

"It is the loss of a very eminent and distinguished man," I observed.

"Ah, yes, and in a very fearful manner," he answered. "I am not prejudging your position, but you must see that it puts you in a rather serious situation."

There were two or three of his officers round him. I took a step towards him. I liked his looks, and somehow his grief at Mouraki's end did not seem intense. I determined to play the bold game.

"Nothing, I assure you, to what I should have been in if it had not occurred," said I composedly.

A start and a murmur ran round the group. The captain looked uncomfortable.

"With his Excellency's plans we have nothing to do——" he began.

"Aye, but I have," said I "And when I tell you——"

"Gentlemen," said the captain hastily, "leave us alone for a little while."

I saw at once that I had made an impression. It seemed not difficult to create an impression adverse to Mouraki now he was dead, though it had not been wise to display one when he was alive.

"I don't know," said I, when we were left alone to-

"No," said he in a steady voice, looking me full in the face.

"It was not, perhaps, within the sphere of your duty to know them?" I hazarded.

"It was not," said he; and I thought I saw the slightest of smiles glimmering between beard and moustache.

"But now that you are in command, it is different?"

"It is undoubtedly different now," he allowed.

"Shall we talk in your cabin?"

"By all means," and he led the way.

When we reached the cabin I gave him a short sketch of what had happened since Mouraki's arrival; he was already informed as to the events before that date. He heard me with unmoved face. At last I came to my attempted escape with Phroso by the secret passage, and the attack of Constantine.

"That fellow was a villain," he observed.

"Yes," said I. "Read those." And I handed him the printed slips, adding, "I suppose he sent these by fishing boats to Rhodes, first to pave the way, and finally to account for my disappearance."

"I must congratulate you on a lucky escape, my lord."

"You have more than that to congratulate me on. Captain, your launch seems ready for a voyage."

"Yes, but I have countermanded the orders."

"What were they?"

"I beg your pardon, my lord, but what concern is it——?"

"For a trip to Rhodes, perhaps?"

"I shall not deny it if you guess it."

"By the order of the Pasha?"

"Undoubtedly."

"On what errand?"

"His Excellency did not inform me."

"To carry this perhaps?" and I flung the paper which bore Mouraki's handwriting on the table that stood between us.

He took it up and read it; and while

he read, I took my pencil from my pocket, and I wrote on the blank slip of paper which I had found in the pocket-book the message that Mouraki's brain had surely conceived, though his fingers had grown stiff in death before they could write it.

"What does it mean?" asked the captain.

"And to-morrow," said I, "I think another message would have gone to Rhodes——"

"I had orders to be ready to go myself to-morrow."

"You had?" I cried. "And what would you have carried?"

"That I do not know."

"Aye, but I do. There's your cargo," and I flung down what I had written.

He read it once and again, and looked across the table at me, fingering the slip of paper.

"He did not write this?" he said.

"As you saw, I wrote it. If he had lived, then as surely as I live he would have written it. Captain, it was for me that the dagger was meant. Else why did he take with him this morning the man Demetri? Had Demetri cause to love him, or he cause to trust Demetri?"

The captain stood with the paper in his hand. I walked round the table and laid my hand on his shoulder.

"You did not know his schemes," said I. "They were not schemes that he could tell to a Turkish gentleman."

At this instant the door opened, and the officer who had been with us in the morning entered.

"I have laid his Excellency's body in his cabin," he said.

"Come," said the captain, "we will go and see it, my lord."

I followed him to where Mouraki lay. The Pasha's face was composed, and there was even a semblance of a smile on his pale lips.

"Do you believe what I tell you?" I asked. "I tried to save the girl from him, and in return he meant to kill me. Do

you believe? If not, hang me for his murder: if you do, why am I a prisoner? What have I done? Where is my offence?"

The captain looked down on Mouraki's face, tugged his beard, smiled, was silent an instant. Then he shrugged his shoulders and he said—he who had not dared, a day before, to lift his voice or raise his finger unbidden in Mouraki's presence—

"Faugh, the Armenian dog!"

There was, I fear, race-prejudice in that, but I did not contradict it. I stood looking down on Mouraki's face: and to my fancy, strung by the events of the past hours and twisted from sobriety to strange excesses of delusion, the lips seemed once again to curl in their old bitter smile, as he lay still and heard himself spurned, and could not move to exact the vengeance that in his life he had never missed.

So we left him—the Armenian dog!

#### CHAPTER XX.

##### A PUBLIC PROMISE.

On the evening of the next day I was once again with my faithful friends on board the little yacht. Furious at the trick Mouraki had played them, they rejoiced openly at his fall, and mingled their congratulations to me with hearty denunciations of the dead man. In sober truth we had every reason to be glad. Our new master was of a different stamp from Mouraki; he was a proud, reserved, honest gentleman, with no personal ends to serve; he had informed me that I must remain on the island till he received instructions concerning me, but he encouraged me to hope that my troubles were at last over; indeed I gathered from a hint or two which he let fall that Mouraki's end was not likely to be received with great regret in exalted circles. In fact I have never known a death greeted with more general satisfaction. The soldiers regarded me with quiet approval: to the people of Neopal

I became a hero: everybody seemed to have learnt something at least of the story of my duel with the Pasha, and everybody had been (so it now appeared) on my side. I could not walk up the street without a shower of benedictions; the islanders fearlessly displayed their liking for me by way of declaring their hatred for Mouraki's memory, and their exultation in his fitting death. In these demonstrations they were not interfered with, and the captain went so far as to shut his eyes judiciously when, under cover of night, they accorded Demetri the tribute of a public funeral. To this function I did not go, although I was informed that my presence was confidently expected, but I sought out Panayiota and told her how her lover died. She heard the story with Spartan calm and pride.

Yet there were shadows on our new-born prosperity. Most lenient and gracious to me, the captain preserved a severe and rigorous attitude towards Phroso. He sent her to her own house—or my house, as with amiable persistence he called it—and kept her there under guard. Her case would also be considered, he said, and he had forwarded my exoneration of her together with the account of Mouraki's death; but he feared very much that she would not be allowed to remain in the island; she would be a centre of discontent there; as for my proposal to restore Neopal to her, he assured me that it would not be listened to for a moment. If I declined to keep the island, a proper and loyal lord would probably be selected, and Phroso would be deported.

"Where to?" I asked.

"Really I don't know," said the captain. "It is but a small matter, my lord, and I have not troubled my superiors with any recommendation on the subject."

As he spoke he rose to go; he had been paying us a visit on the yacht, where,

in obedience to his advice, I had taken up my abode. Denny, who was sitting near, gave a curious sort of laugh. I frowned fiercely, the captain looked from one to the other of us in bland curiosity.

"You take an interest in the girl?" he said, in a tone in which surprise struggled with civility: and again came Denny's half-smothered laugh.

"An interest in her?" said I irritably. "Well, I suppose I do. It looked like it when I took her through that infernal passage, didn't it?"

The captain smiled apologetically and pursued his way towards the door. "I will try to obtain lenient treatment for her," said he, and passed out. I was left alone with Denny, who chose at this moment to begin to whistle. I glared most ill-humouredly at him. He stopped whistling and remarked,

"By this time to-morrow our friends at home will be taking off their mourning: they will read in the papers that Lord Wheatley is not dead of fever at Neopalía, and they will not read that he has fallen a victim to the misguided patriotism of the islanders. In fact they will be prepared to kill the fatted calf for him."

It was all perfectly true, both what Denny said and what he implied without saying. But I found no answer to make to it.

"What a happy ending it is," said Denny.

"Uncommonly," I growled, lighting a cigar.

After this there was a long silence; I smoked, Denny whistled. I saw that he was determined to say nothing more explicit unless I gave him a lead, but his whole manner exuded moral disapproval. The consciousness of his feelings kept me obstinately dumb.

"Going to stay here long?" he asked at last, in a wonderfully careless tone.

"Well, there's no hurry, is there?" I retorted aggressively.

"Oh, no; only I should have thought—oh, well, nothing."

Again silence! Then Watkins opened the door of the cabin and announced the return of the captain. I was surprised to see him again so soon; I was more surprised when he came at me with outstretched hand and a smile of mingled amusement and reproof on his face.

"My dear lord!" he exclaimed, seizing my defenceless hand. "Is this treating me quite fairly? So far as a word from you went, I was left completely in the dark. Of course, I understand now, but it was an utter surprise to me." And he shook his head with playful reproach.

"If you understand now, I confess you have the advantage of me," I returned with some stiffness. "Pray, sir, what has occurred? No doubt it is something remarkable; I have learnt to rely on Neopalía for that."

"It was remarkable in my eyes, I admit, and rather startling. But of course I acquiesced. In fact, my dear lord, it materially alters the situation. As your wife, she will be in a very different—"

"Hullo!" cried Denny, leaping up from the bench where he had been sitting.

"In a very different position indeed," pursued the captain blandly. "We should have, if I may say so, a guarantee for her good behaviour. We should have you to look to—a great security, as I need not tell you."

"My dear sir," said I in exasperated pleading, "you don't seem to think you need tell me anything. Pray inform me of what has occurred, and what this wonderful thing is that makes so much change."

"Indeed," said he, "if I had surprised a secret, I would apologise. But it is evidently known to all the islanders."

"Well, but I'm not an islander," I cried in growing fury.

The captain sat down, lit a cigarette very deliberately, and observed,

"It was perhaps stupid of me not to have thought of it. She is, of course, a beautiful girl, but hardly, if I may say so, your equal in position, my lord."

I jumped up and caught him by the shoulder. He might order me under arrest if he liked, but he should tell me what had happened first.

"What has occurred?" I reiterated. "Since you left us—what?"

"A deputation of the islanders, headed by their priest, came to ask my leave for the inhabitants to go up to the house and see their Lady."

"Yes, yes. What for?"

"To offer her their congratulations on her betrothal——"

"What?"

"And their assurances of loyalty to her, and to her husband for her sake. Oh, it simplifies the matter very much."

"Oh, does it? And did you tell them they might go?"

"Was there any objection? Certainly. Certainly I told them they might go, and I added that I heard with great gratification that a marriage so——"

What the captain had said to the deputation I did not wait to hear. No doubt it was something highly dignified and appropriate, for he was evidently much pleased with himself. But before he could possibly have finished so ornate a sentence, I was on the deck of the yacht. I heard Denny push back his chair; whether merely in wonder or in order to follow me I did not know. I leapt from the yacht on to the jetty, and started to run up the street nearly as quickly as I had run down it on the day that Mouraki was kind enough to send my friends a-fishing. At all costs I must stop the demonstration of delight which the inconvenient innocence of these islanders was preparing.

Alas, the street was a desert! The movements of the captain were always leisurely; the impetuous islanders had wasted no time; they had got a start of

me, and running up the hill after them was no joke. Against my will I was at last obliged to drop into a walk, and thus pursued my way doggedly, thinking in gloomy despair how everything conspired to rush me along the road which my honour and my pledged word closed to me. Was ever man so tempted? Did ever circumstances so conspire with his own wishes, or fate make duty seem more hard?

I turned the corner of the road that led to the old house. It was here that I had first heard Phroso's voice in the darkness, here where from the window of the hall I had seen her lithe graceful figure when she came in her boy's clothes to raid my cows; a little further on was where I had said farewell to her when she went back, the grant of Neopalía in her hand, to soften the heart of her turbulent countrymen; here where Mouraki had tried her with his guile and intimidated her with his harshness; and there was the house where I had declared to the Pasha that she should be my wife. How sweet that saying sounded in my remembering ears! Yet I swear I did not waver. Many have called me a fool for it since. I know nothing about that. Times change, and people are very wise nowadays; my father was a fool, I daresay, to give thousands to his spendthrift school-fellow, just because he happened to have said he would.

I saw them now, the bright picturesque crowd that thronged round the door of the house; and on the step of the threshold I saw her, standing there, tall and slim, with one hand resting on the arm of Kortes' sister. A loud cry rose from the people; she did not seem to speak. With set teeth I walked on. Now someone in the circle caught sight of me. There was another eager cry, a stir, shouts, gestures; then they turned and ran to me; and, before I could move or speak, a dozen strong hands were about me. They swung me up on their shoulders and carried me along; the rest waved their hands and

cheered ; they blessed me and called me their lord ; the women laughed and the girls shot merry shy glances at me. And thus they bore me in triumph to Phroso's feet. Surely I was indeed a hero in Neopalia to-day, for they had heard that through me their Lady should be left to them and their island escape the punishment they feared. So they sang One-Eyed Alexander's chant no more, but burst into a glad hymn—an epithalamium—as I knelt at Phroso's feet and did not dare to lift my eyes to her fair face.

"Here's a mess!" I groaned, wondering what they had said to my poor Phroso.

Then a sudden silence fell on them. I looked up in wonder, and I saw that Phroso had raised her hand and was about to speak to them. She did not look at me, nay, she did not look at them; her eyes were fixed on the sea that she loved. Then her voice came, low but clear:

"Friends—for all are friends here and there are no strangers—once before in the face of all of you I have told my love for my lord, and my lord did not know that it was true ; and I have not told him that it was true till I tell him here to-day. But you talk foolishly when you greet me as my lord's bride. For in his country he is a great man and owns great wealth ; and Neopalia is very small and poor ; and I am but a poor girl to him, though you call me your Lady."

Here she paused an instant, and then went on, her voice sinking a little lower and growing almost dreamy, as if she let herself drift idly on the waves of fancy.

"Is it strange to speak to you—to you my brothers and sisters of our island ? I do not know ; I love to speak to you all. For poor as I am and as our island is, I think sometimes that had my lord come here a free man he would have loved me. But his heart was not his own, and the lady he loves waits for him at home, and he will go to her. So wish me joy no

more on what cannot be." And then, very suddenly, before I or any of them could move or speak, she withdrew inside the threshold, and the sister of Kortès swiftly closed the door. I was on my feet as it shut, and I stood facing it, my back to the islanders.

Among them at first there was an amazed silence, but soon voices began to be heard. I turned round and met their gaze. The strong yoke of Mouraki was off them ; their fear had gone, and with it their meekness ; they were again in the fierce impetuous mood of St. Tryphon's day ; they were exasperated at their disappointment, enraged to find the plan which left Phroso to them and relieved them of the threatened advent of a Government nominee brought to nothing.

"They will take her away," said one.

"They will send us a rascally Turk," cried another.

"He shall hear the death chant then," menaced a third.

Then their anger, seeking a victim, turned on me. I do not know that I had the right to consider myself an entirely innocent victim.

"He has won her love by fraud," muttered one to another, with evil-disposed glances and ominous frowns.

I thought they were going to handle me roughly, and I felt for the revolver which the captain had been kind enough to restore to me. But a new turn was given to their thoughts by a tall fellow with long hair and flashing eyes, who leapt out from the middle of the throng, crying loudly,

"Is not Mouraki dead ? Why need we fear ? Shall we wait idle while our Lady is taken from us ? To the shore, islanders ! Where is fear since Mouraki is dead ?"

His words lit a torch that blazed up furiously. In an instant they were aflame with the mad notion of attacking the soldiers and the gunboat. No voice was raised to point out the hopelessness of



such an attempt, the certain death and the heavy penalties that must wait on it. The death-chant broke out again, mingled with exhortations to turn and march against the soldiers, and with encouragements to the tall fellow—Orestes they called him—to put himself at their head. He was not loth.

"Let us go and get our guns and our knives," he cried, "and then to the shore!"

"And this man?" called half-a-dozen, pointing at me.

"When we have driven out the soldiers we will deal with him," said Master Orestes. "If our Lady will have him for a husband, he shall wed her."

A shout of approval greeted this arrangement, and they drew together into a sort of rude column, the women making a fringe to it. But I could not let them march on their own destruction without a word of warning. I sprang on to the raised step where Phroso had stood, just outside the door, and cried,

"You fools! The guns of the ship will mow you down before you can touch a hair of the head of a single soldier."

A deep derisive groan met my attempt at dissuasion.

"On, on!" they cried.

"It's certain death," I shouted, and now I saw one or two of the women hesitate, and look first at me and then at each other with doubt and fear. But Orestes would not listen, and called again to them to take the road. Thus we were when the door behind me opened, and Phroso was again by my side. She knew how matters went, and her eyes were wild with terror and distress.

"Stop them, my lord, stop them," she implored.

For answer, I took my revolver from my pocket, saying, "I'll do what I can."

"No, no, not like that! That would be your death as well as theirs."

"Come," cried Orestes, in the pride of his sudden elevation to leadership.

"Come, follow me, I will lead you to victory."

"You fools, you fools!" I groaned. "In an hour half of you will be dead!"

No, they would not listen. Only the women now laid imploring hands on the arms of husbands and brothers—useless loving restraints angrily flung off.

"Stop them, stop them!" prayed Phroso. "By any means, my lord, by any means!"

"There is only one way," said I.

"Whatever the way may be," she urged, for now the column was facing round towards the harbour. Orestes had taken his place, swelling with importance and eager to display his prowess. In a word Neopalía was in revolt again, and the death-chant threatened to swell out in all its barbaric simple savagery at any moment.

There was nothing else for it. I must temporise; and that word is generally, and was in this case, the equivalent of a much shorter one. I could not leave these mad fools to rush on ruin. A plan was in my head and I gave it play. I took a pace forward, raised my hand, and cried.

"Hear me before you march, Neopalians, for I am your friend."

My voice gained me a minute's silence, and the column stood still, though Orestes chafed impatiently at the delay.

"You are in haste, men of Neopalía," said I. "Indeed you are always in haste. You were in haste to kill me who had done you no harm. You are in haste to kill yourselves by marching into the mouth of the great gun of the ship. In truth I wonder that any of you are still alive. But here in this matter you are most of all in haste; for having heard what the Lady Phroso said, you have not asked nor waited to hear what I say, but have at once gone mad, all of you, and chosen the maddest among you and made him your leader."

I do not think that they had quite ex-

pected this style of speech. They had looked for passionate reproaches or prayerful entreaties; cool scorn and chaff put them rather at a loss, and my reference to Orestes, who looked sour enough, won me a hesitating laugh.

"And then, all of you mad together, off you go, leaving me here, the only sane man in the place! For am not I sane? Aye, not mad enough to leave the fairest lady in the world when she says she loves me." I took Phroso's hand and kissed it. It lay limp and cold in mine. "For my home," I went on, "is a long way off, and it is long since I have seen the lady of whom you have heard; and a man's heart will not be denied." Again I kissed Phroso's hand, but I dared not look her in the face.

My meaning had dawned on them now. There was an instant's silence, the last relic of doubt and puzzle. Then a sudden loud shout went up from them. Orestes alone was sullen and mute, for my surrender deposed him from his brief eminence. Again and again they shouted in joy. I knew that their shouts must reach nearly to the harbour. Men and women crowded round me and seized my hand; nobody seemed to make any bones about the "lady who waited" for me. They were single-hearted patriots, these Neopalians. I had observed that virtue in them several times before, and their behaviour now confirmed my opinion of them. But there was, of course, a remarkable difference in the manifestation. Before I had been the object, now I was the subject; for, by announcing my intention of marrying Phroso, I took rank as a Neopalian. Indeed for a minute or two I was afraid that the post of Generalissimo, vacant by Orestes' deposition, would be forcibly thrust upon me.

Happily their enthusiasm took a course which was more harmless, although it was hardly less embarrassing. They made a ring round Phroso and me, and insisted

on our embracing one another in the glare of publicity. Yet somehow I forgot them all for a moment—they all, and more than them all—while I held her in my arms.

Now it chanced that the captain, Denny, and Hogvardt chose this moment for appearing on the road, in the course of a leisurely approach to the house; and they beheld Phroso and myself in a very sentimental attitude on the door-step, with the islanders standing round in high delight. Denny's amazed "Hallo!" warned me of what had happened. The islanders—their enmity towards the suzerain power allayed as quickly as it had been roused—ran to the captain to impart the joyful news. He came up to me, and bestowed his sanction by a shake of the hand.

"But why did you behave so strangely, my lord, when I wished you joy an hour or two ago on the boat?" he asked; and it was a very natural question.

"Oh, the truth is," said I, "that there was a little difficulty in the way then."

"Oh, a lovers' quarrel?" he smiled.

"Well, something like it," I admitted.

"Everything is quite right now, I hope?" he said politely.

"Well, very nearly," said I. And then I met Denny's eye.

"Am I also to congratulate you?" said Denny coldly.

There was no opportunity of explaining matters to him, the captain was too near.

"I shall be very glad if you will," I said, "and if Hogvardt will also."

Hogvardt shrugged his shoulders, raised his brows, smiled, and observed,

"I trust you are acting for the best, my lord."

Denny made no answer at all. He kicked the ground with his foot. I knew very well what was in Denny's mind. Denny was of my family on his mother's side; and Denny's eye asked, "Where is the word of a Wheatley?" All this I realised fully, and I read his mind then

more clearly than I could read my own. For had we been alone, and had he put to me the plain question, "Do you mean to make her your wife, or are you playing another trick?" by heaven, I should not have known what to answer! I had begun a trick; the plan was to persuade the islanders into dispersing peacefully by my pretence, and then to slip away quietly by myself, trusting to their good sense—although a broken reed, yet the only resource—to make them accept an accomplished fact. But was that my mind now, since I had held Phroso in my arms, and her lips had met mine in the kiss that the islanders hailed as the pledge of our union?

I did not know. I saw Phroso turn and go into the house again. The captain spoke to Denny. I saw him point up to the window of the room which Mouraki had occupied. He went in; Denny motioned Hogvardt to his side, and they two also went in the house without asking me to accompany them. Gradually the throng of islanders dispersed; Orestes flung off in sullen disappointment; the men, those who had the knives carefully hiding them, walked down the road like peaceful citizens; the women went away, laughing, chattering, gossiping, delighted, as women always are, with the love affair. Thus I was left alone in front of the house. It was late afternoon, and the clouds had gathered over the sea. The air was very still; no sound struck my ear except the wash of the waves on the shore.

There I stood fighting the battle, for how long I do not know; the struggle within me was very sore. On either side

seemed now to lie a path that it soiled my feet to tread; on the one was a broken pledge, on the other a piece of trickery and knavishness. The joy of a love that could be mine only through dishonour was imperfect joy; yet, if that love could not be mine, life seemed too empty a thing to live. The voices of the two sounded in my ear—the light merry prattle and the calmer sweeter voice. Ah, this island of mine, what things it put upon a man!

At last I felt a hand laid on my shoulder; I turned, and in the quick-gathering dusk of the evening I saw Kortés' sister; she looked long and earnestly into my face.

"Well?" said I. "What is it now?"

"She must see you, my lord," answered the woman. "She must see you now, and at once."

I looked again at the harbour and the sea, trying to quell the tumult of my thought, and to resolve what I would do. I could find no course and settle on no resolution.

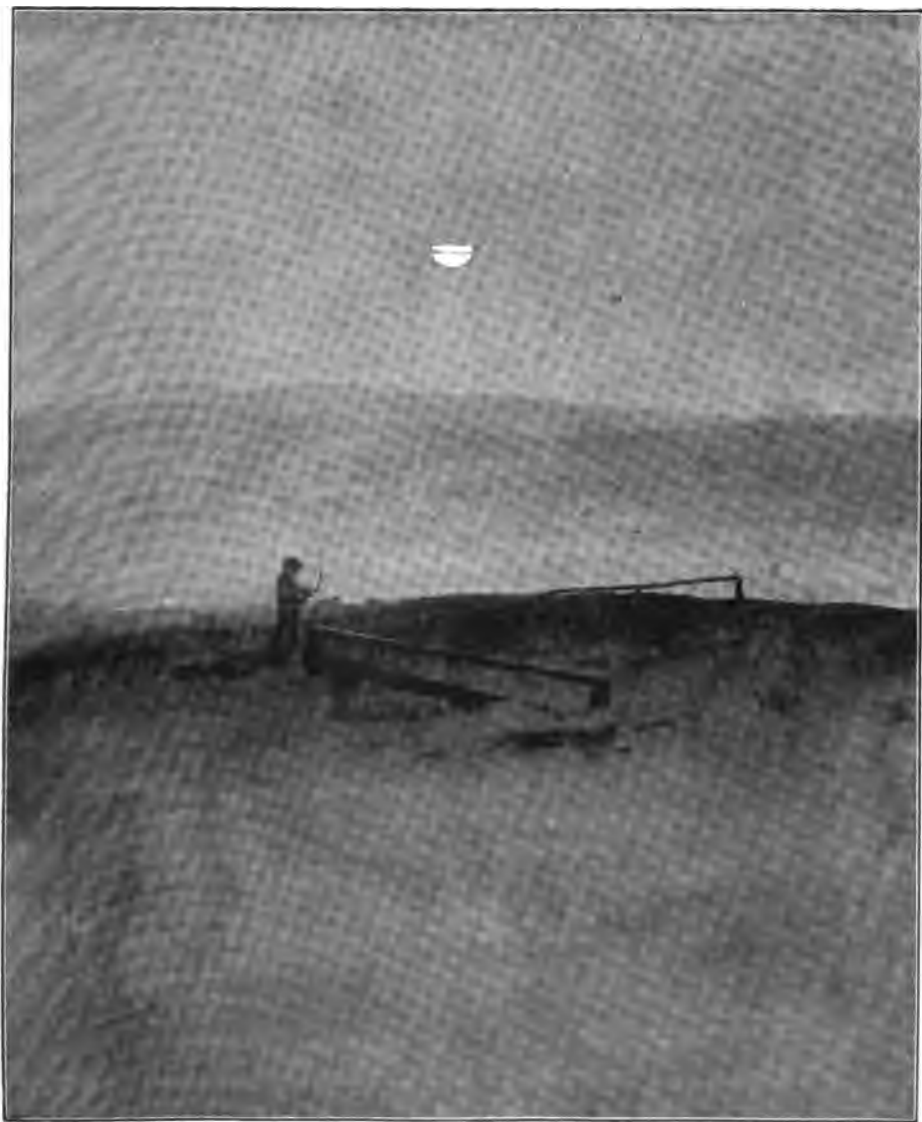
"Yes, she must see me," said I at last, and I could say nothing else.

The woman moved away, a strange bewilderment showing in her kind eyes. Again I was left alone to my restless self-communings. I heard people moving to and fro in the house. I heard the window of Mouraki's room, where the captain was, closed with a decisive hand. And then I became aware of someone approaching me. I turned and saw Phroso's white dress gleaming through the gloom, and her face nearly as white above it.

Yes, the time had come; but I was not ready.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]





**SHEEP TROUGHS.**

*Nocturne by Chas. Piers.*

## IN THE RESERVED COMPARTMENT.

BY W. PETT RIDGE.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOSEPH SKELTON.

*(Crowded compartment, with window bearing blue label with white letters, "LADIES ONLY." Racks groan with parcels; two babies (strangers) frown distantly at each other; ladies make agreeable faces at babies, and bob heads at them winningly.)*

SATISFIED MATRON. Yes, we are a little crowded certainly; can you move up just the least bit, dear? Wake the Scotch lady in the corner, and get her to make a little room; but of course it's so much more comfortable to be in a reserved compartment. *(Archly to baby opposite.)* I see him. I see him, the wicked ickle baby boy. *(Baby sneers, and turns his head away.)* Oh! shy, shy, shy ickle man. *(To proud young mother.)* Wonderfully intelligent face your little baby's got.

YOUNG MOTHER. Yes *(impartially)*, it is an intelligent face, all but the nose. I don't know what to do about his nose, really. I tell his father that he certainly didn't get *that* from *my* side of the family. *(To baby.)* Sittee up, and show the ladies how you stand all aloney. *(Baby gloomily assents to standing on his mother's lap for a moment; tumbles down instantly, and wails.)* Oh, never mind, then. He shan't stand up if he doesn't want to.

SATISFIED MATRON *(excusingly)*. P'r'aps the dear little thing's tired.

YOUNG MOTHER. No, it isn't that. *(Confidentially.)* I suppose it's a subject I ought not to talk about, but it's his father's obstinate temper, if you want to know what it really means. I can see it peeping out of him, young as he is, already. He'll want a lot of correcting

when he grows. *(Baby screams apprehensively.)* No, no; mamma won't punish her booful boy. *(Soothingly.)* Tourse she won't. 'Ook out of the window at the moo cows.

SATISFIED MATRON *(Optimistically.)* You'll find he'll grow out of it.

YOUNG MOTHER *(with doubt)*. I'm not so sure. What I go by is the eldest boy of a cousin of mine; and believe me or not, just as you like, but that boy is the biggest young tyrant you ever saw. Thinks nothing of answering his mother back, and only the other day——

*(Recounts stirring domestic incident. Large lady, who is occupying at least two seats, brags to neighbour.)*

LARGE LADY. Stout? Why *(with kind of proud regret)*, I really say sometimes that I do believe I get stouter every day of my life. I have myself weighed every now and then, but it doesn't seem to make any difference. My doctor says that it's a matter of constitution, and that's about all I can get out of him.

HER NEIGHBOUR. I suppose if you were to diet yourself——

LARGE LADY. Oh! I don't believe in that, bless you. *(Knowingly.)* Oh, no! I look on it as a sin not to thoroughly enjoy your meals; seems to me like flying in the face of Providence. Of course *(reasoningly)*, if you hadn't got them to eat it would be altogether different; but I *have* got them to eat, thanks be, and I look upon it as a duty to eat them. *(Fans herself with "Ladies' Own.")* I shall be glad of my lunch to-day, too. I haven't had anything excepting a few odd things since breakfast.



"YOU CAN'T COME IN HERE, MY GOOD MAN."

HER NEIGHBOUR. I knew a lady once who went to Homburg, and she——

LARGE LADY (*definitely*). If I can't get thinner without going abroad I prefer to stay as I am. I may be old-fashioned, but England's quite good enough for me. Let those go gallivanting all over the map that like it. I *don't*. Besides, I'm not such a believer in exercise as some people are; there's such a thing as overdoing it. (*Confidently*.) Catch me riding a bicycle! I think the way that some women rush about nowadays, respectable English women, too, is—well, I tell you candidly that simply to think of it throws me into a state of——

HER NEIGHBOUR. Perhaps a little genteel exercise——?

LARGE LADY (*glomily*). Make me worse very likely. It doesn't do to take everybody's advice.

HER NEIGHBOUR (*with some spirit*). Well, I'm sure I've no desire to force my advice upon you; you commenced the subject, and all I——

LARGE LADY (*reminiscently*). But when I was a girl, my dear—this, now, is a fact—I was counted the prettiest figure in all Brockley. I was, indeed! Slim? (*Lifts hands despairingly*.) Slim wasn't the word for it. I remember my poor dressmaker saying once—I'm speaking of some twenty or two and twenty years ago, before you were thought of, and when the fashions were different—I remember her saying, "Ah! Miss Totness" (that was my maiden name before I was married), "Ah! Miss Totness," she said, "there's some credit in fitting *you*." And the next day that poor creature—I'm telling you the absolute truth—went into a decline, and—(*sighs*)—ah! as I said at the time, it seemed as though it was to be.

(*Shakes her head dolefully*. Sharp featured young person explains an affair d'amour to sprightly companion.)

SHARP FEATURES (*with great relish*). So I, naturally enough, was annoyed, you understand me, Miss Walters, and I wrote

him a note, *very* short note it was, but *very* straight and to the point; and I said, "Dear Mr. Boorman," I said, "after what I heard last night," I said, "it is desirable, for the sake of all parties, that our acquaintance should cease."

MISS WALTERS (*approvingly*). That was one up against him.

SHARP FEATURES. Let me finish what I'm telling you. And I went on to say that it was no use entering into argument about the matter, because my mind was *quite* made up; and I hoped he'd be as happy in his future life as—I underlined this part—as he *deserved* to be.

MISS WALTERS (*cheerfully*). He could take that which way he liked.

SHARP FEATURES. Wait a bit! "As he deserved to be," I said. And then I finished up by saying, "I am, dear Mr. Boorman," I said, "your friend and well wisher"; and then I signed my name. Very well, then! Just as I was closing the envelope, the thought struck me——

MISS WALTERS. Didn't you add a postscript?

SHARP FEATURES (*annoyed*). Oh! *do* let me tell you all about it without interrupting. It won't take me many minutes, and then you can interrupt as much as you like. (*Resumes incident*.) As I say, the thought struck me that I might just as well add something at the end of the letter; and so I took up the pen, and I said—in the letter, you know—I said, "Perhaps another time that you pass remarks about other people, you will take care that you are not overheard." And then (*gleefully*) I put just *one* more bit that I expect made him stare. And what do you think it was?

MISS WALTERS (*cross at recent reproval*). Oh, I don't know! You're such an extraordinary girl.

SHARP FEATURES. I simply added these three words, "Walls have ears." (*Beams upon Miss Walters proudly*.) That's *all* I said, "Walls have ears."

MISS WALTERS (*still snappish*). Well, what did that mean?

SHARP FEATURES. Oh, well! (*helplessly*) that was for *him* to find out. He'd have to read between the lines, don't you see. He could make what he liked of it.

MISS WALTERS (*coldly*). I think it was a stupid thing to write down at the end of a letter.

SHARP FEATURES (*amazedly*). Stupid?

MISS WALTERS (*definitely*). Yes, stupid. Silly! Foolish! Can't think what you could have been thinking about to put in a sentence like that. (*Sharp Features gasps with astonishment.*) He must have thought you'd gone off your head to go and put down an absurd thing like that. "Walls have ears," indeed. If you'd only left that out.

(*Train stops at station. Burly gentleman, with cigar, essays to open carriage door.*)

INDIGNANT LADY (*next to window, breathlessly*). You can't come in here, my good man, the door's locked; and besides, if it wasn't locked you couldn't come in with that low cigar. What you want is a smoking compartment, and——

BURLY GENTLEMAN. Ye're wrong, ma good woman, I'm in no want of a smoking compartment. All that I require is——

INDIGNANT LADY (*severely*). Then please leave the handle of the carriage door alone, and go away. If there's the *least* sign of disturbance I shall simply scream out and——

BURLY GENTLEMAN. Ye'll pardon me, ma'am, for a——

INDIGNANT LADY. Go away, please! Go away at *once*! This compartment is reserved for ladies. (*Bitterly.*) Can't you read what's on the window?

BURLY GENTLEMAN. It's just preceesely for that reason——

INDIGNANT LADY (*excitedly*). Somebody call the guard and have the dreadful man taken off. (*To Burly Gentleman, wrathfully.*) I'm ashamed of you, a man of your position in life. From Scotland, too, above all other places.

BURLY GENTLEMAN (*app.alingly*). If ye'll but listen for one meenute I'll tell you——

INDIGNANT LADY (*definitely*). We don't want to hear anything at all that you've got to tell us. Simply *go* away, please.

BURLY GENTLEMAN. I'm not going away without fairst——

INDIGNANT LADY (*shrieking*). Guard! Guard! Come here instantly. Look at this dreadful Scotchman forcing his way into the compartment.

GUARD (*remonstratingly*). Now then, sir, what *are* you up to? What d'you want, aye? You mustn't go interfering with these ladies, you know.

BURLY GENTLEMAN (*feelingly*). I wouldna interfere with them for thairty thousan' pound, ma man. I merely want me guid wife that's sleepin' in yon corner, and if——

LADIES (*allowing door to be unlocked*). Oh, well! (*Complainingly.*) Why on earth didn't he say so before? It would have saved all this argument.







**"WHEN SHE LEFT THE COUNTRY SHE WAS SLIM!"**

*By J. W. T. Manuel.*



W. Cowper

# A BALLAD OF ARCTIC SEAS.

BY AUBYN TREVOR-BATTYE.

ILLUSTRATED BY MAX COWPER.

THE *Wood-and-Wed* of Peterhead  
went into the Polar seas  
On balanced wings, whose featherings  
toyed with the morning breeze,  
And shivered to know of the fields of  
snow and the frosts of ice-hewn  
trees.

Rough were the few that made her crew,  
rough as the North can send,  
All were the seed of the Viking breed,  
the wolf that fights to the end.  
And they were a pack that would not  
cry back, for their leader was seek-  
ing a friend.

A friend who would make for his sweetheart's  
sake money to spend and spare  
By a summer's toil for furs and oil with mates  
for share-and-share;  
And safely South to the harbour mouth these  
came, but he was not there.

They told how the ice had chased them twice when he had stayed behind,  
And the snow had swept and the breeze had leapt to a blinding bitter wind,  
So the tracks were lost when back they crossed and him they could not find.

So ran the tale of the *Abigail*. But here is the truth from me;  
They had hated him for some cabin whim, as men can hate at sea,  
And had put him ashore with the gun he bore and sailed and let him be.

And dead men tell no tales, 'twas well ; no help could come in time,  
For the days drew on, and the seals were gone, and the North is far to climb.  
But there is a Hand on sea and land that cannot miss a crime.

## II.

Girls as fair as the silks they wear I've seen across the seas,  
I know the spells of the Southern belles, and the eyes well-played to please,  
But a single tress of our sunny Jess was worth the whole of these.

Barefoot Jess with homely dress and a scrap of tartan plaid,  
Such winning grace in her dimpled face, and such dear laughter had—  
A man might die for the witchery of a kiss of her and be glad.

And she was to wed the man who was dead—or lost—a distinction light,  
For let him be brave or a puling knave, and let him falter or fight,  
Is not all one when the cold comes on and that abysmal night ?

You with the fire and your heart's desire when the year is growing old,  
Think of the sun that is never begun and the fellness of the cold !  
For it takes a life as a sealing-knife which Death's keen fingers hold.

Yes, lost or dead, what profited with no relief to send ?  
And Allan O'Thwayte the whaler's mate made bold at winter's end  
To ask once more as he'd asked before for the love that she gave his friend.

And Allan then went up to the glen where the burn is fed by the snow.  
In his voice a love that surged above the words that he uttered low,  
" To see him again were a hope too vain ; and I have loved you so ! "

But the girl had turned with eyes that burned in the fever of despair—  
" The heart that I had is dead, is mad, I have no love to share !  
And what were life as another's wife and Robin frozen there ?

" Yet I will ask of your love one task, but one, will you face it, or fail ?  
Is not the fate of a friend as great as the price of a whale-bone whale ?  
Bring him to me from yonder sea alive, if alive, but sail ! "

His voice was dumb and his heart was numb at the words of his own death-toll,  
But what cared he for the frozen sea or the bergs that plunge and roll !  
With the dawn of day he had sailed away, for he loved her as his soul.

## III.

So the *Wood-and-Wed* of Peterhead went into the Polar seas  
To look for the lost in the land of frost where the hearts of the mountains freeze  
Daring the breath that plays round death, a maiden's heart to ease.

And the whaler rose to meet the floes and strained as she felt their grip,  
Or gave her breast to a wave's wild crest and lapped it with her lip.  
From peak to hull no following gull was whiter than the ship.



At length in the light of the  
sun at night they sighted  
Ice-king's Isle,  
They saw it lie along the sky  
and they saw it with a  
smile ;  
This was the place where by  
God's grace they should  
stand by awhile.

For Robin, the man marooned,  
as ran the talk of the  
*Abigail*,  
Had last been seen where  
the mountains lean to  
a glacier-watered  
dale :  
And thither fast in a rising  
blast they pressed with  
every sail.

But around the bay the ice-  
pack lay like one great  
wall of stone.  
Yet the ship might ride  
till the turn of tide  
and Allan's work be  
done.  
With that he stepped to  
the boom and leapt,  
and landed there  
alone.

And he died to a speck  
from the whaler's deck  
in that white barren-  
ness ;  
Though truth to tell he went  
not well for all his  
errand's stress,  
For his thoughts were tossed  
in a storm or lost in the  
strength of his love for  
Jess.

And he seemed to have come with the dead man home and she, when the  
 hour was past,  
 (For love has wings, and sorrowings are made and fade so fast),  
 Had sorrowed a bit and forgotten it and had turned to him at last.

And a gentler scene arose between his eyes and this grim world's-end,  
 When they should stay on a Sabbath day a little time to spend  
 By the grave of the dead at Peterhead ; for his rival had been his friend.

So he went full slow across the floe, but at last he gained the strand,  
 Then turned his head to the *Woed-and-Wed* and hailed and waved his  
 hand :  
 When, lo ! a cry came answeringly from out of the frozen land.

Over the snow like the wail of woe in the cry of a Whip poor Will,  
 Or like the tongue of a wolf who has swung to the scent and means to kill,  
 It hung on the air and faded there, and Allan's heart stood still.

But then he jeered at the heart that feared a sound in the emptiness.  
 He had his work to do—not shirk for a cat-call more or less—  
 And he set his face for the lightest trace of the dead man's last distress.

#### IV.

And now he was 'ware of a dead sea-bear and a pile of stones thereby,  
 And the tattered rag of a signal-flag—a tragic irony.  
 But hope is part of a brave man's heart, though it make him but strong to  
 die.

He found a track which led him back and inland from the shore,  
 And up to the ice of a precipice, a cable's length or more,  
 When again the cry came ringing by that he had heard before.

And out of the ground a figure wound through the roof of a lair of snow,  
 Wierd as the theme of a graveyard dream, gaunt as a gallows crow,  
 And rocked itself on an icy shelf moaningly and slow.

It sucked at the heel of a dead grey seal like some wild creature caged,  
 And peered at the prize with puckered eyes, critical and aged,  
 Glancing askew at the presence new as jealously enraged.

Then full in his sight it rose upright and bowed to the bitter wind,  
 Muttering words—the wild sad words that tell of a broken mind.  
 And Allan could trace the witless face of the friend he had come to find !

Was *this* a task that love should ask ? Was *this* the reward of pain ?  
 God ! how the voice of the devil-choice rang in the drear refrain,  
 “ Bear him away to Buchan Bay, and he shall be well again ! ”

Bear him away to Buchan Bay? Safe to the arms of Jess?  
 What of the days that would be always! What of the fell distress  
 Of honour saved for a life enslaved in a hell of hopelessness!

"Alive or dead," were the words she said. Well dead then let it be!  
 And he felt for the lock of his rifle-stock and he sank upon one knee,  
 While his brow broke cold with the sweat that told of his strong agony.

He knelt in the track of the maniac as still as a thing of stone,  
 And drew a bead with a hunter's heed on the heart that had killed his own.  
 And the seagulls cried as though they vied for the first of the dead man's  
 bone.

But yet he stayed with the rifle laid. He fingers the lock and feels,  
 While out in the bay the seals at play—the glistening mild-eyed seals—  
 Stop to stare at the new thing there, the motionless speck that kneels.

For a torturing thought awoke and fought with the hate that the fiend had  
 sown.

Could he live a lie with her pure, clear eye looking into his own?  
 Could he love her still with this deed of ill mocking in undertone?

And he flung to the snow with a startled throw the gun he had held till then  
 What though wrong strive with the strength of five if right with the strength  
 of ten?

(For over his face there passed the trace of the spirit that strives with men.)

And he reached to the truth of a law whose youth is older than time is old,  
 Of sacrifice the eternal price of love—and the test of the gold.  
 Though how it went in the argument Allan could not have told.

He only knew that he loved her true, far more than his happiness.  
 She had asked him this and it should be this! What of one heart the less!  
 God help him, he should do faithfully. Robin should live for Jess.

Yes, it was done; the day was won, though wearily went the fight.  
 But the eye that had been so clear and keen was sad with a wistful light,  
 And the yellow hair that the Northmen wear was touched with streaks of  
 white.

## V.

Now Allan meant in this intent of saving his hapless friend  
 To lead him back along the track to the ice-floes' seaward end,  
 And sail away to Buchan Bay where his wild wits should mend.

But the crazy man divined the plan and fled with a mocking cry;  
 Pauseless he went up the steep ascent of each acclivity  
 Till he gained a peak with a frenzied shriek and laughed into the sky.



He stayed not still for Allan's will but dropped into some dim space,  
And took a ravine which came between on the very glacier's face  
With the cunning leap of a mountain sheep familiar with the place.

A strength of limb denied to him, as they say, who is strong and sanc,  
Fitfully forms in the gust and storms of the wild distempered brain.  
Be this as it may the daft that day was strong with the strength of twain.

And Allan found that he made no ground for all that his wit could teach,  
For the madman sped with tireless tread warily out of reach,  
And still at the dawn of the second morn each was watching each.



HIS FINGERS FELT FOR THE KNIFE AT HIS BELT.

And Allan had failed for the time, but hailed the hope of a surer way  
By bringing aid from the ship, and made for the head of the frozen bay.  
But there is a moon when all things keep, and there is an ill-starred day ;

And who shall win when the fates begin to rustle their pinions black ?  
For the bergs that ride with wind and tide had driven the vessel back,  
So that she lay ten miles away low in a red sun's track.

This was the thing which, wearying in hunger, and alone,  
Allan learned as he returned to drop on a barren stone,  
Sick with the sense of his impotence and with doubt of the drear unknown.

And into a cleft which the wind had left the worn-out whaler crept,  
To wait till the sea should again be free, but little watch he kept,  
For sleep is kind to the tired mind in the cold ; and Allan slept.

## VI.

What are the ways of the law which sways the mind of the insane?  
Could it be just the vague mistrust of being hunted again  
That took control of the madman's soul in the fetters forged of Cain ?

God knows. But now with twitching brow he peered from behind a stone,  
Like some wild ghoul, some devil's-tool of a crouching skeleton,  
At the resting-place of the weary face slumbering alone.

Down through the rocks as an Arctic fox who creeps on an Arctic hare,  
Worming low through the drifted snow, pausing to peep and stare,  
With cat-like stride he reached the side of the still form sleeping there.

Was there no one to make the sleeper awake to the danger threatening ?  
Nothing to rouse those tired brows to a sense of this boding thing ?  
None: not so much as a snowflake's touch or the shadow of some bird's wing.

His fingers felt for the knife at his belt and he raised his hand amain,  
His eyes all bright with the lurid light that burns in a madman's brain,  
And struck with the strength of the blade's full length, once, twice, and again.

## VII.

The wind had gone and the ship came on free of the loosened ice,  
And he sat by the side of the friend who had died to pay love's fatal price,  
And flourished the knife that had slain a life, as a priest at sacrifice.

They closed in then, those whaling men, on that grim sentinel.  
Between rage and grief his shrift was brief, and he fell where his victim fell—  
And all is said of the *Woed-and-Wed*, or little remains to tell.

For they carried each to the frozen beach tenderly none the less,  
They laid them out and put about in the Polar solemnness,  
And sailed away for Buchan Bay and brought them home to Jess.

She did not greet, but wanly sweet she listened the story through,  
She put them by all wearily as many as came to woo,  
And faded when spring was freshening, before the rowans blew.

She lies in the grave where the voice of the wave comes soft as a nesting dove,  
And the burn below is cool with the snow of the mountain-face above  
Between the dead she might now wed and the dead she might not love.

Never again may we see these twain when the northing whalers start,  
Never again shall Jess and her loveliness pass with the kelping-cart ;  
God be kind to the broken mind and kind to the broken heart.




## "OUT WANDO WAY."

BY A. J. DAWSON.

ILLUSTRATED BY B. E. MINNS.

"What matters the sand or the whitening chalk,  
The blighted herbage, the black'ning log,  
The crooked beak of the eagle-hawk,  
Or the hot red tongue of the native dog?  
That couch was rugged, those sextons rude,  
Yet, in spite of a leaden shroud, we know  
That the bravest and fairest are earth-worms' food,  
When once they're gone where we all must go."

—GONE.

UT now," I said, "when there's coach roads and wire fences everywhere, I suppose there's no more adventure or romance in the bush, eh?"

"I don't know about romance," replied the coachman, caressing the pole horses' flanks with the bight of his whip's fall, "but there's a sight o' queer things happens in the bush. Least, you and me, town chaps, 'ud think 'em queer enough, though the bushies don't reckon 'em much account."

Barney was a native of Tibbereena, the little northern town from which, under his charge, I had travelled all through the hot, sleepy Australian day, on the box of a Cobb's Royal Mail. During the last hour of our journey I had sought information from him on various topics, and had received many of such little glimpses of the inwardness of things Australian as a mail coach-driver can give.

A coach-driver is not a dweller in the bush, but one who runs always along the fringes of the great wilderness, fetching and carrying. So though, being on the fringe only he necessarily sees mistily, he sees much.

"Ah!" I continued, invitingly, "but there are no bushrangers; the gold hereabouts seems played out; and, hang it!

there can't be much fear of a man's really losing himself in country where as soon as you get off one squatter's outside paddocks, you run against a boundary rider's hut, or the wire fences of the next man's run."

"A-ap! Hold up, you bay brumby." Barney addressed his off-side leader. "That's what a new chum always thinks. But even a wire-fenced three-mile paddock isn't exactly your maze at Hampton Court, where a cooeey at one end 'll be heard the other. So they tell me, anyhow. My oath! but I've known a man eleven years out here and then bushed on his own run; bushed so he was out all of two nights an' a day. His troubles about wire fences. He was within ten mile of his own verandah all the time, an' when they found him he was dizzy with walkin' round an' round in the scrub, like a brumby foal in a stockyard."

"And was that anywhere about here?" I asked.

"The man was Ryan, Patsy Vanity Ryan they called him; and his place is about seven miles over yonder. See where that blue line gets sort o' pale and misty? That's where he's been ring-barkin' in an outside paddock. Why, there's a woman down here in the township, where we get fresh mokes, who—well, you wait, an' I'll show her to you. She'll be on the verandah when we pass."

Five minutes afterwards we were bowling down a sharp dip in the road, where a culvert crossed a shallow creek on the edge of the township of Mindoola, at which we changed horses. The first house we passed beyond the culvert was an unpre-

tentious little place of weather-board, half hidden in trailing passion vines and wild creepers.

At one end of the verandah of this cottage a woman stood looking out at us from under one brown, up-lifted palm, as though expecting that the coach would stop. One could see by her face and the lissom lines of her figure that, according to the foolish method of reckoning age by years, this woman was still young, probably under thirty. But her hair was quite white, save and excepting where a few brown lines streaked it. None of it was grey. And the lines about her mouth and the expression in her big eyes, told one that the woman had lived a good deal. "Nothing to-day," shouted Barney as we lumbered heavily past, leaving in our wake a dense cloud of white dust.

Then, looking back over Barney's driving-arm, and along the side of the dust-cloud, I saw the woman's shoulders droop a little, as she turned away from where she had stood at the verandah end, and spoke to a man who appeared in the door of the cottage.

Careful handling and patient listening, was the price which had to be paid for a story from Barney. We had some hours of early night before us after leaving Mindoola. I will pass over the bargaining. Barney had an interesting but confusing method of arriving at one story by telling a dozen other equally curious ones, of that great bush, the fringes of which he knew. Justice cannot here be done to his method.

This is what he told me about the woman I had seen on the verandah, and about two men, Reginald Crockett and Bob Morton. Sometimes he paused to swear affectionately at his horses, and again, occasionally, to make a flying cut with his whip at some bat-eyed 'guano dozing on a road-side tree-trunk.

"Being lost isn't a woman's yarn to frighten children with. Not in the bush

anyhow. You believe me. It's a thing for a man to be scared of, though. An' he needn't be ashamed of his scare neither, for a man's never the same again once he's been bushed. You go an' talk to some old stock-rider, who's maybe never been bushed, but just lived most of his time in an' out humpy on a station lying back somewhere. Maybe you'll find him good as gold an' white all through, but he's not the sort o' man you'd care to live with. He's not a sociable man, an' he won't talk for nuts, 'less when he's asleep, an' then maybe he'll talk the hind leg off a bullock. He's different to you an' me, and most times he'd sooner be alone than not.

"Well, three years ago—maybe four—there wasn't a prettier sort o' girl in the Ooroonooke than Norah Fenton. That was her you saw on the verandah, for all her white hair. She was only a store-keeper's daughter, but she could have married a squatter if she'd liked, or most anyone else. The manager of the Joint Stock in Jerieldie—that's the next township—he wanted her; an' Patsy Vanity Ryan, of Dingo Flats, him I told you of; he wanted her. But Norah, she'd been brought up in the bush before her father took to storekeeping in Mindoola, an' she loved the bush an' bushies. So the bank manager didn't get much of a look in, and Patsy Vanity, he was just a bletherskite of a man, anyhow; the sort of chap who'll always sit like a bag of coals on his horse if he lives till Doomsday. A no-account man in the bush.

"No! Norah would have Bob Morton, or else, as she told her father, she'd die an old maid. Well, the old man cut up pretty rough about it, as I can well understand, bein' a father myself, with a daughter that's—well——"

"And so, Norah?"

"Well, as I was saying, the old man got his wool off about it. Norah was his only child, an' her mother was dead, years back. You see, this Bob Morton was a

white man enough, and real good company, but he was a bit wild. Well, he was two ends and the middle of a damned young scamp, if you'll excuse my bad French. No harm in him, you know, but now an' again he'd get as full of tanglefoot as he could hold, and gallop the legs off a horse all night for sheer devilment. He was a shearer and a bound'ry-rider; an' God knows what he wasn't, in a careless, timber-getting, bullock-driving sort of way. But he'd always do a good turn, I never heard of his doing a bad one; an' the girls all through the Ooroonooke swore by him. I reckon he was in dead earnest about Norah too, for he kept paddocks away from tanglefoot an' all sorts of devilment after he began making up to her. An' he promised old Fenton he'd settle down, and work like a bullock on the conditional lease selection he was cockatooing with, out back of Jerieldie.

"However, old Fenton had mighty little faith in Bob, an' when young Crockett—Regnall—I forget his name —"

"Reginald," I suggested.

"That's it. Regular old country name, isn't it? When young Crockett came meandering round the store in the evening after Norah, old Fenton took a brace, and told the girl she could have the Englishman, an' welcome. This young Crockett, you see, had money, and was going to be a squatter somewhere in the Ooroonooke. He was getting colonial experience then on Patsy's run. But all the colonial experience he wanted was what he could get in old Fenton's store. An' for the matter of that I s'pect he did learn more from Norah an' Bob Morton than ever P. V. could a' taught him.

"He was clean gone on the girl, there's no doubt about that; an' you'd 've thought his courting, with all his old country ways an' graces, would 've fetched any girl. It might a' done with any other girl in the Ooroonooke. But, as I well

know—for he told me all about it himself—it made no sort of difference to Norah Fenton. She liked him, an' told him so. But that was as far as he could get, with old Fenton at his back an' all. An' the queerest part of the thing was that him and Bob Morton was just as thick as thieves. You can't beat a real raw new chum and a gentleman's son, for devilment. They're just the sort of chaps that'll gallop all night in country fit to kill a horse walkin', an' work all day, an' dance all the next night, an' drink whiskey all the next day; just for devilry.

"These two had chummed up the very day Crockett arrived at Patsy Vanity's, fresh from Sydney, and smelling of the old country. An' you can believe me or not, but Bob Morton and little Crockett, the new chum, they used to hang round Fenton's verandah in the evenings courting Norah at the one time, in their own way.

"Bob used to do the canoodling, an' get all the pretty things said to him; and little Crockett 'ud sit on the verandah rail, an' listen, an' gas about the moonlight, an' foolishness, old country style. Then they'd ride away together, an' roust out an' old man kangaroo in the bush, an' gallop his hind legs off till morning, just to show there was no ill-feeling. But Norah would let Bob Morton kiss her, an' she'd just hold out her hand, with a 'Good-night, Mister Crockett!' to the little chap.

"I know all about these things, d'y'e see, because he's told me himself, young Crockett."

I nodded, and Barney used words to his horses, collectively and individually. Then he lit the frayed stump of a cigar—coach-drivers and hotel-keepers are the only folk on the fringes of the bush who smoke cigars, unless one counts bank-managers, and doctors, and such-like—and continued his remarks to me.

"Well, this three-cornered footling went on for a while, because, you see, both men were in dead earnest; and the



FAIRLY RAKED THE STUFF IN.

girl loved one, an' the father favoured the other. But at last Bob an' Norah put their backs up, an' the old man had to cave in. Bob had made two or three clever sheep deals, an' seemed to be doing fairly well on his selection about that time, too. Him an' Norah was to be married in a fortnight, an' little Crockett knew all about it; an' didn't have any more hope than a dingo in a trap. Still, he used to hover round that verandah with Bob Morton in the evenings. That was habit, I reckon, like if you turn a stable-fed horse out in the bush, he'll come sniffing up to the rails every night for his grub.

"What was I saying? Get along, horses! Steady, you yellow cow! This isn't a circus. Oh, yes! Well, they was to be married in a fortnight, an' just then a friend o' Bob's comes along with his pockets cram full o' notes, an' a thirst on him that made the Mindoola boys sit up. An' they take Worcester sauce of a morning. This chap was an Englishman, and a regular devil. But it appears he had struck gold, an' struck it pretty rich, out somewhere the other side o' Wando, in mighty rough country. Nothing would suit him but Bob Morton must come out an' see the ground, an' make a bit to buy furniture with. 'You can pick it up,' he says, 'an' make more in a week than two season's shearing.'

"Bob hummed and hawed, with his eyes shining, an' his fingers itching; an' at last he kissed Norah, an' said he'd be back two full days before the wedding. Little Crockett looks sideways at Norah. I fancy I see him, with a funny, watery kind of look in his eyes. An' then he saddles up, an' off with Bob and Bob's friend Inglis.

"It was three days' hard riding, an' not much sleep, to the God-forsaken gully out Wando way where Inglis had struck colour. So Bob reckoned he'd only spend six days there, an' then get back to Mindoola two days before the wedding. Inglis said you

could do the ride in a day an' a half or two days through the bush. 'But the country's rough as blazes, an' knocks hell out o' your mokes,' he said. So they went by the road as far as the Wando hills. And when they got there, Bob, who knew a thing or two about alluvial mining, he was fairly bitten with gold fever. Him an' Crockett worked on from Inglis's patch, and fairly raked the stuff in, in the dry bed of an old creek. Morton reckoned he'd made a tidy wedding present for Norah while he was at it. An' little Crockett, he helped Bob.

"Well, they stuck at it for four days out of the six, an' all the time that devil of an Englishman, Inglis, he sat beside the old creek on a fallen log, an' bustled them about at their work. He had a big case of whiskey out there in his humpy, and at the end of four days he was mighty near seeing things. Then on the fourth day, he says,

"'I'm goin' into Tibbereena, you chaps, to have a bit of life. You peg away at the dirt; there's plenty of it; an' I'll be along at Mindoola in time for th' wedding. You'd better go back by th' road, because y' know that way, an' the other's pretty dam rough.'

"Well, of course, Bob laughs at this. An Englishman telling him which way he'd better go in the bush! An' Inglis rides away alone to Tibbereena. An' Bob goes on in the dry creek bed with little Crockett.

"When the sixth morning came they'd made a very tidy haul, and the little man started rolling up his swag ready for riding back with Bob to Mindoola, as per invoice.

"'What's up now, little man?' says Bob.

"'Well, this is our day for making tracks, isn't it?'

"'Snakes! I'm not going to leave the find to-day,' said Bob. He'd got the fever in his bones then. 'No! We'll knock another day an' a half out of this creek,

an' start when it gets cool to-morrow. Then we'll ride hard, an' take the bush track, an' we'll get to Mindoola some time on Thursday night.'

"Bob was to be married in the little tin church we passed this side the township, an' Friday was the day of the wedding. Nice fortunate day for a wedding, wasn't it?"

I nodded promptly to show my respect for Barney's view of Friday as a wedding-day. And Barney resumed,

"Well, sure enough, they worked right on, an' were at it again before sun-up next day. Then, in the early evening, they rolled up their swags—they must have been worth a tidy cheque—an' they started, driving their pack-horse for all he was worth, an' more, down the Wando range on the bush track to Mindoola. It's a sweet thing, that track. I've seen it once, an' I reckon it was made by bunyips. You never see a sheep there, only kangaroos, an' grey rock-wallabies, and a few brumbies. Them, an' death-adders, an' snakes of all kinds. An' when the wind blows up there it howls in the gorges like a beast in pain. But no beast ever lapped in hide could howl like it. And no horse ever foaled could ever gallop there, not for long. But Bob an' little Crockett were in a hurry when they started, and I reckon they scared the life out o' the wallabies an' bandicoots, with their whip-crackin' an' shoutin' to the pack-horse."

Barney paused, and reflectively flicked the near-side leader's ear with his whip, so that the animal plunged and jerked its nose from its knees into mid-air.

"Hold up then, sleepy, an' get along, you three-legged brumby."

Then Barney turned again to me, and took a light from my pipe, for one of my cigars.

"Well, all this time, Norah had been getting ready for the wedding, and singing an' cooin' to herself like a humming-bird. Some aunt of hers had come down from Queensland side to help, and old Fen-

ton had to live in th' store an' keep pretty quiet there. I reckon he had to eat hotted-up stuffs and cold snacks, that fortnight, same as a man has to who lives in a house where a wedding's goin' to be. The banns had been cried before Bob and Crockett went away, and things been fixed up with the parson for eleven o'clock on Friday morning. The Jerieldie parson holds a service once a week at Mindoola, you know.

"On the Wednesday, Norah sat on her father's verandah waiting to see Bob and little Crockett ride down the road. She sat there till midnight, but Bob didn't come. You see there was no way of his sending a message, so, of course, Norah worried more than a bit.

"Next day—that was Thursday—Inglis comes saggin' down the road from Tibbereena in the afternoon, galloping a blood horse, as if the road wasn't wide enough, an' carrying more whiskey about him than you or me 'ud like to pay for.

"Norah was real glad to see him, because he'd been with Bob and Crockett. So she overlooked the whiskey, though she couldn't have over-smelt it; and sat the Englishman down on the store verandah to talk to him.

"Well, of course, it was true Norah's sweetheart had made a very tidy week's takings up beyond the Wando hills, but according to Inglis' showing, him and little Crockett had made a fortune, an' were riding back then, covered in glory and gold-dust, to the wedding. I daresay all this kind of took the edge off Norah's trouble when Bob didn't turn up next day. And yet she must have felt pretty sick, poor girl, because she went up to the little tin church in all her finery, to wait for him.

"The time passed mighty slow, you know, as it does whiles, but still it passed. Saturday and Sunday passed, and part of Monday, an' still no word from Bob Morton or little Crockett. An' all this while Inglis was drinking Mindoola dry an'

keeping all the boys lively for the wedding. An' Norah, poor Norah, she was getting white and kind o' trembly, 'cos she didn't eat or sleep worth mentioning.

"On Monday afternoon that devil of an Englishman got out as far as Fenton's verandah, and had his blood mare brought round there. He'd a bottle of whiskey in each coat pocket, an' he said he was goin' to hustle the boys down from his God-forsaken creek out Wando way, dam if he wouldn't. Norah, she'd just struck a bright idea, an' old Fenton kind o' encouraged her in it to make her eat. It appears she reckoned Bob and Crockett, bein' away in the bush, had forgotten the dates somehow, an' were coming down for the wedding on the next Friday.

"'Yes,' says Inglis, full as he could hold. 'That's it. But I'll make 'em sit up. I'll take an almanack with me.'

"So he rode away with a foot long of Sydney Mail almanack stickin' out of his coat with the whiskey bottles. And that was the last time that Englishman was seen in Mindoola.

"All through that week Norah was fretting herself into a shadow, but she said they'd all be at the church on Friday morning sure enough. An she would be there, an' the parson would be there. An' Norah's aunt just told Fenton to do as he was bid, for the girl's mind was set. It was too, an' a team o' bullocks couldn't have shifted her from the front of the little church, when Friday mornin' came. It's a strange thing when a girl in trouble gets a thing into her bones. You've got to get out o' the track, an' lend her the bush, an' I reckon God somehow fixes things up accordin'.

"Well, you may reckon the whole township was out on parade in front of the tin church; and the parson from Jerioldie was there, an' half the Ooroonooke besides. It must 've been a thunderin' nervous time, I tell you; an' Mick Foley from the hotel did a roaring trade in nips at the back o' the church. At

eleven o'clock they tried to get the girl away, and she flashed out at them all, through her veil, an' asked the parson if he wanted her to break faith with her man. I think she must 've been half crazy with fretting.

"'It's a hard thing,' she says, 'if we can't give five minutes' grace to them that's riding a hundred an' fifty miles to get here.'

"So they waited. The parson was sort of flattened out. He was a young chap, fresh from Sydney, an' he told me afterwards, when I was drivin' him on this box-seat to Tibbereena, how they all got silent and creepy, till it was like a moonlight night in a five mile paddock, where the trees are ring-barked an' there's nothin' alive. An' that was noonday, when the sun was fetchin' trickles o' sweat out of the horses hitched up along th' fence. He says he could hear Norah breathing, an' the bark of a crow in a blue-gum across the road, startled the whole crowd of 'em waiting there.

"All of a sudden Norah jumped, an' the parson told me he felt sick. They heard a kind o' singing noise 'way up along the Wando track which runs into th' Mindoola road alongside the church paddock. It was a queer, cracked, thin sort of voice, like a sick calf's bleating, an' when it came a little nearer they could make out the words. It was a proper song, the parson told me. Something about a man having no time to waste because this was his wedding morning. I know there was a 'ding-dong' chorus about bells; an' I know that crowd never moved hand nor foot while the voice came nearer.

"At last it stopped, and they saw a horse come round the bend in th' track, with a man huddled up along his back, and another man walkin' along by his side, holding his arm round the first man's neck. An' all the while the crowd stood stone still, an' the parson could hear Norah breathing, short and quick.





SHE FLASHED OUT AT THEM ALL.



An' Norah was standing like a queen, in her long veil, holding out one hand.

"Then th' horse stopped, an' the little man walkin' by the side of it dragged th' other man off the saddle, still holding his arm roun' his neck, an' staggered down along th' fence to th' gate carrying him. The crowd stood back to give him room, an' no one had sense enough to do anything. So th' little man staggered right up to where Norah stood beside the parson, an' knelt down so's the other man lay on the grass. But the little man's arm sort o' stuck roun' th' other one's neck; an' it wasn't a pretty thing to see, because the sleeve was all torn and soaked in dry blood, an' the fleshy part of the arm was torn, too, like a dingo will tear a dead man's arm. An' the big man on the grass was stiff, stone dead, as the crowd might have seen before. An' all round his mouth was caked and crusted with dry blood an' bits of skin."

"What, Bob?"

"Why, yes! The big dead man was Bob; an' the little man, mad as mad could be, was the little new chum, Crockett, who'd managed to live through

that eight days in the bush somehow. An', mad or not, he carried his partner to his wedding, an' got him there, though he was dead.

"He got sort of right in his mind afterwards, but no one could make him talk about that week in the Wando country. The two had got bushed directly after leaving Inglis's humpy, an' the end of their bushin' was that mornin' outside the tin church. Little Crockett went away somewhere afterwards, home to the Old Country, I was told. But he came back again, for he's bound'ry ridin' not fifty miles from here now.

"Norah Fenton? Well, that's what made an old woman of her. She's right enough now, 'cept for the one thing. She's always waiting for me when I pass; an' every Friday, same as a man goes to mass, she—— Hullo here! Chip! Hold up, brumbies! Here's Jeriieldie, an' the end of your trip, sir! Well, thanks! It is dry work, when you're driving, too."

So we went into the Jeriieldie hotel together when the coach stopped, and I heard no more.



# THE HORRORS OF LONDON.

BY ALLEN UPWARD.

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST GOODWIN.

## X.—THE EMPIRE.



It was, no doubt, the experience of an evening at the Empire that gave birth to the malicious saying that the English take their pleasures sadly.

But the shallow observer who penned this hasty remark had failed to grasp the true character of the place which he attacked. It cannot be too clearly insisted on that the Empire is not, and never has been, intended as a mere place of amusement. In the view of its high-minded management it is, before everything else, an educational institution for the elevation of the masses. To treat it in any other light is to give these worthy gentlemen pain. To refer to it as a music-hall is simply to goad them to madness.

It was at one time the secret ambition of the directorate to have their building mistaken for the Imperial Institute. In the pursuit of this fatal aspiration they recklessly imported boxing kangaroos from Australia and singing colliers from the wilds of Wales. They only drew the line at Nautch girls. Against frivolity of any kind they set their faces like a flint.

Now it is their one craving to establish their concern on the footing of an annexe to the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge—a species of Toynbee Hall. They spare no effort to lure the studious youth of those learned bodies within their walls. It makes their eyes well over with happy tears to behold, as, for instance, on the evening of the annual Boat Race, the rows of thirsty scholars, their pale countenances worn with burning the mid-night oil.

It is even said that the Empire directors have carried their servile imitation so far as to call their house the College, and to allude to their venerable manager as the Dean.

The same rigidly classical and scholastic spirit makes itself felt in the alleged entertainments which are given on the stage of the Empire. There is no thoughtless levity about these proceedings. The solemn Terpsichorean rites which take up the greater part of the programme are, it is well known, founded upon the religious ceremonies of the ancient Greeks, as practised in the Eleusinian mysteries. To sit through these grave functions is a severe discipline for the young and worldly-minded, and has been found to require a free resort to tonics of a stimulating character.

It may appear strange that in the face of these high and unselfish ideals the Empire should be made the object of unworthy attack. Yet so it is. There is no place in London which is more persistently misunderstood. This is due to the spite of envious rivals, which have stooped to the basest calumnies to undermine its reputation.

The Empire has partly drawn this hostility on itself by unbecoming pride. It poses as the Mecca of the English-speaking race, and looks down on, and sneers at, less prosperous institutions. It claims to be more popular than the British Museum, and better known than the Dogs' Home at Battersea.

It can hardly be wondered at that such exorbitant pretensions should have



THE DEBILITATING CONVERSATION OF THE PERNICIOUS MAIDEN AUNT.

aroused ill-feeling on the part of the concerns referred to. The trustees of the British Museum have vainly tried to conceal their hatred of the Empire. The authorities of the Dogs' Home have long been engaged in secret machinations for its overthrow.

It is, however, the extraordinary bitterness prevailing between the Empire and the London County Council that has excited so much remark. That the County Council should feel some jealousy of the Empire is natural enough. The Council is the younger institution of the two, and of course it has not yet attained to the same prestige and popularity as its older rival. Moreover, the performances given by the Council do not always reach the same high standard as that which prevails in the house in Leicester Square. Its entertainments are expensively staged, but many of the performers are open to the charge of amateurishness, and there is a certain monotony about its programme which will have to be got rid of if the Spring Gardens house is ever to be a real success.

The County Council has not yet produced a really good ballet. Its low comedy is not always quite refined. And, moreover, it is severely handicapped by the exclusion of ladies from its caste, a point on which it is known to feel strongly.

Still, there is no real reason why the two institutions should clash. London is large enough for both. After all, their

aims are in many respects widely distinct. They appeal to different publics, in fact. The Empire is more of a civilising medium; it confers happiness by other means. There can be no real rivalry between the artistes who appear on its boards, and those who figure in the bills of the Council. Let each wear his own laurels, without jealously interfering with his neighbour.

How much good has been done by the Empire may never be known. How many young men have been rescued from evil lives by its ennobling influence it would be indeed difficult to estimate. But there can be no more inspiring sight for the moralist than to look around the crowded seats and mark the bright, happy faces of those who, but for this refuge, might have been mis-spending their time in far different ways, perhaps reading debasing fiction or frivolous magazines, or brutalising themselves with the unhallowed excitement of draughts, or herding in the unwholesome atmosphere of the insidious Mutual Improvement Class, or riding in the degrading 'bus to the disreputable suburb to enervate their minds with the debilitating conversation of the pernicious maiden aunt.

It is considerations like these that form the true glory of the Empire, and cause it to be pointed out to pilgrims from other lands, to the dusky Boer and the wild redskin of Chicago, as the home of England's greatness.





ADOLPHE WILLIAM BOUGUEREAU.

# ADOLPHE WILLIAM BOUGUEREAU.

BY JEAN BERNAC.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FIORILLO, PARIS.



F certain artists modify their "style" according as their ideas change with time, as a new tide of opinion establishes itself in Art, influenced by fashion or the social tendencies of the day, M. Bouguereau is not one of these. After having manipulated colours, like those who have passed through the academical studies, the painter of "*La Vierge Consolatrice*," often attacked, in spite of criticisms has not sensibly changed his form or colouring. Such as he was formerly he has remained. Discussion, no more than praise, has not turned him aside from the way he has chosen. Idealist, pursuant to his temper, a faultless draughtsman, M. Bouguereau has found that sweetness of style, conventional grace, and mellow shades are the only advantages that suit plastic art, or, at least, the form of art he has thought right to adopt. One can, evidently, criticise these tendencies, but in a time of decay, where repeated concessions are for many the only rule of conduct, one cannot, in spite of certain reserves, hinder one's self from manifesting some sympathy for the artist who has willingly maintained his ideas to the end, without troubling himself about the noise made around him, and taking only as his motto the Oriental proverb, "The dogs bark, the caravan passes." The steady earnest work, only interrupted by the duties of his position, and the advice due to his pupils of the school, comprise in a few words the life of the painter, which a career of half a century has never changed during a single day.

Although one has often spoken of the artist and his methodical life, it seemed interesting to us on a fine July morning to go and talk with the painter whose pictures have found their place in the public and private collections of the world.

Contrary to the example of a number of his successful brethren, generally installed in the modern quarters of the Park Monceau, or in the airy avenues close to the western fortifications, M. Bouguereau lives on the left side of the Seine, not far from the Luxembourg, in a large house of a quiet quarter—Rue Notre Dame des Champs. The Parisians of the boulevard, whose activity is concentrated solely between the Faubourg Montmartre and the Madeleine, would call this part "the provinces," with the affectation of disdain that the "born-boulevardier" professes for all that does not gravitate in the narrow circle of the theatres, newspapers, and cafés! But for the thinker, the worker, this quiet quarter, where the passers-by are rare, and where the bells of the numerous surrounding convents ring all together the hours of recreation, study, meals, and prayers, this neighbourhood has a particular attraction, a restful stamp specially appreciated by the dreamers, and all those in general whom the contemporary agitation and the struggle for life have not yet involved. To be exact, I should say, however, that this part is not absolutely deserted. Numerous artists have chosen to reside there, and the English of both sexes who come to Paris to study painting have, I am assured, a preference for these tranquil regions.

A court, a large entrance gate, a powerful electric bell, recalling those of the railway stations, and we find ourselves within the residence of the painter of "Ste. Cecile." A servant, without asking

quietly continuing his work, disappears in a neighbouring room, we arrive on the fourth floor, and knock at the door. A distant voice calls out: "Come in!" and we enter an immense studio, divided by

an old tapestry, at the foot of which some old arm-chairs are placed. The master is not there, but one finds large paintings hanging on the walls, innumerable works in outline, picturesquely littered about the place. Here is, truly, the studio of a worker, and not the salon encumbered with plushes, nick-nacks, and the little chatels of a modern painter! Still, M. Bouguereau is not installed there. At the end of this vast hall we discover, divided by a glass-door, another room, or rather a large conservatory, where a



BOUGUEREAU AT WORK.

our name or the object of our visit, answers us: "M. Bouguereau? Go up to the top, you will find a door on your left! It's there!" After this very simple reception we climb up a large staircase carefully waxed; and whilst the servant,

model is sitting, whilst a little man on an over-turned stool, is painting. It is M. Bouguereau.

Without even raising his eyes from his canvas, the master of the house invites us to take a chair. Whilst we look at



BOUGUEREAU IN HIS STUDIO



the work that absorbs him, we explain to him the object of our visit: to see his new works, and exchange ideas with him.

"It is very kind of you," answers he, "to have come; but what shall I say to you? My ideas are solely those of a man whose work is his only preoccupation; and at this time here are my ideas."

A slight movement of the head to show me the canvas on which he is working; with a wave of the hand to the model, a handsome girl with auburn hair, asking her to slightly incline her arm, and that is all. We respect for a while the artist's meditation, but seeing that the Master mechanically continues to paint, we resume the conversation.

"This painting, Master, which now occupies you, and represents this young girl on the brink of a well, how do you intend to name it?"

"I shall call it 'Meditation.'"

"And how did you get the idea of its composition?"

"How did I get it? Chance! I will tell you a truth which will not at all astonish you. To find a subject one must look for it. Once vaguely formulated, I grind the idea, and give it a form of some kind; then the model arrives, takes a pose, and, after trials, I define it.

"I think idea superior to fact, though every fact admits of an idea. But I reckon whatever be chosen, it ought to *touch* the public. Thus, my 'Vierge Consolatrice,' at the Luxembourg, by the types it illustrates, should make an impression on all. It is an idea within the reach of all minds and hearts. Consolation, of which every human being feels the want, is found there under the form of an episode, which encloses the general and superior idea. In looking at this subject, it seems to me, one ought to find the restful satisfaction I have sought. But since we are speaking of a point that interests you, I will tell you what chance can do. The same year that I worked at

this picture, I also painted 'La Jeunesse et l'Amour.' Amongst all the sketches destined for 'La Vierge Consolatrice' I clearly saw 'La Jeunesse et l'Amour.' Such as I conceived in thought the composition, so I have placed it on the canvas, whilst my large picture received important modifications before its final completion. Thought comes by analogy or opposition. For example, at this time, I am also engaged with a man carrying his cross, who arrives at the feet of the Great Crucified. How did the idea of this picture come to me? I could not tell you. All compositions come alike, unless they are inspired by a text, but that is not in my ideas. I only take my subjects as I am inspired.

"Painting, in my opinion, ought to charm the eyes, and the heart, and for children it may be an agreeable instruction. It has the advantage, over literature, to represent its varieties at a glance."

"With regard to teaching, ought painting to be the reproduction, as exact as possible, of the text?"

"Not at all; the artist has the right to take every license. His own poetry adds truth to the work."

Although this way of looking at things is liable to controversy, we do not wish, however, to discuss it, our part being limited solely to register the appreciations of the Master.

We ask him, then, what, in his opinion, had the most influence on him æsthetically?

"I am about to answer you, perhaps, something monstrous. It is I, myself. Besides, I have not found much! I have loved the ancient, the antique, the Renaissance, but not like a jacket to put on my back. Everybody has inevitably something personal, which cannot greatly be modified, as the nose, or the eyes, on a man's face. Each one has his own turn of mind, his impressions, which mark with an individual stamp what one tries to render. Those who

would make themselves one with a man of genius, when they have only talent, never do much. Besides, the man of genius is sometimes a fool, who follows his sensations. He acts on instinct, whilst the man of talent is a reasoner, who seeks to explain to himself the 'reason' of his acts, and to give a fixed plan to his colouring and style."

"In that case, what do you think of modern art, so 'cerebral' according to the fashionable French expression?"

"What do you mean by modern art? If it is of 'prismatic' painting you wish to speak, I declare it sets my teeth on edge. Besides, I have never understood

anything of it; much as I have seized the colourings of Titian and Veronese."

At this moment the door opens, and a young man enters the studio.

"Master, I come from 'L'Ecole des Beaux-Arts,' where the designs for the 'Prix de Rome' are exhibited. Everybody names X——, one of your pupils."

The Master, at this moment only,

interrupts his work. It is the first time since my arrival that I have been able to see M. Bouguereau face to face. The beard, and white hair on which is placed a little cap, frame the calm and restful face of an old man. The Master wears a flannel shirt. He has laid down his brushes.

"It is true, then, my dear boy, what you have just told me? That is good news and gives me great pleasure. Ah!" says he, turning to me, "it is a delight for a professor!" His visitor gives him particulars. Everyone is pleased to design his pupil as the future laureate of the "Prix de Rome"; all are agreed on this matter, it appears.

"May you say what is true," answers the Master. "But sometimes one has such surprises. After all, we shall see."

M. Bouguereau has already resumed his pallet, and mechanically begins painting again, continuing his interrupted conversation with me.

"I was then speaking to you of the 'prismatic' style of painting. I think it won't last long. I have never engaged



BOUGUEREAU AT WORK.

my pupils to follow this school, as I am an old 'hand,' and obstinate. However, I pity those it misleads, for they won't go far."

"What will become of them, then?"

"They will go backwards; perhaps they will transform themselves into reactionists, which, besides, does not say much. It would be better they should become talented artists."

"Do you believe in an evolution?"

"I believe in all evolutions. Nothing recommences in an absolute form, but I do not attach much value to theories. Beauty modifies itself. It is a question of epoch. Why does a head, which one found beautiful at the time of the Restoration, shock you now? One cannot understand it. It is extraordinary to think how each epoch has its particular character."

"Is not the dress the reason?"

"Perhaps. But that is not sufficient to explain it. The way of living of an epoch leaves its special stamp. According as the latter has been calm or troubled, one can find traces in the style of the time."

"Can you, then, prognosticate what the Art of to-morrow will be? In music, one is now led to suppose that the future master will be he who will blend the simplicity of Gluck with the orchestral combinations of Wagner."

"One cannot tell, music is a more simple art."

"How is that?"

"How? It takes less time to learn. Thus, looking at it technically, it takes much less time to form a musician than a painter. The mean age of the 'Prix de Rome' music pupils is twenty, whilst that of painters, sculptors, and architects, varies between twenty-two and thirty; whence the proof, that the former can more easily acquire the science of their Art than the latter. It is, besides, curious to think that it is possible to write down all the sensations of the soul with notes!

The profession is, in fact, more quickly acquired. I do not mean by that—the same as for sculpture—that less talent is necessary, but I look at it simply technically. To return to painting, whatever may be its future fate, we have for it an unerring guide—Nature! With its numerous aspects, its riches, it will maintain the artist in a certain train of ideas, always giving him something to rely on. It is, for him, truth in splendour and reciprocally, which withal comes to the same. All changes with time, and, though it experiences numerous fluctuations, Beauty remains! I think it is a want felt by humanity, and even those who affect to despise it, in the main, desire it! But how define it? That is the difficulty. Both of us have perhaps different ways of interpreting it. Thus, for me, Beauty, one of its forms at least, is the head of a young girl seen the other Sunday. I should be all the same embarrassed to tell you why! Was it the expression, the charm, the figure, or the 'gift' which presented her thus to me? I cannot tell, but I had all the same a vision of noble æsthetics. For us painters, what most often fails is the model! One takes then, no matter what head, even that of the 'Venus of Milo,' and one accomplishes—a wooden head!"

I avail myself of this digression to ask the artist if he believes our race, viewed plastically, is in degeneration?

"That is not at all my idea. They always talk of our ancestors, big fellows—as high as that!"—(here an ascending wave of the hand)—"but without stopping at the fact that it is not the biggest men who have done the greatest things, the men of genius being rather of short stature. I do not believe that our forefathers were sensibly taller than we. For that we have only to see their armour, in which many of us would find a tight fit! Now let us take the dresses. I have seen so many in which the sleeves



THE INNER STUDIO.

are so narrow that one can hardly pass the hands through them !

"Besides, our generation exercise themselves in all sports, they do a great deal of gymnastics. I do not see they are degenerated, and I consider them quite equal to their predecessors."

Just at this moment, two young girls enter the studio, offering their services as models !

They are neither pretty nor tall.

All epochs have had, I conclude, their little failings !

M. Bouguereau, however, notes their names and addresses, and sends them away.

These girls having left, I question the Master as to his occupations and his beginnings.

"I work every day from half-past eight in the morning till night. My pallet and brushes are my favourite occupation, and outside them, I take very little recreation.

I have a country-house, but it is not practicable for painting because the models fail me there. When it pleases them they come, otherwise one sees no more of them ! At 'La Rochelle,' my native place, I work perhaps more than here. There, I have neither to preside on a commission, nor pupils to see. As to models, I take them where I can, country women in preference.

"It is at 'La Rochelle' that I was born, as I told you. What decided me to follow my career was the great master of the world—Chance ! I was in a college at Pous. The drawing teacher came from Paris. He had participated in the legendary struggles of the studios of Gros and Ingres. As you know, there was between the two schools a profound hatred. Our professor, very fond of his art, was obliged, however, to leave it to gain his living. It was thus occasion and want which made of him a drawing-

master, and it was thanks to this chance—see how strange all is in life—I chose my career.

“He encouraged me, in fact, to persevere, and it was following his advice that I started for Bordeaux to follow the classes of the Municipal School of Design. From there I went to Paris, and I entered at Picot’s, at the ‘Ecole des Beaux-Arts.’

“In 1850 I obtained the ‘Prix de Rome,’ with a picture called ‘Zénobie trouvée sur les bords de l’Araxe,’ and shared this first nomination with Baudry. Then I went to Rome, and came back from there with a picture ‘Le Corps de

Ste. Cécile apporté dans les Catacombes,’ bought for the Luxembourg. Since then I have only had to follow my line.”

Let us add that M. Bouguereau has since sent nearly every year works to the Salon of the Champs-Élysées, of which he is the Vice-President from the foundation. Commander of the Legion of Honour, President of the Artists, Painters, Architects, Engravers, and Draughtsmen Association, Member of the Institute, the celebrated painter married this year, at the age of seventy-one, an American, Miss Elizabeth Jane Gardner, one of his most attentive and devoted pupils.

This last fact wholly defines the man.



# REVELATIONS OF AN ALBUM.

PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE.

BY JOSEPH HATTON.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. MARGETSON.

XXV.

VICTOR HUGO'S DRAWING OF THE  
GIBBET.



"EARS ago," says a Parisian journal in 1869, "Victor Hugo made a pen-and-ink drawing of a corpse swinging on a gallows. The only title that he could find for his drawing was the onomatopoetic word *couic*. Shortly afterwards he heard of the execution of John Brown. He at once effaced the monosyllabic legend, and wrote under his drawing, 'John Brown.' The drawing was engraved, and may still be met with, though rarely, in the hands of dealers." A photograph of the picture was sent to me by Victor Hugo. It simply bears the date of the original drawing, and the signature of the draughtsman, "Victor Hugo, 1860." The drawing was hardly made without an object. Victor Hugo was not the man to work in that way. If he had not already sketched one of the most remarkable chapters in *L'Homme qui Rit*, the idea and the *motif* were surely in his mind. You will find the weird development of the original sketch under the heading of "Conflict between Death and Night." It describes the youthful victim of the Comprachicos frozen by terror, and cold in presence of life and death in their most gruesome shapes. You can see the corpse, you can hear its chains creaking in the wind, you can feel the chill of the storm and the horror of it. As the gale comes up from the sea in gusts, the corpse emphasises its dismal oscillations. It no longer swings.

It is tossed. The chain ceases to grind, it shrieks. You hear the rushing noise that follows, a noise of wings. The flight of ravens is another terrible reality. Black flying specks prick the clouds, pierce the mist, increase the size, come nearer, amalgamate, thicken, utter cries, and alight on the gibbet. They talk and croak; the wind responds to the foul birds' croaking acceptance of putrefaction. You can fancy you hear the tomb breaking silence. Presently the croaking ceases. Then a single raven perches on the skeleton. This is a signal for the rest. They all precipitate themselves upon the corpse. There is a cloud of wings; then all the feathers close up, and the hanged man disappears under a swarm of black blisters struggling in the obscurity. Is it he? Or is it the wind? He makes a frightful bound. The hurricane comes to his aid. The phantom falls into convulsions. The squall seizes him, and hurls him about in all directions, and the ravens cling on to him. Then, as if some grim humorist of the night had seized the chain, and was playing with the mummy, it turns and leaps. It even terrifies the birds. It is as if there is suddenly an explosion of these unclean creatures. Then they return and adapt themselves to the hideous movements of the corpse, tossed to and fro in the gale. So graphic in its details is the picture that you realise the reality of it, though it is a work of pure imagination.

I turn from this section of the Album, which contains many reminiscences of Victor Hugo, to the version of his great

work which I had the pleasure of introducing into the pages of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, with illustrations by Luke Fildes; and here I find the artist's interpretation of the "Conflict between Death and Night,"—the final development of Hugo's sketch of the gibbet that he eventually located on the English coast. "To a man it would have been what it was, a gibbet; to the child it was an apparition. Where a man would have seen a corpse the child saw a spectre." And that is very much what Fildes saw, as witness his pencil in the accompanying illustration of the conflict. "Thrusting of claws, thrusting of beaks, croakings, rending of shreds no longer flesh, creakings of the gibbet, shudderings of the storm and tumult. What drearier conflict could be imagined? A hobgoblin warring with devils! A combat with a spectre!"



"COUIC."  
(From photo of drawing by Victor Hugo.)

#### XXVI.

##### "ON THE SPUR OF THE MOMENT."

Many of the most brilliant passages in the most brilliant books, most of the best things in journalistic literature, have been written under an impulse of impatience, or under the prompting of necessity, or with the inspiration that has been the out-

come of thought and study. There is no such thing as a sudden capacity to write upon a theme with which you are not acquainted; but there is an enthusiasm which amounts to inspiration that may grow out of your deep knowledge of a subject; and there is the sublime inspiration of conviction and enthusiasm that enables the poet to concentrate a world of meaning into a sentence. For example, "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever." Pope said the things he had written fastest had always pleased him most. Dryden wrote the Ode on St. Cecilia's Day at a sitting; but the corrections occupied him a fortnight. It is understood that Shakespeare wrote *The Merry Wives of Windsor* in the time that it took Dryden to correct his Ode. Scott said the portions of his romances that flowed most rapidly from his pen always ob-

tained the most applause. Moore wrote quickly, but polished laboriously; so also did Dickens. One of the most brilliant battle descriptions of our time was written by Archibald Forbes while he was practically under fire, and had in his mind's eye the special needs of his paper in London. It is one thing



THE CONFLICT BETWEEN DEATH AND NIGHT. \*

(From a drawing by Luke Fildes, R.A.)



for a war correspondent to write a great news despatch ; another to get it on the wires for his editor. I have done little in that way myself ; but the *Standard* in London, when President Garfield was shot, had the credit of a fairly graphic account of that sad incident, set forth in the longest cable that had ever been dispatched from New York to London, and I wrote nearly the whole of it in the telegraph office, the operator picking up my manuscript and ticking off my message as fast as I prepared it. Although I no longer remember the words, I have a vivid recollection of the dramatic suggestiveness of its opening sentences, which began with a man running wildly, as the watchman on the tower saw the son of Zodak run before Cushi, towards the White House panting with the news, "The President is shot !" I shall always remember the inspiring effect of standing at the New York end of the Atlantic wire, and telling all Europe the dramatic story that I knew all Europe would read the next day with breathless interest ; I held the cable for hours and hours, as the ancient mariner held the wedding guest, held it without tiring, and with the consciousness that I should not tire the public. No novel ever had such a prompt and vast circle of readers as that seven-column despatch which related the beginning of the Garfield tragedy.

## XXVII.

## "TALKING SHOP."

I have often talked shop with William Black, who is a master of the artistic use of natural effects in illustrating character and the development and exhibition of incidents in fiction. One day, chatting with Black in his London chamber, overlooking the Thames Embankment, we discussed the value of the pathos that might belong to a gray morning or an evening mist when woven in with a sad thought or a tender episode. Comparing many instances of this influence of nature's

moods in art, Black found that he knew nothing more touching in the language than the closing sentences of Ruskin's introduction to his notes on Turner's drawings. While I was quoting Ossian he turned to his desk and handed me a Ruskin pamphlet, with a leaf turned down at page nine, and the following words were marked :—

"Morning breaks, as I write, along those Coniston Fells, and the level mists, motionless and gray beneath the rose of the moorlands, veil the lower woods, and the sleeping village, and the long lawns by the lake shore.

"Oh, that someone had told me, in my youth, when all my heart seemed to be set on these colours and clouds, that appear for a little while and vanish away, how little my love of them would serve me, when the silence of lawn and wood in the dews of morning should be completed, and all my thoughts should be of those whom, by neither, I was to meet again."

Black stood watching the river Thames as I read these words that had been marked down for remembrance, and it seemed to me that the pathos of them was heightened by the traffic on the silent highway that went on all the same, and will continue to ebb and flow whether the gray clouds, that hang above the familiar towers by the river, be associated with joy or with sorrow.

Black takes six months of the year to think out a novel ; the other six to write it. He lives at Brighton, and his workshop is at the top of the house. It is a long room ; one side of it is filled with books, the other has his desk, set between two windows that overlook Paston Place and at the same time command the Channel, freighted with distant ships. On the wall there are an Admiralty chart of the Western Highlands, a caricature of the novelist from a comic paper, a couple of water-colour drawings by himself of a "Night in Camberwell Green" and "Memory in the Western Highlands," and a pair of

bronze medals, designed by his friend Macphail for the University of Edinburgh; and in a corner, upright and defiant, like two rigid sentinels, stand a pair of Indian clubs. A simple room, plain even to coldness. No luxurious rug or easy-chair breaks the monotony of it, and no bit of colour feeds the eye, unless you look for it in nature's own pictures of sky and sea that are framed by the windows. Examine the bookshelves, and you shall find the novelist's favourite authors. They are Heine, Alfred de Musset, Thackeray, and Georges Sand; and the particular works of the two last mentioned which he has read most frequently are *Esmond* and *Consuelo*. Marcus Aurelius must not be forgotten as one of his constant literary companions. At the same time he is a miscellaneous reader. You can see that his books of modern poetry, politics, history, travel, are not merely ornamental. Black's real work is chiefly done out of doors; he merely transcribes his plot at his desk; not in a fantastic garb, after the manner of Wagner; not like Schiller, with a flask of Rhenish at his elbow; not like Johnson, throwing off his *Ramblers* as the printers wanted them; nor Goldsmith, in loose apparel; nor like Jerrold, taking a turn at intervals in his garden, though Black's desk is as clean and neat and devoid of litter as were those of Jerrold and Dickens. Washington Irving could often write in spite of obstructions and noises of all kinds; but even his muse rebelled occasionally, as is evidenced by a note in his diary at Bordeaux in 1825. "Harassed by noises in the house till I had to go out in despair and write in Guestier's library."

## XXVIII.

### THE BEGINNING OF A CAREER.

The opening of Miss Braddon's career is characteristic of the woman's energy and courage.

As a girl she was attracted both to the profession of literature and the stage.

She acted in several country theatres, and at the same time wrote short stories and literary sketches, her first little books seeing the light through the press of a provincial publisher. She had written many trifles, both in the way of fiction and essay, before *Lady Audley*. The story of that story is a romance in itself. Mr. Maxwell had started, in more or less of rivalry to Dickens's first periodical, a magazine called *Robin Goodfellow*. Dr. Mackey was its editor, and Lascelles Wraxall was his second in command. There had been some difficulty in regard to the opening novel, in consequence of which the new periodical was upon the eve of postponement, a serious *contre-temps* in the face of its extensively advertised date of publication. The day before a decision was necessary, Miss Braddon heard of the difficulty, and offered to write the story.

"But even if you were strong enough to fill the position," was the publisher's reply, "there is no time."

"How long could you give me?" asked the aspiring authoress.

"Until to-morrow morning."

"At what time to-morrow morning?"

"If the first instalment were on my breakfast-table to-morrow morning," he replied, indicating by his tone and manner the utter impossibility of the thing, "it would be in time."

The next morning the publisher found upon his breakfast-table the opening chapters of *Lady Audley's Secret*.

*Robin Goodfellow* did not hit the public. It did not live to finish *Lady Audley*. Maxwell lost money over it; but he discovered Miss Braddon, whose story took the town in its three volume shape, and laid the foundation of fame and prosperity.

Miss Braddon told me she should never have written *Lady Audley's Secret* if she had not read *The Woman in White*. She regarded Wilkie Collins as her literary godfather.

## XXIX.

## "JOHN NEEDHAM'S DOUBLE."

Either to a master of research or to an imaginative writer, the beginnings of things would prove a most engrossing subject. How a man starts in life is always the best chapter in his biography; how a novelist hit upon the theme of his most successful story, how he discovered his plot and characters, what inspired them, where the germ of the idea came from, how long it took to fructify, would be an interesting revelation. Miss Braddon used to keep her skeleton-plots, and her husband was proud of his bound volumes of her manuscripts. I have heard him say, "In time to come it might be doubted that one hand could write so many novels, all so good." The modest authoress, with a blush even in her matronly days, would deprecate Maxwell's admiration of her work. "But here they are," he would say, "every one written in her own hand, just as they have been set up by the printer." And very admirable "copy" they made, written in a fine, firm, unwavering hand, the calligraphy of one who knows what she wants to say and knows how to say it. There are other writers of popular works who are just as careful of their manuscripts. Some day the volumes may come to the hammer and be fought for among collectors. From the Braddon library of MSS., however, one book is absent. *Lady Audley*, which was the sensation of its time, pronounced upon in eloquent terms of praise by *The Times* and bought in thousands by the public, was destroyed in a fire at the publishers—the constant lament of John Maxwell, who gave the authoress that doubting and doubtful chance of fame and fortune referred to in a previous paragraph.

The late Duke of Devonshire collected at Chatsworth House a gallery of the original sketches of great pictures. I know no gallery so intensely interesting. The working of the imagination in the

conception of a fictitious story, or its development into a romance or a play, is to me one of the greatest mysteries. Setting aside, for the moment, the origin of other people's stories, one of my own experiences is curious enough to be interesting, however unimportant the subject. One day, walking along a broad passage in a London store, I saw approaching me a man who was strangely like myself. I supposed for a moment that it was a newspaper friend of mine whom some clubmen called my double. As we neared each other the likeness was remarkable. On a close acquaintance I found the double was myself—I had been walking up to a mirror that filled one end of the passage. Reflecting upon the incident at night, I thought of two people who might really meet in that way, so like each other that they stopped to remark it, and found, on being introduced, that they were about the same age, and that their initials were the same. From this my fancy drifted into supposing one of them in difficulty and despair, having determined upon suicide, suddenly conceiving the awful idea of killing the other and taking his place in the world. Then I remembered a financier and member of Parliament who had committed suicide, and I pictured in my mind his career up to the very last of his preparations for committing suicide, and at that point confronted him with a very double of himself, and conceived in him the wicked inspiration, full-born, and strong of purpose, "This man shall take my place." Having brought him to this terrible pass, I put him through all the horror of it; the fear and dread, the guilty hope of freedom by another's death, and I followed him home and heard him try to justify the crime he contemplated, and account to the man's friends for his disappearance. "Many a man," he said to himself, "comes to London and is heard of no more. He is on his way to a foreign land; it is thought he has gone

thither ; he has not ; for some reason he is hiding in London, or he is dead and buried. What is one life more or less, his or mine ; life is a battle ; it has its killed, and wounded, and missing." And when he had made up his mind to kill him, he had tossed about all night, hearing the clock strike until it was morning ; and then he drew up his blind, and from the opposite house there streamed out into the sunlit street a party of merry guests who had been dancing at a fancy ball, and their laughter and gay attire seemed to mock him. And it was thus that the story of *John Needham's Double* came to be written—because I saw my unworthy self in a mirror, and thought it was another man.



THE TYPICAL AUTHORESS OF FIFTY YEARS AGO.

XXX.

THE LADY NOVELIST OF YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY.

Criticism has long ceased to scoff at the lady novelist. Don't you remember the supposed typical ideal of this feminine phenomenon of some fifty years ago—a

tall, thin lady, with bony features, in a silk pelisse and mittens, sitting in affected state, with a silver-tipped quill in her hand, at an ornamental desk, and writing goody-goody stories for gilt-edged annuals. What a contrast to her successor ! Without invidious comparisons, or a thought of passing over her brilliant contemporaries, one may mention Mrs. Hodgson Burnett as an example of the latter-day novelist in contrast with the lady of the caricaturist in the early days of the century. She and her companions in the ring of Fame may be said to have obliterated the old idea of sex in art, in so far as it drew a line between the work of men and women, as distinct and uncompromising as that which St. Cuthbert drew between the male and female worshippers in Durham cathedral. The barrier has been removed. The men have no longer a monopoly of Fame in the art of imaginative literature. I repeat that I mention Mrs. Burnett as a typical instance of the position of the woman authoress of these days. It would be easy to name her worthy sisters, but difficult to venture upon a complete list, even if one were strong enough, and brave enough, and worthy enough to throw the apple.

There is no book in the English language which gives a more truthful picture of Lancashire than *Howarths* ; it deserves to rank above *Shirley* as a study of men and women of the north, while exactly in an opposite direction of life and manners, *Little Lord Fauntleroy* may be regarded as a classic, in which the pure romance of poetic fiction is blended with the pathos of the most sweet and tender reality. The sad, slow fading out of that beautiful life which had inspired the mother with the character of the sweet little Anglo-American heir to an English title, is far more tragic in its bitter truth than any imaginative writer, I think, would have dared to invent. The brief story of that last sad scene was related to me by Mrs. Burnett's



TROUVILLE.

# HOLIDAY HAUNTS.

ILLUSTRATED BY O. ECKHARDT.



VERY few people know where to spend their holiday. It is so easy to go abroad that it is wonderful how seldom English people contrive to do so, but stick to their customary haunts at Cromer, Ilfracombe, and so on. Besides, in foreign countries there is always such an agreeable change of atmosphere. The average foreigner constantly contrives to

do things his own way, thereby exciting the derision of the wandering Briton who thinks it must necessarily be wrong. After a summer like the present, a change to the bright skies of France or Italy is indispensable. Some years ago, "Ouida" wrote a little story called *A Rainy June*. A cold, unimpassioned Englishwoman married a passionate Italian, and dragged him off for the honeymoon to her English country place, where it rained all the time, and a lone nightingale sang at fitful intervals when he wasn't trying to dry himself. I forget how the story ended, but I fancy the Italian either went mad or returned to his own country, and the incongruous couple separated. The being dragged out to listen to the croupy notes



THE SANDS OSTEND.





THE "PLANCHIES," TROUVILLE, 12 MIDDAY.

of one hypochondriacal nightingale when his own country teemed with clear-throated ones was too much for the light-hearted Italian, and he could not stand it. Similarly, all one's friends and relations have been rushing abroad in despairing search of warmer skies and clearer atmospheres. For myself, I began with Ostend, and then tried Trouville and Dieppe. I am sunburnt to the bone, satiated with colour, and English falls unpleasantly on my ears after the suave purring of foreign tongues. I want to live for six months of the year in France or Italy, ignoring the existence of an English winter—a winter which, spent in the country, is given up to the odour of decaying vegetation, occasional hunting, and all the boredom inseparable from reeking skies and muddy roads.

The inhabitants of Dieppe are gradually awakening to the importance of securing a constant stream of English visitors. Several English writers, Mrs. Stannard among others, have taken up their abode in the town. Their animated descriptions of the pleasant bathing and surrounding drives and walks have induced many friends to spend holidays there, and, for the last year or two, the number of English visitors has largely increased. But whereas advertisements all over England proclaim the merits of Boulogne as a place of residence (Fenian agitators included gratis), there is not a word about Dieppe, which possesses many natural advantages. The bathing is good, and the question has long been under consideration of laying out golf-links for wandering Britons who are unable to enjoy even their holidays without some such means of beguiling the time.

At Trouville in the midst of the racing fortnight there is much to interest and amuse the casual visitor, from the bright tints of the gaily clad fruitsellers to the flashing waters of the bay and the elegant, if somewhat daringly toned, villas. The sky, too, is of a transparent blue, and the

sands stretch uninterruptedly for over a mile. On the yellow plain are to be seen myriad tents filled with gaily and, to our English ideas, impossibly dressed people, whose *bizarre* costumes and radiant parasols give the place the aspect of a huge tulip bed. In the *côté commun* (mixed quarter) where men and women bathe together, the ladies' dresses are of all shades of colour and coquetry. Indeed, many of them have come direct from Paris, and are worn with the distinction which a Frenchwoman only can achieve. Nothing delights a French *demi-mondaine* so much as a season at Trouville with an unlimited supply of dresses for the occasion. The "little horses," too, afford a maximum of excitement with a minimum of expense. The most favourite promenade is the Boulevard des Italiens de la Normandie. From twelve to twelve-thirty the sands are deserted. The races occupy all the afternoon, and then fashionable visitors dress for dinner. After dinner, baccarat in the Cercles is played until one or two in the morning. And so the days go by.

The principal feature of Ostend is the great sea-wall called a *digue*, which is three miles long, forty feet high, and thirty-five yards wide. This *digue* is the favourite promenade for visitors at all hours of the day. There are also two wooden piers called the *estacades*, projecting on both sides of the entrance to the harbour. In addition to its other attractions, Ostend is blest with a Cursaal not unlike any other Cursaal, and where the visitors do the usual things common to Continental resorts, such as dancing, reading, and flirting. The town itself stands on a low piece of land which is almost entirely surrounded by water; it is clean and well laid out. The houses being painted in various colours, with a complete disregard of the laws of harmony, have a pleasing effect on one's æsthetic sense.

The *digue* commands a delightful view over a wide and extensive district which is almost destitute of trees. Ostend is also





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BATHING AT OSTEND.



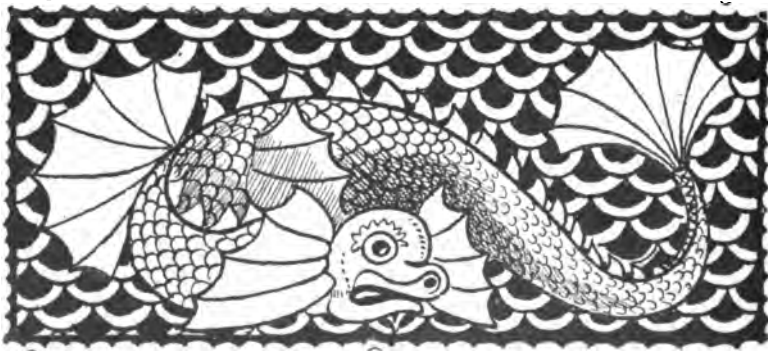
THE CASINO, TROUVILLE.

supposed to be a military fortress. This promising rival to Monte Carlo was completely destroyed by the sea in 1334. Ostenders are proudly conscious that the town sustained a siege of three years during the war of the Netherlands against Spain, and capitulated on highly honourable terms—a fact that the descendants of the besieged will never forget or cease telling to strangers. The bathing is unequalled, and there is no absurd division of the sexes, the inclusive charge for the use of towel, dress, and bathing tent, being one franc.

Boulogne in the height of the season is very like any other French watering-place. It has all the pleasant gaiety, the kaleidoscopic charm of colour nowhere to be found except among our Gallic neighbours. The bathing is exceedingly good, and if one wishes to get away from the crowd, the roads invite a spin on the bicycle. In the season, rooms are expensive and almost impossible to get; but a month before the season begins there is no difficulty whatever. A quiet, somewhat old-fashioned hotel is the Hotel Christol. But there are a dozen others equally good. A favourite excitement is seeing the English boat come in and go out again. As the steam-whistle sounds warningly, unpunctual tourists trying to get from London to Boulogne and

back in the same day, come along the quay, their arms filled with terra-cotta figures of the French fisherwomen. In the general hurry they break the figures amid the enthusiastic plaudits of the crowd, who remark cynically that it is good for trade and that these mad English always do the same mad things. A special gangway, with a specially steep incline, is kept for the late passengers. Ladies are lifted on to it shrieking that they will die rather than exhibit their ankles to the assembled crowd; and I remember one tourist, clad in a suit of particularly large-patterned check, who was unceremoniously hoisted on to the gangway and shot down it in a sitting posture. Owing to his rapid progress the friction must have been very painful.

In the evening the customary concerts go on at the Casino, and adventurous Britons hazard large sums on "Les Petits Chevaux." A man who has lost five pounds (the feat is not very difficult) regards himself as a hero, and takes a proud satisfaction in his own self-presumed wickedness, quite oblivious of the fact that the little Frenchman at his side has probably won or lost twenty or thirty. It is only another way of emphasising the fact that the crimes of Clapham are chaste in Martaban.





## WANDERINGS IN BOOKLAND.

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.



HE summer siesta of which I wrote last month has come to an end, and the book-shops begin to be busy again. But the publishing activity is still mainly to be felt in the autumn lists, which threaten to keep me hard at it far into the new year. One of the most interesting promises shortly to be fulfilled is Mr. Andrew Lang's edition of Lockhart's letters and journals. What a worker Mr. Lang must be! The latest news of him is that he is to edit Dickens. To have edited Scott would have been a life-work for some men. But no doubt Mr. Lang will gaily pass on from Dickens to Thackeray. If he were only a Frenchman one might hope for an edition of Dumas. Would Mr. Lang stoop, one wonders, to edit a translation of his favourite romances? Mr. Anthony Hope seems to be another hard worker, and a new book of his is among the most welcome of the autumnal first-fruits. *The Heart of Princess Osra* (Longmans) has been generally received as its author's most delightful book since *The Prisoner of Zenda*. It is indeed a charming fairy-tale of the heart of woman, that woman a princess of Ruritania, with "just a woman's" desire for love, and all a princess's opportunities of studying its nature. Capricious, fanciful, and adven-

turous, a little cruel perhaps, but much more kind, she finds herself dramatically interested in many wooers. She loves their love of her, but she cannot quite love them—that is, till she meets her fated Grand Duke of Mittenheim—though, to do her justice, she tries her hardest to be sympathetic. Yet was her tenderness for Stephen the smith merely a young girl's romantic dramatising? It is hard to read Mr. Hope's beautiful conclusion and think so. Stephen, nursing an impossible dream, had sworn not to marry till Princess Osra should have refused him thrice. It would be unfair to tell the whole story, but here is the pretty conclusion. Stephen has given his life to save the princess's honour, and it is she that supports his head as he lies dying.

"'You have not yet refused me three times, madam.'

"At that her eyes came back to his, and their eyes dwelt long on one another. And for a moment it seemed to them that all things became possible, life and joy and love. Yet since all could not be, they were content that none should be.

"Then the princess bent low over his head, and she whispered to him :

"'No, I have not refused you thrice, Stephen.'

"His lips just moved once again, and, being very near him, she heard :

"And you will not ?" he said.

"No," said she, and she kissed his lips, and he smiled and turned on his side ; and he nestled his head, as it were cosily, on her lap, and he said no more.

"Thus died Stephen, the silversmith of Strelshaw, happy in his death because Osra the princess had not refused him thrice. And she laid him gently on the ground, and rose, and went across to where the king sat with Rudolf.

"Sire, he is dead," said she."

After many months, the story goes on to tell, Prince Henry raised a statue to Stephen the smith, and he caused to be engraved beneath it the words, "From a Friend to a Friend." "But when this monument had stood three days in its place, there came thither a lady closely veiled ; she prayed on her knees by the monument for a long while, and then rose and stood regarding it ; and her eyes rested on the last words that Prince Henry had written on the stone. Then she came nearer, and kissed the words, and, when she had kissed them, she whispered softly, 'From a Lover to a Lover'; and, having whispered this, she turned away and went back to the palace, and came no more to the tomb, for fear that the people should remark her coming. Yet often in the days that followed she would open the window of her bed-chamber by night, and she would whisper to the silent trusty darkness, that holds secrets and comforts sore hearts :

"Not thrice, Stephen, not thrice !"

One may suspect that the whole of the heart of Princess Osra has not been revealed even to Mr. Anthony Hope himself—but this is only to say that she is a woman and he a man.

Would that Mrs. Humphrey Ward's *Sir George Tressady* (Smith, Elder & Co.) might be described as a fairy-tale. Would it were even a sermon—anything but the very dull novel that I fear it is. A novel

of the governing classes, of political personalities, parliamentary measures, and the feminine forces and ambitions that count for so much behind them, of discontented democracy, riotous colliers, and socialistic agitation : of these materials interesting novels have certainly been made before to-day, and one would have said that Mrs. Ward was just the woman to make a masterpiece of its kind—for her severest critic cannot deny her a wide knowledge of the movements of the day, and a sure skilled hand in the delineation of modern social types. However, she has unmistakably failed, and produced instead a book which is neither interesting as a novel, nor suggestive as a study. Of course, she always writes well, in a clear-headed, workmanlike way, and there are passages here and there in *Sir George Tressady* that one notes for their business-like statement of conditions and characteristics—but, after all, "business-like statement" is strange praise to bestow on a novel. Yet is that merit of very occasional passages the only merit I can find in a novel, in which the situations are drearily hackneyed, the characterisation entirely obvious, and the dialogue yawningly commonplace. The most exciting passage I have found in Mrs. Ward's new novel, is this analysis of a political situation. Again, strange praise to bestow on a novel !

"The general situation was a curious one. Some two years before this time a strong and short-lived Tory Government had come to an end. Since then all had been confusion in English politics. A weak Liberal Government, undermined by Socialist rebellion, had lasted but a short time, to be followed by an equally precarious Tory Ministry, in which Lord Maxwell—after an absence from politics of some four years or so—returned to his party, only to break it up. For he succeeded in imposing upon them a measure in which his own deepest convictions and feelings were concerned, and which had

behind it the support of all the more important trade unions. Upon that measure the Ministry fell; but during their short administration Maxwell had made so great an impression upon his own side, that when they returned, as they did return, with an enlarged majority, the Maxwell Bill retained one of the foremost places in their programme, and might be said, indeed, at the present moment to hold the centre of the political field. That field, in the eyes of any middle-aged observer, was in strange disarray. The old Liberal party had been almost swept away; only a few waifs and strays remained, the exponents of a programme that nobody wanted, and of cries that stirred nobody's blood. A large Independent Labour and Socialist party filled the empty benches of the Liberals—a revolutionary, enthusiastic crew, of whom the country was a little frightened, and who were, if the truth were known, a little frightened at themselves. They had a coherent programme, and represented a formidable 'domination' in English life. And that English life itself, in all that concerned the advance and transformation of labour, was in a singularly tossed and troubled state. After a long period of stagnation and comparative industrial peace, storms at home—answering to storms on the Continent—had been let loose, and forces, both of reaction and of revolution, were making themselves felt in new forms and under the command of new masters. At the head of the party of reaction stood Fontenoy. . . . The men who followed him . . . abhorred equally a temporising Conservatism and a plundering democracy. They stood frankly for birth and wealth, the Church and the expert. They were the apostles of resistance and negation; they were sworn to oppose any further meddling with trade and the personal liberty of master and workman, and to undo, if they could, some of the meddling that had been already carried through. A certain academic quality pre-

vailed among them, which made them peculiarly sensitive to the absurdities of the men who had not been to Oxford or Cambridge; while some, like Tressady, had been travellers, and wore an Imperialist heart upon their sleeve. The group possessed an unusual share of debating and oratorical ability, and they had never attracted so much attention as now that they were about to make the Maxwell Bill their prey."

One publishing event, the public interest in which it would be unhistorical to ignore, is the publication of Miss Marie Corelli's *The Murder of Delicia*. Thirty-six thousand copies were sold before publication, says the publishers' advertisement, but I should have thought that Miss Corelli and her publishers would by this have become so accustomed to this kind of "big business" as hardly to have thought it worth while to mention the fact. If, say, only half-a-dozen copies had been sold before publication, there would have been some novelty in the announcement of that—but 36,000! Well, that is only what one expects. In fact, one is a little disappointed that Miss Corelli has not sold more. Only 36,000! She must do better than that next time.

There are, I have observed, critics whom these Corellian statistics drive into a species of madness—why doesn't the public buy Mr. Henry James or Walter Pater at that rate, and so on? I confess that I cannot perceive the logic of their fury. Surely they have forgotten "the hiddenness of perfect things." Personally I am genuinely pleased at Miss Corelli's sales. They assure me that the world is swinging round on its axis in its old healthy fashion, and that sun, moon, and stars are all at their accustomed posts. Miss Corelli's sales in a world constituted as ours follow a natural law, inevitable in its working as the law of the tides. Miss Corelli is a natural fact, and as such must be accepted in a calm scientific spirit.

The great sales of little writers, and the small sales of great writers are only matters of surprise and indignation to little writers with little sales. To those who have realised that "hiddenness of perfect things" it will seem both natural and proper that the entire sale of all Walter Pater's books put together do not probably amount to a third of the ante-publication sales of one of Miss Corelli's novels. It is but fair that the things of a day should reap the harvest of a day. Walter Pater can afford to wait; with Miss Corelli it is now or never. However, if Walter Pater can afford to wait for his readers, his readers cannot afford to wait for him, so I make my bow to Miss Corelli, and turn to record the one really significant publication of the month, that of the late Mr. Pater's unfinished romance, *Gaston de Latour* (Macmillan & Co.). Those who remember the magical opening chapters, published in *Macmillan's Magazine* so long ago as 1889, and had heard with eager anticipation during the interval that Mr. Pater was working quietly with his customary fastidiousness upon the remaining chapters, will be disappointed to find what little further progress he had made. Was it really, as Professor Shadwell hints in his preface, that he was dissatisfied, and had practically abandoned it? Then supreme indeed must have been the moments of his hard-won satisfaction. (Is Miss Corelli ever dissatisfied with her work, one wonders!) Perhaps, we may conjecture, it was a difficulty in carrying out the probably unique design of his book that caused him to put it aside; for the reason can hardly have been dissatisfaction with the writing, which is, for the most part, as sensitively beautiful as in his most perfect work, as rich in delicate colour and music, and as remarkable for exquisite detail. Consider this description of the manner in which Gaston de Latour, "an enemy of all Gothic darkness or heaviness," transformed the Gothic church of his ancestors accord-

ing to his own gayer, more modern, taste:

"A thicket of airy spires rose above the sanctuary; the blind *triforium* broke into one continuous window; the heavy masses of stone were pared down with wonderful dexterity of hand, till not a hand's breadth remained uncovered by delicate tracery, as from the fair white roof, touched sparingly with gold, down to the subterranean chapel of Saint Taurin, where the peasants of La Beauce came to pray for rain, not a space was left unsearched by cheerful daylight, refined, but hardly dimmed at all, by painted glass mimicking the clearness of the open sky."

But I have spoken of the "probably unique" design of the book. It is at least curious, and it would have been more than usually interesting to have watched its fulfilment. For Gaston de Latour is, in effect, no other than Marius the epicurean born again in France during the early years of the Renaissance, and it was evidently Mr. Pater's intention to embody in him a type of that Renaissance, as in Marius he had embodied a type of the transition period between the fall of Paganism and the rise of Christianity. In Marius he had shown us a young Roman aristocrat of serious mind, and of sensitive spiritual and æsthetic temperament, brought into contact with the influences of Christianity; in Gaston de Latour he was to essay the analysis of a psychological situation exactly the reverse—the situation of a young Christian aristocrat, steeped in Christian tradition, brought into contact with the re-awakened humanism of the Pagan world, as revealed to him by the scholars and poets of the Renaissance.

Mr. Pater evidently intended to accentuate this general parallelism by a particular parallelism between the circumstances and histories of the two youths; for as *Marius* opened with a description of "White Nights," the ancestral home of

the young epicurean, so in *Gaston de Latour* the first chapter describes Gaston's old Château of Deux-manoirs, and hints at the ancestral influences lurking in its very walls; similarly both heroes are introduced to us at a religious ceremony appealing to the sense of historic piety in each; next we have them both making friends of "advanced" innovating young scholars, and coming under the newest literary influences, for Marius Apuleius, for Gaston Rousard, was the prophet of the "modern spirit"—"that power of 'modernity,' as renewed in every successive age for genial youth." And surely it does not detract, but add to the charm

and value of both books, that each is, after all, an autobiography, and that *Marius* and *Gaston* are really Walter Pater projected to times and among conditions to which he was surely more native than the times and conditions in which he found himself—though one may well doubt whether it has been possible for three individualities so alike to exist at so remote and so different periods and among such different nations, and whether really "the sensations and ideas" of Marius and Gaston could have been experienced and pondered by any writer in any century other than Walter Pater in the nineteenth.







There's now Heaven  
with a woman in it

JOHN BLAIR'S COTTAGE.

# BITTER SWEET: AN ADJUSTMENT.

BY EDMUND W. ABRAM.

WITH A DRAWING BY GEO. C. HAITÉ, R.B.A.



OVERS liked the lane.

You see the hedges were quite friendly, telling no tales. It is true that, once in the year, the briars blushed; but

this was in June, when the wild roses were shamed by the peony-cheeked passion in the lane. After this the briars contented themselves by pricking the lovers, being loth to reveal them to the farmer's boy shouting at rooks in the corn. As for the merry-hearted holly, it glowed in the hardest winter—when even lovers grew cold.

John Blair had begun to hate the lane; yet there was a time when it had seemed to lead him the earthly road to Heaven, though he called at the home of a woman on the way. Often they had walked the comfortable grass that made the lane easy to the wayfarer, for God had set a green carpet upon the hill for the feet of happy lovers, and this had rolled to the village, so that a maid might not be tired when she reached her door. But all this was in the summer night of life.

Once—it was beneath the wickenwood, and she had jolly rowans at her throat—he told her she was to his life as the grass to the lane. He saw then, in her eyes, something he could not understand. He was merely a farm labourer, she a farmer's daughter, and a man had sown the seed of romance in a woman's soul without knowing. The pity was, he forgot, afterward, to talk like that. Yet, in after years, it was good for both that he had likened her to the grass in the lane.

As he came down the lane he thought he saw her again, beneath the wickenwood, in her puckered gay gown, that surprise in her eyes. Fire and shadow had he seen in those eyes since that harvest night when he, late sowing, cast a kiss upon her lips, for they had married ere the moon was old. Never again came that look, with a quivering of the body he could but marvel at, not knowing it meant her hunger to be away, amid the warm words of the World. He had awakened something that had wings.

As he came heavily down the lane, walking in the ruts, having forgotten the grass, he carried himself more straightly than the men of the fields. A theek on Gallows Hill Farm could hold his head higher than a labourer, prouder, too, than many heads seen on Gallows Hill in the short shrift days. Good thatching may even shelter a man's pride.

It was sundown. All day he had worked, thatching and stack-building at the farm. His mill-topped pikes stood like brass helmets in the yard. The straight-combed straw smiled sleekly; gulls, circling high, screamed of the storm to come, but he knew the stacks were safe at the farm. John Blair's work had ended; he had but to walk home down the lane. The Harvest Feast in the village of Five and Forty Houses was not for him.

"It be a soamy neet," he said, his voice breaking loud upon the lane, "an a man 'll be wise to git heeam. Heeam? It be hooose that meean, nut heeam, John Blair. Ther's naw Heeam wi'oot a wooman in't, an naw Hell wi'oot a wooman theer."

He gripped his thatch-rake and, swinging it, struck at a tree. It was the rowan. A long branch broke and came tumbling to his feet, the berries falling upon him. He knew it was the rowan, and his rustic mind took the haphazard stroke for a sign. He thought it was strange he should have struck at the rowan. He did not know that men can hate where they have kissed.

"T' rowans," he cried, "t' red, roosin rowans sha hed on for her pride o' face that neet—the witch that sha wur by t' wickenwood. Sha give ma a handfu' ti weear. Fooak saay ther's magic in red rowans; ah, it mun a been fur a charm again hersen, as sha plucked an put 'em in ma cooat that neet."

He walked on.

The sun, blood-red, guilty, was knocking at the Nunnery of Night—the sky a murderous passion struggling to cloak itself in grey. The temper of the wind rose, and great banners of cloud blew across the heavens, their edges splashed by crimson, like blood upon a blade.

Blair left the ruts, strode the grass, and sat by a gap in the briars. The rose "dog-choops" deepened their cheeks in the glare; the long lean poplars were grey against red; a poppy stared from the stubble, a point of red in a blanching field, and grey was the lane and John Blair's life, with one blood spot in both—his heart.

"T' letter," he muttered, "theer's leet left for t' letter that's been bornin a hole i' ma pocket a' this daay."

He remembered—holding the letter in his hands—how proud he had been that he could read her writing, in the old days. Simply a country school-girl's large writing and he could read it, though but a labourer on her father's farm. At nights, alone and unknown in the granary, he had even wrestled with writing for her sake.

An intemperate shout came taunting him; the flashing of lights was to be seen

across the fields. Shows were upon the Green, for the Village Feast was something of a fair.

"Ah is dowly an' lone ti neet," he said, reasoning with his weakness, "an he roavin' aboot, an' ma' greetin here like a moozy-faced lad for his gell. Ma God, bud if ah cud get a grip o' t' shak bag showman's trooat he sud pipe pretty speeches to t' devil an' whustle naw mooar women that way. Ma lass, ma lass, cud thoo nut a' waaited for thi man, and he theeaking awaay in t' next sheer? Nob-but fahve months ti waaite, lass, an' thi man theeaking for thee an' for t' child we thowt were ti come. T' noation o' t' child sud a' stopped thoo, lass, if thoo wanted a man."

Now the lane was Blair's friend again. It comforted him to talk of his trouble beneath the briars.

"Twelve months ti neet," he said, "sen sha went, an ma lahtle heeam wur left as poor as windle-straw. A lahtle hoose all derk for a man cuming heeam. But twelve months ti neet, an awready ah feel t' pooer gangin' oot o' ma airms. A wooman teks t' strength oot of a man i' mooar waays than yan, but this is t' far end o' all."

He broke open the letter, his mood having changed, and, by the fading light, read:

"Husband,—once thou said I were like to thee as the grass to the lane. I cannot be that no more, my John, but I can be to thee what folk at home called fog and folk about here call after-grass. My lad, the after-grass is sometimes better crop of the two. When I left the little home, John, the wine were in my head, lad, and the fight of the child in my blood. I were but a fond, daft woman, full of lonesomeness for a man's strong arm. Thou wert so long away, lad, and the world seemed hard, and he had gold for the giving. Thy child, John, it were thy child, and it had thy een. It died in the dawn. But now, dear lad,—my John,

—the after-grass—and let me come back to thee.”

He stood up, passion working its will upon his face. “Naw, by God!” he cried, “thoo mun staay wheer thoo be. Tha’s besmeared me yance. I’ll na mooar o’ thi bonny-huney.” Just then the gusting wind topped the hedge, baring his head for the vow.

Something else had happened. Blair’s arm, raised as for a blow, fell to his side. His tense figure slipped through the years, and, in a moment, his stature became that of a man grown old. The wind blew at him; he shook; his spirit snapped.

Over the fields came the sound of the village band, playing its way to the Feast. Now the one thing that could move Blair to mercy was music, for he had lipped flute in the band. It was playing one of those airs that tremble to the country to die, having become palsied in the towns. We hear them with a heedless pity, and yet how sweetly the worn thing may lie upon the breast of an ill-tempered wind. That night the band played the air—the words of the song Blair knew, for the song told of the Home of a Girl.

Her name, and his wife’s name, was Maggie. So the hatred went out of the man, for the out-at-elbows song befriended him in his hour, plucking at his sleeve, and his heart happening to be there.

“Maggie,” he sobbed, “thoo sal cum back, ma dearie; ma dreeam in the daay-tahm, ma dawn in the neet. Thoo sal cum back ti croodle in ma airms, ma doit dearie, gress an’ efther-gress, booath.”

And so saying he walked slowly down the lane, now on the ruts, now on the grass; his tired feet could not quite give up the ruts.

His house was a dim shape in the dark. The wind, flapping like uncertain sails, made a strange noise. Still the rain did not come. He was used to lighting his fire. The house was as dark as the night.

Groping, he sought the sneck of the

door. This his hand found; he raised the sneck, and threw back the door. In stepping forward he stumbled. There was a bundle upon the step.

He bent, and tracing the outline, discovered the warmth of a woman. He bent lower; it was his wife. She awoke to his touch.

“John?”

“Maggie!”

“John! John! the ‘after-grass’?”

“Gress an’ efther-gress, booath.”

“Oh, John!”

“Cum into th’ hoose, Maggie, let’s maak it heeam yance mooar.”

She held him, quivering, whispering.

“I’d like first to walk to t’ wickenwood with thee. It’s luck, maybe, to start again from where we sweethearted. It’s Harvest Feast night, is it not, John? T’ rowans will be red again. I’d like, first, to stand by their magic with thee.”

“It be a derk, soamy neet,” he said.

“But my lad’s arm’s fair strong,” said she.

They went up the lane, walking together upon the grass—back upon God’s carpet for weary men and women.

They stood by the rowan, he pulling the berries low so that she might touch. Her fingers dwelt upon a cluster.

“Meg, thoo maun’t give ma a charm! Thoo did that yance ower, ma lass. Nivver heed t’ rowan an’ its magic.”

Her arms found him.

“John,” said she, speaking with a sweetness that sank deep into him, “I’ll give thee something better than red berries. I’ll give thee, please God, afore next t’ rowans breeten, another son.”

Once again he cast kisses upon her mouth, but there came a break in these.

A footfall in the lane made Blair look up—a heavy bragging footfall upon the ruts.

“A soamy neet,” said Blair. “T’ rooad be derk.”

The man stopped.

“Dark it is,” said he, “an’ blacker than

gallows, I s'y. Wot's the w'y to Fotty Five 'Owses, an' loosen yer langwidge, gav'nor."

"Fahve an' Fotty Hooses tha meecans," said Blair.

"Fotty Five or Five an' Fotty, wot's the hod's so long's I'm 'appy? Down't twist yerself in yer demned dialeck fer me; I'm from London w'y."

"Straanger," said Blair, "thoo be owt bud behaved. Ah think tha mun a ben ti t' yaloose."

"If it's ale yer arst me, I'm sober es a jedge's 'ed. 'Ave yer a lucifer? The rowd's a bad gaim, gav'nor, es I can tell, s'welp me, an' a pipe's the pore man's pal. Jest a metch."

Blair fumbled.

"Ah've nobbut t' odd metch," he said.

"Wot I says is, 'hod's es good es hevens.' Tip the metch, gav'nor."

Maggie had gone to the rowan for a friend; she knew the stranger's voice so well; it had sworn at her so often. Such a voice a woman never forgets.

At the first sound of the Showman's voice Maggie prayed that she might not cry out loud. Then other thoughts came and went, like stars before the eyes of one dazed. How cruel it was of the Showman to come back into her life just when Happiness was leading her home by the hand. But she must be brave and not cry out, nor speak above a whisper in her husband's ear. The Showman must not know, her husband must not know. No one must know save Maggie.

But the match? A match meant a certain light to a woman, and Maggie knew that voice so well; and, oh, if the Showman saw her face two men might fight, and the devil would look on, in the road.

Maggie's fingers were upon her husband's arm.

"Not the last match, Jack," she whispered. "We shall need it—for—for the fire—at home."

"Ow!" said the stranger, sighting a

woman, "so that's yer little gaim. There's luvly woman 'ard by an' 'andy, an' the devil es third pawty to keep 'is heye on the purprieties. Never mind wot *she* s'ys. Tip the metch, I s'ys. No night so dark but wot yer find a woman—if yer know where to look. Wy, I tells yer, gav'nor, at the village ahead——!"

"Oh! Jack," whispered Maggie, not daring now to touch him, "give him the match, the last match; give it, an' let us go! Tell him—to go."

"Thoo mun be wick, straanger," said Blair. "An' theer's t' metch."

Maggie knew, then, the terror of a secret, how it struggles to speak, to shout itself upon the silence.

The Showman lit his pipe; then, with the match still between careful curving hands, his eyes warily watching the flame, he approached Maggie.

"Jest for a peep at the pretty lydy," he said.

Deliverance came to the woman as the dawning of a kind day. One supreme second and the danger was dead. It was so simple, yet, to the last throb of her conscious body, Maggie will not forget.

Ere the showman could raise enquiring eyes, Maggie made forward, her breath striking the flame—the match was out. It dropped, a poor harmless thing, in the road.

"An' jest when I was agoin' ter look at the pretty lydy," said the Showman, "owt goes the light, before the man is ready; that's the w'y of woman. Wot I s'y is, my pipe's lit. A pipe's cheaper comfort than your'n, old pal, and carries no consequence, to speak. A warm night to yer, an' a reckunin mornin'."

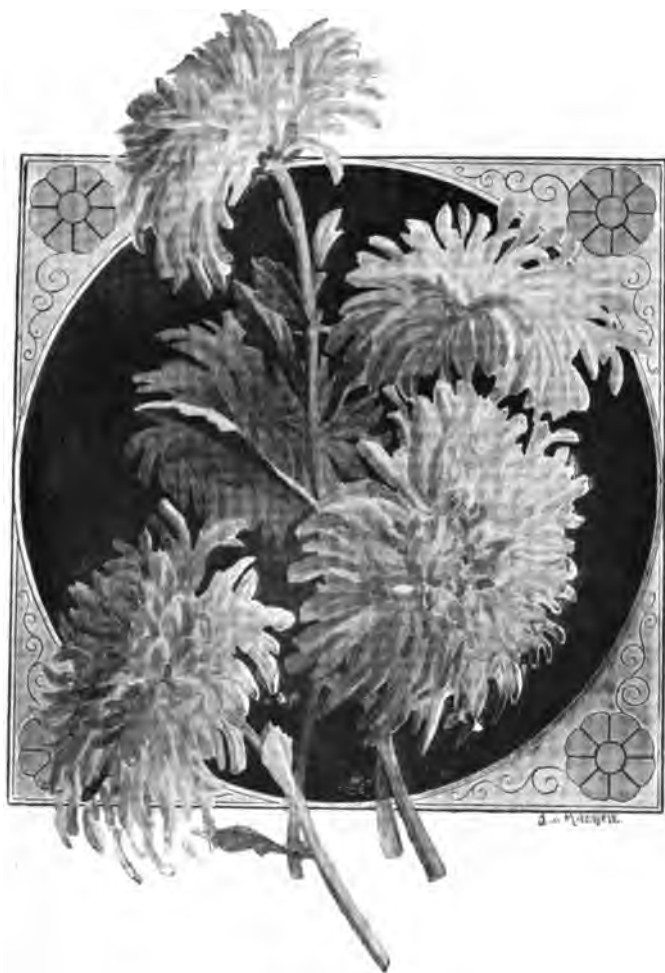
"Thoo can git mooar metches at t' yaloose doon t' lane," said Blair with a laugh in his voice.

The Showman went on with his bragging step; John Blair never knew how near he came to taking a life in the lane Maggie only said she was cold.

But when they reached the little home Maggie trembled so, and fell to such a waste of weeping, that Blair carried his wife in his arms to the room upstairs beneath the thatch.

"I'm happy, John, so happy," throbbed Maggie, later.

"An' thy tears, like God's raain, 'll nobbut maak thy Efther-gress graw," said he.





**DIPLOMACY.**  
*By Forrest.*

*Keeper.*—"Now then, young man, we don't allow fishing in these grounds!"  
*Small Boy.*—"I ain't fishing in the grounds, I'm fishing in the water."

# THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

BY J. F. NISBET.



HE pleasures of a holiday are not complete till you have left the daily newspaper behind you. This I realised the other day in the Engadine. Thither, indeed, the London newspaper travels in ordinary course, but as it is three days old by the time it reaches you by post, and a week before it lies on the table of the reading-room of your hotel, you are under no temptation to open it. And then a curious light breaks in upon your soul. You begin to breathe a new atmosphere, to revel in a new-found freedom. You are conscious of having shaken off invisible fetters. For society has forged no chains for itself comparable to those of the daily press. If you happen to ride into the City by a morning train or 'bus, you will understand to what extent the modern Englishman has become the slave of the newspaper. He has surrendered his whole personality to it. He sees with its eyes, hears with its ears, and thinks with its cerebral organisation. The effect is to stunt his own powers of observation and intellectual initiative. In his particular line of business the newspaper slave may retain a certain freedom of action, but in all else he takes his mental hue from the paper to which he is in the habit of subscribing, as the arctic fox takes his colour from the polar snows. The immediate result of this is that the quality of originality is becoming rarer and rarer in modern life. Men think, as soldiers fire, in platoons and companies; they await the word of command. Political discussions rage in the morning trains and 'buses referred to; but on investigation it will be found that each com-

batant derives, not only his facts, but his arguments, from the morning paper that lies on his knee. It is his editor who supplies him with ammunition.



Perhaps there is an even brisker trade done in opinions than in news properly so-called. Life is highly specialised nowadays, and outside his own sphere of activity the modern man finds it convenient to allow his newspaper to do his thinking for him. I was going to say his favourite newspaper, but the phrase would open the door to a misconception of the true nature of the case. The causes that lead to a man's taking in *The Daily Chronicle* on the one hand, or *The Standard* on the other, are as various and as subtle as those which determine whether a rain-drop falling on the Rocky Mountains shall flow into the Atlantic or the Pacific Ocean. Once the choice is made the whole intellectual life of the individual is coloured by it. So much may be affirmed with certainty. Whether, as Mr. Gilbert suggests, every British baby is born either a little Liberal or a little Conservative, is extremely doubtful. The times may have been when that was so. But the rival parties have so largely changed their ground, that they are no longer to be identified by their principles, but only by their badges.



To be spared having an opinion on the question of the day, or even from knowing that there is such a question, is a boon of no small importance; and this is the reward awaiting the man who boldly throws off the tyranny of the daily newspaper.



From the outside one sees what a snare and delusion they are, how one day's news is killed by another's, so that after reading them for a week, morning and evening, in all the editions, one is no better informed than at first. The more one reads newspapers, in fact, the less one knows. This arises from the confusion of mind created by an infinitude of small details which are not worth remembering. The "meatiest" column of a newspaper is that serried mass of small paragraphs beginning at the top with a line and a half and getting down to as much as twenty lines. But read it, and unless there should be some point in it of special interest to yourself, the effect produced is a mental blur; you carry away from it no information whatever. It would be more instructive to read one paragraph a day and pass the rest of the paper by.

\* \*

The great fault of the daily paper, however, is not so much its quantity of news as the essential sameness of its news from day to day. This, most people notice with regard to political speeches and leading articles on "the situation"; but is it not also true in relation to murders, divorces, breach of promise cases, suicides, swindles, robberies? As we are all bent upon saving time, I would suggest that the newspapers should be brought out once a year, and should contain not an actual but a typical case of each class of offence, now in popular demand—the typical murder, the typical divorce, and so on. Everybody has heard of composite photography. You have twenty young criminals, let us say, to hand, or, if you prefer it, twenty members of the Young Men's Christian Association, and out of the total number you wish to derive a prevailing type. So you photograph them all, one upon the top of another, until the twenty different images are blended into one. This is the composite face. It is not a likeness of any

one sitter in particular and yet it contains some suggestion of all, like the family resemblance which runs through a medley of sisters and cousins and aunts.

\* \*

Why not have our reports done on the same principle? Let the intelligent journalist at the end of the year sum up for us the results of his observation in crime, law, politics, society, and what not; for there is no sort of reportable affair to which the composite process does not appear to be applicable.

\* \*

Murders are so varicus that they might have to be classified, but under the heads of jealousy, greed, and revenge all the salient features of this extensive description of crime might be brought in. Can you recall a murder lying outside those simple lines, unless committed under the full influence of insanity, which, of course, would transport it into another branch of my scheme?

\* \*

The divorce case would present some difficulty. I think it would be quite necessary to depict the composite female respondent as of somewhat mature age, for the number of *divorçées* of from thirty-five to forty-five far exceeds that of the younger women. Truth might compel us also to mark her as slightly addicted to spirits. As to that matter of age, I confess myself puzzled. The theoretical respondent would be some giddy young thing, the girl-wife, the victim of a loveless marriage organised by callous and ignorant parents. Meeting her affinity, who might be the novelette man—tall, spare, dark, with violet eyes, a fierce moustache, and long hair—such an unballasted creature might be expected to fall. Whether it be, however, that the girl-wife is rare, or rare the novelette man of her dreams, certain it is that her case hardly ever comes before the courts. Nor does one often meet with a good-looking respondent of four or five and twenty.

The average is much older. What does this imply? Do wronged husbands more readily forgive, if the culprit is young and attractive? Do young wives furnish less cause for marital uneasiness?

\* \*

The breach of promise case, the suicide, the swindle, the robbery, offer each the plainest lines for a composite picture. I fear the breach of promise case, typically considered, would require to contain a *souffron* of seduction—a trifling ingredient like a breath of garlic in the salad—just as the suicide, despite its victim's express affirmation to the contrary, would be an affair of insanity. How runs the typical breach of promise case? Two young people walk out together. Matrimony is not in their minds, or, at all events, not in *his*. But opportunity is too much for them. To speak of love, says a great writer, is to make love. They make love. For want of a leafy glade where they could pour out their souls to each other by moonlight, the young couple pass an occasional evening in the young lady's home. The young man is invited to tea; and tea in our age is more potent in affairs of love than wine. Presently it becomes an understood thing that the sweethearts are engaged. No word is definitely spoken on the subject, but by some fatality the young man is impelled to buy a ring. In due course a jury assesses the damages, which the young man never pays.

\* \*

Without knowing it, the suicide is usually the victim of meteorological conditions. The favourite month for suicide is June, when Nature in these latitudes is at her loveliest. This is because the regeneration of the vegetable kingdom is represented in the animal economy by a stirring of the vital saps which, running in morbid channels, seek a tragic issue. Theoretically, the suicide month ought to be November or December, and this was for a long time, perhaps still is, the

idea of poets and writers of fiction. But the admirable statistics collected by the Home Office of late years leave no room for doubt but that suicide is far more an affair of the season of the year than of the personal circumstances of the victim. That would have to be considered in my composite scheme. But there are other circumstances in connection with suicide which are not so clear. In these same admirable Home Office returns which I have before me, I find that during the past ten years the number of suicides and attempts at suicide per thousand of population in the United Kingdom has been steadily rising, the highest point being attained in the latest year for which the figures have been procured. This is not climate evidently. Is it bad trade, or bicycling, or newspaper-reading, which is notably on the increase? That the suicide's pretext should be disappointed love does not affect the meteorological theory. His case, indeed, is the simplest of all. It is folly to suggest, as I believe was done some time ago in a Home Office or Local Government Board circular, that it can ever be anything but "insanity" chronic or temporary, using the word of course in its more elastic meaning. Insanity is to be inferred as much from deed as word. If a man hangs or shoots himself in the face of difficulties which other men face bravely, he is obviously weak in judgment, or morbidly strong in impulse, *i.e.*, insane, however strongly in his farewell letter he may affirm the contrary.

\* \*

The "composite" of suicide then, I apprehend, would present no difficulty. We might have to say that a defaulting cashier blew out his brains for love because he had undermined his constitution with alcohol and excessive piety, but it would all be insanity at bottom. If the suicide could reason, there is one argument that would inevitably stay his hand. Bad as things may be, it must be better to see them out, because there is always an

eternity awaiting us. The would-be suicide misses nothing by delaying the fatal *coup*; he is sure to have all the eternity he wants—I was going to say the “time,” but that would hardly do—on the other side. Meanwhile, on this side there is the never-failing possibility that things may mend, and that there may still be an unexplored corner of Vanity Fair worth seeing.

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The value of the composite process of reporting with regard to petty crime of all sorts, litigation, sport, political “situations” at home and abroad, and the like, is too obvious to require insisting upon. The popular novel, now issued in so many volumes by different publishers, would lend itself to the treatment. I am not without hope that this might be applied with advantage to sermons by our hard-working clergy, who would thus be dispensed from preaching more than once a year. A year’s sermons ought to be capable of compressing into very small compass. Dessicated theology is not, I trust, an idle dream. Indeed, I am surprised that it has not, so far, been found expedient to tabulate or summarise doctrine, so that the intending traveller might

see at a glance the routes by which the various competing churches propose to conduct him to his goal.

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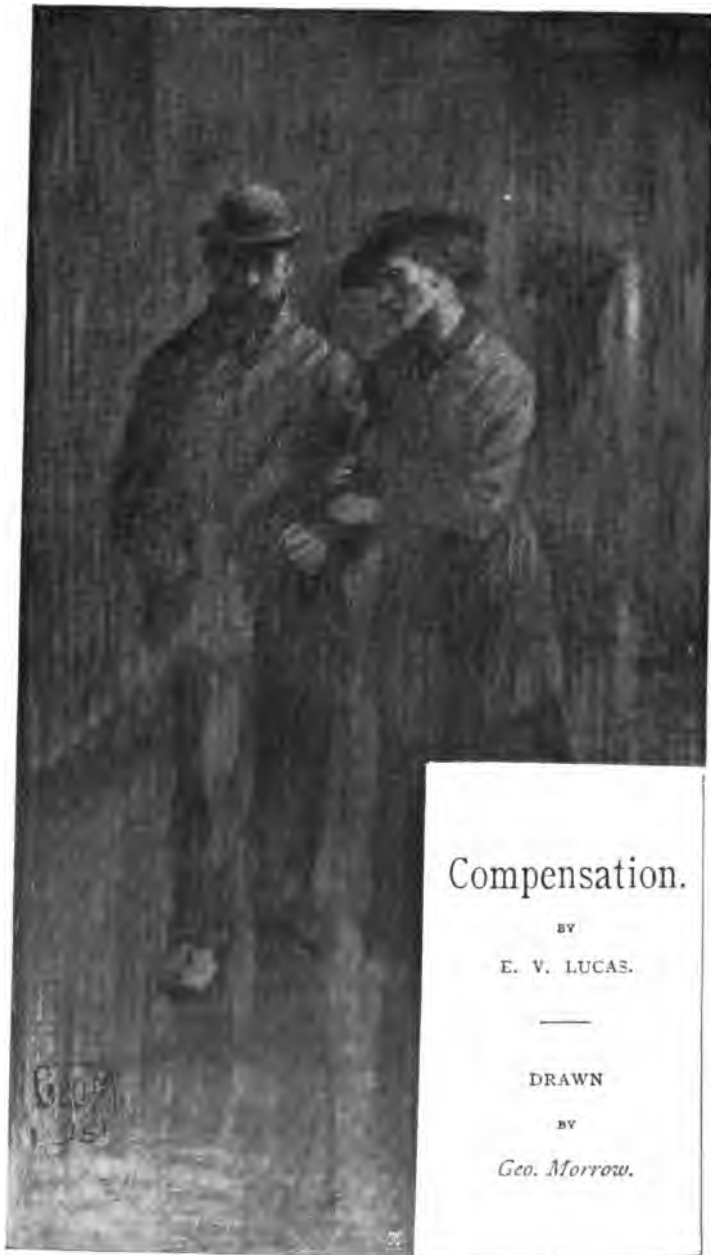
What I would mainly hope to cure by this method, however, is the evil of idle repetition, in which the daily press indulges with regard to the common events of life. But, in truth, the possibilities of the system are endless. Socially, legally, politically, morally, the salient and distinctive points in a whole year’s experience would be very few. Probably the composite record would vary little from year to year. I have suggested the annual publication of these composite reports, but if the results were found to be monotonous, one year being exactly like another or nearly so, as I apprehend would be the case, I should have no objection to extending the period to a century or even 500 years, by which time interesting changes might be expected to manifest themselves in society. Issues of *The Daily Telegraph* or *The Daily Chronicle* in the composite form, at 500 years interval would be interesting reading. One might even find something new in the leading article.





NOVEMBER.

*By Max Cowper.*



# Compensation.

BY

E. V. LUCAS.

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DRAWN

BY

*Geo. Morrow.*



ON Saturday, at midnight, in a square  
In Somers Town, I met a married pair.  
The wife was pinched and tired, her dress was torn,  
I never saw a woman so forlorn.  
The husband was a weakly shivering man,  
Who had a no less weary, broken air.  
Thus homeward through the rain they almost ran,  
His arm within her arm.  
While I, dry-shod and warm,  
Loitered along the slum, well pleased to see  
The mud turn gold beneath the gas-lamps' glare.  
Just as they passed I heard the woman say,  
"My darling!"—say it, too, in such a way  
As one who loved her husband tenderly,  
And was herself by him loved tenderly.



## LETTERS TO CLORINDA.\*



Y DEAR CLORINDA,—I think I see the beginning of the end of musical farce. The sheepishness of theatrical managers is a standing joke against them, but I am not quite sure whether it is they or the public who are to blame. The public—not alone as regards theatrical matters—is only a big child. It always wants what the other child has got. If you take two average children and give to the one a doll, and to the other a wooden horse, and then leave them alone for a little while, you will, on your return, find them energetically fighting. The child who has got the doll wants the horse, and the child who has got the horse wants the doll. It seems a simply solved problem, and in the innocence of your heart, you take the horse from one child and give it to the other, and the same thing you do with the doll. “Now they will be happy and contented,” you say to yourself; and you go away. But the next time you look in at the door you will find these children still fighting. The one who originally had the horse now wants the horse back, and the one from whom you took the doll is clamouring for it. I have a couple of dogs. The severest criticism we find it necessary to pass upon them ever is that they are like a couple of children. I give to one a biscuit. He is insulted, hurt, injured. He doesn’t want a biscuit. Bother the biscuit! If he can’t have a grilled kidney, the same as I am guzzling myself, he doesn’t want anything. I can keep the biscuit. He sniffs contemptuously at it, and flings himself down on the hearthrug. Then the other dog comes in, hot and tired from a cat chase, He sees a biscuit lying on the floor. He

knows it isn’t his biscuit. As a matter of fact, he hates biscuits. He knows it is the other dog’s biscuit. Therefore he makes a dash at it, and commences to devour it greedily. The indignation of the first dog is boundless. He starts up and looks in amazement from myself to his comrade.

“Well, of all the——? Did you see that?” he says with his eyes.

Then he makes a savage rush at the other dog.

“Now then, you give that up,” he growls, attempting to snatch it away. “That’s my biscuit; you know that well enough.”

“Go and hang yourself,” is the response, “how was I to know it was your biscuit? The whole floor don’t belong to you, does it? Perhaps the bureau and the side-board belong to you, too, they’re lying about on the floor. I don’t believe it is your biscuit. Give it me back.”

“I don’t want any of your arguments, you flop-eared son of a tramp with half a tail,” replies the first dog. “You come and take it if you think you are dog enough.”

When I have separated them, and tidied up the furniture, and swept up the fur, I give them each a biscuit, and each one turns up his nose in disgust at it, until the other one looks at it. Then he growls and prepares to defend it with his life.

And that is the attitude of the public. Each public wants what some other public has got. If one manager puts on a comic opera, and it is successful, the public of every other theatre says, “Give us comic opera! Take away your dramas and your comedies—we don’t want them. Why may not we have a comic opera?”

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So, in course of time, every theatre in London has its comic opera. Then the public says, "Bother comic opera! We're sick of comic opera." Whereupon somebody discovers a Nova Scotian Shakespeare, or a Hottentot Ibsen, and we have a boom in problem plays. Pinero is compelled to write problem plays. Grundy looks on enviously for a while. Then says he to myself, "I can do this sort of thing, I feel sure. Here, give me pens and paper; I'll soon show them!" and Grundy gives us a problem play. Then Jones looks round, and sees problem plays succeeding everywhere. "So ho!" says Jones, to himself, "I must be in this!" He tries and likes it. "By Jove, it's a good deal easier than you'd think," he says to himself, "I'll do a lot of them while I'm about it," and he settles down to a series. Then Haddon Chambers comes up from the country, and asks people "What's doing?"

"Oh, problem plays," is Mr. Tree's reply, "can't you give us a problem play?"

"I don't see why I shouldn't be able to," replies Chambers. "I've heard that Jones is writing them. When do you want it by?"

"The sooner the better," answers Mr. Tree; "it's impossible to say what will be the fashion next season."

"Any part for yourself?" asks Haddon Chambers, taking out his note-book.

"Oh, well," replies Mr. Tree, "if, while you're about it, any small character part occurs to you, that it seems to you I might be trusted with, why, let me have it."

"I know what you mean," answers Chambers.

"Just some small part in which I could be useful to the play," continues Mr. Tree. "You know the sort of thing that suits me: a man who dominates the play, and says all the good things, and has the sympathies of the audience—the character round whom the action chiefly centres. Some little part of that sort that I could make stand out."

"I think I understand you," is Mr. Chamber's reply, and away he goes, and later on we have his problem play.

The boom passed quickly, or we should have had a problem comic opera from Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan, and a problem melodrama from Messrs Sims and Shirley. After that there came the turn of these musical farces, and now something like seven-eighths of the theatres in London are playing musical farces. That seems to me to mean the beginning of the end.

I was in at the Prince of Wales' a little while ago. Between the acts, in the smoking-lounge, I listened to the talk of a couple of men, the typical patrons of this form of art.

"A little quiet," drawled one, criticising the first act.

"Yes," replied the other, "but Arthur's sure to begin to rot it soon, and then it will be all right."

It was the rot that he was looking forward to, with hopeful anticipation.

The criticism of the public always interests me. Years ago, one used to have a good deal of it, but of late it has been dying out. I fancy some of the managers who used to be so abusive of those earnest students of the drama, who would stand for three or four hours outside a pit or gallery door, would welcome back those old times. A first night used to be a first night in those days. I do not seem to have been to one for many a long year now. I dine comfortably, drive up in a cab, and walk quietly into my stall. I feel more inclined to talk than to listen to the play. The whole spirit of the thing has evaporated. There was a time when, after waiting hours in the cold and wet outside, and struggling through a fearful crush, I sat with breathless, eager anticipation, waiting the raising of the curtain. How one did enjoy the play in those days! We had paid our price in discomfort and effort. You cannot buy enjoyment with money. The



man who has always paid his ten shillings, and has watched the play from a stall, does not know what the theatre is like. Those were the days when pit and gallery took a share in the performance, and their criticism was generally keen and to the point, occasionally a little too keen. I remember poor Mrs. Bernard Beere on one first night at the Opera Comique. The play had been very tiresome; none of the characters had succeeded in interesting the audience, and the hour was growing late. In the last act, the heroine, or the heroine's mother, or somebody, was in trouble. It was clear that they wanted to be alone. Mrs. Bernard Beere had to come forward and say to a group of some five or six people, including some of those who had bored us a good deal during the preceding acts, "Well, I think the kindest thing we can do is to take ourselves quietly off." First-nighters were quick in those days. One gentleman, leaning over the gallery balustrade, remarked, quietly, but forcibly, "Hear, hear!" There was a moment's silence; then the whole house roared. It was the first hearty laugh we had had, and Mrs. Bernard Beere, looking daggers at the gallery, withdrew in justifiable anger.

Fate seems to write these sort of lines into doubtful plays. I remember a very bad actor having to come down to the footlights and take the audience into his confidence with this aside: "I haven't the faintest notion how to act!"

"You'd have saved us a lot of trouble if you had found that out before!" replied a gentleman in a check tweed suit.

Once upon a time, you may remember, Pinero was only an actor. On the first production of *Louis XI.* at the Lyceum, the curtain went up upon an exceedingly dark stage. Consciously or unconsciously, people at the Lyceum seem to drop into a habit of copying Irving's mannerism. When the curtain had been up about three minutes, a figure, very like Irving's, and with Irving's halting step, entered

into the dim scene. Great cheering commenced; two-thirds of the house were under the impression that it was Irving. When silence was obtained for an instant, a leather-lunged playgoer from the middle of the pit shouted out: "Shut up, you fools. It's only Pinero!" and the house promptly did shut up.

Another incident I recollect occurred during the production of a very blood-curdling melodrama at, I think, the old Queen's Theatre. A lady, the heroine, had been given by the author a quite unnecessary number of lines. The woman, whenever she appeared on the stage, talked by the yard. She could not do a simple little thing, like cursing the villain, under about a couple of pages. When the hero asked her if she loved him, she stood up and made a speech about it that lasted three minutes by the watch. One dreaded to see her open her mouth. In the last act, somebody got hold of her and shut her up in a dungeon, and the house cheered him. We thought we had got rid of her at last for the rest of the evening. Then some fool of a turnkey came along, and she appealed to him through the grating to let her out for a few minutes; she wanted to say good-bye to her child. The turnkey, a good but soft-headed man, hesitated.

"Don't you do it!" shouted the gallery.

"It will make her happy," argued the old idiot to himself.

"Yes, but what about us," replied the gallery. "You don't know her; you haven't heard her talk. We have. She's quiet now. You keep her there."

"Ah! let me out, if only for one moment," shrieked the poor woman. "I have something that I must say to my child."

"Write it on a bit of paper, and pass it out," suggested the gallery. "We'll see that he gets it."

"Shall I keep a mother from her dying child?" mused the turnkey. "No, it would be inhuman."

"No, it wouldn't," yelled the gallery, "not in this case. It's too much talk that has made the poor child ill as it is."

The turnkey would not be guided by us; he opened the cell door amidst the execrations of the whole house. She talked to the child for about five minutes, at the end of which time it died.

"Ah, he is dead!" shrieked the distressed parent."

"And you might have let his last moments be peaceful," was the unsympathetic rejoinder.

Sometimes the criticism of the house would take the form of audible remarks addressed by one member of the audience to another. We had been listening, one night, to a play in which action seemed to be unnecessarily subordinated to dialogue, and somewhat poor dialogue at that. Suddenly across the weary monotony of the talk from the stage came a stentorian whisper.

"Jim!"

"Hullo!"

"Wake me up when the play begins."

This was followed by an ostentatious sound of snoring. Then the voice of the second speaker was heard.

"Sammy!"

His friend appeared to wake up.

"Eh! Yes! What's up? Has anything happened?"

"Wake you up at half-past eleven in any event, I suppose?"

"That'll do, thanks, sonny." And the critic slept again.

I expect you have heard of the gallery boy, who, just as Lydia Thompson was about to kiss the village maidens all round, leant over, and in a quiet voice of warning, called out, "Mind the paint." That story got into print. As a rule the papers were kind enough not to report these little incidents.

Occasionally in those days, plays used to be produced, containing situations that reminded us of other plays. It was a melodrama, and, if I remember rightly, the villain committed a murder, and then, with a meanness for which no adequate excuse could be offered, calmly put the fault upon the hero. It was a dirty trick to do, but the house apparently remained unmoved, until an unseen pit-ite began to whistle gently that beautiful old Scottish ballad, "Should auld acquaintance be forgot." Next moment half the house was whistling it, and I fear that curtain went for little.

I do not know whether you remember Madame Titiens. She was what is commonly called a fine woman, and in one opera—I think it was under Carl Rosa's management—she had to be made love to by an exceedingly diminutive tenor. Madame Titiens was singing down stage, close to the footlights, when the tenor entered at the back. She turned towards him and opened her arms. He flew into them, and she embraced him, and there came a piping voice from the upper regions of the house:

"Turn him round. Let's see what you've got!"

Ah, me! I wonder shall I ever enjoy a play again as I enjoyed them in those days? Shall I ever enjoy a supper again as I enjoyed the tripe and onions washed down with bitter beer at the bar of the old Bedford Head—it was not then the gaudy palace it is now. I have tried many suppers after the theatre since, at the Savoy, at Willis's Rooms, at Benoist's new restaurant, at the Amphitryon. But no—there must be something wrong with the cooking at all these places. There is not the old flavour about the victuals. There is a sauce missing.

Yours ever,

JEROME K. JEROME.



DANCING.—THE IDEAL.  
*By Byam Shaw.*



**DANCING.—THE REAL.**  
*By M. Stainforth.*





DANCING.—THE IDEAL.  
*By Bryan Shaw.*



**DANCING.—THE REAL.**  
*By M. Stainforth.*



## IS THE PUBLIC TASTE IN LITERATURE CORRECT?

BY CLEMENT SHORTER, JOSEPH HATTON, ADDISON BRIGHT, ARTHUR WAUGH,  
ALLEN UPWARD, AND FREDERICK ROGERS.

**Clement Shorter  
says everything  
depends upon the  
particular publi-  
cation.**

No editor ever asks himself this question, and I presume it is as an editor that I am asked to answer it. It is the business of an editor to reflect the taste of his audience; and, provided he does not absolutely corrupt public taste, he may publish the most varied work—work which appeals to the audience with which “A. L. O. E.” was popular, or to the very different audience which is, perhaps, most prominently represented to-day by Miss Marie Corelli. Everything depends on the particular publication, and some of the most egregious editorial blunders, in my judgment, are those by which work, excellent in itself, has been published in the wrong place. But then, after all, editors are only human, and one may keep a warm place in one’s heart for what one fears has no real command of the public, but which one is persuaded in oneself is really good literature.

Of the younger school of novelists, for example, my favourite is Mr. George Gissing, and yet I am sadly afraid Mr. Gissing has not got the command of a very large audience. In poetry it is perfectly clear that the great mass of the public has no literary judgment whatever. Wordsworth said this in his day with due emphasis, and although his successor as Laureate commanded that larger audience, which is numbered by thousands and tens of thousands, it is as true to-day as it was in Words-

worth's time, that the people who care for good poetry are very very few. One has only to compare the audience secured by the late William Morris with the audience obtained by his namesake, Sir Lewis Morris, to see how absolutely this is true. Martin Tupper, in his day, sold by tens of thousands, and Eliza Cook the same; and there will probably always be popular rhymers who will command this large audience among a public which has absolutely no correct literary taste. While this will be admitted, it is equally true that the consensus of the best opinion of one age carries all before it in the next, and that this verdict stamps certain writers for a time. Thus, it is true that Shakespeare, and Shakespeare alone, stands for us as the giant of Elizabethan imaginative literature, in spite of all the attempts of Mr. Swinburne and a few other men of genius to place other gods on pedestals beside him.

The best books to read, from any age other than our own, are those which, as it were, have received the hallmark of popular judgment. This clearly means that when the first fever of excitement has passed, the public do accept the verdict of the few. In other words, the temporary excitement which surrounds and glorifies a poor and bad author never has, and never will have, any permanence. It lasts four, five, or even six years; but it has never been known to last longer; whereas some twenty men by continually praising a good author will secure him fame for the next generation. This was what happened to Wordsworth; and it may be said that to-day Wordsworth holds a position in popular esteem from which no one would attempt to dislodge him. Briefly, then, I should say, that while the public taste of one's own day is absolutely incorrect, and while the majority of readers are reading bad books, the critical few are securing that the books of yesterday are placed in their proper position for all time.

\*     \*     \*     \*     \*

Which public? My public, or the other man's? Every author has his public, and the taste of that public is of course eminently correct. But even an author's public has its moods. On the whole it is just, one may even say generous. But in his heart the author finds his tenderest feeling centred upon his least popular book. It is like a mother's love for her weakling. A novelist, for example, feels that the work he has written hotly as the smith in his shirt-sleeves, with healthful conviction, its dramatic situations developing of themselves as it were, the natural impulses of the theme can take care of itself and will; and if it do not, why then he knows the public is wrong, or has overlooked the true gold for the shimmering mica. But when you ask me whether the public taste in literature is correct, of course you refer to the public that is made up of *The Idler* public, and my public, George Meredith's public, Mr. Zangwill's public, and the public of *Tit-Bits*, that in the aggregate makes up what is called the general body of the nation. I doubt if such a conglomeration has any literary taste whatever, and if it has it is exactly the opposite from that which constitutes a critical appreciation of what is truly excellent, as the truly excellent is defined by those self-elected authorities who are permitted to pronounce judgment upon the arts and *belles lettres*. Then comes in the question of time. Over how long a space are we to sample the public taste? Is it to be damned to all eternity for its vagaries of the moment, for its aberrations, its slips from common-sense, its blindness to the best, and its applause of the worst. If there is such a thing as public taste to-day, it is of the tawdriest, subject to the *r  clame* of the mountebank-advertiser, the bounce of the quack, the arrogance of an impertinent and reiterated self-assertion that, with a yawn

Joseph Hatton  
wants to know  
which public.



of indifference, the public takes as a calculated and critical estimate. Take a proper number of years, give the public time to make up its mind, and I should say it is right in everything, for it has a wholesome habit of correcting its mistakes ; but one need not be a critic or a prophet to see that the public just now is what the subtle youth of these latter days would call "dotty." Otherwise, how can you account for the success of ———— ?

I don't suppose there ever was a time when the public was so jockeyed by its false tasters and its critical *flaneurs* as at the present time. It cannot be otherwise than a conspiracy on the part of a few Academic wags to deck deformity in painted masks and swear to its beauty. As you get a china jug with a pound of tea at the grocer's, so to-day your literary taste is bribed by cheap life insurance or a prize puzzle. The editor who first gave as a prize to his readers a pony and cart, and followed that by a freehold house, has made a fortune, and won from his Queen and country a title of nobility. For heaven's sake, let it not be thought I say this censoriously, for that same successful purveyor of literature has endowed the public with some worthy works since those days, and in every relation of life ranks high among his fellow-citizens.

And so the world goes round, and presently there comes Posterity to the judgment seat ; then away go the flim-flams of literature, the fads, the scorchers, the prizes that accompanied a pound of print, the topical verses called poems, the books of the hour, the society tootles, and the forty thousandth editions. Below the froth and fluster lie the gems that Posterity rakes into the treasure-house : and then Public Taste justifies its name, and many a work hitherto only known to the author's own limited public is inscribed in undying letters upon the catalogue of the world's great books.

\* \* \* \* \*

**Addison Bright**  
wants to ascertain  
first what is the  
public.

This problem is like the Battle of Waterloo. It looks difficult before you begin, but really it's only a question of taking the enemy bit by bit—that, and a matter of numbers. First ascertain what "the public" is. Then, what it reads. And there you are.

By the latest official returns the total of the English-speaking populations of the world is about (I am not particular to one or two) a hundred millions. Of these, the readers number exactly 22,395,716 per cent. To simplify the arithmetic, I say 20. There are, therefore, in Britain and its dependencies, and in the United States, twenty millions of readers. Each reader has fifty-two weeks to his year of reading life. In each week he gives up, say, ten hours to his pastime. Ten thousand millions of hours lying unclaimed every year for the Raiders of Literature to annex. Now, I take it that five hours' reading will break the back of the average book, and that every volume that is worth the reading will pass through two pairs of hands. The one, the hands of its buyer, the other, of its borrower. Out of the hands of the latter it will not budge. Hence you observe that "a world-wide circulation," equivalent to 20,000,000, awaits some fifty books a year. Now, it is all plain sailing. We know, at least, what "the Public" means. We know what it can get through. It remains only to discover what it does get through—a point, I think, upon which we can accept the assurance of the authors—and then, the trivial detail of the Correctness of the Public Taste will need but a word or two in conclusion.

Gentlemen—Authors—and Ladies—and Writers for Mr. John Lane—my friend Mr. Jerome desires to gauge the taste of the Public in Literature. Would those among you who have achieved "a world-wide circulation" kindly give me their names and the names of the works. . . . My dear Ladies—and Gentlemen—if you will

all shout at once, how can I possibly distinguish anything? Now, if you please, quietly, and one at a time. . . . Oh, very well, I must abandon this method. Reverend Sir, yelling is utterly useless. I shall now accept no statements save the formal certificates of your publishers, confirmed by recognised chartered accountants. No! paragraphs from *Tit-Bits* and *The Bookman* will not do instead. Now, please, I am ready. . . . Ugh! ugh!! Mercy on me! don't crush me to death. I can only take one at a time. You, Sir, in the front, if you will be good enough to remove your marble pedestal from my toe. Oh, you're dead? I beg your pardon; I did not recognise you. For the moment I took you for—no matter! That scroll you are perusing? Thank you. I'm sorry. Doubtless you sell. But, I assure you, no one reads you—unless one of your plays is on at the Lyceum.

Ladies! Ladies! there's no necessity to fight. And you, Gentlemen, you novelists, now can't you cease pushing just for an hour? You've hopelessly elbowed out a number of illustrious philosophers, historians, poets, as it is. Won't that content you? Mr. Gladstone, you can always command attention; would you very kindly support Mr. Herbert Spencer and Mr. Thomas Carlyle out of the throng? This is no place for them. Mr. Birrell, Dr. Johnson needs an arm. No doubt Mr. Boswell will assist you. Sir John, would you induce the Lubbock's "Hundred Best Authors" to retire? I'm afraid they stand no chance. Ah! the air's a little clearer. Now, gentlemen, age before advertisement, please. Mr. Thackeray, Mr. Dickens, Mr. Tennyson, Mr. Longfellow. Your certificates, if you please. The numbers are indeed colossal—hundreds of thousands! But these "returns" are a little out of date, I fear. What are they *to-day*? Ah, gentlemen, "*autre temps!*" . . . Noble Sir Walter! I was looking for you. A million, in all!! and still a vast sale; at any rate, for *Ivanhoe*. Splendid, splendid! But the standard is twenty millions. Well, well, you'll reach it one day. Mr. Meredith, what pushful publisher dragged you from Boxhill to mingle with this rabble? It could only do you harm, beloved and honoured sir. And you, dear Barrie, and your dear dead friend from Samoa. Ah, I see you stand aloof. You, both, are Oligarchs of Letters. Far less than "the voice of the peewits calling" is the voice of the mob to you! 'Tis sweet and commendable in your natures. . . . What! are there none but you clerics remaining? Oh, a lady endeavouring to pass you? Well, madam, allow me to see your figure. No hysterics, please. The observation bore no reference to your personal beauty. The figure of your circulation, I meant. H'm—is it genuine? No poetic licence? Well, I accept your word. It is certainly a very buxom figure, but nothing to some of these portly evangelicals, I do assure you. But even the most popular among you, gentlemen, reaches merely the fringe. Please don't contradict. Twenty millions, I ask for. You offer me a beggarly hundred thousand. One into two hundred; what is it? Not worth considering. It appears, then, that there is No Public Taste in Literature.

\* \* \* \* \*

I am really surprised, sir, that you should raise such a question at this time of to-day. Surely the whole thing has been settled months ago by common agreement of the popular novelists.

Arthur Waugh  
says the question  
has been settled  
long ago.

"The people's voice is odd:

It is, and it is not the voice of God."

"It is to the public verdict that all art must finally be referred," says the novelist to the interviewer. The novelist knows everything; he is the spectator of all

time and all existence, as Plato says. Why, then, sir, do you do me the compliment of asking my poor opinion?

However, since you *have* done me that compliment (by which, let me assure you, I feel highly gratified), I gladly give my opinion without hesitation. Most certainly, unquestionably, the public taste in literature is correct—for the public. And I, for one, view with continual regret the attempts made by well-meaning critics to persuade the public that its taste is incorrect. For all such attempts are, not only futile, but misdirected. You can prove the whole thing in the method of Socrates—a method which I am sure will appeal to so erudite and companionable a body as the Idlers' Club. The perfection of man is relative; he can only, strive as he may, realise the best that is in him, reach, as Tennyson had it, "his earthly best." The more nearly he approaches to a moral equilibrium, that is to say the better he is in harmony with himself, the more of a man and a citizen he needs must be. Now, the public equilibrium is exactly realised in the public taste for literature. Therefore, I say the public taste for literature is absolutely correct.

The world, sir, may be roughly divided into two classes: people of taste, and—the public. The proportion of the former to the latter is about one in five thousand. The man of taste appreciates—let us say—Wagner, Mr. Whistler, Shelley, and the New English Art Club. The public prefers the music of Mr. I—— de L——; the pictures of Mr. W. P. F——; the poetry of Mr. G. R. S——; and the excitements of the Rectory Field, Blackheath. Each is admirably suited in his own line; and each had much better keep the realisation of himself to himself. He cannot understand the other camp; and the other camp don't want to understand him. But we have all noticed of late a renewed and vigorous attempt on the part of the apostles of taste to induce the public to grow discontented with its own predilections. One wordy but ponderous periodical keeps up the fight Saturday after Saturday by means of sledge-hammer abuse and the rattle of terms not strictly parliamentary. Do you suppose the public is influenced? Not one bit. And it is very much better that it should not be influenced.

Directly you try to persuade the public that it is its duty to become artistic, you begin to breed the worst race of hybrids imaginable—the race of the Superior Person. This insufferable class, having no taste of its own, takes all its views at second-hand; it does not really care for the things it professes to care about; it only adopts culture as being the proper and well-bred thing to do; and, beginning in insincerity to others, it ends in being a liar to itself. We see its trail all about us in the affected, bastard-literary talk of West End dinner-tables, in the unspeakable comments at a Private view, in the cheap yellow fane and draggled Liberty curtains of a suburban villa. *Horresco referens!* Let us be anything but insincere: anything, indeed, rather than the Superior Person.

No, sir; the public taste is absolutely correct; it gauges the public needs. You and I may possibly prefer *Tristram Shandy* to the novels of Miss M—— C——; the wit of Congreve to that of Mr. H. I. W. D——; but are we on that account to begin "improving" our neighbour, who is very much happier as he is, and who won't really, in his heart of hearts, enjoy the Restoration Drama one hundredth part as much as he enjoys the Gaiety? No, sir; let us keep our own tastes sacred, and leave the public to its circulating library.

For my part, there is nothing that amuses me so much as the spectacle of that great overgrown child, the Public, dabbling about in the puddles of literature, fishing up odds and ends of rubbish, and declaring them to be whales and salmon. How we

have watched this public the last few years, floundering after its new fancies, now bubbling over with sexuality, now retiring upon its cheap toy history; its cardboard castles, and leaden, painted soldiers! And all the time, it believes that it is bestowing immortality upon each new plaything of its morning. Alas! it has found some new amusement by the afternoon.

And all the time, sir, secure upon the heights, the real immortals of the ages lie beside their nectar, and smile a tender, pitying smile. Their thunderbolts are laid by; they know better than to intrude upon the game and spoil the sport. Why can't we take a lesson from them? We do no good by mouthing. The little tin gods have their little tin rewards. The immortals are untouched, secure. Let us lift up our eyes unto the hills. Of *course* the public is right. It knows what it wants. And the eternities avenge its little follies. Let us leave the baby to its game.

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In discussing this question it is difficult to conceal the fact that the public taste strikes me as correct when it prefers my literature, and as incorrect when it prefers anybody else's. But there is no public for literature. It is a subject on which every man is a law unto himself, and it is quite impossible to gauge a man's literary taste by his income, or even by the suburb in which he sleeps. I know a policeman on the Embankment who gives three hours a day to reading poetry. George III. and Mr. Bernard Shaw, in some respects most dissimilar men, agree in considering much of Shakespere sad rubbish. In books, as in wines and cigars, the public taste is largely governed by its pocket. The penny poets sell in millions, but the poor clerk turns from Tennyson at six shillings to Dagonet at sixpence. Mr. Ruskin has written some beautiful books addressed to farm labourers, but as he sells them at a price which would compel the labourer and his family to abstain from all food for a week in order to afford them, the consequence is that they are read exclusively by our wealthier Dissenting deacons in the suburbs. There are so many pitfalls for the man of letters. Poor William Morris, with whom Mr. Shaw and I used to have such pleasant riots in Trafalgar Square when we were boys, wrote the most charming poems in favour of the destruction of the upper classes; but, unfortunately, the upper classes wouldn't read them, because they didn't like the subject, and the lower classes couldn't read them, because they were written in such archæological English. Most men's taste in literature depends in the main on their religious views. A Roman Catholic organ once said the most handsome things about a story of mine in which the villain was an Orthodox Greek Bishop; but when I wrote one in which a Cardinal came under a cloud, they proved it was the merest rubbish. The fact is literature is a mixed art. Consciously or unconsciously, every writer is all the time impressing on us his own ideals of life; and in proportion as those differ from ours, so it is difficult for us to judge his work correctly, regarded as pure literature. Preaching fiction, like Thackeray's and Miss Emma Jane Worboise's, of course puts us on our guard; but even Shakespere and Cervantes have not kept their work free from a subtle bias towards truthfulness and gentleness, which must make it extremely irritating reading to bad men. We have a better chance to estimate the classics fairly. The brutal, treacherous savages in the *Iliad* do not revolt us like Miss Corelli's heroes, because we are not likely to meet them at the club. We can therefore appreciate Homer, while we merely buy Miss Corelli. But it is most unsafe

Allen Upward  
declares there is  
no public for  
literature.

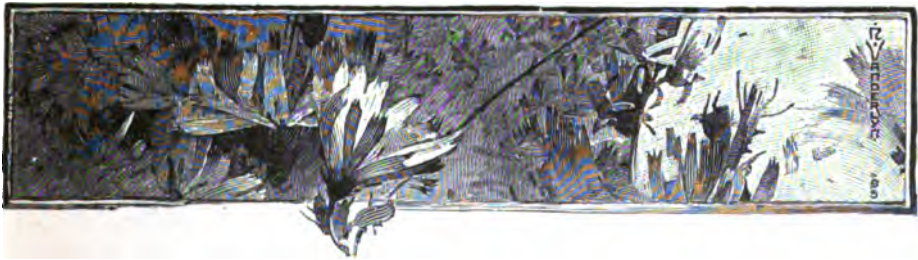
to assume, because it is popular, that the public likes a work. If the poor public ventures to show a feeble preference for Smith's book on Iceland, forty powerful publishers at once seize it by the throat and cram it with Smith's books, and books on Iceland, till it chokes. No one ever knows what the public taste is. I believe the public secretly detests the snippet press. But some of the ablest men in London, backed by millions of money, have sworn the snippet press shall hold the field, and who shall break its yoke? Nor must the public be condemned for its neglect of books it never hears of. It never reads reviews. (In that its taste is surely—well!) No system has yet been devised by which the public can have a fair opportunity of judging books. Let us discuss—"Is Mr. Mudie's Taste in Literature Correct?"

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On the whole, yes, but the public is a many-headed monster and it and its tastes require analysis if questions about them are to be answered accurately. There is a public that talks about books, reads reviews of them, dips into them in free libraries, buys them occasionally (in cheap editions), is fond of gossip about their authors, and has an excellent memory for the small change of the literary journal. This public has no tastes of its own, it gets them at second-hand, and if at any time they are correct it is an accident. It worships any personality who for the moment looms large in the literary world, whether that personality is big or great. It echoes all popular cries, reflects all the mirages in the literary clouds, but is never in any way original, never thinks on its own account, and could not if it tried. It helps greatly in the booming of inferior books, never distinguishes or discriminates, can work up as much enthusiasm for third rate qualities as for first rate, and knows no difference between Miss Corelli and Ibsen. It is enough for it that the personality it worships is talked about in society or is discussed in the reviews, it follows leaders always and everywhere, its taste is simply a reflection, and chance determines whether it be correct or no. But in any endeavour to analyse taste this public counts and cannot be ignored. It has a way of forcing itself into notice in the press, in literary societies, in the centres of social education, and its incoherent thinkings and blundering judgments are taken often to represent the thoughts and ideas of the silent public for whom bookmen write, and who read and think about literature because they love it, and because it is a necessity of their intellectual and spiritual life.

That the taste of this public in literature is correct I have no manner of doubt, and it forms the majority of those who care about books. It is less heard of than the other and adds little to the noise of the world, but it represents the virile and active elements in popular thought, and its ranks are recruited from the classes and the masses alike. For its reading the great classics of the world are made cheap, and literature means to it what it meant to Matthew Arnold, "The best which has been thought and said." I do not say that it is not mistaken now and then in its estimate of what is the best, but its aims are true and its instincts sound. I do not claim for it either priggishness or Puritanism, or say that it reads only the best writers. It reads what it chooses, but it can distinguish usually between good and popular, and rarely keeps on its library shelves, or in its mind, that which belongs to the literary lumber-room. It is human and natural in its characteristics, and prefers the healthy animalism of the older writers, or of the newer when their animalism is healthy, to the unwholesome cant of the decadent school. Masculine vigour and the strength that comes of feminine tender-

ness and sweetness are its admiration, and to writers who possess these qualities, or can picture them, it will forgive many defects. For feminine pruriency or men's mawkishness it has good-humoured contempt, and sex problems or hill-top fiction it may indeed read or consider for a passing moment, but only for that time; its tastes lie elsewhere. It is the latest and strongest force in the world of books, the outcome of the board school, the workman's college, the polytechnic classes, the university extension lectures. As a social force it is hopeful because it is healthy and strong. The intellectual artisan full of new thoughts and ideals, the young university man who, disdaining the conventions of his class, seeks knowledge of social life by personal contact, the school teacher who thinks outside his school, women who work and read, and help and make, by their helpfulness, another influence and almost another class in woman's world, teachers of religion who include as part of their work the sweetening of this life as well as leading to another, and who therefore are seeking to understand the problems of this life, as their predecessors never did, all go to make up this public, and it is this public that has the most to do with books. If careful and not too hasty judgments, admiration for thoughts that are strong, natural, and true, a dislike for false sentiments and flabby ideas, a contempt or a pity for the hysterical, the morbid, or the unclean in books, a preference for clearness of thought and expression, and for at least naturalness if not logic in the development of ideas, go to make up a correct taste in literature, then these characteristics are possessed by the public I describe now, and their taste is, on the whole, correct.



## TO A NOSEGAY.



You bloomed in some old garden  
(Perchance 'twas by the sea)  
In quaint and trim-kept borders,  
A petalled galaxy;  
You scented sunny noontides,  
And many a moonlit night;  
And with the passionate nightingale  
Filled silence with delight;  
Till CELIA came and culled you,  
And kissed you, with a smile,  
Then, with a message, sent you  
To gladden me awhile.

ERIC BROAD.

(Drawn by Alan Wright.)







# THE IDLER.

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## “FLORIMEL.”

FROM THE PAINTING BY HENRY RYLAND.

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# THE MATERIALISATION OF CHARLES AND MIVANWAY.

BY JEROME K. JEROME.

ILLUSTRATED BY HAL HURST.



THE fault that most people will find with this story is that it is unconvincing. Its scheme is improbable, its atmosphere artificial. To confess that the thing really happened—not as I am about to set it

down, for the pen of

the professional writer cannot but adorn and embroider, even to the detriment of his material—is, I am well aware, only an aggravation of my offence; for the facts of life are the impossibilities of fiction. A truer artist would have left this story alone, or at most have kept it for the irritation of his private circle. My lower instinct is to make use of it. A very old man told me the tale; he was landlord of the Cromlech Arms, the only inn of a small, rock-sheltered village on the north-east coast of Cornwall, and had been so for nine and forty years. It is called the Cromlech Hotel now, and is under new management, and during the season some four coach loads of tourists sit down each day to *table d'hôte* lunch in the low-ceilinged parlour. But I am speaking of years ago, when the place was a mere fishing harbour, undiscovered by the guide books.

The old landlord talked, and I harkened, the while we both sat drinking thin ale from earthenware mugs, late one summer's evening, on the bench that runs along the wall just beneath the latticed

windows; and during the many pauses, when the old landlord stopped to puff his pipe in silence, and lay in a new stock of breath, there came to us the murmuring voices of the Atlantic; and often, mingled with the pompous roar of the big breakers farther out, we would hear the rippling laugh of some small wave, that, maybe, had crept in to listen to the tale the landlord told.

The mistake that Charles Seabohn, junior partner of the firm of Seabohn & Son, civil engineers of London and Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and Mivanway Evans, youngest daughter of the Rev. Thomas Evans, Pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Bristol, made originally, was marrying too young. Charles Seabohn could hardly have been twenty years of age, and Mivanway could have been little more than seventeen, when they first met upon the cliffs, two miles above the Cromlech Arms. Young Charles Seabohn, coming across the village in the course of a walking tour, had decided to spend a day or two, exploring the picturesque coast; and Mivanway's father had hired a neighbouring farmhouse wherein to spend his summer vacation.

Early one morning—for at twenty, one is virtuous, and takes exercise before breakfast—as young Charles Seabohn lay upon the cliffs, watching the white waters coming and going upon the black rocks below, he became aware of a form rising from the waves. The figure was too far off for him to see it clearly, but judging



A STARTLED "OH!" CAME FROM THE SLIGHTLY PARTED LIPS.

from the costume, it was a female figure, and promptly the mind of Charles, poetically inclined, turned to thoughts of Venus—or Aphrodite, as he, being a gentleman of delicate taste, would have preferred to term her. He saw the figure disappear behind a headland, but still waited. In about ten minutes or a quarter of an hour it reappeared, clothed in the garments of the eighteen-sixties, and came towards him. Hidden from sight himself behind a group of rocks, he could watch it at his leisure ascending the steep path from the beach; and an exceedingly sweet and dainty figure it would have appeared, even to eyes less susceptible than those of twenty. Seawater—I stand open to correction—is not, I believe, considered anything of a substitute for curling tongs, but to the hair of the youngest Miss Evans it had given an additional and most fascinating wave. Nature's red and white had been most cunningly laid on, and the large childish eyes seemed to be searching the world for laughter, with which to feed a pair of delicious, pouting lips. Charles's upturned face, petrified into admiration, appeared to be just the sort of thing for which they were on the look out. A startled "Oh!" came from the slightly parted lips, followed by the merriest of laughs, which in its turn was suddenly stopped by a deep blush. Then the youngest Miss Evans looked offended, as though the whole affair had been Charles's fault, which is the way of women. And Charles, feeling himself guilty under that stern gaze of indignation, rose awkwardly and apologised meekly, whether for being on the cliffs at all or for having got up too early, he would have been unable to explain.

The youngest Miss Evans graciously accepted the apology thus tendered with a bow, and passed on, and Charles stood staring after her till the valley gathered her into its spreading arms and hid her from his view.

That was the beginning of all things.

I am speaking of the Universe as viewed from the standpoint of Charles and Mivanway.

Six months later they were man and wife, or perhaps it would be more correct to say boy and wifelet. Seabohn senior counselled delay, but was overruled by the impatience of his junior partner. The Reverend Mr. Evans, in common with most theologians, possessed a goodly supply of unmarried daughters, and a limited income. Personally, he saw no necessity for postponement of the marriage.

The month's honeymoon was spent in the New Forest. That was a mistake to begin with. The New Forest in February is depressing; and they had chosen the loneliest spot they could find. A fortnight in Paris or Rome would have been more helpful. As yet they had nothing to talk about except love, and that they had been talking and writing about steadily all through the winter. On the tenth morning Charles yawned, and Mivanway had a quiet half-hour's cry about it in her own room. On the sixteenth evening, Mivanway, feeling irritable, and wondering why (as though fifteen damp, chilly days in the New Forest were not sufficient to make any woman irritable), requested Charles not to disarrange her hair; and Charles, speechless with astonishment, went out into the garden, and swore before all the stars that he would never caress Mivanway's hair again as long as he lived.

One supreme folly they had conspired to commit, even before the commencement of the honeymoon. Charles, after the manner of very young lovers, had earnestly requested Mivanway to impose upon him some task. He desired to do something great and noble to show his devotion. Dragons was the thing he had in his mind, though he may not have been aware of it. Dragons also, no doubt, flitted through Mivanway's brain; but, unfortunately for lovers, the supply of

dragons has lapsed. Mivanway, liking the conceit, however, thought over it, and then decided that Charles must give up smoking. She had discussed the matter with her favourite sister, and that was the only thing the girls could think of. Charles's face fell. He suggested some more herculean labour, some sacrifice more worthy to lay at Mivanway's feet. But Mivanway had spoken. She might think of some other task, but the smoking prohibition would, in any case, remain. She dismissed the subject with a pretty *hauteur* that would have graced Marie Antoinette.

Thus tobacco, the good angel of all men, no longer came each day to teach Charles patience and amiability, and he fell into the ways of short temper and selfishness.

They took up their residence in a suburb of Newcastle, and this was also unfortunate for them, because there the society was scanty and middle-aged; and, in consequence, they had still to depend much upon their own resources. They knew little of life, less of each other, and nothing at all of themselves. Of course they quarrelled, and each quarrel left the wound a little deeper than before. No kindly, experienced friend was at hand to laugh at them. Mivanway would write down all her sorrows in a bulky diary, which made her feel worse; so that before she had written for ten minutes her pretty, unwise head would drop upon her dimpled arm, and the book—the proper place for which was behind the fire—would become damp with her tears; and Charles, his day's work done, and the clerks gone, would linger in his dingy office, and hatch trifles into troubles.

The end came one evening after dinner, when, in the heat of a silly squabble, Charles boxed Mivanway's ears. That was very ungentlemanly conduct, and he was heartily ashamed of himself the moment he had done it, which was right and proper for him to be. The only ex-

cuse to be urged on his behalf is that girls sufficiently pretty to have been spoiled from childhood by everyone about them can at times be intensely irritating. Mivanway rushed up to her room, and locked herself in. Charles flew after her to apologise, but only arrived in time to have the door slammed in his face.

It had only been the merest touch. A boy's muscles move quicker than his thoughts. But to Mivanway it was a blow. This was what it had come to! This was the end of a man's love!

She spent half the night writing in the precious diary, with the result that in the morning she came down feeling more bitter than she had gone up. Charles had walked the streets of Newcastle all night, and that had not done him any good. He met her with an apology combined with an excuse, which was bad policy. Mivanway, of course, fastened upon the excuse, and the quarrel recommenced. She mentioned that she hated him, he hinted that she had never loved him, and she retorted that he had never loved her. Had there been anybody by to knock their heads together and suggest breakfast, the thing might have blown over, but the combined effect of a sleepless night and an empty stomach upon each proved disastrous. Their words came poisoned from their brains, and each believed they meant what they said. That afternoon Charles sailed from Hull on a ship bound for the Cape, and that evening Mivanway arrived at the paternal home in Bristol with two trunks and the curt information that she and Charles had separated for ever. The next morning both thought of a soft speech to say to the other; but the next morning was just twenty-four hours too late.

Eight days afterwards Charles's ship was run down in a fog, near the coast of Portugal, and every soul on board was supposed to have perished. Mivanway read his name among the list of lost; the child died within her, and she knew

herself for a woman who had loved deeply, and will not love again.

Good luck, however, intervening, Charles and one other man were rescued by a small trading vessel, and landed in Algiers. There Charles learnt of his supposed death, and the idea occurred to him to leave the report uncontradicted. For one thing, it solved a problem that had been troubling him. He could trust his father to see to it that his own small fortune, with possibly something added, was handed over to Mivanway, and she would be free, if she wished, to marry again. He was convinced that she did not care for him, and that she had read of his death with a sense of relief. He would make a new life for himself, and forget her.

He continued his journey to the Cape, and once there he soon gained for himself an excellent position. The colony was young, engineers were welcome, and Charles knew his business. He found the life interesting and exciting. The rough, dangerous up-country work suited him, and the time passed swiftly.

But in thinking he would forget Mivanway, he had not taken into consideration his own character, which at bottom was a very gentlemanly character. Out on the lonely veldt, he found himself dreaming of her. The memory of her pretty face and merry laugh came back to him at all hours. Occasionally he would curse her roundly, but that only meant that he was sore because of the thought of her; what he was really cursing was himself and his own folly. Softened by the distance, her quick temper, her very petulance became mere added graces; and if we consider women as human beings, and not as angels, it was certainly a fact that he had lost a very sweet and lovable woman. Ah! if only she were by his side now—now that he was a man capable of appreciating her, and not a foolish, selfish boy. This thought would come to him, as he sat smoking at the door of his tent; and then he would regret that the stars

looking down upon him were not the same stars that were watching her; it would have made him feel nearer to her. For, though young people may not credit it, one grows more sentimental as one grows older; at least, some of us do, and they, perhaps, not the least wise.

One night he had a vivid dream of her. She came to him and held out her hand, and he took it, and they said good-bye to one another. They were standing on the cliff where he had first met her, and one of them was going upon a long journey, though he was not sure which.

In the towns, men laugh at dreams, but away from civilisation, we listen more readily to the strange tales that Nature whispers to us. Charles Seabohn recollected this dream when he awoke in the morning.

"She is dying," he said, "and she has come to wish me good-bye."

He made up his mind to return to England at once; perhaps, if he made haste, he would be in time to kiss her. But he could not start that day, for work was to be done; and Charles Seabohn, lover though he still was, had grown to be a man, and knew that work must not be neglected even though the heart may be calling. So for a day or two he stayed, and on the third night he dreamed of Mivanway again, and this time she lay within the little chapel at Bristol where, on Sunday mornings, he had often sat with her. He heard her father's voice reading the burial service over her, and the sister she had loved best was sitting beside him, crying softly. Then Charles knew that there was no need for him to hasten. So he remained to finish his work. That done, he would return to England. He would like again to stand upon the cliffs, above the little Cornish village, where they had first met.

Thus, a few months later, Charles Seabohn, or Charles Denning, as he called himself, aged and bronzed, not easily recognisable by those who had not known

him well, walked into the Cromlech Arms, as six years before he had walked in with his knapsack on his back, and asked for a room, saying he would be stopping in the village for a short while.

In the evening he strolled out, and made his way to the cliffs. It was twilight when he reached the place of rocks to which the fancy-loving Cornish folk had given the name of the Witches' Cauldron. It was from this spot that he had first watched Mivanway coming to him from the sea.

He took the pipe from his mouth, and leaning against a rock, whose rugged outline seemed fashioned into the face of an old friend, gazed down the narrow pathway now growing indistinct in the dim light. And as he gazed the figure of Mivanway came slowly up the pathway from the sea, and paused before him.

He felt no fear. He had half expected it. Her coming was the complement of his dreams. She looked older and graver than he remembered her, but for that the face was the sweeter.

He wondered if she would speak to him, but she only looked at him with sad eyes; and he stood there in the shadow of the rocks without moving, and she passed on into the twilight.

Had he on his return cared to discuss the subject with his landlord, had he even shown himself a ready listener—for the old man loved to gossip—he might have learnt that a young widow lady, named Mrs. Charles Seabohn, accompanied by an unmarried sister, had lately come to reside in the neighbourhood, having, upon the death of a former tenant, taken the lease of a small farmhouse sheltered in the valley a mile beyond the village; and that her favourite evening's walk was to the sea and back by the steep footway leading past "The Witches' Cauldron."

Had he followed the figure of Mivanway into the valley, he would have known that out of sight of the Witches' Cauldron

it took to running fast till it reached a welcome door, and fell panting into the arms of another figure that had hastened out to meet it.

"My dear," said the elder woman, "you are trembling like a leaf. What has happened?"

"I have seen him," answered Mivanway.

"Seen whom?"

"Charles."

"Charles!" repeated the other, looking at Mivanway as though she thought her mad.

"His spirit, I mean," explained Mivanway, in an awed voice. "It was standing in the shadow of the rocks, in the exact spot where we first met. It looked older and more careworn; but, oh! Margaret, so sad and reproachful."

"My dear," said her sister, leading her in, "you are overwrought. I wish we had never come back to this house."

"Oh! I was not frightened," answered Mivanway, "I have been expecting it every evening. I am so glad it came. Perhaps it will come again, and I can ask it to forgive me."

So next night, Mivanway, though much against her sister's wishes and advice, persisted in her usual walk, and Charles, at the same twilight hour, started from the inn.

Again Mivanway saw him, standing in the shadow of the rocks. Charles had made up his mind that if the thing happened again he would speak; but when the silent figure of Mivanway, clothed in the fading light, stopped and gazed at him, his will failed him.

That it was the spirit of Mivanway standing before him he had not the faintest doubt. One may dismiss other people's ghosts as the phantasies of a weak brain, but one knows one's own to be realities; and Charles, for the last five years, had mingled with a people whose dead dwell about them. Once, drawing his courage around him, he made





THERE WAS NO MISTAKING IT FOR ANYTHING ELSE.

to speak ; but as he did so the figure of Mivanway shrank from him, and only a sigh escaped his lips ; and hearing that, the figure of Mivanway turned, and again passed down the path into the valley, leaving Charles gazing after it.

But the third night both arrived at the trysting spot with determination screwed up to the sticking point.

Charles was the first to speak. As the figure of Mivanway came towards him, with its eyes fixed sadly on him, he moved from the shadow of the rocks, and stood before it.

"Mivanway !" he said.

"Charles," replied the figure of Mivanway. Both spoke in an awed whisper, suitable to the circumstances, and each stood gazing sorrowfully upon the other.

"Are you happy ?" asked Mivanway.

The question strikes one as somewhat farcical ; but it must be remembered that Mivanway was the daughter of a Gospeller of the old school, and had been brought up to beliefs that were not then out of date.

"As happy as I deserve to be," was the sad reply ; and the answer—the inference was not complimentary to Charles's deserts—struck a chill to Mivanway's heart.

"How could I be happy having lost you ?" went on the voice of Charles.

Now, this speech fell very pleasantly upon Mivanway's ears. In the first place, it relieved her of her despair regarding Charles's future. No doubt his present suffering was keen, but there was hope for him. Secondly, it was a decidedly pretty speech for a ghost ; and I am not at all sure that Mivanway was the kind of woman to be averse to a little mild flirtation with the spirit of Charles.

"Can you forgive me ?" asked Mivanway.

"Forgive *you* !" replied Charles, in a tone of awed astonishment. "Can you forgive me ? I was a brute—a fool—I was not worthy to love you." A most

gentlemanly spirit, it seemed to be. Mivanway forgot to be afraid of it.

"We were both to blame," answered Mivanway. But this time there was less submission in her tones. "But I was the most at fault. I was a petulant child. I did not know how deeply I loved you."

"You loved me !" repeated the voice of Charles, and the voice lingered over the words, as though it found them sweet.

"Surely you never doubted it," answered the voice of Mivanway. "I never ceased to love you. I shall love you always and ever."

The figure of Charles sprang forward as though it would clasp the ghost of Mivanway in its arms, but halted a step or two off.

"Bless me before you go," he said, and with uncovered head the figure of Charles knelt to the figure of Mivanway.

Really, ghosts could be exceedingly nice when they liked. Mivanway bent graciously towards her shadowy suppliant, and, as she did so, her eye caught sight of something on the grass beside it, and that something was a well-coloured meerschaum pipe. There was no mistaking it for anything else, even in that treacherous light ; it lay glistening where Charles, in falling upon his knees, had jerked it from his breast-pocket.

Charles, following Mivanway's eyes, saw it also ; and the memory of the prohibition against smoking came back to him.

Without stopping to consider the futility of the action—nay, the direct confession implied thereby—he instinctively grabbed at the pipe, and rammed it back into his pocket ; and then an avalanche of mingled understanding and bewilderment, fear and joy, swept Mivanway's brain before it. She felt she must do one of two things, laugh or scream and go on screaming ; and she laughed. Peal after peal of laughter she sent echoing among the rocks, and Charles springing to his feet

was just in time to catch her as she fell forward, a dead weight into his arms.

Ten minutes later, the eldest Miss Evans, hearing heavy footsteps went to the door. She saw what she took to be the spirit of Charles Seabohn, staggering under the weight of the lifeless body of Mivanway; and the sight not unnaturally alarmed her. Charles's suggestion of brandy, however, sounded human; and the urgent need of attending to Mivanway kept her mind from dwelling upon problems tending towards insanity.

Charles carried Mivanway to her room, and laid her upon the bed.

"I'll leave her with you," he whispered to the eldest Miss Evans. "It will be

better for her not to see me until she is quite recovered. She has had a shock."

Charles waited in the dark parlour for what seemed to him an exceedingly long time. But at last the eldest Miss Evans returned.

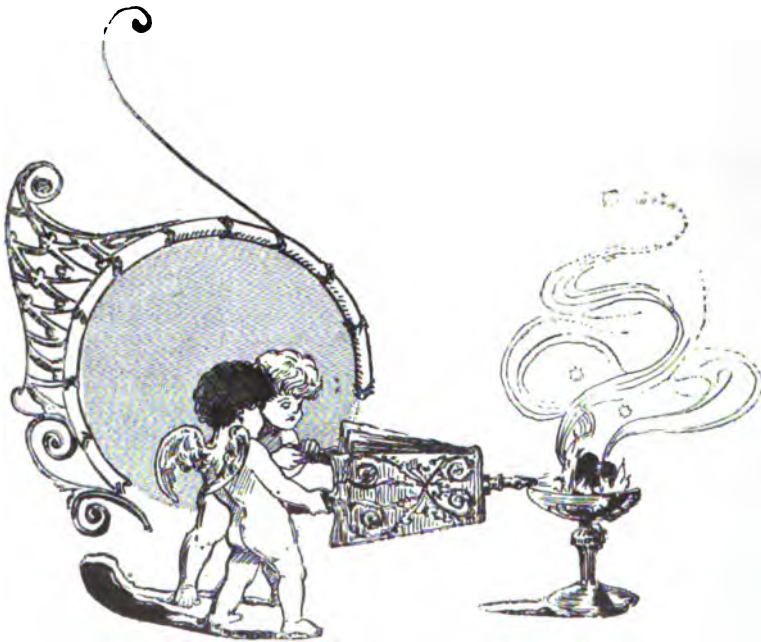
"She's all right now," were the welcome words he heard.

"I'll go and see her," he said.

"But she's in bed," exclaimed the scandalised Miss Evans.

And then as Charles only laughed; "Oh, ah—yes, I suppose—of course," she added.

And the eldest Miss Evans, left alone, sat down and wrestled with the conviction that she was dreaming.





*Drawn by Robt. Sander.*

I breathe her perfume, touch her hand,  
Though she's the proudest in the land,—  
The fiercest warrior of all  
Humbly obeys my beck and call ;  
And what a little thing am I,  
All fragile silk and ivory,  
Yet stronger than the strongest man  
My lady's fan.



*Salvation Sal* (to village toper).—"If thou doesn't mend thy ways, Ben Bosky, thou'll go to a place where there's nowt but weepin' and wailin' and 'nashin' of teeth."

*Ben B.*—"I shan't have to do any 'nashin', 'cos I've nowt ter 'nash."

(From "*Phil May's Annual*" for 1894.)

(See Interview with Mr. Phil May.)

# PHROSO: A ROMANCE.\*

BY ANTHONY HOPE.

ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. MILLAR.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### A WORD OF VARIOUS MEANINGS.



HE came up to me swiftly and without hesitation. I had looked for some embarrassment, but there was none in her face. She met my eyes full and square, and began to speak to me at once.

"My lord," she said, "I must ask one thing of you: I must lay one more burden on you. After to-day, I dare not be here when my countrymen learn how they are deluded, for I should be ashamed to face them; and I dare not trust myself to the Turks, for I do not know what they would do with me. Will you take me with you to Athens, or to some other port from which I can reach Athens? I can elude the guards here: I shall be no trouble: you need only tell me when your boat will start, and give me a corner to live in on board. Indeed I grieve to ask more of you, for you have done so much for me, but my trouble is great and—what is it, my lord?"

I had moved my hand to stop her. She had acted in the one way in which, had it been to save my life, I could not have. She put what had passed utterly out of the way, treating it as the merest trick. My part in it was to her the merest trick; of hers she said nothing. Had hers then been a trick also? My blood grew hot at the thought; I could not endure it.

"When your countrymen learn how they are deluded?" said I, repeating her words. "Deluded in what?"

"In the trick we played on them, my lord, to—to persuade them to disperse."

I took a step towards her, and my voice shook as I said—

"Was it all a trick, Phroso?" For at this moment I set above everything else in the world a fresh assurance of her love. I would force it from her, sooner than not have it.

She answered me with questioning eyes and a sad little smile.

"Are we then betrothed?" she said, in mournful mockery.

I was close by her now. I did not touch her, but I bent a little, and my face was near hers.

"Was it a trick to-day, and a trick on St. Tryphon's day also?" I asked.

She gave one startled glance at my face, and now her eyes dropped to the ground. She made no answer to my question.

"Was it all a trick, Phroso?" I asked in entreaty, in insistence, in the wild longing to hear her love declared once, here, to me alone, where nobody could hear, nobody impair its sweet secrecy.

Phroso's answer came now, set to the accompaniment of the saddest, softest murmuring laugh.

"Ah, my lord, must you hear it again? Am I not twice shamed already?"

"Be shamed yet once again," I whispered; and then I saw the light of gladness master the misty sorrow in her eyes as I had seen once before; and I greeted it, whispering,

"Yes, a thousand times, a thousand times!"

"My dear lord!" she said; but then she sprang back, and the brightness was

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clouded again as she stood aloof, regarding me in speechless distressed puzzle.

"But, my lord," she murmured, so low that I scarcely heard. Then she took refuge in a return to her request. "You won't leave me here, will you? You will take me somewhere where I can be safe. I—I'm afraid of these men, even though the Pasha is dead."

I took no notice of the request she repeated. I seemed unable to speak or to do anything else but look into her eyes: and I said, a touch of awe in my voice—

"You have the most wonderful eyes in all the world, Phroso."

"My lord," murmured Phroso, dropping envious lids. But I knew she would open them soon again, and so she did.

"Yes, in all the wide world," said I. "And I want to hear it again."

As we talked we had moved little by little, and now we were at the side of the house in the deep dull shadow of it. Yet the eyes I praised pierced the gloom and shone in the darkness. And suddenly I felt arms about my neck, clasping me tightly, and her breath was on my

cheek, coming quick and unevenly; and she whispered—

"Yes, you shall hear it again and again and again, for I am not ashamed now. For I know, yes, I know I love you; I love you, ah, how I love you!"



PHROSO'S THIRD CONFESSION.

Her whispers found answers in mine: and I held her as though against all the world: and all the world was in that moment, and there was nothing else than that moment in all the world. Had a man told me then that I had felt love before, I would have laughed in his face—the fool.

But then Phroso drew back again; the brief rapture, free from all past or future, all thought or doubt, left her, and, in leaving her, forsook me also; and she stood over against me, murmuring—

"But, my lord——!"

I knew well what she would say, and for an instant I stood silent; the world hung for us on the cast of my next words.

"But, my lord, the lady who waits for you over the sea?" And there sounded a note of fear in the softly breathed whisper that the night carried to my ear.

In an instant, before I could answer, Phroso came near to me and laid one hand on my arm, and spoke gently and quickly. "Yes, I know, I see, I understand," she said, "and I thank you, my lord; and I thank God, my dear lord, that you told me and did not leave without showing me your love. For though I must be very unhappy, yet I shall be proud; and in the long nights I shall think of this dear island and of you, though you will both be far away. Yes, I thank heaven you told me, my dear lord." And she bent her head, that should have bent to no man, and kissed my hand.

But I snatched my hand hastily away, and I sprang to her and caught her again in my arms, and again kissed her lips; for my resolve was made. I would not let her go. Those who would might ask the rights of it; I would not let her go. Yet I spoke no word, and she did not understand, but thought that I kissed her in farewell, for the tears were on her face and wetted my lips; and she clung to me as though something were tearing her from me and must soon sunder us apart, so greedy was her grasp on me. But then I opened my mouth to whisper in her ear the words that would bid defiance to the thing that was tearing her away, and rivet her life to mine.

But hark! There was a cry, a startled exclamation, and the sound of footsteps. My name was shouted loud and eagerly. I knew Denny's voice. Phroso slid from my relaxed arms, and drew back into the deepest shadow.

"I'll be back soon," I whispered, and with a last pressure of her hand, which was warm now and answered to my grasp, I stepped out of the shelter of the wall and stood in front of the house.

Denny was on the door-step; the door was open, and the light from the lamps in the hall flooded the night and fell full on my face as I walked up to him. And on sight of me he seemed to forget his own

errand and his own eagerness; for he caught me by the shoulder, and stared at me, crying—

"Heavens, man, you're as white as a sheet! Have you seen a ghost? Does Constantine walk—or Mouraki?"

"Fifty ghosts would be a joke to what I've been through. My God, I never had such a time! What do you want? What did you call me for? I can't stay. She's waiting." For now I did not care; Denny and all Neopalia might know now.

"Yes, but she must wait a little," he said. "You must come into the house and come upstairs."

"I can't," I said obstinately. "I—I—I can't, Denny."

"You must. Don't be a fool, Charley. It's important; the Captain is waiting for you."

His face seemed big with news—what it might be I could not tell—but the hint of it was enough to make me catch hold of him, crying, "What is it? I'll come."

"That's right. Come along." And he turned and led the way rapidly through the old hall and up the stairs. I followed him, my mind whirling through a cloud of possibilities.

The quiet business-like aspect of the room into which Denny led the way did something to sober me. I pulled myself together, seeking to hide my feelings under a mask of carelessness. The Captain sat at the table with a mass of papers surrounding him; he appeared to be examining them, and, as he read, his lips curved in surprise or contempt.

"This Mouraki was a cunning fellow," said he, "but if anyone had chanced to get hold of this box of his while he was alive, he would not have enjoyed even so poor a post as he thought his governorship. Indeed, Lord Wheatley, had you been actually a party to his death, I think you need have feared nothing when some of these papers had found their way to the eyes of the Government. We are well



rid of him, indeed! But then, as I always say, these Armenians, though they are clever dogs — ”

But I had not come to hear a Turk discourse on Armenia, and I broke in, with an impatience that I could not altogether conceal—

“I beg your pardon, but is that all you wanted to say to me?”

“I should have thought that it was of some importance to you,” he observed.

“Certainly,” said I, regaining my composure a little, “but your courtesy and kindness had already reassured me.”

He bowed his acknowledgments, and proceeded in a most leisurely tone, sorting the papers and documents before him into orderly heaps.

“On the death of the Pasha, the Government of the island having temporarily devolved on me, I thought it my duty to examine his Excellency’s —(curse the dog) —his Excellency’s despatch-box; with the result that I have discovered very remarkable evidences of the schemes which he dared to entertain. With this, however, I need not perhaps trouble you.”

“I would not intrude into it for the world!” I said.

“I also discovered,” he pursued in undisturbed leisure and placidity, “among the Pasha’s papers a letter addressed to — ”

“Me!” and I sprang forward.

“No, to your cousin—to this gentleman. Pursuing what I conceived to be my duty—and I must trust to Mr. Swinton to forgive me—” Here the exasperating fellow paused, looked at Denny, waited for a bow from Denny, duly received it, duly and with ceremony returned it, sighed as though he were much relieved at Denny’s complaisance, cleared his throat, arranged a little heap of papers on his left hand, and at last—oh, at last!—went on.

“This letter, I say, in pursuance of what I conceived to be my duty—”

“Yes, yes, your duty, of course. Clearly your duty. Yes?”

“I read. It appeared, however, to contain nothing of importance.”

“Then why the deuce—? I mean—I beg your pardon.”

“But merely matters of private concern. But I am not warranted in letting it out of my hands. It will have to be delivered to the Government with the rest of the Pasha’s papers. I have, however, allowed Mr. Swinton to read it. He says that it concerns you, Lord Wheatley, more than himself. I therefore propose to ask him to read it to you (I can decipher English but not speak it with facility) in my presence”; and with this he handed an envelope to Denny. We had got to it at last.

“For heaven’s sake be quick about it, my dear boy,” I cried, and I seated myself on the table, swinging my leg to and fro in a fury of restless impatience. The Captain eyed my agitated body with profound disapproval.

Denny took the letter from its envelope and read:—“London, May 21st,” then he paused and remarked, “We got here on the seventh, you know.” I nodded hastily, and he went on, “My dear Denny—Oh, how awful this is! I can hardly bear to think of it! Poor, poor fellow! Mamma is terribly grieved, and I, of course, even more. Both mamma and I feel that it makes it so much worse, somehow, that this news should come only three days after he must have got mamma’s letter. Mamma says that it doesn’t really make any difference, and that if her letter was *wise*, then this terrible news can’t alter that. I suppose it doesn’t really, but it seems to, doesn’t it? Oh, do write directly and tell me that he wasn’t very unhappy about it when he had that horrible fever. There’s a big blot—because I’m crying! I know you thought I didn’t care about him, but I did—though not (as mamma says) in *one* way, really. Do you think he forgave me? It would kill me if I thought he didn’t. Do write soon. I suppose you will bring poor dear



IN AN INSTANT MY BUSY HANDS WERE RUINING THE NEAT PILES OF DOCUMENTS.

Charley home? Please tell me he didn't think very badly of me. Mamma joins with me in sincerest sympathy—yours *most* sincerely, Beatrice Kennett Hipgrave. P.S.—Mr. Bennett Hamlyn has just called; he is awfully grieved about poor dear Charley. I always think of him as Charley still, you know. Do write."

"There was a long pause. Then Denny observed, in a satirical tone—

"To be thought of still as 'Charley' is, after all, something."

"But what the devil does it mean?" I cried, leaping from the table.

"I suppose you will bring poor dear Charley home," repeated Denny, in a meditative tone. "Well, it looks rather more like it than it did a few days ago, I must admit."

"Denny, Denny, if you love me,

what's it all about? I haven't had any letter from——"

"Mamma? No, we've had no letter from mamma. But then we haven't had any letters from anybody."

"Then I'm hanged if I——" I began in bewildered despondency.

"But, Charley," interrupted Denny, "perhaps mamma sent a letter to—Mouraki Pasha!"

"To Mouraki?"

"This letter of mine found its way to Mouraki."

"All letters," observed the Captain, who was leaning back quietly and staring at the ceiling, "would pass through his hands, if he chose to make them."

"Good heavens!" I cried, and I sprang forward. The hint was enough. In an instant my busy, nervous, shaking hands were ruining the neat piles of

documents which the Captain had so carefully reared in front and on either side of him. I dived, tossed, fumbled, rumaged, scattered, strewed, tore. The Captain, incapable of resisting my excited energy, groaned in helpless despair at the ruin of his evening's work. And Denny, having watched me for a few minutes, suddenly broke out into a peal of laughter. I stopped for an instant to glare reproof of his ill-timed mirth, and turned to my wild search again.

The search seemed useless. Either Mouraki had not received a letter from Mrs. Bennett Hipgrave, or he had done what I myself always did with the good lady's communications—destroyed it immediately after reading it. I examined every scrap of paper, official documents, private notes (the Captain was very nervous when I insisted on looking through these for a trace of Mrs. Hipgrave's name), lists of stores, in a word, the whole contents of Mouraki's despatch boxes.

"It's a blank!" I cried, stepping back at last in disappointment.

"Yes, it's gone; but depend upon it, he had it," said Denny.

A sudden recollection flashed across me—the remembrance of the subtle amused smile with which Mouraki had spoken of the lady who was most anxious about me and my future wife. He must have known then, he must even then have had Mrs. Hipgrave's letter in his possession. He had played a deliberate trick on me by suppressing the letter; hence his fury when I announced my intention of disregarding the ties that bound me, a fury that had, for the moment, conquered his cool cunning and led him into violent threats. At that moment, when I realised the man's audacious villainy, when I thought of the struggle he had caused to me and the pain to Phroso, well just then, I came near to canonising Demetri, and nearer still to grudging him his exploit.

"What was in the letter then?" I cried to Denny.

"Read my letter again," said he, and he threw it across to me.

I read it again. I was cooler now, and the meaning of it stood out plain and not to be doubted. Mrs. Bennett Hipgrave's letter, her wise letter, had broken off my engagement to her daughter. The fact was plain; all that was missing, destroyed by the caution or the carelessness of Mouraki Pasha, was the reason; and the reason I could supply for myself. I reached my conclusion, and looked again at Denny.

"Allow me to congratulate you," said Denny ironically.

Man is a curious creature. I may have made that reflection before. I offer no apology for that. The more I see of myself and my friends the more convinced I grow of it. Here was the thing for which I had been hoping and praying, the one great thing that I asked of fate, the single boon which fortune enviously withheld. Here was freedom—divine freedom! Yet what I actually said to Denny, in reply to his felicitations, was—

"Hang the girl! She's jilted me!" And I said it with considerable annoyance.

The Captain, who studied English in his spare moments, here interposed, asking suavely—

"Pray, my dear Lord Wheatley, what is the meaning of that word—jilted?"

"The meaning of jilted?" said Denny. "He wants to know the meaning of jilted, Charley."

I looked from one to the other of them, then I said—

"I think I'll go and ask," and I started for the door. The Captain's expression accused me of rudeness. Denny caught me by the arm.

"It's not decent yet," said he, with a twinkle in his eyes.

"It happened nearly a month ago," I pleaded. "I've had time to get over it,

Denny ; a man can't wear the willow all his life."

"You old humbug !" said Denny, but he let me go.

I was not long in going. I darted down the stairs. I suppose a man deceives himself and will find excuses for himself where others may find only matter for laughter ; but I remember congratulating myself on not having spoken the final words to Phroso before Denny interrupted us. Well, I would speak them now ; I was free to speak them now ; and suddenly in this thought the vexation at being jilted vanished.

"It amounts," said I to myself as I reached the hall, "to no more than a fortunate coincidence of opinion." And I passed through the door and turned sharp round to the left.

She was there waiting for me, and waiting eagerly it seemed ; for before I could speak she ran to me, holding out her hands ; and she cried in a low, urgent whisper, full of entreaty—

"My lord, I have thought. I have thought while you were in the house. You must not do this, my lord. Yes, I know—now I know—that you love me, but you must not do this. My lord's honour must not be stained for my sake."

I could not resist it, and I cannot justify it. I assumed a terribly sad expression.

"You have really come to that conclusion, Phroso ?" I asked.

"Yes. Ah, how difficult it is ! But my lord's honour—ah, don't tempt me ! You will take me to Athens, will you not ? And then——"

"And then," said I, "you'll leave me ?"

"Yes," said Phroso, with a little catch in her voice.

"And what shall I do, left alone ?"

"Go back," murmured Phroso almost inaudibly.

"Go back—thinking of those wonderful eyes ?"

"No, no. Thinking of——"

"The lady who waits for me over the sea ?"

"Yes. And, oh, my lord, I pray that you will find happiness."

There was a moment's silence ; Phroso did not look at me ; but then I did look at Phroso.

"Then you refuse, Phroso, to have anything to say to me ?"

No answer at all reached me ; I came nearer, being afraid that I might not have heard her answer.

"And what am I to do for a wife, Phroso ?" I asked forlornly. "For, Phroso——"

"Ah, my lord, why do you take my hand again ?"

"Did I, Phroso ? Because, Phroso, the lady who waits over the sea—it is a charmingly poetic phrase, upon my word !"

"You laugh !" murmured Phroso in aggrieved protest and wonder.

"Did I really laugh, Phroso ? Well, I am happy, so I may laugh."

"Happy ?" she whispered ; and then at last her eyes were drawn to mine in mingled hope and anguish of questioning.

"The lady who waited over the sea," said I, "waits no longer, Phroso."

The wonderful eyes grew more wonderful in their amazed widening ; and Phroso, laying a hand gently on my arm said—

"She waits no longer ! My lord, she is dead ?"

This confident inference was extremely flattering. There was evidently but one thing that could end the patient waiting of the lady who waited.

"On the contrary she thinks that I am. Constantine spread news of my death."

"Ah, yes !"

"He said that I died of fever."

"And she believes it ?"

"She does, Phroso ; and she appears to be really very sorry."

"Ah, but what joy will be hers when she learns——"

"But, Phroso, before she thought I was

dead, she had made up her mind to wait no longer."

"To wait no longer? What do you mean, my lord? Ah, my lord, tell me what you mean?"

"What has happened to me here, in Neopalia, Phroso?"

"Many strange things, my lord,—some most terrible."

"And some most—most what, Phroso? One thing that has happened to me has, I think, happened also to the lady who waited."

Phroso's hand—the one I had not taken—was suddenly stretched out, and she spoke in a voice that sounded half-stifled—

"Tell me, my lord, tell me. I cannot endure it longer."

Then I grew grave and said—

"I am free. She has given me my freedom."

"She has set you free?"

"She loves me no longer, I suppose, if she ever did."

"Oh, but, my lord, it is impossible."

"Should you think it so? Phroso, it is true—true that I can come to you now."

She understood at last. For a moment she was silent, and I, silent also, pierced through the darkness to her wondering face. Once she stretched out her arms, then there came a little, long low laugh, and she put her hands together, and thrust them, thus clasped, between mine that closed on them.

"My lord, my lord, my lord," said Phroso.

Suddenly I heard a low mournful chant coming up from the harbour, the moan of mourning voices. The sound struck across the stillness that had followed her last words.

"What is that?" I asked. "What are they doing down there?"

"Did you not know? The bodies of my cousin and of Kortes came forth at sunset from the secret pool into which

they fell; and they bring them now to bury them by the church. They mourn Kortes because they loved him; and Constantine also they feign to mourn, because he was of the house of the Stefanopouloi."

We stood for some minutes listening to the chant that rose and fell and echoed among the hills. Its sad cadences, mingled here and there with the note of sustained hope, seemed a fitting end to the story—to the stormy days that were rounded off at last by peace and joy to us who lived, and by the embraces of the all-hiding all-pardoning earth for those who had fallen. I put my arm round Phroso and, thus at last together, we listened till the sounds died away in low echoes, and silence fell again on the island.

"Ah, the dear island!" said Phroso, softly. "You will not take me away from it for ever? It is my lord's island now, and it will be faithful to him, even as I myself; for God has been very good, and my lord is very good."

I looked at her, and her cheeks were again wet with tears; and, as I watched a drop fall from her eyes, I said to her softly—

"That shall be the last, Phroso, till we part again."

A loud cough from the front of the house interrupted us: I advanced, beckoning to Phroso to follow, and wearing, I am afraid, the apologetic look usual under such circumstances. And I found Denny and the Captain.

"Are you coming down to the yacht, Charley?" asked Denny.

"Er—in a few minutes, Denny."

"Shall I wait for you?"

"Oh, I think I can find my way."

Denny laughed and caught me by the hand; then he passed on to Phroso. I do not, however, know what he said to her, for at this moment the Captain touched my shoulder and demanded my attention.

"I beg your pardon," said he, "but you never told me the meaning of that word."

"What word, my dear Captain?"

"Why the word you used of the lady's letter—of what she had done."

"Oh, you mean 'jilted'?"

"Yes, that's it."

"It is," said I, after a moment's reflection, "a word of very various meanings."

"Ah," said the Captain, with a comprehending nod.

"Yes, very various. In one sense it means to make a man miserable."

"Yes, I see; to make him unhappy."

"And in another to make him—to make him, Captain, the luckiest beggar alive."

"It is a strange word," observed the Captain meditatively.

"I don't know about that," said I. "Good-night."

#### CHAPTER XXII.

#### ONE MORE RUN.

The next morning came bright and beautiful, with a pleasant fresh breeze. It was just the day for a run in the yacht. So I thought when I mounted on deck at eight o'clock in the morning. Watkins was there, staring meditatively at the harbour and the street beyond. Perceiving me he touched his hat and observed—

"It's a queer little place, my lord."

My eyes followed the direction of Watkins', and I gave a slight sigh.

"Do you think the island is going to be quiet now, Watkins?" I asked.

I do not think that he quite understood my question, for he said that the weather looked like being fine. I had not meant the weather; my sigh was paid to the ending of Neopalia's exciting caprices; for though the end was prosperous, I was a little sorry that we had come to the end.

"The Lady Phroso will come on board about ten, and we are going for a little

run," I said. "Just look after some lunch."

"Everything will be ready for your lordship and her ladyship," said Watkins. Hitherto he had been rather doubtful about Phroso's claim to nobility, but the news of last night planted her firmly in the status of "ladyship." "Has your lordship heard," he continued, "that the launch is to carry the Governor's body to Constantinople? There she is by the gunboat."

"Oh, yes, I see. They seem to be giving the gunboat a rub down, Watkins."

"Not before it was necessary, my lord. A dirtier deck I never saw."

The gunboat was evidently enjoying a thorough cleaning; the sailors, half naked, were scouring her decks, and some of the soldiers were assisting lazily.

"The officers have landed to explore the island, my lord. When Mouraki was alive, they were not allowed to land at all."

"Mouraki's death makes a good many differences, eh, Watkins?"

"That it does, my lord," rejoined Watkins with a decorous smile.

I left him, and, having landed, strolled up to the house. The yacht was to have her steam up ready to start by the time I returned. I strolled leisurely through the street, such of the islanders as I met saluting me in a most friendly fashion. Certainly times were changed for me in Neopalia, and I chid myself for the ingratitude expressed in my sigh. Neopalia in its new placidity was very pleasant.

Very pleasant also was Phroso, as she came to meet me from the house, radiant and shy. We wasted no time there, but at once returned to the harbour, for the dancing water tempted us: thus we found ourselves on board an hour before the appointed time, and I took Phroso down below to show her the cabin, in which, under the escort of Kortes' sister, she was to make the voyage. Denny looked in on us for a moment, announced that the

fires were getting up, and that we could start in half an hour. Hogvardt appeared with his account of expenditure, and disappeared far more quickly. Meanwhile we talked as lovers will—and ought—about things that do not need record; for, not being worth remembering, they are ever remembered, as is the way of this perverse world.

Presently, however, Denny hailed me, telling me that the Captain desired to see me. I told Phroso to stay where she was—I should be back in a moment—and went on deck. The captain was there, and he began to draw me aside. Perceiving that he had something to say, I proposed to him that we should go to the little smoking-room forward. He acquiesced, and as soon as we were seated, and Watkins had brought coffee and cigarettes, he turned to me with an aspect of sincere gratification, as he said—

“My dear Lord Wheatley, I am rejoiced to tell you that I was quite right as to the view likely to be taken of your position. I have received by the launch instructions telegraphed to Rhodes, and they enable me to set you free at once. In point of fact, there is no disposition in official quarters to make any trouble concerning your share in recent events. You are therefore at liberty to suit your own convenience entirely, and I need not detain you an hour.”

“My dear Captain, I am infinitely obliged to you. I am much indebted for your good offices.”

“Indeed, no. I merely reported what had occurred. Shall you leave to-day?”

“Oh, no, not for a day or two. To-day, you see, I’m going for a little pleasure-expedition. I wish you’d join us.” For I felt in a most friendly mood towards him.

“Indeed I wish I could,” said he with equal friendliness. “But I am obliged to go up to the house at once.”

“To the house? What for?”

“To communicate to the Lady

Euphrosyne my intentions concerning her.”

I was about to put a cigarette to my lips, but I stopped, suspending it in mid-air.

“I beg your pardon,” said I, “but have you instructions concerning her?”

He smiled, and laid a hand on my arm with an apologetic air.

“I do not think that there is any cause for serious uneasiness,” said he, “though the delay will, I fear, be somewhat irksome to you. I must say, also, that it is impossible—yes, I admit that it is impossible—altogether to ignore the serious disturbances which have occurred. And these Neopilians are old offenders. Still I am confident that the lady will be most leniently treated, especially in view of the relation in which she now stands to you.”

“What are your instructions?” I asked shortly.

“I am instructed to bring her with me, as soon as I have made provisional arrangements for the order of the island, and to carry her to Smyrna, where I am ordered to sail. From there she will be sent home, to await the result of an enquiry. But pray do not be uneasy. I have no doubt at all that she will be acquitted of blame or at least escape with a reprimand or a nominal penalty. The delay is really the only annoying matter. Annoying to you, I mean, Lord Wheatley.”

“The delay? Is it likely to be serious?”

“Well,” admitted the Captain with a candid air, “we do not move hastily in these matters; no, our procedure is not rapid. Still I should say that a year, or, well, perhaps eighteen months, would see an end of it. Oh, yes, I really think so.”

“Eighteen months?” I cried, aghast.

“But she’ll be my wife long before that; in eighteen days I hope.”

“Oh, no, no, my dear lord,” said he, shaking his head soothingly. “She will

certainly not be allowed to marry you until these matters are settled. But do not be vexed. You are young. You can afford to wait. What, after all, is a year or eighteen months at your time of life?"

"It's a great deal worse," said I, "than at any other time of life." But he merely laughed gently and gulped down the remainder of his coffee. Then he went on in his quiet placid way:

"So I'm afraid I can't join your little excursion. I must go up to the house at once, and acquaint the lady with my instructions. She may have some preparations to make, and I must take her with me the day after to-morrow. As you see, my ship is undergoing some trifling repairs and cleaning, and I can't be ready to start before then."

I sat silent for a moment or two, smoking my cigarette; and I looked at the placid Captain out of the corner of my eye.

"I really hope you aren't much annoyed, my dear Lord Wheatley?" said he after a moment or two.

"Oh, it's vexatious, of course," I returned carelessly, "but I suppose there's no help for it. But, Captain, I don't see why you shouldn't join us to-day. We shall be back in the afternoon, and it will be plenty of time then to inform the Lady Phroso. She's not a fashionable woman who wants forty-eight hours to pack her gowns."

"It is certainly a lovely morning for a little cruise," said the Captain longingly.

"And I want to point out to you the exact spot where Demetri killed the Pasha."

"That would certainly be very interesting."

"Then you'll come?"

"You are certain to be back in time for——?"

"Oh, you'll have plenty of time to talk to Phroso. I'll see to that. You can send a message to her now, if you like."

"I don't think that's necessary. If I see her this afternoon——"

"I promise you that you shall."

"But aren't you going to see her to-day? I thought you would spend the day with her."

"Oh, I shall hope to see her also; you won't monopolise her, you know. Just now I'm for a cruise."

"You're a philosophical lover," he laughed, and I laughed also, shrugging my shoulders.

"Then if you'll excuse me—no, don't move, don't move—I'll give orders for our start, and come back for another cigarette with you."

"You are most obliging," said he, and sank back on the seat that ran round the little saloon.

At what particular point in the conversation which I have recorded my resolution was definitely taken, I cannot say; but it was complete and full-blown before the Captain accepted my invitation. The certainty of a separation of such monstrous length from Phroso and the chance of her receiving harsh treatment were more than I could consent to contemplate. I must play for my own hand. The island meant to be true to its nature to the last; and my departure from it was to be an escape, not a decorous leave-taking. I was almost glad; yet I hoped that I should not get my good friend the Captain into serious trouble. Well, better the Captain than Phroso, anyhow; and I laughed to myself, when I thought of how I should redeem my promise and give him plenty of time to talk to Phroso.

I ran rapidly up to the deck; Denny and Hogvardt were there.

"How soon can you have full steam up?" I asked in an urgent, cautious whisper.

"In ten minutes now," said Hogvardt, suddenly recognising my eagerness.

"Why, what's up, man?" asked Denny.

"They're going to send Phroso to



Constantinople to be tried ; anyhow they'd keep her there a year or more. I don't mean to stand it."

"Why, what will you do?"

"Do? Go. The Captain's on board : the gunboat can't overtake us. Besides, they won't suspect anything on board of her. Denny, run and tell Phroso not to show herself till I bid her. The Captain thinks she's up at the house. We'll start as soon as you're ready, Hog."

"But, my lord——"

"Charley, old man——!"

"I tell you I won't stand it. Are you game or aren't you?"

Denny paused for a moment, poisoning himself on his heels.

"What a lark!" he exclaimed then.

"All right. I'll put Phroso up to it," and he disappeared in the direction of her cabin.

I stood for a moment looking at the gunboat, where the busy operations went on undisturbed, and at the harbour and street beyond, and I shook my head reprovingly, at Neopalia ; the little island was always leading me into indiscretions. Then I turned and made my way back to where my unsuspecting victim was peacefully consuming cigarettes. Mouraki Pasha would not have been caught like this! Heaven be thanked, I was not dealing with Mouraki Pasha.

"Demetri had some good in him, after all," I thought, as I sat down by the Captain and told him that we should be under weigh in five minutes. He exhibited much satisfaction at the prospect.

The five minutes passed ; Hogvardt, who acted as our skipper, gave his orders. We began to move. The Captain and I came up from below and stood on deck. He looked seaward, anticipating his excursion, I landward, reviewing mine. A few boys waved their hands, a woman or two her handkerchief ; the little harbour began to recede ; the old grey house on the hill faced me in its renewed tranquillity.

"Well, goodbye to Neopalia!" I had said with a sigh, before I knew it.

"I beg your pardon, Lord Wheatley?" said the Captain, wheeling round.

"For a few hours," I added ; and I went forward and began to talk with Hogvardt ; I had some things to arrange with him. Presently Watkins appeared, announcing luncheon. I rejoined the Captain.

"I thought," said I, "that we'd have a run straight out first and look at Mouraki's death-place on our way home."

"I am entirely in your hands," said he most courteously, and with more truth than he was aware of.

Denny, he, and I went down to our meal. I plied the Captain with the best of our cheer ; in the safe seclusion of the yacht, champagne-cup, mixed as Watkins alone could mix it, overcame his religious scruples ; the breach once made grew wider, and the Captain grew merry. With his coffee came placidity, and on placidity followed torpor. Meanwhile the yacht bowled merrily along.

"It's nearly two o'clock," said I. "We ought to be turning. I say, Captain, wouldn't you like a nap? I'll wake you long before we get to Neopalia."

Denny smiled indiscreetly at this form of promise, and I covertly nudged him into gravity.

The Captain received my proposal with apologetic gratitude. We left him curled up on the seat and went on deck. Hogvardt was at the wheel, and a broad smile spread over his face.

"At this rate, my lord," said he, "we shall make Cyprus early to-morrow."

"Good," said I ; and I did two things. I called Phroso and I loaded my revolver ; a show of overwhelming force is, as we often hear, the surest guarantee of peace.

Denny now took a turn at the wheel, old Hogvardt went to eat his dinner ; Phroso appeared, and she and I sat down in the stern, watching where Neopalia lay, now a little spot on the horizon. And



THE CAPTAIN STOOD MOTIONLESS

then I myself told Phroso in my own way why I had so sorely neglected her all the morning, for Denny's explanation had been summary and confused. She was fully entitled to my excuses and had come on deck in a state of delightful resentment, too soon, alas, banished by surprise and apprehension.

An hour or two thus passed very pleasantly; for the terror of Constantinople soon reconciled Phroso to every risk; her only fear was that she would never again be allowed to land in Neopalia. For this also I tried to console her and was, I am proud to say, succeeding very tolerably, when I looked up at the sound of footsteps. They came evenly towards us; then they suddenly stopped dead. I felt for my revolver; and I observed Denny carelessly strolling up, having been relieved again by Hogvardt. The Captain stood motionless, three yards from where Phroso and I sat together. I rose with an easy smile.

"I hope you've enjoyed your nap, Captain," said I; and at the same moment I covered him with my barrel.

He was astounded, and indeed well he might be. He stared helplessly at Phroso and at me. Denny was at his elbow now, and took his arm in tolerant good-humour.

"You see we've played a little game on you," said Denny. "We couldn't let the lady go to Constantinople. It isn't at all a fit place for her, you know."

I stepped up to the amazed man and told him briefly what had occurred.

"Now, Captain," I went on, "resistance is quite useless. We're running for Cyprus and shall be there to-morrow. It belongs to you, I believe, in a sense—I'm not a student of foreign affairs—but I think we shall very likely find an English ship there. Now, if you'll give your word to hold your tongue when we are at Cyprus, you may lodge as many complaints as you like directly we leave; indeed I think you'd be wise, in your own

interests, to make a protest; meanwhile we can enjoy the cruise in goodfellowship."

"And if I refuse?" he asked.

"If you refuse," said I, "I shall be compelled to get rid of you—oh, don't misunderstand me. I shall not imitate your Governor. But it's a fine day; we have an excellent gig; and I can spare you two hands to row you back to Neopalia or wherever else you may choose to go."

"You would leave me in the gig?"

"With the deepest regret," said I, bowing. "But I am obliged to put this lady's safety above the pleasure of your society."

The unfortunate man had no alternative and, true to the creed of his nation, he accepted the inevitable. Taking the cigarette from between his lips, he remarked, "I give my promise, but nothing more," bowed to Phroso, and going up to her, said very prettily, "Madame, I congratulate you on a resolute lover."

Now hardly had this happened when our look-out man called twice in quick succession, "Ship ahead!" At once we all ran forward, and I snatched Denny's binocular from him. There were two vessels visible, one approaching on the starboard bow, the other right ahead. They appeared to be about equally distant. I scanned them eagerly through the glass, the others standing round and waiting my report. Nearer they came, and nearer.

"They're both ships of war," said I, without taking the glass from my eyes. "I shall be able to see the flags in a minute."

A hush of excited suspense witnessed to the interest of my news. I found even the impassive Captain close by my elbow, as though he were trying to get one eye on to the lens of the glass.

My next remark did nothing to lessen the excitement.

"The Turkish flag, by Jove!" I cried;

and, quick as thought, followed from the Captain—

"My promise did not cover that, Lord Wheatley."

"Shall we turn and run for it?" asked Denny in a whisper.

"They'd think that queer," cautioned Hogvardt, "and if she came after us, we shouldn't have a chance."

"The English flag, by Jupiter!" I cried a second later, and I took the glass from my strained eyes. The Captain caught eagerly at it and looked; then he also dropped it and said—

"Yes, Turkish and English; both will come within hail of us."

"It's a race, by Heaven!" cried Denny.

The two vessels were now approaching us almost on the same course, for each had altered half a point, and both were about half a point on our starboard bow. They would be very close to one another by the time they came up with us; it would be almost impossible for us, by any alteration of our course, to reach one before the other.

"Yes, it's a race," said I, and I felt Phroso's arm passed through mine. She knew the meaning of the race. Possession is nine points of the law, and in a case so doubtful as hers it was very unlikely that the ship which got possession of her would surrender her to the other. Which ship was it to be?

"Are we going to cause an international complication?" asked Denny in a long-ing tone.

"We shall very likely run into a nautical one, if we don't look out," said I.

However the two approaching vessels seemed to become aware of this danger, for they diverged from one another, so that, if we kept a straight course, we should now pass them by, one on the port side and one on the starboard. But we should pass within a couple of hundred yards of both; and that was well in earshot on such a day. I looked at the Captain, and the Captain looked at me.

"Shall we take him below and smother him?" whispered Denny.

I did not feel at liberty to adopt the suggestion, much to my regret. The agreement I had made with the Captain precluded any assault on his liberty. I had omitted to provide for the case which had occurred. Well, that was my fault, and I must stand the consequences of it. My word was pledged to him that he should be treated "in all friendliness" on one condition, and that he had satisfied. Now to act as Denny suggested would not be to treat him in all friendliness. I shook my head sadly. Hogvardt shouted for orders from the wheel.

"What am I to do, my lord?" he cried. "Full speed ahead?"

I looked at the Captain. I knew he would not pass the Turkish ship without trying to attract her attention. We were within a quarter of a mile of the vessels now.

"Stop," I called, and I added quickly, "Lower away the gig, Denny."

Denny caught my purpose in a moment: he called a hand and they set to work. The pace of the yacht began to slacken. I glanced at the two ships. Men with glasses were peering at us from either deck, wondering no doubt what our manoeuvre meant. But the Captain knew as well as Denny what it meant, and he leapt forward suddenly and hailed the Turk in his native tongue. What he said I don't know, but it caused a great pothor on deck, and they ran up some signal or other; I never remember the code, and the book was not about me.

But now the gig was down and the yacht motionless. Looking again, I perceived that both the ships had shut off steam, and were reversing, to arrest their course the sooner. I seized Phroso by the arm. Then the Captain turned for a moment as though to interrupt our passage.

"It's as much as your life is worth," said I, and he gave way. Then, to my



"FETCH HER BACK FROM THERE IF YOU CAN."

amazement, he ran to the side, and, just as he was, leapt overboard and struck out towards the Turk. One instant later I saw why: they were lowering a boat.

Alas, our ship was not so eager. The Captain must have shouted something very significant.

"Signal for a boat, Hog," I cried.

"And then come along. Hi, Watkins, come on! Are you ready, Denny?" and I fairly lifted Phroso in my arms and ran with her to the side. She was breathing quickly, and a little laugh gurgled from her lips as Denny received her from my arms into his in the gig.

But we were not safe yet. The Turk had got a start and his boat was springing merrily over the waves towards us. The Captain swam powerfully and gallantly, and his fez-covered head bobbed gaily up and down. Ah, now our people were moving! And when they began to move they wasted no time. We wasted no time either, but bent to our oars. And for the second time since I reached Neopalía, I had a thorough good bucketing. But for the Turk's start we should have managed it easily, as we rowed towards the English boat and the divergence which the vessels had made in their course prevented the two from approaching us side by side: but the start was enough to make matters very equal. Now the boat and the Captain met: he was in in a second, with wonderful agility; picking him up hardly lost them a stroke. They were coming straight at us, the Captain standing in the stern, urging them on. But now I saw that the midgy in the English boat had caught the idea that there was some fun afoot: for he stood up also and urged on his crew. The two great ships now lay motionless on the water, and gave us all their attention.

"Pull, boys, pull!" I cried. "It's all right, Phroso, we shall do it!"

Should we? And, if we did not, would the English Captain fight for my Phroso? I would have sunk the Turk with a laugh for her. But I was afraid that he would not be so obliging as to do it for me.

"The Turk gains," said Hogvardt, who was our coxswain.

"Hang him! Put your backs into it."

On went the three boats: and the two pursuers were now converging close on us.

"We shall do it by a few yards," said Hogvardt.

"Thank God!" I muttered.

"No, we shall be beaten by a few yards," he said a moment later. "They pull well, those fellows."

But we too pulled well then, though I have no right to say it. And the good little midgy and his men did their duty—oh, what a tip these blue-jackets should have if they did the trick!—and the noses of all the boats seemed to be tending to one spot on the bright dancing sea. To one spot indeed they were tending. The Turks were no more than twenty yards off, the English perhaps thirty. The Captain gave one last cry of exhortation, the midgy responded with a hearty oath. We strained and tugged for dear life. They were on us now—the Turks a little first—now they were ten yards off—now five—and the English yet ten!

But for a last stroke we pulled; and then I dropped my oars and sprang to my feet. The nose of the Captain's boat was within a yard, and they were backing water so as not to run into us. The midgy had given a like order. For a single instant matters seemed to stand still and we to be poised between defeat and victory. Then, even as the Captain's hand was on our gunwale, I bent and caught Phroso up in the arms that she sprang to meet, and I fairly flung her across the narrow strait of water that parted us from the English boat. Strong and eager arms received her, and a cheer rang out from the English ship; for they saw now that it had been a race and a race for a lady. And I, seeing her safe, turned to the Captain, and said—

"Fetch her back from there, if you can, and be damned to you."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



STUDIES OF FAIR WOMEN. 1.

*By W. & D. Downey.*



STUDIES OF FAIR WOMEN. II.

*By W. & D. Downey.*





STUDIES OF FAIR WOMEN. 1.

*By W. & D. Downey.*



STUDIES OF FAIR WOMEN. II.  
*By W. & D. Downey.*



Sydney Cowell

"BUT THEN HE WERE A GENTLEMAN, AND SO WERE SHE."

# GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

BY BARRY PAIN.

ILLUSTRATED BY SYDNEY COWELL.



GENERAL, age twenty-four, can cook, Christian, clean, honest, obliging, good character, eighteen months in last place—and that's me.

Ah, and a very nice place it was, too. The money were no more than seventeen, and if that's not too little I can swear as it's not too much. But then he were a gentleman, and so were she, and that's a thing worth twice thinking of. Riches is not everything. Why, there's my own sister, kitchen-maid in a house where they're rolling in money, but I wouldn't change with her. The other day, the cook being short of parsley, my sister pops into the kitchen-garden to get some, and there's the master smoking his cigar. "O, damn your eyes," he says, "what are you doing here?" And she, being frightened, says, "It's the parsley, sir." "Well," says he, "you're a pretty little devil, and so you can have some." Pretty she is, too, but I couldn't stomach such treatment if I were her. But there it is—she stops because the cook's took a fancy to her, and teaches her to cook them French dishes. "*Coatlets de mouton ally refarm*"—there's a name for you, and from what she tells me, nothing in the world but veal chops with a sweet sauce!

No, I preferred my place, and told her so. As I say, he were a gentleman whichever way you took him. He did paint pictures in colours, but then I don't think he ever tried to sell them. At any rate, nobody ever bought them. Very pretty they was though, and showed he'd got a knack. She was a perfect la'ly, too, and yet she had a kind heart. And in her

evening gown—for it was late dinner every night, though small—she looked more like a photograph than like anything earthly. The house was just a cottage with a piece of garden to it, and handy for boating on the river, to which they were very partial—almost living on that river in the summer-time. Many a time, when he and she were out in the punt, I've stepped into that little bit of garden and seen the sun shining and the spring onions coming through, and it all looked so pretty, and the feeling of pleasantness was such, I wouldn't have called the Queen my uncle, as they say. It were a comfortable place too—all the washing put out, no interfering, no nagging, no scraping, and every now and again the charwoman to help you. Why did I ever leave it?

Well, that was along of William. I means William the canary, and not William the carpenter, who is my young man, and never gave me a moment's sorrow yet, and it would be worse for him if he did.

I hadn't been there more nor my month when she came into the kitchen, and she said about the dinner, which I remember as if it was yesterday, and was lambs' sweetbreads. And then she said—

"Are you happy here, Emma?"

Now, that were a question as I had never had put to me before—your happiness not being a thing as you can expect anybody to care about except yourself. So I were rather taken aback.

"Well, ma'am," I says, "it's a nice place, and very kind of you to ask, but take it how you will it's not as if you kept two of us."

"No," says she, with one of them little sighs of hers, "it's not. Do you find it lonely?"

"Well," I says, "being engaged to William, there ain't so much talk going on at the back-door as there might have been otherwise, which is only right. And yet, when you're single-handed, what you don't say to them at the back-door you don't say to nobody, which is what stifles you."

"Ah!" she says, "would you like to have a pet of your own to keep in the kitchen—a cat or a dog?"

"Thank you, ma'am," says I, "but cats is faithless, and dogs runs to fat when not exercised; but if I might mention it a canary has always been my ambition. And if that kitchen-window don't seem to ask for a cage to hang in it!"

She smiled and said I should have a canary, and next day she went up to London and brought back the whole thing complete. The cage were handsome, and the bird were pale yellow.

Yes, I was pleased to get it, and I was thankful for it, and I called it William after the other William, and I saw that it took its seed and water, and was nicely kept. But it's a bitter thing to think of now—I didn't value that blessed bird at the first, as he should have been valued. We was friendly, but nothing more.

You see, just at first he wouldn't sing, and he may have been a bit shy. But it was more cleverness than shyness. He knew, as well as I knew, that I wanted him to sing; and what he said to himself was, "I'll just see first if the place suits me. If they make it worth my while to sing I'll sing. If not, I'll sulk, and then they'll sell me." It was only natural. Birds have to do the best they can for themselves, just the same as human beings.

Then all of a sudden one day, as I were cleaning the silver, he give two or three little twiddly chirps, then come hopping along to the side of the cage and

looked down at me out of his little sharp eyes, to see how I was taking it.

"Very well, William," says I. "If you *can* sing you *shall* sing, else no sugar."

He thought for a minute, and shook his head, as much as to say, "No, I can't see any reason why I shouldn't oblige." Then he hopped down, took a sip of water, hopped up again, wiped his mouth on the wooden perch, cleared his throat, and began. I took his time by the kitchen clock, and he went for seven minutes, and you could see by the way he stopped suddenly, shook his head, and stamped his claw on the perch, that there was a lot more to come only he couldn't remember it. He'd let himself get out of practice. However, not to discourage him, I gave him a little bit of sugar.

After that there was no more trouble about the singing. He'd found as he could make himself comfortable in the place, and so he meant to stop. And when he once settled that, there was no more hanging backward. And he never had any of that silly vanity that you'll see in some people, though he was but a bird, while they may have Christian homes and advantages showered on them like water on a duck's back. There's many a woman won't sing at all if there's much talking going on, though speech is free to all, and we might all speak at once but for the inconvenience. That's what I call silly, foolish vanity, and setting of one's self up like a idol. There was nothing of that about William. He'd sing when there was coffee-grinding going on, and sing the louder for it. Bless his heart!

You may be sure it wasn't long before he and me was as good friends as there was in the world. In a week he'd learned to take hemp-seed out of my fingers. And clever! Well, once I put a bit of sugar in the bottom of his glass, when he wasn't looking, and covered it up with seed. When he'd eaten up the seed on the top, and come across that sugar,



THE NEXT TEN MINUTES KEPT ME BUSY.

2 R 2

he were so startled that he regular jumped. However, I saw him wink one eye, as much as to say, "I must remember this little trick." Next time his seed-glass wanted filling, I did the same thing again. But this time the glass were no sooner in his cage than he went right up to it, dug down through the seed, and fetched that bit of sugar out. But there, if I get talking about his cleverness there'd be no end. As I said to Mrs. Amroyd, which is the charwoman, I said; "It's a comfort to think that if I'm took, and brief life is here our portion, William's clever enough to provide for himself." "Oh, yes!" she says, "carpenters can always make their money," confusing him with the other William, as she was always doing, and in a way as would sometimes bring the blush to my cheek, allusion having been made to the canary's bath which she mistook different.

With the affection I had for that canary, the wonder is however I came to leave the door of his cage unhitched. But the front and the back bell going simultaneous, and taking off my attention, I must have left it undone in my flurry. Anyhow, just as me and Mrs. Amroyd was sitting to our teas that bird got out. At first I thought he'd get frightened and beat his blessed heart out against the window. But not he—he knew too much for that. He came straight down on to the table, and began pecking up crumbs. "Well, Mister Impertinence," I says, "you know how to look after yourself." And I held out my finger to him, and he'd have hopped on to it, if Mrs. Amroyd hadn't happened to give a sneeze, which scared him, though not done malicious. However, he didn't go far, and he was soon back and at work on those crumbs again. Yes, he had got a cheek and no doubt about it, and I don't blame him for it neither. For cheek is what gets you on in the world nowadays. Why, if I had the cheek of that bird, I might be the Queen of Sheba. And yet he knew where

to draw the line, did William. When I got the cage down, and stood it on the table with the door open, he understood that he'd got to go back, and let me catch him and put him back without so much as a murmur.

After that I used to let him out frequent, seeing as he could be trusted, and the way he'd follow me about that kitchen was one of the seven wonders of the earth, and got to be talked of, too, through the tradesmen's carts having seen it with their own eyes when calling at the back-door. He was a regular proverb in the place, William was, and if he'd been my own son I couldn't have been more proud of him. The only anxiety I ever had about him was along of Mrs. Chalk's sandy cat, which would sneak round my kitchen-windows by the hour; and that were soon over.

Keep those windows shut always, you couldn't. For it takes a fire to roast a joint in the summer just as much as in the winter, and living in a Turkish bath is what no Christian could be asked to do. Still, it gives me a feeling of nervousness, knowing as cats are artful. And that sandy cat were a bit too artful for his own safety. One morning I had just come down from the upstairs room, and with my hand on the kitchen door I heard a crash. I rushed in and saw what it was. The cat had got in at the window, and made a jump for the cage. In half a second I had shut window and door, so that Mister Sandy couldn't get out. Then I had a look at William and saw that he wasn't hurt, only frightened. And then I picked up the poker, and the next ten minutes kept me busy.

I had to report a vegetable-dish and two wine-glasses broke, but I didn't grudge them. The cat I buried that night, unbeknown, back of the rhubarb. Questions was asked, and answered in a way as you might call putting-off. That is, Mrs. Chalk says to me, "Have you seen our sandy cat?" I says, "Yes, I

saw him in the garden last night." So I did. That was when I was burying him. She said, "You didn't throw stones at him, nor do anything to scare him away, for he's lost?" "No," I says, "I wouldn't do such a thing." And no more I would, for where's the sense in throwing stones at a dead cat. "Why," I says, "he may stop in the garden for ever, for all I care," which were the solemn truth, though artful.

As I said, William wasn't hurt, but he'd had a nasty shock. For weeks he was that shaken you couldn't get him to stir out of his cage. And when he did venture out at last, the least little noise seemed to put him all of a flutter. However, time and patience, and good feeding, brought him round. He were such a companion to me as you wouldn't believe. Every morning as soon as I were down, he'd start chattering to me. Often and often I've told that bird things as I wanted to say, but wouldn't have told to no living human being; for I knowed he wouldn't pass them on, or even let slip hint of them accidental, which is what the best of us is liable to. And he looked at you that intelligent, when you was talking, you could see as he understood every word. If you stopped, he'd give a sort of chirrup, as much as to say, "Well, go on. What next?"

For two years he were a joy and a comfort to me, and then he were took. He got a bit of a cold somehow, and I give a shilling to a woman I knew with experience in fowls to come and have a look at him. As soon as she saw him, she says, "We'll do all we can do, but it's more serious than you think. For what he's got is congestion of the chest, to which all them foreign birds is partial." Well, we gave him medicine, and he took it, for to the last he'd eat or drink almost anything, such was his desire to please. And he were well nursed, too, and I'd bank up the kitchen fire to last through the night, and never grudge the coals. A

comfort to me, too, it is to think as everything was done, for one night I could see as the end were near and sat up with him, and at half-past eleven he were stone dead, if ever a bird was, and me broken-hearted. I wore black for him, too, which was the same I had when my aunt was took, and that started Mrs. Amroyd. "Why," she said, "to put it on for a bird, it do seem to me downright irreligious."

"Yes," I says, "he were only a bird, nor born to any high estate, as the hymn says, but he were a better friend to me nor ever my aunt was, which was wrangling from morning till night. And so the less you says, Mrs. Amroyd, the better for all parties, or you may live to lose a friend yourself, which would be only a judgment."

And of course I give notice. I couldn't keep coming into that kitchen where he'd always been, and never would be any more, not though it had been a king's palace. So I said as I'd leave at the end of my month, and no entreaties, nor the offer of another canary, though well-meant, could move me. I was sorry to part with them, and sorry to leave the place, but it had to be.

Ah! I shall never find another place like it. As a rule, a gentleman has money, and then he don't do on one general. All I has to look forward to is over-work, under-feeding, and nagging, and miseries. But all the same, I couldn't stop after William had gone.

What the other William says is, don't take a place at all. For the way he looks at it, if you makes your Christmas holiday your honeymoon, that's all a saving, and to be thought of when a couple ain't Rothschild's and the Bank of England, which I don't deny is sense.

However, that's a thing as needs thinking over. Still, he had the canary stuffed at his own expense, and give me in a glass-case, and that's a sign of a feeling heart. I daresay as I might do worse.





**AN UNLIMITED CAPACITY.**  
By Ernest Goodwin.

*Sister Phoebe* (planning feast for the night nurses).—"I want those six mutton pies, if you please."

*Attendant* (blessed with a healthy appetite).—"Will you eat them now."

## "DAVE."

BY OWEN RHOSCOMYL.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. G. WALKER.



It was in between the round-ups, and the outfit was back at the ranch, making private little daily gathers, getting the drives into the corrals just before noon, and then adjourning for a couple of hours' dinner and smoke, to pass the heat of the sun before lighting fires and beginning the branding. An hour or two more would see the branding finished, and then the bars would be dropped, the clicking mob of hoofs and horns would rush wildly out; and presently the dust-clouds would rise in long lines across the prairie, hiding all sight of the travelling herds beneath. Only the melancholy din of ceaseless bellowing would reproach the bovine gods with the unquiet of the harried cows, and presently even that would die away in the distance, and the prairie lie shimmering again in silence.

In the corral the dust would settle, and hide the blood-spots; the smell of burnt hide would float away; the boys would drink deep of the unwonted luxury of unstinted water; and then, after wiping the dust and sweat from the face, would pull out pipes and tobacco, and strut off to the cabin for the remainder of the day.

This programme, among other things, allowed the boys to recover in a measure from the hammering hard work of the roundup lately ended, and to regain the necessary elasticity for the one just coming on. But in a cow-camp there is usually something waiting to put the branding iron upon any particular run of days. And so here.

At dinner the boss had opined that the

interval for rest had better extend to an additional hour, the sun being so adjectived much hotter to-day. The boys were lying round the walls inside the dim cabin, smoking in that silence which so pleases the cowpuncher. Only one man was restless. He lay in the dimmest corner, sucking now and then at an unlighted pipe, every once in a while glancing impatiently at the shadow crawling so slowly along the threshold; and then resuming his fixed stare into the darkness of the roof-trees, or turning upon his side to examine, with unseeing eyes, the knots in the logs of the walls.

Suddenly he sat up. "Don't you think," said he across to the foreman, "don't you think it's about time to light the fires and put the irons in?"

"Too hot yet. We ain't on the roundup now," answered the foreman, pretending to stop his pipe while he glanced keenly back into the corner. The puffs which had stopped unanimously in each pipe now volleyed round the room like the puffs from the fire of infantry, and a dozen pairs of twinkling eyes laughed silently into the clouds as they rose.

The man in the corner took out his pocket-knife and began to play the sticking game in the hard earth of the floor, drawing back his blanket to make room. His pardner, Jess, on the next blanket, took out his pipe so as to get a look at him free of smoke. Then he put it back, sat up cross-legged, and reached for the knife. "Here, Dave, what's the matter with you, mixing up the tricks like a you-know-what? Come; I'll give you two, and beat you by two more."

But before the game was half-way through, Dave broke off, "H—— to the game. Gi' me a chaw. I'll go and get a fire built against you fellows come out."

Later, at the branding, he worked so savagely that the foreman drily hinted at the advisability of dipping him into the creek, since he could not waste time and horse-flesh in sending cases of sunstroke to town to be cured.

He was first man to go out and spread his blankets that evening, and last man to roll out of them next morning. Not till all the rest had lifted themselves out of sleep and gone heavily down to wash at the creek did he throw back the blankets and draw on his boots. Reaching for his hat, his hand touched the butt of the six-shooter lying in its scabbard beneath. Just for a minute he hesitated, and then, "No," he muttered, "I can take my medicine like a little man, you bet. And keep a stiff upper-lip over it too. D—— it!"

After breakfast, and just as they had mounted and were pushing out over the greasewood flat, he rode aside to speak to the foreman. "Jim, I think I'd be the better for a ride up to the Crossing, an' if you've got forty or fifty dollars about you, why, I guess I'd be the better for that too." He tried to carry it off with a smile, but its bitterness was only a more open confession.

After the first glance at his face the foreman looked steadily away across the flat. "Jess agoin' too?" asked he quietly.

"No," returned Dave, "an' I'd like for him not to know till you get back at mid-day. Let him think I'm on a side circle till then."

The foreman still looked ahead, and did not check just yet. But he knew that on the prairie every man must save his own soul in the end, and presently he pulled forth a roll of greenbacks and gave the fifty dollars.

"So long, Jim," said Dave, as he turned his course.

"So long, Dave," said the foreman. And then, under his breath as the other passed beyond hearing, "It's bad; by any word you like, it's bad when a man has to get away even from his own pard."

That evening a man from an outfit on the upper river lighted down to pass the night at the ranch, and between the whiffs after supper he let fall that a certain notorious gambler had yesterday established himself, with three or four confederates, at the Crossing.

Jess turned his eyes to look at the speaker; but said no word himself now, any more than he had spoken at noon when first he heard that his pard was gone. Instead, he smoked in irregular puffs till the tobacco failed, and then continued for a minute or two to suck on the empty pipe. He knew that the foreman was watching him with a waiting eye, but he avoided it till he had quite made up his mind. Then he rose, glanced at the boss, and started for the stable.

"I kept Grey Jim on picket," said he to the boss, as the latter joined him. "There's a good moon all the way through to-night."

The foreman nodded his comprehension.

"If he's all right when you get there, then perhaps you'd better say that we heard of Dick Duncombe an' his gambling outfit, an' so you thought you'd like to buck the tiger a bit yourself."

"No use," returned Jess; "he'd know I was lying. I think I'd better just blurt him square out, an' say nothin'. But I guess I'll see the proper play when I git there."

Meanwhile of Dave. When he left the foreman he struck a straight line for the Crossing, instead of following the great bend of the river. He kept his horse at the usual walk-cum-amble, which is neither a walk nor an amble, a pace nor a single-foot, but by means of which a cow-pony

covers incredible distances as the hours tail out behind it. To the casual eye, he seemed to be just a cowboy riding on an ordinary cattle quest in the usual manner, the reins swinging slack from the thumb, rowels ringing, spur chains clacking against the bottom of the metal-covered stirrup; now and again the muzzle of the six-shooter striking the saddle with a little thud-thud, and always and ever the face which seems to look only ahead, but with eyes which really sweep right and left, to the limits of a vision as keen as a hawk's to detect the slightest sign of life or movement on the prairie.

An observant eye, however, would have detected a difference at once. Instead of the set look of iron persistence; that mask of dogged endurance and patient alertness which usually sits on the veteran cowboy's features, Dave's face was full of a light which betrayed the quest he was on. Two days ago he was riding back, alone, in the afternoon, from an unsuccessful search after strayed horses, and suddenly, all in the lifting of a hoof, the weird prairie had gleamed into eerie life, had dropped the veil and spoken to him; while the breeze stopped, and the sun stood suddenly still for a flash in waiting for his answer. And he, his heart in a grip of ice; the frozen flesh a-crawl with terror upon his loosened bones; white-lipped and wide-eyed with frantic fear, uttered a yell of horror as he dashed the spurs into his panic-stricken horse, in a mad endeavour to escape from the Awful Presence that filled all earth and sky from edge to edge of vision.

Then, almost in the same flash, the unearthly light died out of the dim prairie, the veil swept across into place again, and he managed to check his wild flight and look about him. His empty lips were jibbering without a sound escaping them, and his very heart shivered with cold, for all the brassy heat of the day. But the breeze was wandering on again; under the great sun the prairie spread dim to

the south-west, and tawny to the north-east; only between his own loose knees the horse trembled in every limb, and mumbled the bit with dry mouth. All was as before in earth and sky, apparently, but not in his own self. It was as if his spirit stood apart from him, putting questions which he could not answer, and demanding judgment upon problems which he dare not reason out.

Then he remembered what this thing was which had happened. The prairie had spoken to him, as sooner or later it spoke to most of the men that rode it. It was a something well-known amongst them, but known without words, and as by a subtle instinct, for no man who had experienced it ever spoke willingly upon it afterwards. Only the man would be changed. Some began to be more reckless, as if a dumb blasphemy rankled hidden in their breasts. Others, coming with greater strength perhaps to the ordeal, became quieter, looking squarely at any danger as they faced it, but continuing ahead as though quietly confident that nothing happened save as the gods ordained.

And now Dave was between these two. Had the outfit been on the roundup at the time, he might have fought out the issue fairly and, with the help of physical as well as mental exhaustion, have put back the burden and the problem into the lap of his mother's God; that Almighty to whom he had prayed in childhood. But here on the ranch he came to the struggle in the full pride of physical strength, and, like a full-blooded man when the fever takes him, his very strength was his greatest danger. For he had wearied of the incessant questioning of his other self to which he dared not listen, and was riding away to drown the voice and his other self together in whiskey. If he could only get drunk, he thought, perhaps when he came round again he would be weak enough or strong enough to decide one way or another—he did not care which; anything for peace again.

Thus it was that he was riding now towards that saloon which was unfortunately so easily within reach. The heat of the day he passed sitting beside the bed of a dry creek, not for his own ease, but for that of his horse, and the two hours thus spent brought it to pretty near sundown before he reached the Crossing.

A new railway, coming from somewhere in the indefinite east on its way to somewhere in the nebulous west, had arrived within a few miles of this Crossing—which it would presently pass—and here, therefore, the beginning of the usual railroad town had begun to mock the clean-minded gods of the Solitudes. A long and heavy laden train of ox-wagons had arrived that afternoon, and so the place would be full of bullwhackers, as well as nondescripts. But Dave gave that not even a second thought, though there is no love lost between bullwhacker and cowboy, while to all the other landsharks who crowd to such places, he would be Ishmael. He did not even smile as the chances cropped up in his mind.

Lighting down in front of the saloon, he tied his horse with a slip-knot to the hitching-post, and went inside. The gambling outfit had already got well into the swing of business, and three or four of the bullwhackers were sitting at the table, taking a hand at stud-poker. To both gambler and nondescript alike the advent of a cowboy was welcome—the one hoped to win his money; the other was sure to drink at his expense. The latter had first turn, for Dave's first word to the bartender was to 'set 'em up all round,' while it was fully two hours—not, in fact, till he had begun to dread that the whiskey would not "take hold," that he turned his head at all towards the green table, from which Duncombe, the gambler, had every now and then sent a cautious glance towards him. The bullwhackers, having little money, and less luck, had been successively cleaned out by relays, and so there was plenty of room for him when he

strode over to a seat and pulled out a roll of bills to pay for a stack of chips with. He had other money besides what he got from the foreman.

Luck pitched along like a bucking horse, up and down in quick succession, till at something like an hour before midnight, Dave began to draw ahead so unmistakably that Duncombe proposed to change the game from stud to draw-poker. Dave might have objected here, and been supported in his objection, but he merely smiled contemptuously and signified assent. He had imbibed heavily of the whiskey; that whiskey which for flatness of trajectory, high muzzle velocity, and general certainty of killing power, is as deadly as any repeating rifle; but it only burnt his stomach and refused to inflate his brain. His opponent drank sparingly, beginning to feel that he had need be wary.

The two had the new game to themselves, the others standing out, and very soon Dave began to find that, though he might hold good hands, yet, when they were best and should have won most, the other seemed to have even better. Appearing to ponder this he presently turned round and scanned the company behind him with a placid eye. On the wall near the door was a little cheap looking-glass, six by four or so. He knew as well as any man in the room that the trumpery mirror could not betray his hand, but every man in the room knew as well as he did what he meant by drawing his six-shooter and sending a bullet smashing through it. And Duncombe took the hint and a drink together while the crowd stood away from behind the shooter's chair.

Then a man sitting at the table dropped his head forward upon it as if asleep. Dave pushed back the cards which the other was dealing. "First let this gentleman be packed into his blankets, then we'll have a fresh deal," said he. The man was removed, very suddenly, very

much asleep, and several of the more peaceful men left the room, while the rest crowded closer and stood quieter on either hand. The cowboy appeared to mean business, and things might possibly happen if the gambler did not throw up.

For the next few deals Dave held his own pretty well and then, as before, good hands were just not good enough, and the pile of bills and coin on the other side the table grew steadily greater. At last he spoke again, quietly, and with the smile of one half drunk: "Sir, you betted twenty dollars on those three aces and a pair last hand. What'll you bet, then, that I can't hit two of the aces with the same shot where they are now?"

Duncombe looked very hard at him; the smile seemed to show a man more drunk yet. "Have you got 'em up your sleeve then?" said he at last, neither able to make a joke or a bluff of it.

Dave laughed in a maudlin fashion. "Well, you have got a hard neck. You've got some sand. In fact I'll let it pass this time—only you must not take the cards from where they are now. We'll finish this game without that pair of aces."

"What's the matter with you?" demanded the other with a grin that he meant for dangerous.

"Why, that you've got such a nice straight nose that I'm fairly stuck on it. Now, if I was to shoot a hole through those two aces it would have to go through your nose and out at the back of your head. And your nose wouldn't look near so handsome then."

The gambler hastily shifted his hat and set it firmer upon his head again. "Yes," went on Dave, "they are on the floor now. They were between your hat and your head. So——"

And here the company was aware of the muzzle of his six-shooter resting on the edge of the table, pointing into the face of his opponent, a yard away.

He had not drawn. The stiff cowboy scabbard is open at both ends and hammer,

trigger, and butt are free to instant grasp. He had grasped, cocked, and twisted his weapon on the belt all in the same movement so that now he sat ready to shoot upon the movement of a muscle.

Up went the gambler's hands upon the instant, for instead of the semi-drunken grin which he had been watching he saw only the placid smile which most unnerves an old timer when it shows behind the other man's six-shooter. "I pass," said he hastily.

"Then, as I've got a full hand"—a moistening of dry lips went round the company at the joke—"why, I guess I'll just rake in the pot," smiled Dave, quietly reaching over with his left hand and groping the other's pile to his own side of the table. "You are just a leetle out of luck, to-night," he went on. "It ain't your fault that the whiskey won't take hold of me. But the place below was popping loose on the prairie to-day and it roped me and tied me down, an' it's been making maps on me with the branding irons ever since. So now,"—he spoke sharply all at once—"if you say 'Ah, yes, or turkey,' if you look sideways at me or so much as bat your eyelid—down comes your meat-house. And that's me, Joe Bush, every time. Skip!"

Duncombe "skipped."

Then his confederates followed him out of the room and the boss of the bull-whackers held out his hand. "Put her there, old man. I saw him stocking the deck from the first, an' I was all of an ague to see you drop on to him. But it's all right now."

"Yes, I knew it from the first too," answered Dave; "but I went on playing because I couldn't make up my mind whether I'd shoot him or give him another chance. And now you boys had better have drinks round on me before you go to your blankets."

"Won't you come, too?" returned the boss; "Duncombe's a 'bad man,' an' it's an old trick of his to lay for you when





HE WENT DOWN THE STREET YELLING AND WHOOPING LIKE A FIEND.

you go out alone. But if you go in the middle of us——" he paused.

"Thank you," said Dave; "but I'm 'fraider of the blankets than I am of him."

The other saw that the words were meant and so took the bottle from the bar-tender and poured out the whiskey for both. So, clinking, nodding, or bowing, each according to his temperament, the bullwhackers took off the drink all round, and then left the room in a body, so that anyone waiting outside to "plug" the cowboy might make no mistake as to their identity at least.

Left alone with this one drinker the bar-tender grew nervous. Ordinarily he would have backed a dry hint with the muzzle of a shot-gun across the bar. But he felt some sympathy with the man who could not get drunk, and so put his hint into gentler form. Said he, "I kin hardly keep awake to-night. I hed the tooth-ache powerful bad last night."

"That's all right," answered Dave at once. "Gi' me another drink an' I'll go."

The drink was taken, and then, as Dave opened the door in going, the bar-tender dropped hastily down behind the barrels. He was an old timer, and guessed rightly; for scarcely did Dave step outside into the full glow of moonlight than a volley of shots greeted him. In the same flash he answered, and the man crouching beside his horse, Duncombe himself, fell dead, while a rapid fusillade drove the other three to seek shelter in flight. Untying his horse, he tried to mount, but his first attempt was a failure. One moment he hesitated, until, with an angry oath, he planted a foot upon his dead enemy. "What does it matter? We are all of us only blind fools!" and from the vantage of a corpse managed to scramble into the saddle.

Once mounted, he was like a wounded fish flung back into the water, in that he was at least in his own element

again. In the moonlight he recharged his six-shooter, beginning to chant his own death-song the while in that prairie parody of a still more hopeless wail—

"Then muffle your drums and play your pipes slowly;  
Sing a dead march as you carry me along.  
Take me out on the prairie and pile the sod  
o'er me,  
For I'm only a cowboy, and doomed to die  
young."

He broke off as he thumbed home the last cartridge into the cylinder. "H——! I'll wake the town up. What does it matter? We're all only fools. Here goes nobody! Whaw-oo! Ya-hai-ayah!" and setting his spurs hard home, he went down the street yelling and whooping like a fiend, and shooting right and left at the shanties as he passed.

At the creek he paused and reloaded, taking up his chant again till he finished it. Then he said, "That'll have waked 'em up; now they'll all blaze away at me when I go back. Good luck, and h—ll to them all. Here goes nobody again."

Back, then, through the street he went like some demon doubly possessed, but shooting this time only at the flashes of those who fired at him. Clear of the town and abreast of the bull-waggon he drew rein. "Well, I've got it now, deep and plenty; though that first one at the saloon would have been enough of itself." He began to reload as if he would have gone the gauntlet of the waiting street once more, but at the second cartridge he stopped and put up his weapon. "No, not in that street, but out on the prairie—it's cleaner there. I'm fool enough, but I'll die in a clean place. Come on"—this to his horse as he lifted the rein and started into the open plain, ghostly wide and white under the moon.

Within five minutes another rider pulled up a panting steed beside the waggon, and the boss of the bullwhackers noted at once that this was a different man. But as all cowboys are pardners as against





"O'! DAVE! DAVE! PARDNER!"

outsiders, whether they have ever seen one another before or not, so he knew that he was right in answering the newcomer's question straight. "Yes, it was a cowboy. Rode a roan branded JP connected. He's got it deep and plenty, and he's gone out on the prairie. That way," and the boss stuck his arm out from the blankets into the gleam of the moon to point the direction.

Jess could not speak, but he thanked him with a gesture of the hand as he turned and spurred away. "Derned rough, boys," said the boss to the other blanketed outlines. "But I hope he got away with Duncombe an' his gang first." Then he rolled down and went to sleep, or at least to silence. So did the town.

Out on the prairie Jess came upon a saddled horse standing motionless beside a form stretched slackly on the ground, like a man seeking ease in utter tiredness. Dropping the reins at his own horse's feet, he knelt and took the unquiet head on his arm. "Dave," he pleaded, "is it bad? Where are you hit? Is it the

end? For Christ's sake, tell me, Dave!"

But Dave did not recognise him. The tides of death were creeping up towards his heart too close, though perhaps it was the familiar voice which roused his wandering thoughts to speech. "We are all fools," came the thickening voice, in the hurried monotone of a sleepwalker. "We are all fools, but not like the way I rose off that corpse in mounting. That was bad. I reckoned I was a man, but I wilted like some squealing tenderfoot, and I've only used some other man's hand to pull the trigger instead of my own. But God—what's God? Yes, I'm a fool, but God!—" He rose half as if to stand, and flung his arms and bloody hands appealingly to the heavens—"God! God! Oh, God!"

And in that wild invocation to the Almighty he went out from life, and the heart of Jess swelled in dumb agony with the words he dare not intrude upon that presence of the Omnipotent God. "Oh, Dave! Dave! pardner!"





*Drawn by Max Couper.*

On m'appelle la *négresse-en-niege*. Ça m'est bien égal, pourvu qu'on me donne un sobriquet quoi que ce soit. C'est toujours chic !—*Lettre d'une Coryphée.*

# PRESENTATION AT COURT.

BY LADY JEUNE.



THE right of a presentation at the English Court belonged to all the peers and peeresses of the realm, to commoners of old family and large fortunes, as well as to many important Government officials for centuries before the reign of Queen Victoria. Under her rule the lists of those who may be presented have been greatly enlarged. Members of Parliament, City officials, the mayors of large provincial towns, barristers, journalists, men of business and their wives can all go to Court now, and are not refused except on grounds of character.

Though the regulations are elastic enough as to the social class or occupation of those the Sovereign permits to be presented to her, the requirements as to personal character are strictly enforced, especially as regards women. No lady who has figured in the Divorce Court, nor any woman separated from her husband—except with rare exceptions as regards the latter contingency—is allowed to attend a Drawing Room.

A presentation at Court is much valued in these days, when people travel or reside so much abroad. It is a guarantee in foreign countries as to character, and without it no English person can be received at any foreign Court. It leads to no direct advantage in England, though, since a presentation at Court does not imply invitation to any Court festivity, but it is a guarantee and passport into good society abroad.

The privilege is highly esteemed among foreigners, and many of the Ambassadors accredited to the Court of St. James' could tell amusing anecdotes

of their difficulties in determining who among their host of applicants shall next have the coveted honour. Strangers wishing to be presented at Court must be endorsed by the diplomatic representatives of their own country, who always accompany them when passing before the Queen.

The etiquette of Court presentations is elaborate, and it may be well to describe briefly what the ceremony consists of. I may leave the case of gentlemen out of consideration as very few have been presented to the Queen at a "Drawing Room." They generally attend the Levees held for her by the Prince of Wales.

Every lady seeking presentation to Her Majesty has to secure the services of some lady who has been previously presented and who will attend the next Drawing Room. Some days before the function is to occur this lady has to send her name and that of the *débutante* to the Lord Chamberlain's office, by whom the names are submitted officially to the Queen.

Two cards are then given to the *débutante*, on which are written her own name and the name of the lady who presents her. One card is given at the Drawing Room to the page in the corridor, and the other, when the Throne Room is reached, to the Lord Chamberlain, who stands next to the Queen, and reads out the names.

The company attending a Drawing Room are divided into the Official and Diplomatic Circle and the General Company, the former having "the *entrée*," that is the privilege by virtue of their

official position or from some other personal reason, of entering the Palace by a special door, arriving at the Throne Room by a different way, and passing before the Queen previous to the General Company.

After the Queen has received the Corps Diplomatique and the officials, the General Company begin to pass.

Barriers are put up at the doors of the rooms in which the ladies wait, and these barriers are guarded by the Yeomen of the Guard and Gentlemen at Arms, so that only a certain number of ladies are allowed to pass into each room at a time. To the outside observer such restraint may seem rigorous, but no one acquainted with the pushing, elbowing, and squeezing of a well-dressed English crowd can doubt its necessity.

No moment in the life of a *débutante* is so terrible as that when, after having passed the last barrier, she finds herself one of a long string of ladies who are surrendering their trains in a helpless way to the gentlemen ushers and pages. These functionaries arrange the trains as the ladies pass at the end of the long gallery leading into the Throne Room.

A looking-glass on their left gives the *débutantes* no consolation as they are hurried on under the criticism of their more fortunate companions who have already passed the Queen, and are standing behind the barrier on their right watching them.

The terrible sound of her own name ushers the *débutante* into a rather dark smaller room blazing with uniforms and jewels, where everyone is silent, and where she sees in front a most alarming row of royalties before whom she has to pass. The *débutante*, unless she is a peeress, has to kiss the Queen's hand. If she is a peeress, the Queen embraces her, a part of the ceremony of presentation which is usually performed by the Queen Consort in times when the reigning monarch was a King.

An exception to this rule was made during the reign of George the Fourth, who embraced the *débutantes* himself.

The entrance to the Throne Room is very sudden, and the person who is being presented has barely time, after hearing her name called out, to rally herself before she is exactly opposite the Queen, who sits on a low chair, immediately beside the Lord Chamberlain.

The Queen is, as everyone knows, a short woman, and when sitting down, as her age now compels her to do, she looks even smaller than she naturally is. But no one can fail to be struck by the great dignity and grace of her presence and by the sweetness of her smile, and by the sense that she is every inch a Queen.

No one in passing before the Queen probably ever has the courage to look at her sufficiently long enough to realise the glory of her jewels, but the diamonds she wears, from the historic Kohinoor downwards, are very magnificent.

If the lady is personally known to the various members of the Royal Family they usually shake hands with her; if not, they merely bow in response to her curtsy.

After passing the Throne and curtseying to the Princes and Princesses, the train of the lady is picked up by an official and bundled over her arm. She then passes into the next room leading into the long gallery, from where she can watch her fellow-sufferers undergoing the ordeal she has just passed through.

The Corps Diplomatique, the Household, and the Members of the Government, remain in the Throne Room till the last lady has passed.

When the Drawing Room is a very full one, waiting for the carriage is a dreary affair, except to the possessors of the *entrée*, who get away easily.

The rules as to the dress at Drawing Rooms are very clear and not at all unnecessary, as the tastes and fashions of our day are very varied and remarkable.

As in 1878, a notice was issued to the effect that gentlemen attending Levees were required to appear in uniform, so ladies attending the Drawing Room must dress according to regulation.

One rule is that ladies must wear white feathers and white veils, the feathers being so worn that they can be clearly seen on approaching the Queen. Low dresses must also be worn and short sleeves, except when a medical certificate states that the lady is too delicate to appear except in *demi-toilette*, when permission is given to wear a high body and elbow sleeves.

It is not unreasonable for the Queen to ask that such small details should be adhered to, as she always appears herself *en grande toilette*.

A few years ago some ladies attempted to introduce the fashion of wearing coloured feathers and veils to match their trains, but the custom was not long-lived. One or two enterprising ladies also appeared with no lappets, veils, or flowers, which was so bold an infringement of the Court regulations that the Lord Chamberlain's office issued an edict forbidding its recurrence.

It has been found necessary to limit the number of presentations made at any one Drawing Room, as the numbers became so great that the physical fatigue entailed on the Princesses and the Court made holding them almost impossible. The Queen herself has long been in the habit of retiring early from the ceremony, and leaving the rest of the company to be received by the Princess of Wales or one of Her Majesty's daughters.

During the reign of George the Second, Receptions, or Drawing Rooms as we should now call them, were held in the evening and also on every Sunday after Chapel Royal Service, at St. James'. In fact, it appears that there were Receptions on every evening at one period of his reign, and that people were admitted to see the Royal Family playing cards.

In those days about sixty or seventy ladies and gentlemen attended in the evening. They came to Court in Sedan chairs, which were brought into the lower corridors. The floors of these corridors were sanded, and the place lighted by oil-lamps; a curious contrast were those Receptions to the Drawing Rooms of our time, when everyone drives in comfort and under cover to Buckingham Palace even when the crowd is very great.

Soon after the Queen came to the throne a great many Drawing Rooms and Levees were held because everyone who had been presented in the previous reign had to be re-presented as well as those who had not gone to Court before. There are many still alive who remember the first Drawing Room held by the young Queen, at which she received a very large number of *débutantes*, and the gracious manner in which she welcomed her new subjects.

The largest Drawing Room on record was that held on the 15th of May, 1863, by the Princess of Wales, just after her marriage, when 1,587 ladies attended, and 537 presentations were made. The corresponding Levee held by the Prince of Wales was a very large one, for the public interest and affection felt for the newly-wedded pair added enormously to the interest of both functions.

Change of fashion and dress have made the costume of thirty years ago to seem almost grotesque, but the Princess of Wales has always looked the most beautiful and best dressed woman in England, and she never appeared more lovely than on the occasion of that terrible Drawing Room from which only the remains of tired, worn out, and bedraggled figures appeared. Many ladies lost their plumes and their lappets; some their jewels; and not a few left almost their gowns on the scene of the crush. Only a few Drawing Rooms were held afterwards at St. James' Palace, the scene of action being transferred to Buckingham Palace, where the rooms are



larger and the whole arrangements more convenient.

The Queen is always attended by a large retinue at a Drawing Room, including the mistress of the robes, ladies in waiting, maids of honour, women of the bed-chamber, equerries, lords and grooms in waiting, and pages. All the members of the Royal Family present at the ceremony are attended by some members of their own households.

The mistress of the robes has very important duties, especially at the time of a coronation, when she has to choose the whole of the Sovereign's or Queen Consort's dress. At the coronation of Queen Charlotte, very minute directions were given to the Duchess of Dorset, then mistress of the robes, as to how she was to assist at the anointing of the Queen and in putting on the crown.

The number of ladies seeking presentation at Drawing Rooms has increased to such an unwieldy extent that last year an

extra Drawing Room was held, and the number of *débutantes* was limited. For the future this change will probably be continued.

Perhaps a drawing-room gives the best illustration of English beauty. Held in the daytime, often early in the year when the weather is cold and therefore specially trying, the ceremony is an ordeal for even the most beautiful women. The magnificence of the jewels and the beauty of the toilettes are unsurpassed anywhere else; and when this function is held in the evening, with the brilliant lighting of the Palace, and the glorious background of coloured walls covered with some of the finest painters' masterpieces in the world, it would be a scene very difficult to surpass.

As it is, the beauty of English women, and, above all, of English girls, stands the test well, and we may fairly be proud of the representatives who, year by year, crowd to make their obeisance to the Queen.





**SLEIGH BELLS.**

*Drawn by D. B. Waters.*



# THE HOROSCOPE OF PHARAOH.

BY ALLEN UPWARD.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK STAINFORTH.

[There are strange tales written on the papyri in the tombs of the Kings of Egypt, and some of them it is not lawful to transcribe. And the tales are very old, and the edges of the papyrus have crumbled, and the writing has grown faint during thousands of years, and only the fragments have been deciphered.]

. . . the third month, and the first day of the month. Khafra, the son of Khufu, the son of Seneferu, went forth from the King's house, in the city of the King, the city Men-nefer; and with his eyes he looked on the ground. And he commanded his servants that they should make ready a great ship, with twenty rowers on each side of the ship, and furnish it with corn and dates and oil and wine, enough for many days. Furthermore he commanded that they should put twelve talents of gold on board the ship and twenty-four talents of silver. And the talents were put into sacks, and he sealed the sacks with the King's seal.

And the ship was made ready, and lay in the river Nile, over against the King's house. And there were forty rowers, and they sang the song of departure with one voice. But the King wrapped his robe about him, and looked neither to the right hand nor to the left. And Khafra entered into the ship. . . .

"Take the oar in thy hand, Ruddisar, and steer the King's ship on the river Nile; steer to the north and to the east, to the borders of the land of Egypt, till thou shalt see the sun rise up upon thy right breast.

"Take the oar in thy left hand, Ruddisar, and steer the King's ship on the sacred river; steer till thou shalt see the

priests' city, the city of the great god Ra, the city Sakhebu.

"Take the oar in thy hand, Ruddisar, and steer the King's ship on the water till thou shalt come to the temple of Ra; steer till thou shalt see the high priest of Ra, the priest User-ref; assuredly he shall come forth to greet the King Khafra."

And the ship journeyed down the river Nile, and the forty rowers sang the song of rowing with one voice. And as they went the men who dwelt along the banks of the river came forth, with their wives and their children, to see the voyage of the King. But Khafra looked not upon the people, neither did he heed the song of the rowers.

And they that were in the ship with the King looked out, and they saw the fields of millet, and the palm-trees which were on the bank, and the sacred crocodiles, and the fish which were in the water. But Khafra saw none of these things, neither did he listen to the words of his servants.

Then spoke the brother of the King, and said:

"O Khafra, live for ever! Why art thou silent and cast down? Is not thy kingdom in thy hand; and hast thou not overthrown the Kushites with thy right hand, and taken their tribute; and are not all these thy servants, to do with as it shall seem good in thine eyes? Tell me the matter that is in thy heart, if I may hear it."

Khafra answered him not. Then spoke the King's brother again, and said:

"O Khafra, may thy days be increased!



"AND KHAFRA ANSWERED HIM NOT."

Why answerest thou not thy servant? Hast thou not taken a wife, who has borne thee a son to reign after thee; and art thou not very rich, beyond the riches of the Kings of Egypt that were before thee? Also, hast thou not built thee a great pyramid, like unto the pyramid of our father Khufu, for thy tomb when thou diest, and for a memorial? Now, therefore, if thou hast a secret trouble declare it."

And after he had spoken many times the King answered:

"Peace, my brother. It is true that my kingdom is in my hand, and that I have overthrown the Kushites with my right hand, and taken their tribute. Also that I have taken a wife, and that she has borne me a son, as thou sayest; but how knowest thou that he shall reign after me? In the time of our father Khufu, the son of Seneferu, there came before him a certain magician, from the land of the south, and prophesied before him. And he foretold dark things concerning his house, and concerning the house of the priests of Ra. And thou knowest that formerly I took the daughter of User-ref, the priest, to wife; and that when she was with child by me I slew her, lest the evil thing should come to pass. Now, therefore, I am taking rich gifts to User-ref, the high priest of Ra, that he may enquire of his god for me, and that I may know whether the prophecies of the magician shall be brought to nought."

And the King's ship was on the river Nile for two days and two nights: and at the end of the third day they saw the city Sakhebu, and the temple of the god Ra. And the ship drew nigh to the bank, over against the temple of Ra, and the forty rowers sang with one voice the song of rest. And User-ref, the priest, came forth to meet the King.

Khafra came forth from the ship, and his servants laid boards for him to walk on, and the King walked on to the shore. But his feet were heavy, so that he walked

slowly, and he leant upon the arm of his brother.

Then User-ref bowed down before him, and said:

"O Khafra, live for ever! Behold thy servant User-ref, the servant of Ra, and behold the temple of Ra, and the city Sakhebu, the city of the priests of Ra; all that thou seest is thine, even to the stones beneath thy feet. What wilt thou with thy servant?"

Khafra raised his eyes from the ground, and looked upon him. Then he looked round, and beheld the servants of User-ref, and they were very many. And he beheld the men of the city, a great multitude, as many as the armies of the Kushites.

And the King said:

"O User-ref, health and peace! Who are the men that come behind thee; and what is this great multitude that I see in thy city?"

User-ref answered:

"O Khafra, may all thy wishes be fulfilled! These are my servants, the servants of Ra, who have come forth to greet the King. And this multitude thou seest is the people of thy city Sakhebu, who live in the shadow of the King."

Then Khafra was appeased. And he commanded his servants, and they brought forth the twelve talents of gold, and the twenty-four talents of silver. And when the seals were broken the people were astonished, for so much wealth had not been seen in Sakhebu aforetime.

"These are the gifts of Khafra, that the King offers to User-ref, as a peace-offering for his daughter Rud-didut, and as a propitiation. Behold I have sought thee because I know that thou art the greatest of the diviners of the land of Egypt: now, therefore make ready a sacrifice to thy god, and enquire concerning me, and tell me all those things which shall befall me, and which shall befall my house."

User-ref bowed down before the King

and thanked him ; and he called his servants, and gave order concerning the gifts which the King had brought. Also he caused to be made ready a great feast in honour of the King Khafra, and in honour of the King's servants. Only concerning the sacrifice he gave no order.

Then the priest walked before Khafra, and went up into the temple, into the priests' dwelling, and prepared a room for him, and gave him water to wash his hands and his feet. And the King sat down to the feast, and User-ref came and waited upon him. Nevertheless the King ate not of the meats which were put before him, neither did he drink. . . .

Khafra said again unto the priest :

"Did I not bid thee to make a sacrifice to thy god, that thou mightest enquire of Ra concerning me, and concerning my house? Now, therefore, I pray thee, get ready, and do as I commanded thee, for my heart is heavy within me, and I cannot eat."

User-ref excused himself, and said :

"Let all the words of the King be accomplished ! Only this one thing let him not ask of his servant, for there is blood between thee and me. Moreover is there not another temple to Ra in the land of Egypt, and will not his priests enquire for thee according to thy desire?"

Khafra's face darkened, and the words of the priest pleased him not.

"What is this thou sayest? Have I not come hither these three days' journey to see thee, because I know thy wisdom and thy skill in magic, that there is not another like unto thee in Egypt? And hast thou not accepted my gifts, which I brought to be the price of the blood of thy daughter? Now, therefore, tarry no longer, but make ready, and when thou art ready I will come apart with thee, and thou shalt tell me all those things which I shall ask."

User-ref bowed himself before the King, and went out from him, and made the sacrifice. And he shut himself up in the

temple for the space of one hour, and prayed to his god, to the great god Ra, the greatest of all the gods of the land of Egypt.

But the servants of Khafra feasted with the servants of User-ref, and made merry, and drank much wine. Only the King neither ate nor drank. And he waited for User-ref, and as he waited his heart grew exceeding sad, and it repented him that he had slain Rud-didut, the daughter of User-ref. For Rud-didut was the best beloved of the wives of Khafra.

When the sun was down, User-ref returned, and bowed himself before the King, and said :

"According to the King's word has it been done. Come with me, and I will show the King that which he desires to know."

And he walked before Khafra, and brought him into an inner chamber. And they two were alone. But there was in the chamber a table of stone, and on the table were engraved the signs of the planets, and the symbols of the magic of User-ref. And when the King was seated, User-ref took a torch in his hand, and he gazed long and earnestly at the signs which were upon the table.

Khafra waxed impatient, and said :

"Tell me quickly, O priest, what shall be my fate, and what shall be the fate of my house?"

The priest answered :

"O Khafra, I fear to tell thee, lest thou shalt say an enemy speaks unto thee. Now therefore, once more I entreat thee to ask me not, but to go hence as thou camest, and enquire elsewhere concerning that which must come to pass."

But the King was very angry, and spoke harshly to User-ref the priest :

"Thou shalt do as I command thee, and tell me all that is written in the table, and all which thou hast divined, or, as Ra liveth, I will do a worse thing unto thee!"

Then User-ref, the high priest, the

servant of Ra, opened his mouth, and spoke unto the King :

"Let the King be obeyed by his servant. O Khafra, know that the stars never err, and that which the gods have declared, that must come to pass. Man is driven by his fate, as the ship is driven by the oar of the steersman. Behold there is written here all that thou shalt do from the day of thy birth even unto the day of thy death. It is written that thou shalt be a great King, the King of all the land of Egypt. The Kushites shalt thou subdue, and their tribute shalt thou heap up. More than one wife shalt thou have, and the last shall bear thee a son. Also thy riches shall be greater than the riches of all the Kings of Egypt that were before thee, and thy tomb shall last as long as the world endures. Nevertheless, the end of thy days shall be evil, and the son of thy loins shall not reign after thee."

Khafra bowed his head, till his beard swept the table, and he was as a man who is stricken in battle, and he feared with a great fear. He asked the priest, saying :

"Who, then, shall reign after me?"

User-ref cast down his eyes from looking at the King, and he said :

"Thou hast asked a hard thing of me, O Khafra, who am the least of thy servants. It is written that a man of my father's house, of the house of the priests of Ra, shall reign after thee."

Then was Khafra moved to bitterness, and he cried aloud and said :

"Why didst thou not warn me of this in due season? Then should I have spared the life of Rud-didut, thy daughter, and her son, a man of thy father's house, should have reigned after me!"

User-ref answered :

"The blood which thou hast shed is thine own, O Khafra, for thou art a cruel man, and thy people murmur against thee for the tasks which thou hast laid upon them. Moreover I besought thee not to take the maiden into thy house, but thou

wouldst not listen, though I offered thee rich gifts instead. How then shouldst thou have listened if I had told thee what thou sayest? Man is borne on the current of his fate, as the lotus leaf is borne on the current of the river."

Khafra heard him, and answered not, but sat in silence. And the eyes of the priest sought the mystic signs which were upon the table, and he trembled, and his cheek grew pale like the cheek of one who is sick unto death.

After a long time Khafra raised his head, and he spoke again unto the priest :

"One thing more thou hast not told me, O User-ref. When shall I end my days, and in what manner shall I die?"

User-ref turned away his face from the King, and his voice shook like the voice of a drunken man.

"The manner of thy death shall be this : thou shalt be stabbed unawares."

Then the face of the King darkened, and the sound of his breathing grew faint.

"Tell me yet more, I beseech thee. By whose hand shall I die ; and in what hour shall this thing be done unto me?"

But the priest shuddered, and he looked once more upon the writing which was on the table, and great drops broke out on his forehead, and his face became white like the face of a corpse.

"All the other things thou hast asked me I have declared, O Khafra, but this thing thou shalt not ask me."

Then the knees of the King knocked together, and his heart turned to lead within him. Nevertheless he was wroth with the priest, and said :

"This thing thou shalt tell me, or I will cause thee and all thy father's house to be put to death."

Then User-ref, the priest, the servant of Ra, the greatest of the priests of the land of Egypt, stood up before the King and looked into his eyes, and answered :

"As thou sayest, O Khafra, let it be. It is written that thou shalt die this very



IT IS WRITTEN THAT THOU SHALT DIE THIS VERY HOUR.

hour, and by the hand of my father's son."

And in that same hour, when he had finished speaking, User-ref smote Khafra to the heart, so that he died. And the servants of User-ref slew the servants of Khafra while they were heavy with wine.

And it came to pass that the men of Sakhebu rose up against the men of the other cities of Egypt, and overcame them. So User-ref put to death every male of the house of Khafra, and when he had changed his name to User kaf, he reigned over all the land of Egypt.



## GOOD NIGHT.

BY MARIE M. A. BULAU.

YES, you sleep deep—you, who were once my lover—  
 So deep you cannot see me leaning over  
 The half-blown snow-white roses on your breast.  
 Your beauty never had so much of heaven.  
 Between us all's forgotten and forgiven—  
 In peace the second time (and last) we part!  
 Sleep well!

So deep your sleep—if in familiar fashion,  
 With more of tenderness, and less of passion,  
 I fold you in my arms—what matter now?  
 Dead man and dear, for one short span of heaven  
 Be thanked—the rest's forgotten and forgiven.  
 Take my last kisses—so!—  
 Unfaithful lips and eyes and brow!  
 Sleep well!





WIFE (to lion tamer, who has been out late).—"You coward !"

(From " *Phil May's Annual* " for 1892.)

(See Interview with Mr. Phil May.)





MR. PHIL MAY AT HOME.

*From a photo by A. K. Syer.*

# MR. PHIL MAY AT HOME.\*

BY ARTHUR H. LAWRENCE.

ILLUSTRATED BY MR. PHIL MAY.

**M**R. PHIL MAY is one of those very few artists whose work is above criticism. Mr. Whistler was once reported to have said, "Black and White Art is summed up in two words—Phil May!" At the present moment, as a humorous black and white artist Mr. Phil May easily holds the foremost place, a fact which his fellow-craftsmen are the first to admit. Yet it was barely twelve years ago that he first came to London, without money, without work, and without friends. At that time, as he will tell you, he begged the broken dry biscuits at public-houses, and quenched his thirst at the street fountains. By night he slept in the Park, on the Embankment, or, perchance, in some market cart, wherever, in fact, he could rest undisturbed. "Yes, it is perfectly true," Mr. May said to me one day, when I questioned him concerning

those terrible times; "and I remember very well that one day—I think it was on the Suspension Bridge—I persuaded a child to part with some of his bread and bacon in exchange for my walking stick."

Only a man of exceptionally strong will and more than average pluck could have come through such an ordeal; and, indeed, a personal acquaintance with Mr. Phil May serves to increase one's impression that he is a man of rare self-reliance and

strength. He is by nature somewhat reserved and taciturn, always ready to give an opinion if he is pressed for it, but not prone to expressing his views, or giving unasked advice. I am not sure that on matters of art Mr. Phil May has any views. He sketches as the nightingale sings, without having any theories about it, and, as he has told me more



THE CHICAGO EXHIBITION.

McPherson.—"Four dollars for a bed! The extravagance of it! I cannot sleep for thinking o't."

(From "Phil May's Annual" for 1893.)

\* The Reproductions from the Phil May Annuals have been made by the courtesy of the publisher, Neville Beeman, Esq.

than once, he has never had a lesson in art in his life.

Born at Wortley, near Leeds, Mr. May is now thirty-two years of age. His father dying when he was but nine years of age, young Phil—a delicate little chap—received twelve month's education at the nearest Board School, and he then practically commenced his artistic career by mixing the colours for a friendly

boys whether he was considered a success. After a year or two of this life he was engaged by a travelling burlesque company to play small parts with the proviso that he also did six sketches every week to serve as window-bills in the various towns visited. His remuneration as actor-artist was twelve shillings a week. He was about seventeen years of age when, probably becom-



MR. AND MRS. PHIL MAY.

(From a photo by A. K. Syer.)

scene-painter at the 'Grand Theatre, Leeds. The immediate result of this friendship was that Phil May began to sketch little portraiture of the various actors at the theatre, for which he occasionally succeeded in obtaining the sum of one shilling per copy, though later on the price rose to five shillings. At the same time young Phil took very vigorously to acting—in the back streets—with other boys of his own age. He was usually cast for the clown's part, but I have not heard from the other

ing sick of the hand-to-mouth life which he had been leading, he made up his mind, at all costs, to try his fortunes in London. He had barely his fare up to town in hand, and to say that he burned his boats behind him is no mere figure of speech, as he could not pay for a return ticket. The result of his incursion to the great metropolis resulted in the life of privation to which I have already alluded, and Mr. May has told me that at that time only his pride, and possibly the want of the necessary pence, prevented him



"PEOPLE I DON'T WANT TO MEET." *Bow Street.*

(From "*Phil May's Annual*" for 1892.)

securing some coloured chalks with which to start work on the pavement! After many trying adventures, came work on the *St. Stephen's Review*, and then, practically, the dark days were over.

shattered health, and, in 1890, he finally came back to London, with his Art, as we now know it.

There is something unintentionally humorous in the conventional title at



(From "Phil May's Annual" for 1893.)

After having worked on this paper for some little time he availed himself of an opportunity afforded him of going to Australia as cartoonist on the *Sydney Bulletin*, where the fine air and warm climate helped to restore his somewhat

the head of this article. Mr. Phil May is so seldom at home. On the occasion, however, of which I am writing I found Mr. May faithful to his promise to give me three hours on behalf of *The Idler*, if I wished it. Thus it happened that on

one September afternoon I found myself with him in his big studio at Holland Park Road.

"Well, where shall we begin?" my host enquires. There is a merry twinkle

had," he remarks reflectively, in reply to a question, as he settles himself in his chair. "I don't know whether painful early experiences are in vogue just now with the people you interview, but in my



(From "Phil May's Annual" for 1893.)

in his alert brown eyes, as if he had come to the conclusion that being interviewed need not necessarily be a painful experience. "No, I don't suppose that any young fellow could very well have a much tougher time than I

case the experience was real—painfully so. Dinners were very rare in those days, and I can remember, as if it were yesterday, the keen relish with which I used to eat an occasional dinner at a certain *à-la-mode* beef-house. I haven't acquired, I am

afraid, anything like a taste for high living yet," he adds smilingly, "and to tell you the truth the wife can't please me better, in the culinary department, than by or-

the time one thinks more of getting a dinner than of, say, studying character. I know now that it was excellent training, but certainly, if I had a son I should not like to offer him the same sort of apprenticeship!

"One thing you might say if you like in your article," my host adds energetically, "and that is this, although I never had any tuition I made my sketches from life, and, though I may have been *influenced* by the work of some artists—Linley Sambourne, for example—I never, at any time in my life sat down—as I am afraid a good many young fellows do now—to deliberately copy another man's work. I don't think sketches should be tolerated from a man who simply vulgarises the style which he imitates."

"But I suppose imitation of that sort brings its own punishment," I remark. "It must tend to destroy any sense of originality which the would-be artist may possess."

"Yes, no doubt that is so. I should imagine that it would require but a little more ingenuity and hard work on the part of some

dering for my dinner a good plain Irish stew."

"And how do you regard that experience now?"

"Well, that is of course a difficult question to answer. I should not like to go through the same experience again, and yet, from the point of view of work, I suppose I could not have had a much better training. But while it is very pleasant and comfortable to talk about it when seated in one's easy-chair, I am afraid at

men I could name if they were to employ the same energy in original work. They would find a line of their own in good time. Personally I would rather make a good chair than a bad drawing."

"My methods of work? Well, you must not take those little sketches I did for you"—Mr. May had dashed off with lightning speed two little sketches, one of himself, and a little character study for me, both of which are reproduced with this article, in less than two



A CORNER OF THE STUDIO.

(From a photo by A. K. Syer.)





TIME, 2 A.M.

*Stranger* (who has almost raised the neighbourhood with his knocking).—"You'll excuse me waking you at this unearthly hour of the morning, but it was only a few minutes ago at the Club that I saw you were advertising for a travelling companion to accompany you round the world. No, thanks, I won't come in; 't isn't necessary. I only called to say I'm sorry I can't come with you. Good-night, old chap!"

(From "*Phil May's Annual*" for 1893.)



minutes—"as a fair sample of the way I get through my work. My ordinary method is to draw my sketch very carefully, putting in all the details, light, shade, and so on. When that is quite finished, then I knock away the scaffold-

and at different places. I don't suppose I spend three months out of the year at Holland Park Road."

Mr. May did not say so at the time, but I think I may give it out as an open secret that "Dear Old Phil" has so many



"WHAT'S 'E DONE, GOVERNOR?"  
(From "Phil May's Annual" for 1892.)

ing, so to speak, and in my final sketch I put in nothing but what I regard as the essential lines of the picture, that is to say, the lines which in the original picture I found to be necessary. This, of course, in a sense, doubles my work, but even then I don't suppose I should be called a slow worker. No, I work at odd hours

dear friends, and so many people who wish to see him on important business, that if he did not run off to Normandy, or somewhere, occasionally, he would never get any work done at all.

"Yes, I have a cycle," my host goes on to tell me, as, walking round the big studio with me, he points out various little



“I don’t so much mind you sneakin’ my pewters, but when it comes to bringing ’em back in the shape of ’arf-crowns, it’s a bit too much.”

(From “*Phil May’s Annual*” for 1892.)

treasures of art sent him by his good friends, Dudley Hardy, Fred Hall, Frank Richards, and A. C. Corbould, "but I much prefer my old gee-gee. He's thrown me off a dozen times, but I have come off without a scratch so far. Yes, my life is insured. It's my idea of saving

"No, I don't turn out as much work as I used to, say, three years ago; but the reason is that at that time I was a free-lance, and now I am retained specially by *Punch* and *The Graphic*. I can only do outside work by permission. Then, of course, there is my Annual. I am three years ahead with that now—its circulation is indeed prodigious.

"By the way, I have got something special in hand. This month I am going on a riding tour through Kent with the editor of *Punch*, Mr. Burnand. We are writing a Guide to Kent. Of course I mean that I do the sketches. I shall leave the writing part to Mr. Burnand. After this is done, I shall run over to Paris as I have a lot of work to get out.

"No, I don't get very many useful jokes from my friends," Mr. May tells me. "I had a way, at one time, of scribbling down on my shirt-cuff all the yarns that the boys told me, and then had them copied off before the laundress washed away all trace of the witticism. But I got so many choice 'chestnuts' in hand, or on my cuff, that I soon gave it up, and although contributions are always thankfully received, I think the



MR. PHIL MAY AT WORK.

(From a photo by A. K. Syer.)

money. If I die it reverts to the wife, if I don't—I mean, that is before then, don't you know, it comes back to me when I am fifty. Only eighteen years to wait for my accumulated savings. No, I don't earn a hundred a day. Never did. Some idiot once printed that statement though, and I've been dunned right and left ever since.

best way is to originate one's own little jokes. I don't know that I ought to say 'originate' either, for, often as not, the so-called joke is the record of an actual occurrence. Take one example," continued my host, "the happy husband going home late in the morning, stealthily walking upstairs, lest he should wake his wife, and has just removed his coat



F. L. M. -  
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*Widow* (ordering tombstone).—" And I don't want any maudlin sentiment on it ; just put, 'DIED, AGE 75. THE GOOD DIE YOUNG.' "

(From *Phil May's Annual* for 1895.)

and one boot when his wife suddenly wakes. 'What are you doing?' the wife exclaims. 'Oh, it's all right' the

husband replies, nervously, as he readjusts his boot; 'I've got to get up early this morning, my dear,' and, forfeiting his rest, goes down to breakfast. Well, that's not fiction. It actually happened — in Australia. I was the culprit!" So Mr. May says; but I feel certain that Mrs. Phil May will read these lines, and, even at the risk of offending the narrator, I must say that I don't believe it. Such late hours and such duplicity do not appertain to Mr. May's character. "Do you know," Mr. May remarks, suddenly, "I had such a funny experience on my return from my projected tour round the world for *The Graphic*. When I came back, I hastened to the office, and imagine my gratification when I saw everywhere resplendent banners bearing the inscription in large letters, 'Welcome to May.' I tell you I was elated. 'This is indeed fame,' I thought, and when I got to *The Graphic* office there was another inscription, with flowers and all the rest of it, 'Welcome to M. and G.' The G. worried me a bit, but then the name of the man who went with me to do the letterpress commenced with G. I told the Editor of my gratification. 'Why, you idiot, you egotistical egregious idiot,' he remarked, politely, 'it's nothing to do with a low artist fellow like you. It's the marriage of Prince George and Princess May.' I suppose one cannot but believe in these stories when Mr. May tells them.

"By the way, I believe that some people imagine that I am a dare-devil sporting man. I don't so much mind the application of the first part of the phrase, but I am not a betting man, and have never been to a race-meeting in my life except on one or two occasions when I went on behalf of a paper, and, of course,



TYPES I HAVE MET. NO 4.—HEAD WAITER, ECCENTRIC CLUB.

(From "*Phil May's Annual*" for 1892.)



*Tragician* (disappointed).—"You should see me play 'Amlet. Irving? Why, I could act 'is blooming head off."

(From "*Phil May's Annual*" for 1895)



*Reassuring.* "Don't disturb yourself, mum ; there's nothing in it that'll smash !"

*(From ' Phil May's Summer Annual' for 1892.)*



SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT.  
(From "Phil May's Summer Annual" for 1893.)



such meetings furnish excellent character studies. I think almost my first work was a design for a Good Templar card. I used to be very proud of my regalia, and occasionally gave recitations at the lodge to which I belonged."

"One important question I want to ask you," I say, finally, before leaving the studio—to be introduced to Mrs. Phil May, a charming woman, who recognised her prospective husband's merit many years before the public were at all conscious of it—"and that question is, briefly: Do you regard the work for which you are so famous—your line-work—as final?"

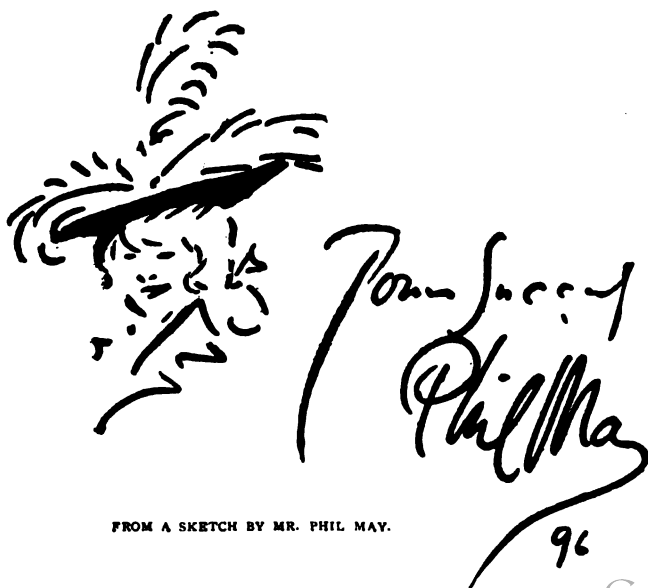
"Well, I cannot say much about that at this moment," Mr. Phil May replies,

"but the true answer is, No. I have locked away in a drawer a great deal of work—sketches which I have done so to speak, for my own pleasure—altogether different in style from the work to which the public is accustomed to see from my pencil. Whether this work will ever see the light of day or not, I am afraid I must ask you to wait and see, if we both live long enough;" and after I have dallied as long as I dare, glancing over numberless sketches lying about in every direction, I take my leave of an artist whose name is known all over the world, and who, by dint of sheer pluck

and genius, has won his way from the bottom rung of the ladder to the top.



FROM A SKETCH BY MR. PHIL MAY.



FROM A SKETCH BY MR. PHIL MAY.

## TWO OF A TRADE.

BY W. W. JACOBS.

ILLUSTRATED BY MAX COWPER.



"S a nero, that's wot 'e is, sir," said the cook, as he emptied a boiler of dirty water overboard.

"A what?" said

the skipper.

"A nero," said the cook, speaking very slowly and distinctly. "A nero in real life, a chap wot, speaking for all for'ard, we're proud to have aboard along with us."

"I didn't know he was much of a swimmer," said the skipper, g'ancing curiously at a clumsily-built man of middle age, who sat on the hatch glancing despondently at the side.

"No more 'e ain't," said the cook, "an' that's wot makes 'im more 'eroish still in my opinion."

"Did he take his clothes off?" enquired the mate.

"Not a bit of it," said the delighted cook; "not a pair of trowsis, nor even 'is 'at, which was sunk."

"You're a liar, cook," said the hero, looking up for a moment.

"You didn't take your trowsis off, George?" said the cook anxiously.

"I chucked my 'at on the pavement," growled George, without looking up.

"Well, anyway you went over the em-bankment after that pore girl, like a Briton, didn't you?" said the other.

There was no reply.

"Didn't you?" said the cook appealingly.

"Did you expect me to go over like a Dutchman, or wot?" demanded George fiercely.

"That's 'is modesty," said the cook, turning to the others with the air of a showman. "'E can't bear us to talk about it. Nearly drowned 'e was. All but, and a barge came along, and shoved a boat-hook right through the seat of his trowsis an' saved 'im. Stand up an' show 'em your trowsis, George."

"If I do stand up," said George, in a voice broken with rage, "it'll be a bad day for you, my lad."

"*Ain't* 'e modest," said the cook. "Don't it do you good to 'ear 'im. He was just like that when they got 'im ashore an' the crowd started patting him."

"Didn't like it?" queried the mate.

"Well, they overdid it a little p'r'aps," admitted the cook; "one old chap wot couldn't get near patted 'is 'ead with 'is stick, but it was all meant in the way of kindness."

"I'm proud of you, George," said the skipper heartily.

"We all are," said the mate.

George grunted.

"I'll write for the medal for him," said the skipper. "Were there any witnesses, cook?"

"Heaps of 'em," said the other, "but gave 'em 'is name and address. 'Schooner *John Henry*, of Limehouse is 'is 'ome,' I ses, 'and George Cooper 'is name.'"

"You talked a damned sight too much," said the hero, "you lean lop-sided son of a tinker."

"There's 'is modesty ag'in," said the cook, with a knowing smile. "'E's busting with modesty is George. You should ha' seen 'im when a chap took 'is fortygraph."

"Took his what?" said the skipper, becoming interested.

"His fortygraph," said the cook. "'E was a young chap what was taking views for a noosepaper. 'E took George drippin' wet just as 'e come out of the water, 'e took him arter 'e 'ad 'is face wiped, an' 'e took 'im when 'e was sitting up swearing at a man wot asked 'im whether 'e was very wet."

"An' you told 'im where I lived, and what I was," said George, turning on him and shaking his fist. "You did."

"I did," said the cook simply. "You'll live to thank me for it, George."

The other gave a dreadful howl, and, rising from the deck, walked forward and went below, giving a brother seaman who patted his shoulder as he passed, a blow in the ribs which nearly broke them. Those on deck exchanged glances.

"Well, I don't know," said the mate, shrugging his shoulders; "seems to me if I'd saved a fellow critter's life I shouldn't mind hearing about it."

"That's what you think," said the skipper, drawing himself up a little. "If ever you do do anything of the kind, perhaps you'll feel different about it."

"Well, I don't see how you should know any more than me," said the other.

The skipper cleared his throat.

"There have been one or two little things in my life which I'm not exactly ashamed of," he said modestly.

"That ain't much to boast of," said the mate, wilfully misunderstanding him.

"I mean," said the skipper sharply, "one or two things which some people might have been proud of. But I'm proud to say that there isn't a living soul knows of 'em."

"I can quite believe that," assented the mate, and walked off with an irritating smile.

The skipper was about to follow him to complain of the needless ambiguity of his remarks, when he was arrested by a dis-

turbance from the fo'c'sle. In response to the cordial invitation of the cook, the mate and one of the hands from the brig *Endeavour*, moored alongside, had come aboard, and gone below to look at George. The manner in which they were received was a slur upon the hospitality of the *John Henry*; and they came up hurriedly declaring that they never wanted to see him again as long as they lived, and shouting offensive remarks behind them as they got over the side of their own vessel.

The skipper walked slowly to the fo'c'sle, and put his head down.

"George," he shouted.

"Sir," said the hero gruffly.

"Come down into the cabin," said the other, turning away. "I want to have a little talk with you."

George rose, and, first uttering some terrible threats against the cook, who bore them with noble fortitude, went on deck, and followed the skipper to the cabin. At his superior's request he took a seat on the locker, awkwardly enough, but smiled faintly as the skipper produced a bottle and a couple of glasses.

"Your health, George," said the skipper, as he pushed a glass towards him and raised his own.

"My bes' respec's, sir," said George, allowing the liquor to roll slowly round his mouth before swallowing it. He sighed heavily, and, putting his empty glass on the table, allowed his huge head to roll on his chest.

"Saving life don't seem to agree with you, George," said the skipper. "I like modesty, but you seem to me to carry it a trifle too far."

"It ain't modesty, sir," said George; "it's that fortygraph. When I think o' that I go 'ot all over."

"I shouldn't let that worry me if I was you, George," said the other kindly. "Looks ain't everything."

"I didn't mean it that way," said George very sourly. "My looks is good enough for me. In fact, it is



"MY BES' RESPEC'S, SIR," SAID GEORGE.

partly owing to my looks, so to speak, that I'm in a mess."

"A little more rum, George?" said the skipper, whose curiosity was roused. "I don't want to know your business, far from it. But in my position as cap'n, if any of my crew gets in a mess I consider it's my duty to lend them a hand out of it, if I can."

"The world 'ud be a better place if there was more like you," said George, waxing sentimental as he sniffed delicately at the fragrant beverage. "If that noosepaper, with them pictures, gets into a certain party's 'ands, I'm ruined."

"Not if I can help it, George," said the other, with great firmness. "How do you mean ruined?"

The seaman set his glass down on the little table, and, leaning over, formed a word with his lips, and then drew back slowly, and watched the effect.

"What?" said the skipper.

The other repeated the performance, but beyond seeing that some word of three syllables was indicated, the skipper obtained no information.

"You can speak a little louder," he said, somewhat crustily.

"Bigamy!" said George, breathing the word solemnly.

"You?" said the skipper.

George nodded. "And if my first only gets hold of that paper, and sees my phiz, and reads my name, I'm done for. There's my reward for saving a fellow critter's life. Seven years."

"I'm surprised at you, George," said the skipper sternly. "Such a good wife as you've got too."

"I ain't saying nothing agin number two," grumbled George. "It's number one that didn't suit. I left her eight years ago. She was a bad 'un. I took a v'y'ge to Australia furst, just to put her out o' my mind a bit, an' I never seed her since. Where am I if she sees all about me in the paper!"

"Is she what you'd call a vindictive

woman?" enquired the other. "Nasty-tempered, I mean."

"Nasty-tempered," echoed the husband of two. "If that woman could only 'ave me put in goal she'd stand on 'er 'ead for joy."

"Well, I'll do what I can for you if the worst comes to the worst," said the skipper. "You'd better not say anything about this to anybody else."

"Not me," said George fervently, as he rose, "an' o' course you——"

"You can rely on me," said the skipper in his most stately fashion.

He thought of the seaman's confidence several times during the evening, and, being somewhat uncertain of the law as to bigamy, sought information from the master of the *Endeavour* as they sat in the latter's cabin at a quiet game of cribbage. By virtue of several appearances in the law courts with regard to collisions and spoilt cargoes this gentleman had obtained a knowledge of law which made him a recognised authority from London Bridge to the Nore.

It was a delicate matter for the master of the *John Henry* to broach, and, with the laudable desire of keeping the hero's secret, he approached it by a most circuitous route. He began with a burglary, followed with an attempted murder, and finally got on the subject of bigamy, *via* the "Deceased Wife's Sister Bill."

"What sort o' bigamy?" enquired the master of the brig.

"Oh, two wives," said Captain Thomsett.

"Yes, yes," said the other, "but are there any mitigating circumstances in the case, so that you could throw yourself on the mercy o' the court, I mean."

"My case!" said Thomsett glaring. "It ain't for me."

"Oh no, o' course not," said Captain Stubbs.

"What do you mean by 'o' course not'?" demanded the indignant master of the *John Henry*.

"Your deal," said Captain Stubbs, pushing the cards over to him.

"You haven't answered my question," said Captain Thomsett, regarding him offensively.

"There's some questions," said Stubbs slowly, "as is best left unanswered. When you've seen as much law as I have, my lad, you'll know that one of the first principles of English law is, that nobody is bound to commit themselves."

"Do you mean to say you think it is me?" bellowed Captain Thomsett.

"I mean to say nothing," said Captain Stubbs, putting his huge hands on the table. "But when a man comes into my cabin, and begins to hum an' haw an' hint at things, and then begins to ask my advice about bigamy, I can't help thinking. This is a free country, and there's no law ag'in thinking. Make a clean breast of it, Cap'n, an' I'll do what I can for you."

"You're a blanked fool," said Captain Thomsett, wrathfully.

Captain Stubbs shook his head gently, and smiled with infinite patience. "P'r'aps so," he said modestly. "P'r'aps so; but there's one thing I can do, and that is I can read people."

"You can read me, I s'pose?" said Thomsett, sneeringly.

"Easy, my lad," said the other, still preserving, though by an obvious effort, his appearance of judicial calm. "I've seen your sort before. One in pertikler I call to mind. He's doing fourteen years now, pore chap. But you needn't be alarmed, Cap'n. Your secret is safe enough with me."

Captain Thomsett got up, and pranced up and down the cabin, but Captain Stubbs remained calm. He had seen *that* sort before. It was interesting to the student of human nature, and he regarded his visitor with an air of compassionate interest. Then Captain Thomsett resumed his seat, and, to preserve his own fair fame, betrayed that of George.

"I knew it was either you, or somebody your kind 'art was interested in," said the discomfited Stubbs, as they resumed the interrupted game. "You can't help your face, Cap'n. When you was thinking about that pore chap's danger it was working with emotion. It mislead me, I own it, but it ain't often I meet such a feeling 'art as yours."

Captain Thomsett, his eyes glowing affectionately, gripped his friend's hand, and, in the course of the game, listened to an exposition of the law relating to bigamy of a most masterly and complicated nature, seasoned with anecdotes calculated to make the hardest of men pause on the brink of matrimony, and think seriously of their position.

"Suppose this woman comes aboard after pore George," said Thomsett. "What's the best thing to be done?"

"The first thing," said Captain Stubbs, "is to gain time. Put her off."

"Off the ship, d'ye mean?" enquired the other.

"No, no," said the jurist. "Pretend he's ill, and can't see anybody. By gum, I've got it."

He slapped the table with his open hand, and regarded the other triumphantly.

"Let him turn into his bunk, and pretend to be dead," he continued, in a voice trembling with pride at his strategy. "It's pretty dark down your fo'c'sle, I know. Don't have no light down there, and tell him to keep quiet."

Captain Thomsett's eyes shone, but with a qualified admiration.

"Ain't it somewhat sudden," he demurred.

Captain Stubbs regarded him with a look of supreme artfulness, and slowly closed one eye.

"He got a chill going in the water," he said quietly.

"Well, you're a masterpiece," said Thomsett ungrudgingly. "I will say this of you, you're a masterpiece. Mind this is all to be kept quite secret."

"Make your mind easy," said the eminent jurist. "If I told all I know there's a good many men in this river as 'ud be doing time at the present moment."

Captain Thomsett expressed his pleasure at this information, and, having tried in vain to obtain a few of their names, even going so far as to suggest some, looked at the clock, and, shaking hands, departed to his own ship. Captain Stubbs, left to himself, finished his pipe, and retired to rest; and his mate, who had been lying in the adjoining bunk during the consultation, vainly trying to get to sleep, scratched his head, and tried to think of a little strategy himself. He had glimmerings of it before he fell asleep, but when he awoke next morning it flashed before him in all the fulness of its matured beauty.

He went on deck smiling, and, leaning his arms on the side, gazed contemplatively at George, who was sitting on the deck listening darkly to the cook as that worthy read aloud from a newspaper.

"Anything interesting, cook?" demanded the mate.

"About George, sir," said the cook, stopping in his reading. "There's pictures of 'im too."

He crossed to the side and, handing the paper to the mate, listened smilingly to the little ejaculations of surprise and delight of that deceitful man as he gazed upon the likenesses. "Wonderful," he said emphatically. "Wonderful. I never saw such a good likeness in my life, George. That'll be copied in every newspaper in London, and here's the name in full too—'George Cooper, schooner *John Henry*, now lying off Limehouse.'"

He handed the paper back to the cook and turned away grinning as George, unable to control himself any longer, got up with an oath and went below to nurse his wrath in silence. A little later the mate of the brig, after a very confidential chat with his own crew, lit his pipe and, with a jaunty air, went ashore.

For the next hour or two George alter-

nated between the fo'c'sle and the deck, from whence he cast harassed glances at the busy wharves ashore. The skipper, giving it as his own suggestion, acquainted him with the arrangements made in case of the worst, and George, though he seemed somewhat dubious about them, went below and put his bed in order.

"It's very unlikely she'll see that particular newspaper though," said the skipper encouragingly.

"People are sure to see what you don't want 'em too," growled George. "Somebody what knows us is sure to see it, an' show 'er."

"There's a lady stepping into a waterman's skiff now," said the skipper, glancing at the stairs. "That wouldn't be her, I s'pose?"

He turned to the seaman as he spoke, but the words had hardly left his lips before George was going below and undressing for his part.

"If anybody asks for me," he said, turning to the cook, who was regarding his feverish movements in much astonishment, "I'm dead."

"You're wot?" enquired the other.

"Dead," said George. "Dead. Died at ten o'clock this morning. D'ye understand, fat-head?"

"I can't say as 'ow I do," said the cook, somewhat acrimoniously.

"Pass the word round that I'm dead," repeated George hurriedly. "Lay me out, cookie. I'll do as much for you one day."

Instead of complying, the horrified cook rushed up on deck to tell the skipper that George's brain had gone; but, finding him in the midst of a hurried explanation to the men, stopped with greedy ears to listen. The skiff was making straight for the schooner, propelled by an elderly waterman in his shirt-sleeves, the sole passenger being a lady of ample proportions who was watching the life of the river through a black veil.

In another minute the skiff bumped



"HO! I THINK I CAN PERSUADE HIM A BIT."



alongside, and the waterman standing in the boat passed the painter aboard. The skipper gazed at the fare and, shivering inwardly, hoped that George was a good actor.

"I want to see Mr. Cooper," said the lady grimly, as she clambered aboard, assisted by the waterman.

"I'm very sorry, but you can't see him, mum," said the skipper politely.

"Ho! can't I," said the lady, raising her voice a little. "You go an' tell him that his lawful wedded wife, what he deserted, is aboard."

"It 'ud be no good, mum," said the skipper, who felt the full dramatic force of the situation. "I'm afraid he wouldn't listen to you."

"Ho! I think I can persuade 'im a bit," said the lady, drawing in her lips. "Where is 'e?"

"Up aloft," said the skipper, removing his hat.

"Don't you give me none of your lies," said the lady, as she scanned both masts closely.

"He's dead," said the skipper solemnly.

His visitor threw up her arms and staggered back. The cook was nearest, and, throwing his arms round her waist, he caught her as she swayed. The mate, who was of a sympathetic nature, rushed below for whiskey, as she sank back in the hatchway, taking the reluctant cook with her.

"Poor thing," said the skipper.

"Don't 'old 'er so tight, cook," said one of the men. "There's no necessity to squeeze 'er."

"Pat 'er 'ands," said another.

"Pat 'em yourself," said the cook brusquely, as he looked up and saw the delight of the crew of the *Endeavour*, who were leaning over their vessel's side regarding the proceedings with much interest.

"Don't leave go of me," said the newly-made widow, as she swallowed the whiskey, and rose to her feet.

"Stand by her, cook," said the skipper authoritatively.

"Ay, ay, sir," said the cook.

They formed a procession below, the skipper and mate leading; the cook with his fair burden, choking her sobs with a handkerchief, and the crew following.

"What did he die of?" she asked in a whisper broken with sobs.

"Chill from the water," whispered the skipper in response.

"I can't see 'im," she whispered. "It's so dark here. Has anybody got a match? Oh! here's some."

Before anybody could interfere she took a box from a locker, and, striking one, bent over the motionless George, and gazed at his tightly-closed eyes and open mouth in silence.

"You'll set the bed alight," said the mate in a low voice, as the end of the match dropped off.

"It won't hurt 'im," whispered the widow tearfully.

The mate, who had distinctly seen the corpse shift a bit, thought differently.

"Nothing 'll 'urt 'im *now*," whispered the widow, sniffing, as she struck another match. "Oh! if he could only sit up and speak to me."

For a moment, the mate, who knew George's temper, thought it highly probable that he would, as the top of the second match fell between his shirt and his neck.

"Don't look any more," said the skipper anxiously; "you can't do him any good."

His visitor handed him the matches, and, for a short time, sobbed in silence.

"We've done all we could for him," said the skipper at length. "It 'ud be best for you to go home, and lay down a bit."

"You're all very good, I'm sure," whispered the widow, turning away. "I'll send for him this evening."

They all started, especially the corpse.

"Eh," said the skipper.

"He was a bad 'usband to me," she continued, still in the same sobbing whisper, "but I'll 'ave 'im put away decent."

"You'd better let us bury him," said the skipper. "We can do it cheaper than you can, perhaps."

"No. I'll send for him this evening," said the lady. "Are they 'is clothes?"

"The last he ever wore," said the skipper pathetically, pointing to the heap of clothing. "There's his chest, pore chap, just as he left it."

The bereaved widow bent down and, raising the lid, shook her head tearfully as she regarded the contents. Then she gathered up the clothes under her left arm, and, still sobbing, took his watch, his knife, and some small change from his chest while the crew in dumb show enquired of the deceased, who was regarding her over the edge of the bunk, what was to be done.

"I suppose there was some money due to him?" she enquired, turning to the skipper.

"Matter of a few shillings," he stammered.

"I'll take them," she said, holding out her hand.

The skipper put his hand in his pocket and, in his turn, looked enquiringly at the late lamented for guidance; but George had closed his eyes again to the world, and, after a moment's hesitation, he slowly counted the money into her hand.

She dropped the coins into her pocket, and, with a parting glance at the motionless figure in the bunk, turned away. The procession made its way on deck again but not in the same order, the cook carefully bringing up the rear.

"If there's any other little things," she said, pausing at the side to get a firmer grip of the clothes under her arm.

"You shall have them," said the skipper, who had been making mental arrangements to have George buried before her return.

Apparently much comforted by this assurance, she allowed herself to be lowered into the boat which was waiting. The excitement of the crew of the brig, who had been watching her movements with eager interest, got beyond the bounds of all decency as they saw her being pulled ashore with the clothes in her lap.

"You can come up now," said the skipper, as he caught sight of George's face at the scuttle.

"Has she gone?" enquired the seaman, anxiously.

The skipper nodded, and a wild cheer rose from the crew of the brig as George came on deck in his scanty garments and, from behind the others, peered cautiously over the side.

"Where is she?" he demanded.

The skipper pointed to the boat.

"That?" said George, starting.

"That? That ain't my wife."

"Not your wife," said the skipper staring. "Whose is she then?"

"How the devil should I know," said George, throwing discipline to the winds in his agitation. "It ain't my wife."

"P'raps it's one you've forgotten," suggested the skipper in a low voice.

George looked at him and choked. "I've never seen her before," he replied, "s'elp me. Call her back. Stop her."

The mate rushed aft and began to haul in the ship's boat, but George caught him suddenly by the arm.

"Never mind," he said bitterly; "better let her go. She seems to know too much for me. *Somebody's* been talking to her."

It was the same thought that was troubling the skipper, and he looked searchingly from one to the other for an explanation. He fancied that he saw it when he met the eye of the mate of the brig, and he paused irresolutely as the skiff reached the stairs, and the woman, springing ashore, waved the clothes triumphantly in the direction of the schooner and disappeared.



BALA  
BRIDGE.

NOCTURNE.  
*By Chas. Pears.*

# A BIRTHDAY PRESENT.

A DUOLOGUE FOR IMPROMPTU PERFORMANCE.

BY EDWARD HERON-ALLEN.

ILLUSTRATED BY LEWIS BAUMER.

*The scene is supposed to represent the drawing-room at Mr. Richard Willoughby's, immediately before dinner-time.*

*Angela Willoughby comes in, dressed for dinner, and obviously a little restless. She looks at the clock (or her watch) and says:—*



ANGELA. How late Dick is! I think he might have managed to come home early on my birthday of all days in the year—he can't have forgotten it, though he didn't wish me "many happy returns" this morning. Poor old Dick, he was worried and preoccupied this morning, and my broadest hints were quite powerless to dig him out of the money article in the paper. If I were the Queen I'd make a law that once a week no paper should contain a money article, so as to give wives one opportunity a week of a cosy breakfast with their husbands. If one has got nice hair, it's the only chance one ever has of showing it off—down one's back with a pretty bow. During all the five years we've been married Dick has always remembered my birthday and given me something lovely at breakfast; but this morning—nothing. There has evidently been a "slump," and Dick is the thing he ought not to be, a "bull" or a "bear" or something. How horrid business is—it spoils everything—even the post. (*Takes up a letter which is on the table.*) There's a horrid-looking letter—it came for Dick the moment he had left the house this morning—"— Willoughby, Esq.," a self-confessed bill—or worse—the

kind of letter that begins "May we venture to remind you,"—or, "Sir, We are surprised——" Ugh! (*Shudders.*) How can men have bills?—they don't seem to mind them one bit. I wonder what has kept Dick—he's always home by six—he hasn't reached the intervening club condition of husband yet; thank goodness. (*Brightens up.*) I know! he's going round looking for a present for me—he can't have forgotten it's my birthday—he *can't*—he *can't*. (*Listens attentively.*) Why I do believe—yes!—it is—he's stumping about his dressing-room overhead—he didn't shout as usual when he came in—oh! *how* unkind—whatever *have* I done? (*Brightens up again.*) Why, of course—how stupid I am—he's brought home my birthday present in guilty silence, and I shall find it on my napkin at dinner—*Dear* old Dick! Here he comes—I shall pretend there's nothing odd at all. (*Dick Willoughby comes in. He is gloomy, and carries an evening paper.*) Why, Dick, you're dressed. Why didn't you come in to me? You've tied your own tie—abominably.

(*She goes up to him as if to kiss him, he pats her shoulder perfunctorily and goes and sits down. Opens the paper.*)

DICK. There wasn't time. I was late. Business. (*He looks at the paper.*) A fall all round in the street after the closing. Damnation!

ANGELA. You're not very sociable.

DICK. Mh!

ANGELA (*timidly*). And to-day, too.

DICK. Thanks, I don't require to have "to-day" impressed upon me. I've been



"YOU'RE NOT VERY SOCIABLE."

looking forward to "to-day" for some days past.

ANGELA (*aside*). Dear old Dick! He hasn't forgotten. (*Aloud.*) Is that why you're so late?

DICK (*absently*). Eh? Oh yes. I was trying to buy something—er— (*Relapses into the paper.*)

ANGELA. You darling! Where is it?—I'm so impatient—I can't wait.

DICK. Where is it? Nowhere. I couldn't do it.

ANGELA. Oh! don't be horrid, Dick. There were hundreds of things you could have bought—in two hours.

DICK. Yes—hundreds of things—but nothing that I'd touch with a pair of tongs.

ANGELA. Why, where *have* you been?

DICK. Everywhere, I think.

ANGELA. Why—there's that place in Bond Street—

DICK (*savagely*). Bucket shop! I don't do that kind of dealing.

ANGELA (*mystified*). Bucket shop? (*Aside.*) What on earth—? I don't want a bucket. (*Aloud.*) I don't understand, Dick.

DICK (*impatiently*). No, of course you don't understand. I wish to goodness you wouldn't talk about things you don't understand. I have enough to worry about in the City without being bothered when I come home tired from business.

ANGELA. Bothered! Oh, Dick. How can you be so unkind!

DICK (*in despair*). I don't want to be

unkind, but *(violently)* for Heaven's sake don't worry me—I can't stand it.

ANGELA. Worry! And we've only been married five minutes—I mean five years. *(Breaks down.)* Oh! I didn't think you could be so cruel—that you'd get tired of me in five minutes—I mean five years. *(Weeps.)*

DICK *(aside)*. The gods grant me patience—this is awful! *(Aloud.)* If you're going to sniff and twitch and bother like that I'd better go somewhere else—the club——

ANGELA *(jumping up)*. Oh! you needn't trouble to go to the club—you don't love me any more, so I'll go to the club—I mean to bed. No!—sit still and read your horrid paper since you prefer it to your wife—I won't *bother* you—I'll go away altogether if you like, and you can marry some other woman—that beastly Trefusis girl who's always making eyes—made up eyes—at you. I—I—Mr. Carnegie called to-day—I'm sure he wouldn't fly at his wife and insult her when he got tired of her. *(Dick gets up.)* Don't follow me—I shall lock the door—I hate you! *(She rushes out, and Dick falls into his chair bewildered.)*

DICK. Good Lord deliver us—what on earth's the matter? Angela must be sickening for something. What in the name of goodness have I done now? It's bad enough to have bought every stock on my market for a rise, and then to see the bottom fall out of the market and everything fall through the hole, without one's wife hating one for it—and the settlement begins on Thursday. What's she talking about? The Trefusis girl—bah! Nice girl, though. And Carnegie?—damn Carnegie—idle men ought not to be allowed. Can he have anything to do with this ridiculous exhibition? Angela? Oh, no, the thing's preposterous. I wonder if I'd better go and look after Angela—or whether I'd better let her have her cry out? She'll be penitent presently—and hungry. I'm hungry.

*(Angela comes back with a penitent and conciliatory air. She carries a little box wrapped up in paper. Dick looks at her doubtfully.)*

ANGELA. Oh! Dick—I *am* so sorry—what a beast I am. Can you ever forgive me?

*(She kneels by his side and leans against his knee.)*

DICK *(patting her about)*. There—there—I knew you didn't mean it.

ANGELA. But—I *am* a beast—I did mean it at the time. I thought you'd forgotten it's my birthday.

DICK *(aside)*. By Jove! so I had.

ANGELA. And as I was going to bed I went into the dining-room—for some biscuits—and there I found—— Oh! Dick, you're much too good to me.

DICK *(puzzled)*. Well—what did you find?

ANGELA. Oh, you needn't keep it up any longer—I found this. *(Shows the box.)* I hardly dare open it—I know it's something lovely.

DICK *(looking over her shoulder)*. "Mrs. Willoughby," from Benson's. What the devil——?

ANGELA *(opens the packet and produces a jewel)*. Oh! Dick, how sweet—it's the pair to the one you gave me last year—you said you couldn't afford the two together. Do you know, only this afternoon, Mr.—Mr. Carnegie asked me what you had given me for my birthday, and I showed him my present of last year and said I believed you would give me the pair to it, but that it hadn't come yet. And—and he said he envied you being allowed to give me such lovely things.

*(During the above, Dick's face has passed through bewilderment to fury.)*

DICK *(aside)*. It's that bounder, Carnegie. Confound his impudence—how dare he! *(Aloud.)* Do you think it right for a young married woman to receive anonymous presents of that value?

ANGELA *(not looking up)*. Not if she knows who they come from.

DICK (*rising*). Well, our views differ; you will send that back.

ANGELA (*looking up, and then rising*). What do you mean, Dick? I don't think it's quite nice of you to keep up the farce, when I'm just getting happy again.

DICK. It is not I who am keeping up a farce. I think it's a very poor drama on your part.

ANGELA. Dick!

DICK. You will return that jewel to the man who bought it for you. I won't allow you to keep it.

ANGELA (*doubtfully*). Oh! very well; there it is, Dick.

DICK (*refusing it*). I didn't buy it for you.

ANGELA. *You didn't buy it for me?* (*Puts it down.*) Oh! I see, I've intercepted a present intended for someone else—(*An idea strikes her*)—the Trefusis girl! It was careless of Benson to send it here instead of to the office. (*Violently.*) Now I *am* going to bed—and to-morrow I shall go home. You'd better go and

deliver your present in person. Oh! what a birthday! (*She goes out.*)

DICK (*calling after her*). You'd better go through the dining-room again—for the biscuits. You may find another token from some unknown—ha! ha!—unknown adorer. (*To himself.*) This is what comes of leaving one's wife alone all day, and forgetting her birthday. How sickening it all is! (*Sees the letter on the table.*) Hullo! what's this?—a bill obviously—well—let's see—one may as well swallow all one's physic at once. (*Reads.*) "Dear Sir,—You will doubtless remember that when you ordered the (*whatever it is*) for Mrs. Willoughby last year, you told us that unless you found she preferred something else, you would have the pair to it to-day, and that you would let us know if we were not to send it. As we have not heard from you, we propose, unless we hear to the contrary from you during the day, to deliver the pair this evening. Your obedient servants,—BENSON & Co."



"MRS. WILLOUGHBY," FROM BENSON'S.

Great Scot! what a relief—and what a fool I've been. This cursed panic on 'Change had driven the whole thing out of my head. Now, I must get out of the hole and patch it up as gracefully as I can. (*Goes to the door and calls.*) Angie! Angie! I say—come here—I'm not humbugging any more, I want you to come and forgive me for a minute.

ANGELA (*off*). No.

DICK (*aside*). She hasn't gone far. (*Aloud.*) Come along—I take it all back and I confess I was a brute.

(*Angela comes in rather tentatively.*)

ANGELA. You're not going to be horrid any more?

DICK. No, dearest.

ANGELA. You were horrid at first

because my present hadn't come and you thought I might fancy you had forgotten my birthday?

DICK. Yes, dearest.

ANGELA. And then you were horrid again because I found my present myself instead of your giving it me?

DICK. Yes, dearest.

ANGELA. And you confess you were horrid?

DICK. Yes, dearest.

ANGELA. Oh! you darling. (*Hugs him. His head is nearest to the audience, and he turns round and winks solemnly.*) And dinner's ready—and I'm so hungry. Come along.

DICK. Yes, dearest.

(*They go along.*)







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*Prisoner* (on trial for murder, after eloquent address from his counsel, who has undertaken defence at the request of the judge; three of the jury in tears).—"Who's that bloke?"

*Warder*.—"That's Mr. Rusgill, the best gent that comes down here. You're lucky to get him."

*Prisoner*.—"Dismal beggar, ain't he?"

(From "*Phil May's Summer Annual*" for 1892.)

(See *Interview with Mr. Phil May*.)



# LIFE OF NAPOLEON III.

BY ARCHIBALD FORBES.

ILLUSTRATED FROM NUMEROUS SOURCES.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE FIASCO OF BOULOGNE.



PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON had many staunch and influential friends in England, and, as a consequence of the futile folly of Louis

Philippe and his ministers, he brought with him to London, in October, 1838, an European prestige. The days of obscurity were passed in the case of a man to remove whom a great State had put an army in motion. In all respects London was a more convenient place of residence for Prince Louis than had been his mother's *château* in an obscure Swiss eanton. No molestation could reach him in the bosom of the great and free British nation. In London he was in every sense nearer Paris than he had been in Switzerland; he found in England his uncle Joseph, and he was in the midst of a number of well-affected fellow-countrymen. He at once made good his footing in the best circles of the British capital, and he became immediately a personage of high social interest and importance. He seems to have been on terms of intimacy with the leading members of the aristocracy; he was welcomed in the best country houses, and, notwithstanding his silent and reserved manners, was a favourite in ladies' society. He frequented the literary and intellectual society of Gore House, and soon after his arrival in England he made a tour of the manufacturing districts, and afterwards made a round of visits which ex-

tended to some of the most notable houses of Scotland. In the famous Eglington tournament, which was held in August, 1839, the Prince took an active part. Armed *cap-à-pié* as a knight of the days of chivalry, he broke a lance with an antagonist. Their spears riven, they drew their swords, and their armour rang under the heavy blows. The Prince had been always addicted to exercises requiring spirit and skill. His training at Thun had given him skill in the use of arms, and he excelled in the management of the lance, which probably gave the Eglington tourney a special attraction in his eyes.

During the London seasons of 1839 and 1840 Prince Louis, so far as the outside world was concerned, led the life of a man of fashion. He has been accused of having been dissipated and a spendthrift. No doubt he had his share in the fashionable vices of a lax and dissipated period. But a man who thought, worked, and schemed so assiduously as did Louis Napoleon habitually, could not have been altogether absorbed in pleasure. For he lived in daily preparation for the destiny of which he had assured himself; that he had a mission to perform, as those who knew him most closely recognised, was throughout a fixed idea in Louis Napoleon's mind. The man who wrote the *Idées Napoléoniennes*, which were published in 1839, and speedily ran through four editions in France, was assuredly a thoughtful, serious, and powerful-minded person. "The *Idées*," wrote Mr. Jerrold, "are the brightest and fullest expression of the mind of Prince Louis Napoleon. His political life was this work in action.

By its light his conduct as President and as Emperor must be judged. It is the text-book of his policy, the code of his personal law, the last result of his unwearied study of the man under whose inspiration he lived and died. Yet the

The Prince had brought with him to London a suite of seven devoted adherents, among whom were General Montholon, who had shared the St. Helena exile with Napoleon I. until the death of the latter in 1821, Persigny, Colonels Vaudrey and

Bouffet de Montauban, and the faithful Dr. Conneau. His confidential servant was Charles Thélin, who later became a person of some importance. On leaving Fenton's Hotel the Prince established himself at first in Lord Cardigan's house in Carlton Terrace, whence, in the winter of 1839, he removed to the house of Lord Ripon in Carlton Gardens. His domestic habits during this period are thus described in the *Lettres de Londres*:—"The Prince is an active working man, severe towards himself, indulgent towards others.



PRINCE LOUIS, AFTERWARDS NAPOLEON III., IN 1840.

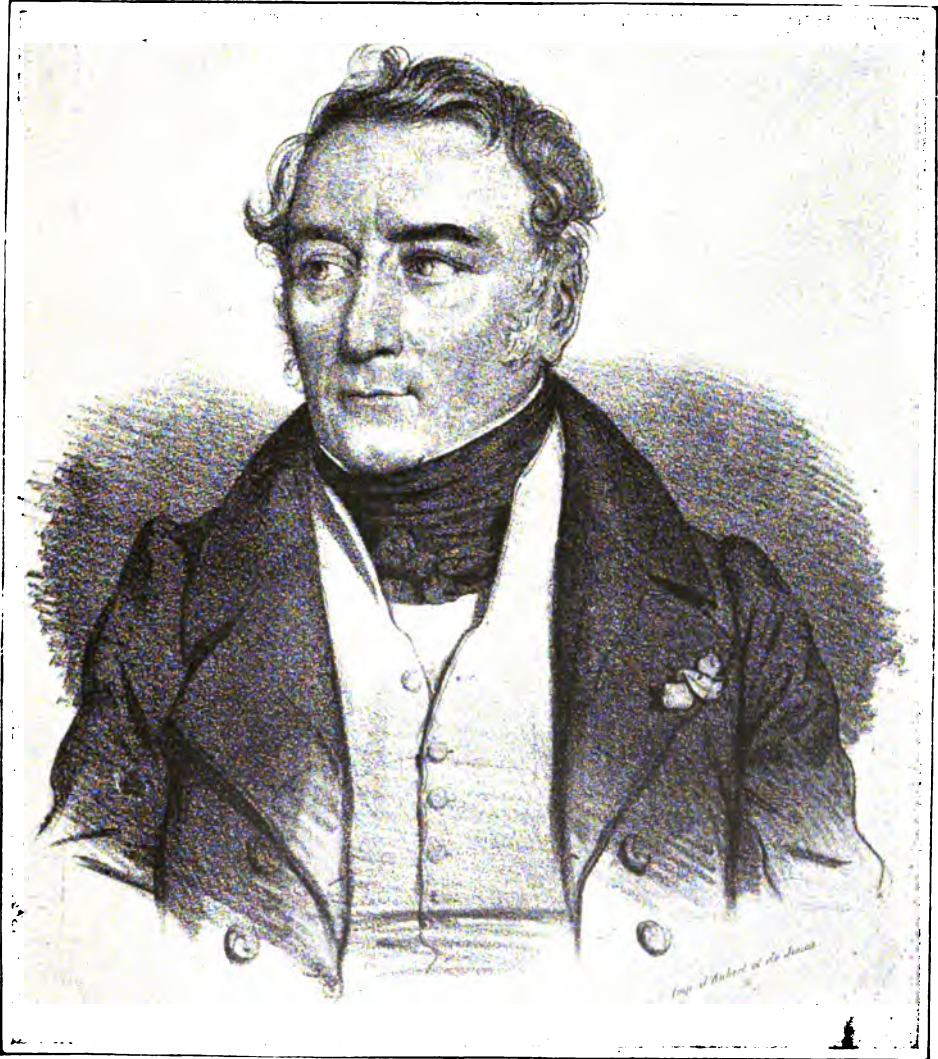
(From a lithograph after Charlet.)

*Idées* are not a mere summary of the intellectual manifestations of Napoleon I., they are rather new developments of those manifestations, applications of them to the changed aspects of the political world, the Napoleonic ideas amplified and carried forward for the government of society by a later Napoleon."

At six a.m. he is in his study, where he works till noon—his hour of *déjeuner*. After this repast, which never lasts longer than ten minutes, he reads the newspapers, and has taken notes of the more important events and opinions of the day. At two he receives visits; at four he goes out on his private busi-

ness ; he rides at five and dines at seven ; then, generally, he finds time to work again for some hours in the course of the evening." It has been said of him by un-

mitted himself to aver, that instead of learning how to command armies and govern nations, his time was almost wholly spent on the turf, in the betting-room, or

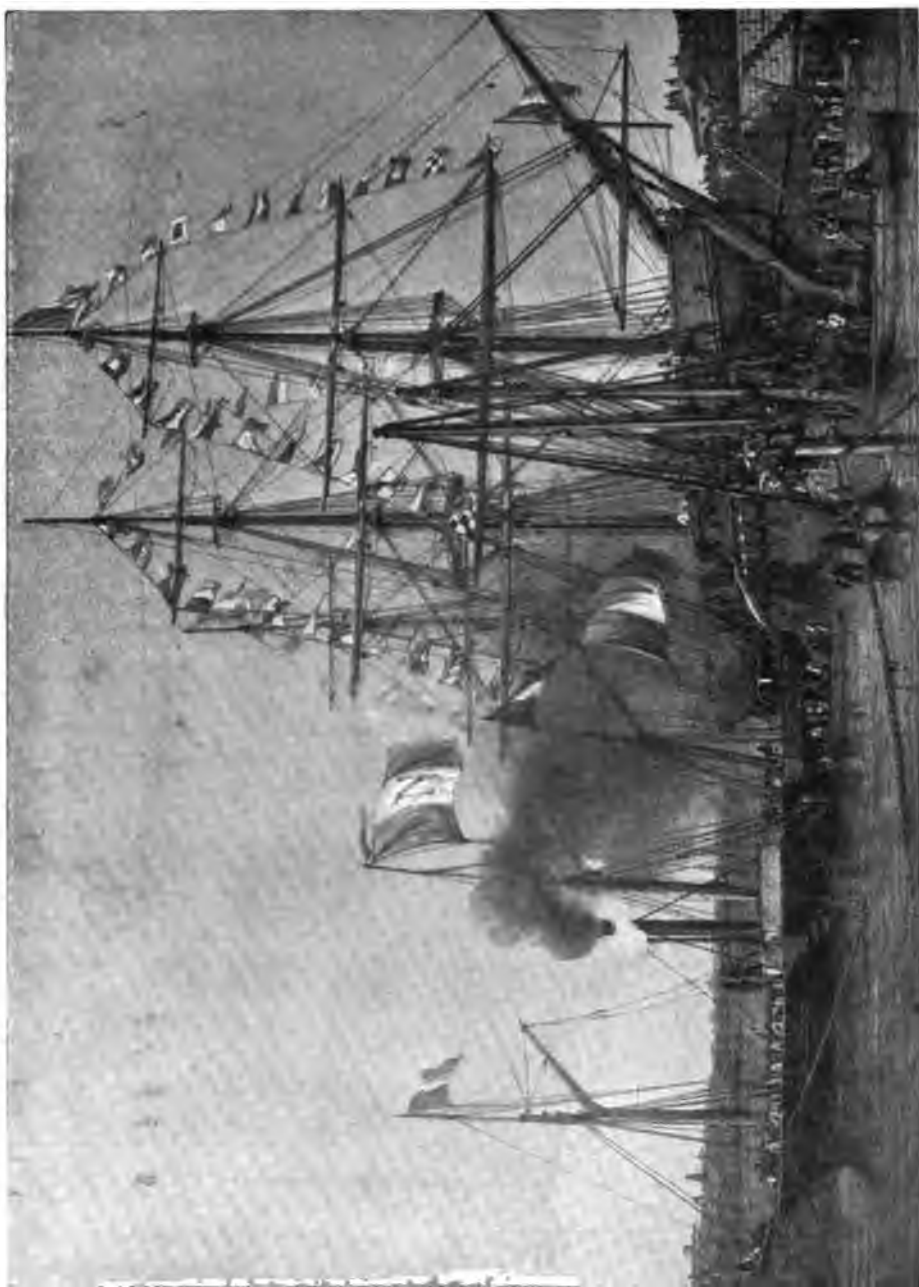


GENERAL MONTHOLON.

(From a lithograph.)

friendly writers, that the Prince, once established in London, gave himself up to the dissipations of the town, and degenerated into the mere spendthrift votary of pleasure. One hostile author has per-

in clubs "where high play and desperate stakes roused the jaded energy of the *blasé* gambler." But Mr. Jerrold maintains this description to be untrue. "Prince Louis," according to that writer, "was no saint



RECEIVING NAPOLEON'S BODY ON THE "WHILK POUL," AT ST. HELENA, OCTOBER 15, 1840.

either before, during, or after his residence in London. He had his full share of the fashionable vices. He kept a mistress. He was fond of sports; he delighted in racing; he was expert in all manly exercises. Both in the hunting-field and the park his horsemanship was remarkable." In a word, he lived among the most fashionable men of the day; and if he were in a measure dissipated, he was dissipated among gentlemen. His earnest belief in his star, even when fate seemed most unpropitious, struck his English friends with mingled astonishment and amusement. To them it was a sort of fetish betokening weakness of mind and strength of vanity. But no badinage or discouragement impaired his faith in the ultimate fulfilment of his destiny. That he had a mission to fulfil was a fixed conviction in Louis Napoleon's mind. His manner for the most part was grave and taciturn; he was wrapt in the future and seemed indifferent to the present.

In the spring of 1840 the Prince of Joinville was voyaging to St. Helena in the *Belle Poule*, on the errand of restoring to France the ashes of Napoleon the Great; and the statue of the "Little Corporal" now surmounted the Vendôme Column. Prince Louis unwisely and prematurely deemed the time favourable for striking a second blow for the restoration of the Napoleonic power in France. The chiefs of the party certainly did not respond with ardour; nor did the emissaries despatched to test the feeling of the French Army of the North bring back favourable reports. Among the Prince's adherents detailed for this service were Parquin, Lombard, and a new recruit, de Mésonan, on whom was devolved the forlorn-hope attempt of bringing over to the Prince, General Magnan, in command of the Army of the North, with his quarters at Lille. Mésonan sapped up towards his purpose with but little address; and after several visits to the General, he seized a moment which he deemed propitious, and

produced for Magnan's perusal a letter to himself from the Prince, the terms of which were as follows: "It is important that you should promptly sound the General in question, whom I have marked to be one day a Marshal of France. You will offer him 100,000 francs down, and deposit 300,000 more with his banker, to meet the contingency of the loss of command."

The General, stupified by a communication made so bluntly and so abruptly, shouted in passion. "This to me—to me—such a letter! I had thought better of you. I will never betray my oaths—never be a traitor. But you are mad! My attachment to the memory of the Emperor will never lead me to betray my oaths to the King. Should I be so base as to accept this offer, I should be a thief whom the meanest corporal would have the right to take by the collar! I ought to have you arrested, but that I cannot denounce a man whom I have received at my table. For God's sake, in regard for me, for your own honour, renounce your projects. I shall not expose you." The General opened the door of his room, and as he thrust Mésonan out, exclaimed, "Go and get yourself hanged somewhere else!"

This was not an encouraging episode. The Prince, having failed in regard to General Magnan, and not having succeeded in corrupting any officers of the Lille garrison through the machinations of Parquin and Lombard, abandoned his original idea of causing a rising in a large town; and having decided to act without any more delay, he fixed his choice on the seaport of Boulogne. To this town the access was comparatively easy; its garrison was very weak, and there had been suborned a member of it in the person of Lieutenant Aladenize, an officer who belonged to the infantry detachment of two companies of the 42nd Regiment, then in garrison. Muskets were purchased in Birmingham, a number of old French soldiers were





GENERAL (AFTERWARDS MARSHAL) MAGNAN.

*(From a lithograph.)*

hired, for whom French uniforms were provided, and Dr. Conneau himself sewed on them buttons stamped with the figure 40, the number of the regiment quartered in Calais and Dunkirk. A printing press was purchased for printing the several

proclamations which were to be issued in France—to the soldiers, to the inhabitants of Boulogne and the Pas-de-Calais, and to the French nation. The specific rôles of the principal adventurers, as well as the details of the execution

of the enterprise, were prepared in advance.

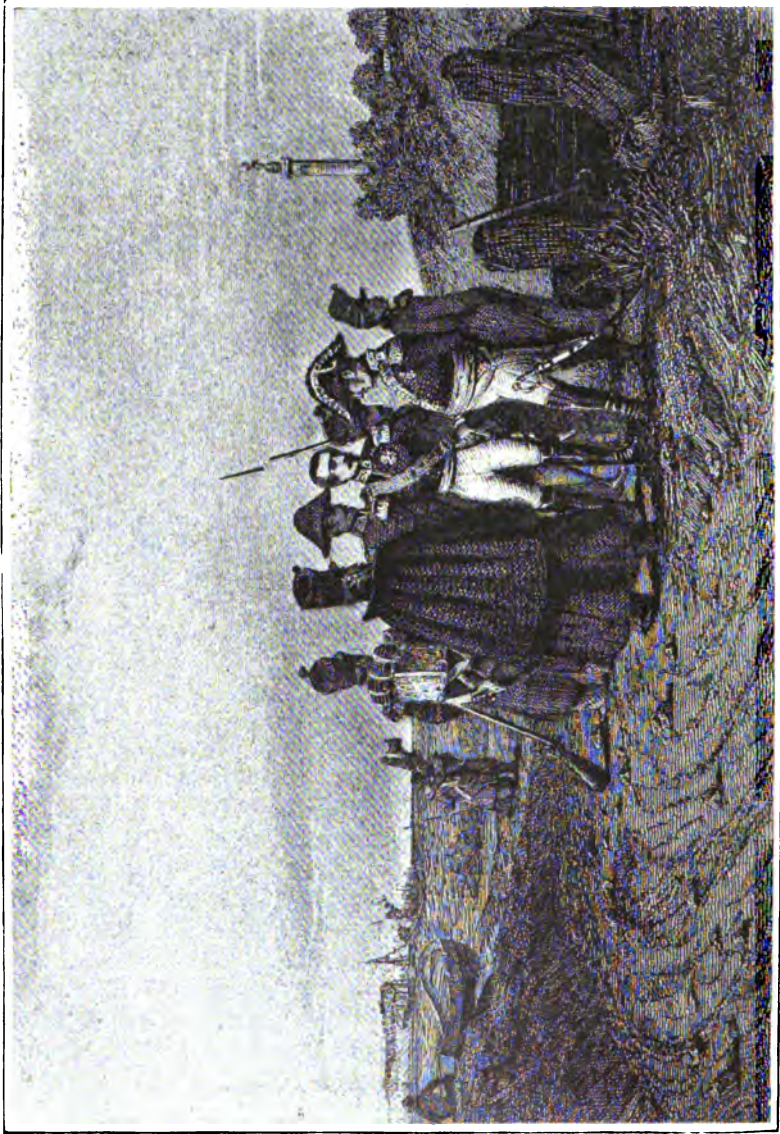
Including the Prince, the expeditionary body consisted of fifty-six persons, more than half of whom were servants. Among the superiors a few, indeed, were cognisant that some such enterprise as the attempt on Strasburg was impending; but apart from Persigny and Conneau, and the two officers ordered to Boulogne to warn Aladenize, every person implicated denied more or less directly at the subsequent trial having been aware of the time of sailing, or even, when once aboard, what was to be the object or the destination. The steamship *Edinburgh Castle* was chartered for a month from July 4th, ostensibly for a party of pleasure-seekers, with freedom to go whithersoever the charterer might desire. During August 3rd there were put on board ship two carriages, nine horses, a number of packages of uniform, and a quantity of wine and spirits. It was charged against the followers of Prince Louis that on arriving at Boulogne they were nearly all drunk. The skipper of the *Edinburgh Castle* testified before the Boulogne authorities that the drinking on board was enormous; and that sixteen dozen of wine, besides a quantity of spirits and liqueurs, were consumed during the two days at sea, or at the rate of about four bottles per man. Probably among the miscellaneous throng of underlings there was a considerable consumption of wine, but it is certain that not one of the conspirators was found, when arrested, to show any tokens of inebriety. The "wild orgie" was of a piece with the story of the "live eagle" which, it was said, was carried on the shoulder of the Prince on entering Boulogne. That bird was bought by Parquin on the pier before sailing. It remained on board ship, and, to use the sententious words of the Sub-prefect of Boulogne, "filled no rôle in the affair." The "eagle," indeed, seems to have been a common vulture, and it subsequently

found a temporary residence in the slaughter-house of the town, whence it escaped, but, altering its mind, it returned, and ultimately belonged to a charcoal merchant of Arras.

On the morning of the 4th the Prince embarked on the *Edinburgh Castle* at Gravesend along with a few of his adherents. To evade suspicion, the members of the expedition were picked up at successive landing places down the river. Montholon, Voisin, Laborde, and Orsi, embarking from Margate, were the last to come aboard. Once out in the channel the steamer cruised about, frequently changing its direction, so as not to anticipate the time of landing arranged with Aladenize. On the 5th the Prince collected his adherents on deck, and made them a short address. "Companions of my destiny," said he, "it is for France that we are bound. The only obstacle is Boulogne; that point once gained our success is certain. Support me bravely, and in a few days we shall be in Paris, and history will relate that it was with a mere handful of gallant fellows such as you are, that I shall have accomplished this great and glorious enterprise!" The Prince had with him a sum of £16,000, left to him by his mother, and shortly before the debarkation, Bure, his paymaster and foster-brother, distributed by order of the Prince 100 francs to each person of the band.

On the early morning of the 6th the *Edinburgh Castle* anchored about a mile off shore, opposite Wimereux, a petty port about two and a half miles north of Boulogne. In four successive trips between two o'clock and three the whole force of the expedition had been landed, and Forestier, Bataille, and Aladenize had been found waiting on the beach. A customs officer had observed the coming and going of the ship's boat, and had hailed it. A voice had replied out of the gloom, "We are soldiers of the 40th regiment, on voyage from Dunkirk to Cher-





THE LANDING OF PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON AT BOULOGNE, JULY 6, 1840.  
(*from an engraving.*)

bourg ; but one of the paddles of our steamer is broken, and that is why we are debarking."

A superior officer of customs asked for some further information. He was told that there was no time for talking, and that by will or by force, he would have to act as guide to the body which had just landed. Montauban asked Brigadier Guilbert of the customs, "Do you know whom you are to escort? It is Prince Napoleon!" The unhappy douanier replied that he would lose his place by acting as a guide. "Men don't lose their places," was the answer, "who are constrained by force. Have no fear. The family of the Prince is rich ; it will not forget you." General Montholon offered the man money, but he would not accept it ; and the Prince, noticing that he was troubled, permitted him to go free on condition that he would keep silence. The lieutenant of customs pleaded fatigue when ordered to lead the way to Boulogne. "Fatigue or no fatigue," cried Mésonan, "you must tramp!" and Parquin threatened the poor fellow with his hand on his sword, shouting, "Come, march!" But the Prince again interposed, and permitted the officer to remain. The man was staunch in refusing Montholon's offer of money, nor would he accept the Prince's promise to pension him should he lose his place. At length the expedition started on the march for Boulogne.

The plan of action was very simple, if not altogether practical. It consisted, above everything, in seizing the barracks occupied by the two companies of the 42nd regiment, in bringing over the soldiers, in seizing and holding the castle which served as arsenal, in taking possession of the principal public buildings, in guarding all the exits ; and then in rapidly organising a military force which should march on Paris, gathering up on the way an irresistible army borne onward by a popular impulse.

About five o'clock on the morning of

the 6th the expeditionary column entered the town. It reached first the Place d'Alton, where there was on duty a post of four men and a sergeant. The sentry recognised Aladenize, who was heading the advance ; then came Lombard carrying the flag, and behind him was visible a brilliant staff followed by a few soldiers. The sentry shouted, "Guard, turn out !" and the men of the post presented arms. Aladenize exclaimed, "Behold the Prince ! Sergeant, come with us" ; but the loyal sergeant would not quit the post he commanded in spite of Aladenize's alluring representations. The sergeant shrewdly noticed that the eagle was above the flag Lombard carried, and that no member of the strange band knew the watchword ; so he ordered his men to stand to their arms and reiterated his refusal to quit his post, giving no heed to Parquin's threat that he would be punished for his recusancy.

The stout sergeant's staunch attitude was ominous, and as the band of conspirators were marching along the Grande Rue, there occurred a second rebuff. An officer of the garrison, Sub-Lieutenant Maussion, was met, and one of the Prince's principal adherents accosted him, asking, "Do you not know the Prince? Come, I will present you !" Maussion declined, but a sort of forced presentation was nevertheless made ; and the Prince begged the young officer to join his enterprise. Maussion, however, stammered out a negative, made a pretext for quitting the Prince, and hurried away to give warning to his superior officer, Colonel Puygellier, of the extraordinary and alarming event which was in course of progress. The Colonel hastened to get into uniform, all the more quickly because tidings had also reached him that a detachment seemingly of the 40th regiment had strangely appeared at the barracks of the 42nd. The news was true ; the expeditionary column had reached the barrack's gate. "To arms ! don't you see the Prince?" shouted Ala-

denize to the sentry on the gate. The soldier obeyed without hesitation the command of his officer; the guard promptly turned out and presented arms, and the Prince, followed by his suite, entered the barracks of the 42nd without the slightest hindrance. Two sentries were at once posted on the gate, with orders to prevent any officer from entering, and to permit nobody to leave the barracks. Already a crowd had gathered outside, into which one of the Prince's officers was throwing money, and calling for shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" It need not be added that the crowd shouted accordingly with a hearty unanimity so long as the distribution of franc pieces held out. A couple of sergeants, just as they entered the barrack-yard, were taken hold of by Aladenize each by an arm, and brought up to the Prince. "This man," said he, "is an old soldier who fully deserves a pair of epaulettes"; and the Prince replied, "I make you at once captain of grenadiers!" Shaking the other sergeant's hand, he said, "And you, *mon brave*, I make you an officer, also!" Then the assiduous Aladenize presented a sergeant-major, whom the Prince made a captain, and desired to bestow on him the cross, taken from his own breast. But in attempting in vain to detach it, he tore his uniform; whereupon he consoled the sergeant-major by assuring him heartily that he was none the less a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour. Sub-Lieutenant Maussion having come on duty Aladenize begged him earnestly to cry "*Vive l'Empereur!*", but in vain. Maussion shouted, "No, never! *Vive le Roi toujours!*"

Now appeared Colonel Puygelier in great excitement. At the gate of the 42nd barracks a retainer of the Prince promptly accosted him. "Colonel!" he entreated, "do join us; here is the Prince; your fortune is made." Puygelier's prompt answer was to draw his sword, and shout: "Clear the way—let me get to my

soldiers." He was surrounded, but he fiercely resisted. "Fine men of honour," he roared, "to commit such a treason as this!" The Prince addressed him: "Colonel, I am Prince Louis; join us, and there is nothing which you may not expect to have." "Prince or no prince," replied the staunch soldier, "I don't know you—get out of my barracks!" Then turning to his men, he cried: "Soldiers, you are being artfully deceived! *Vive le Roi! Rally round me!*" The rest of the loyal officers had now arrived with their swords drawn, and Puygelier formed up his troops preparatory to marching out for action. It was then that Prince Louis in his rash excitement, fired a pistol, and the bullet wounded a grenadier in the mouth. Puygelier promptly distributed ball-cartridges to his men, and rapidly gave orders to certain of his officers to strengthen the barrack-guard, seize the port, and send a detachment to the upper town to prevent the seizure of the castle and the pillage of the arsenal.

By this time it was six o'clock, and the civil authorities were now on the alert. Informed that strange men were traversing the streets with treasonable shouts, they mustered the gendarmes, and warned their subordinates to turn out for duty. Meanwhile the band of conspirators, driven out of the barracks by superior strength, headed for the castle, spreading proclamations and scattering money. As they passed the Sub-prefecture, the Sub-prefect stepped out into the street, and summoned them in the King's name to disperse and at once lay down their flag. The Prince gave the order to push him aside and pass on. As the Sub-prefect showed an intention to bar the way, he was struck full in the chest by a blow of the eagle surmounting the flag, and in defending himself his hands were wounded, so that he was obliged to give way to the Prince and his followers; but he hastened to collect the national guards, some two hundred of whom rendezvoused in the

Place d'Alton under the command of Colonel Sausot.

The adventurers failed to seize the castle, nor did their axes make any serious impression on the closed gates of Calais in the ramparts of the upper town. Without any apparent object, they hurried to the Column of the Grand Army half a mile from Boulogne, ascended it, and planted on its summit the imperial flag. A pursuit by horse and foot was promptly organised, whereupon the adventurers scattered and fled in all directions. The Prince in despair, would fain, it has been alleged, have committed suicide on the spot, but that his adherents prevented him. Aladenize and six others were captured when hiding in the adjacent fields. Desjardins was apprehended in the act of mounting a peasant's horse; Ornano was routed out of a hut in which he had hidden. General Montholon and Colonel Parquin were captured near the port. The main body of adventurers, closely pursued by soldiers and national guards, hurried down to the water's edge, shouting, but in vain, to the Captain of the *Edinburgh Castle* to take them aboard. Most of the fugitives surrendered on the beach; some few, among whom were the Prince, Persigny, Conneau, and Mésonan, plunged into the water and attempted to seize a boat which by chance lay at anchor near the shore. Then the royalist soldiers opened fire at close range on the defenceless unfortunates, and the boat capsized while they were attempting to scramble aboard. Colonel Voisin was hit on the loins and breast, the Prince was struck by a spent ball, Viengiki was severely wounded in the shoulder, and d'Hunin was drowned. Faure was killed. The lieutenant of the port manned a boat, and in the face of the hot fire, rowed to the people in the water and rescued the Prince along with four of his officers. The Sub-prefect and the Mayor bundled the Prince, numbed and shivering, into a

carriage, and drove him to the castle. Persigny, Voisin, Conneau, and Mésonan, streaming with water, followed in another carriage, escorted by gendarmes. The Prince obtained permission to divest himself of his wet clothes, and to go to bed at once. By eight a.m. the affair was at an end—the outbreak, from first to last, having lasted just three hours. The band of filibusters were incarcerated *en masse*.

The third Lord Malmesbury, a lifelong friend of Louis Napoleon, gives a version in his memoirs of the affair, which differs in some particulars from the account detailed above. The Prince and some of his followers, it is stated, had taken possession of a lifeboat, which was swamped; and the Prince was picked up by a steamer while clinging to a buoy a short distance from the shore. He would have been drowned, it is added, but that the custom-house officers brought the *Edinburgh Castle* close enough to permit of his being brought aboard. Some of the party were said to have made their escape by taking forcible possession of horses belonging to some English gentlemen, but were pursued and most of them taken; some, however, were killed by the French soldiers after they had surrendered.

Early on the morning of the 7th, two carriages entered the castle-yard. The Sub-prefect and some of the other authorities presented themselves, and desired the Prince to follow. As he came out of the yard his adherents thronged the windows of their cells with shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" Halting for a moment, the Prince turned to them, and said in a loud voice, "Adieu, my friends! I protest against this forcible removal!" His farewell, uttered with emotion, was answered by a loud voice from the officer's prison, "Adieu, Prince! the great shade of the Emperor will protect you!" He was escorted to the fortress of Ham by a detachment of lancers and a body of municipal guards. At midnight of the 8th the Prince arrived at the fortress, with

the grim walls of which he was soon to be familiar during a long and weary captivity. But for the present, Ham was but a temporary resting-place. He was brought to Paris on the 12th, and in the cell in the Conciergerie which Fieschi had occupied was imprisoned under the close surveillance of three warders, without permission to have even the services of his valet.



BERRYER.

(From a lithograph.)

Louis Philippe's government brought Prince Napoleon and his adherents to trial before the Court of Peers, the highest tribunal of the realm. A middle-class jury had acquitted the conspirators of Strasburg; but the Court knew itself safe in the hands of the Peers, although most of them owed their honours to the great uncle of the chief of the accused. The illustrious Berryer undertook the defence of the Prince, and the trial was begun on September 28th. Much curiosity was

evinced as the Prince, followed by Berryer and the venerable Montholon, and wearing the highest order of the Legion of Honour, passed to his seat, a little apart from his adherents.

The Chancellor, addressing him as "First accused," bade the Prince stand up. He gave his name and age; his profession he described as "A French Prince

in exile." Then, having obtained permission, he read the interesting statement from which here only extracts can be made. "For the first time of my life," said he, in a firm voice, "I am at last able to make my voice heard in France, and to speak freely to Frenchmen.

. . . In the midst of you, gentlemen, whom I know, I cannot think that I need justify myself, or that you can be my judges. If, without pride as without weakness, I recall the rights deposited by the nation in the hands of my family, it is only to explain the duties which those rights have imposed on us all. For the fifty years during which the principle of

the sovereignty of the people has been consecrated in France by the most powerful revolution the world has ever seen, the national will has never been so solemnly proclaimed, as in the adoption of the Constitutions of the Empire. The nation has never revoked this great act of her sovereignty, and the Emperor said, 'All that has been done without her is illegal.' . . . The cruel and undeserved proscription which for twenty-five years has dragged my life from the steps of a throne to the prison

which I have just left, has not been able to impair the courage of my heart. It has not made me for a day a stranger to the dignity, the glory, and the rights and interests of France. . . . As for the recent enterprise for which I stand arraigned, I have had no accomplices. Nobody knew beforehand my projects, my resources, my hopes. If I be guilty towards anyone, it is only towards my friends. They will understand the motives of honour that prevent me from divulging even to them how widespread and powerful were my reasons for anticipating success. . . . A last word, gentlemen. I represent before you a principle, a cause, a defeat. The principle is the sovereignty of the people; the cause is that of the Empire; the defeat is Waterloo. . . . The representative of a political cause, I cannot accept as the judge of my acts and aspirations a political jurisdiction. In the struggle about to open, there is only the conqueror and the conquered. If you be the men of the conqueror, I have no justice to expect from you, and I repudiate your generosity."

This address made a strong impression on the Court.

The Prince's subsequent examination was brief, since he refused to criminate others, and kept his own counsel. He declared that the discharge of his pistol

was a casual mischance—an accident of excitement.

The trial lasted until October 6th, the time for the most part occupied by the pleadings and evidence on behalf of the conspirators. The sentence, finally, to which the Prince was condemned was perpetual imprisonment in a fortress of France. Montholon, Parquin, Lombard, and Persigny were doomed to twenty years *detention*, and Mésonan to fifteen. Three more were sentenced to ten years, and three more to five; all under surveillance of the police for life, and deprivation of their titles, rank, and decoration. Conneau and Laborde were sentenced to five years imprisonment.

The sentences were delivered by the Court in the absence of the prisoners. At four p.m. of October 6th, 1840, the officers of the Court of Peers entered the cell of Prince Louis Napoleon; and in a broken voice M. Cauchy read the decree condemning the nephew of Napoleon to imprisonment for life. "At least, Sir," was the calm reply of Prince Louis, "I shall die in France." In response to a rather heartless question, he asked with a quiet smile, "How long does 'perpetuity' last in France, Monsieur?" Six years later, he was to answer that question, as the result of his own personal experience.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]





"LAVINIA."  
*By Ettore Cercone.*

# TYPES OF ITALIAN BEAUTY.

BY GEORGE C. HAITÉ, R.B.A.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CERCONE, CAPRILE, AND DE SANCTIS.



WHEN the suggestion was made to the Editor of *The Idler* that he should give a series of types of feminine beauty of many lands, it was not anticipated that he would require, much less request, from me any expression or description on the same. And when I agreed to contribute a few remarks as an introduction to this subject, to accompany the beautiful and characteristic heads of Italian women by my friends Cercone, De Sanctis, and Caprile, I did so, intending to pose as a modern Paris in a jovial way, and had prepared my notes in that strain, to the amusement and approval of my Italian brother artists. But, alas! a few days before the copy was sent in, I received notice of the sudden death of Signor Cercone. So sad an event rendered the publication of the notes out of the question.

So beautiful artistically, and so characteristic as types of the parts of Italy selected are the heads, that they require no comment, far less excuse, for their publication. "Catinetta," as type of Venice, by Vincenzo Caprile, will recall to all those who have visited "the City by the Sea" many a sweet Venetian face; while "Graziella," by Guiseppe de Sanctis, will as readily recall many a Neapolitan beauty.

The head of "Lavinia," by Cercone, typifying the characteristic beauties of the Roman woman, derives an interest apart from its excellence as a work of art, for it is absolutely the last drawing he made. Eltore Cercone was born in Naples in 1850, and sprang from a military family. He entered the Naval College, and took

part in the battle of Lissa. But during the time he was working in his profession as a naval officer his strong artistic inclinations led him to practise and study art, and later on he entered as a pupil at the Royal Academy of Naples. He painted several Japanese and Arab subjects; and such was his success and promise as a painter, that he left the Service with the grade of Captain of Corvetta, and devoted all his time and energies to art.

His picture "Ammiraglio Caracciolo" was bought by the King of Italy for the Italian National Gallery, while one of his Oriental subjects was purchased by the Prince of Naples. Another, a Japanese subject, came into the possession of his distinguished fellow-countryman, Mr. Louis Fagan. He painted on commission several "Madonnas." His portraits in pastel were exceptionally strong in handling and original in colour, and made for him great renown. Some of his small oil Venetian works are at present on view at the Fine Arts Society, and one of his most important pictures, "Prayer on Board Ship," at Berlin. He died at Sorrento, Sept. 13, whither he had gone for a few days on his return from London. The Italian Admiralty sent a special boat to bring back the body of the sailor-artist; and the funeral at Naples was of a most imposing and impressive character, for Eltore Cercone was not only honoured as a painter of repute, but as *bon camarade* and reliable friend.

Vincenzo Caprile was born at Naples in 1856, and started painting when quite a boy. He frequented the Royal Academy



of Naples, and was always a favourite with the masters, who predicted a most brilliant future to the young man for whom Art had no secrets. He made a name with a picture called "The Dote di Rita," which was followed by a series of rustic subjects. He afterwards went to Buenos Ayres and had great success as a portrait painter. One of his principal pictures, "The Rest," received the gold medal in Rome, and was purchased by the Munich Pynacotek. Other gold medals were received at Naples, Palermo, Nice, and Genoa. He is a Knight of the Order of the Crown of Italy, and two of his pictures were painted by command of the King of Italy for presentation to the Emperor of Germany.

Guiseppe de Sanctis was born in Naples, 1858, and received the name of Guiseppe in homage to his god-father, the illustrious Guiseppe Verdi. He studied under the celebrated Neapolitan artist, Domenico Morelli. In the years 1879 and 1880 he took part in the national examinations which correspond in Italy to the French "Prix de Rome," and in the first obtained honourable mention, and in the second took the first prize. The Government commissioned him to copy the picture of "Spagnoletto," which is now at the Royal Academy of Naples. After some time in Paris, where he met with great success, he returned to Naples, and, among other important works, painted his celebrated picture, "The Evening Prayer," which was purchased by the King of Italy; and he further did several portraits and military subjects for the Prince of Naples, and has received medals and honours in all the continental exhibitions.

These heads may be taken as types of Italian beauty, but there can hardly be a more abstract question than that of beauty, and hardly one in which the individual may more legitimately sit in judgment.

It is certainly a subject that even the Minor Poet should hesitate to dogmatise

upon, since it has been a vexed question for all time. This is scarcely to be wondered at, for beauty is generally based upon individual idiosyncrasies, and the vagaries of fashion.

I remember, as one of a small dinner-party given by Bernard Quaritch in honour of the late Sir Richard Burton, that the question of morality was raised and discussed, and the finish given to the differences of opinion by Sir Richard, who, in his quiet manner, declared, "Morality is but a question of geography!" And as with the morality of nations so is it with the standard of beauty; the woman ridiculed and reviled in one quarter of the globe may in another be exalted into a fetish.

Nature herself has fixed no standard, or stamped with approval any particular pattern; and even if she had, it would have been at once man's delight and prerogative to ignore it. How much beauty may be a matter of fashion, and to illustrate how an insisted theory becomes at *last* acceptable even to those most antagonistic, we have only to refer to the beauty points of the bull-dog or dachshund, and to the fashion-plates of even forty years ago.

It is an accepted faith that women should be beautiful, and we should be proportionately thankful that they are. Some of the wittiest and most eloquent things have been said to and of pretty women; in fact, the whole art of compliment is based upon it—the majority transparent enough, but none the less acceptable. Was it not Queen Elizabeth who, anxious to draw a compliment on her own attractions, asked if her "ladies in waiting were not beautiful," to which came the answer, "I cannot admire the planets in the presence of the sun." Perhaps no greater compliment could be paid a pretty woman than that made by a small boy to his mother. Owing to some captious conduct on his part she asked him sadly, "Ah, how



"GRAZIELLA."  
*By Giuseppe de Sanctis.*



"CATINETTA."  
*By Vincenzo Caprile.*

would you like to have another mother ? ” to which he replied, “ I should not mind how many mothers I had if they were all as pretty as you.”

“ Brown eyes or blue eyes, hazel or grey,  
What are the eyes I drink to to-day ?  
No matter their colour,  
I drink to the eyes  
That weep when I weep,  
When I laugh, laugh replies.”

So sings the poet ! The poet of poets he shows himself on *this* subject ! For by the expression of such sentiments he proves himself a philosopher, and remains a man—a combination, it will be admitted, that is rare.

It would be nothing less than sacrilege to define beauty, even were it possible, for such definition would shake the foundations of humanity just as surely as the sacred edifice of poetry itself would totter to its fall were it possible to define the “ welkin ” ! We are told that a rash individual, anxious for utter extermination of body and eternal fame, once *asked* what the “ welkin ” *meant*. His ambition, we are also told, was realised as far as the extermination went ; but the undivulged name remains to this day the secret of secrets of the cult of Poesy. For my part, *all* women are beautiful—only some *more* so, and a few bewilderingly so. I have no prejudices. When I am in the land of sunshine, I am conscious only of the eyes of Italy. In France it is the eyes themselves which compel my notice of ankles, while the women of my own country are all that a dreamer of dreams could imagine.

Men have described many things, and most things have suffered in the description. Woman has always been a favourite theme, and in the attempt to depict her charms, the most likely and unlikely—the most suitable and unsuitable—objects

have been laid under contribution. As well, indeed, hope to describe the flavour of the grape or peach, by the description of the ruddy purple of the one and subtle pink of the other ! How trite and unworthy of the subject is the attempted description of the eyes, the hair, the lips, and teeth, by dragging in to serve as analogies the skies, the gloss of the raven's wing, the driven whiteness of the pearl. Of a verity a woman is like nothing in nature—as surely as there is nothing in nature like a woman ! She exists for man to admire, and the painter to attempt to depict, but for the poet she is *not*, much as that misguided class have imagined she was made only for them to distort by description.

Types of Beauty can only be, I venture to think, expressed by the magic of the pencil. A head by Greuze or Romney gives at one glance a better sensation of *what* beauty is than the finest poem by the greatest poet. The fact is, it is indeed a poor mind that cannot create its own ideal. We see the painter's ideal and accept it as his, leaving still our own untouched. But the painter in words, sing he ever so sweetly, leaves us still with what we know is undefined and undefinable. It may well be doubted if there ever existed a man possessed of healthy vision who was absolutely insensible to female beauty. He certainly would be a most undesirable acquaintance.

Let us then leave things as Nature intended, each eye seeking for, and finding, its own ideal of Beauty, and the larger one's capacity for admiration is the better, resting convinced that other lands can give us representative beauties—as full of tender grace, of sweet expressions and womanly attributes, as these three types of Fair Italian Maidens so admirably portrayed by Cercone, De Sanctis, and Caprile.



**HOW WE BUY HORSES.**  
*By Fred. Pegram.*

1.—"HAS CARRIED A LADY"

# HIS HIGHNESS PRINCE KWAKOO

BY HESKETH BELL, F.R.G.S.

ILLUSTRATED BY D. B. WATERS.



IF Prince Kwakoo had been asked to recall his earliest memories, his mind would probably have reverted to a steamy morning, some thirty years ago, when he and two other little naked black boys stood on the muddy bank of the sacred Bosum Pra river, in Ashanti, fishing for the wretched mud-fish that wriggled on the slimy ooze.

Nobody caught anything: he was the weakest of the trio, and the other two, to vary their piscatorial sport, amused themselves by hitting him on his woolly head and abusing him in the vivid vituperation which forms the earliest part of a West African education. His tormentors, warming to the fun, whacked him with great gusto, and absolutely surpassed themselves in variety of abuse. They made very insulting references to poor Kwakoo's parentage, and even pointed their little black thumbs at him—an insult whose turbid depths only those who know West Africa can gauge.

Kwakoo was having the very devil of a time. He buried his head in the long grass that grew by the river-side and, with scalding tears, thought how keenly he would enjoy gouging out the eyes of his tormentors and doing unto them sundry other acts which he had seen performed, a few days before, on a luckless prisoner taken by the tribe after a fight with the people of Denkera.

A little later, a red-bearded missionary passed that way. He was being carried

along in a canvas hammock, on men's heads, *more Africano*, and the little urchin's sobs attracted his attention. The Reverend Ebenezer Jones, of the Wesleyan persuasion, Superintendent of the Missions on the Gold Coast, and a worthy man to boot, was on his way back to his comfortable station at Cape Coast Castle, after a tour through the inland districts of the protected territories, where he had been spying out the country with a view to extending the operations of the Mission. Kwakoo's village, though well within the Ashanti country, had appeared to be propitious soil for the good seed, and the worthy missionary was returning to the Coast well satisfied with the preliminary arrangements which he had made with the chief of the district for the ultimate erection of a chapel and school, where the youth of Ashanti might be taught to say A B C, sing hymns, and wear boots.

The Reverend Ebenezer caused the sobbing Kwakoo to be brought to him, and his heart bled for the little boy when he heard his piteous tale. One of the hammock-men, who hailed from the locality, knew all about him. The youngster was quite alone in the cluster of mud huts which to him were the world; father, he had none, and his mother, whose moral character and social status would scarcely bear enquiry, had died the week before, leaving poor Kwakoo a waif and stray upon the village, where he was getting more kicks than cowries. He was a sturdy little ruffian, with smooth round limbs and a soft black skin, under which the little muscles were already



KWAKOO WAS HAVING THE VERY DEVIL OF A TIME.

beginning to stretch themselves out plainly. His beady black eyes glistened with any amount of intelligence, and the low receding brow of the true-bred Ashanti showed the full cunning of his race.

The missionary took a sudden fancy for the boy, and, needless to say, Master Kwakoo literally jumped at the offer to be taken to Cape Coast, there to enter the Wesleyan school, with the ultimate object of becoming a long-coated catechist who would, in time, go forth and wage a weak-kneed war against the priests of Fetish.

For five or six years, the boy stayed at the Mission station, and developed into a marvel of dusky 'cuteness. He took to wearing clothes as if he had been born in them, and barely a month after he had been rescued from the "Bush" he was detected in front of a bit of looking-glass, with a razor, trying to shave a parting in the middle of the rebellious wool that fuzzed out on his little pate. With that marvellous imitativeness that characterises the coloured child, he learnt to speak English in a wonderfully short time; not the Christy-Minstrel sort of patter that darkies are popularly supposed to interlard with "Gollies" and guffaws, but real English such as the missionary and his wife spoke, without even omitting the little Scotch accent that the lady had. After a few months, he could sing hymns with a penetrating twang better than other boys who had been in the Mission school for years, and though he did not know the barest facts about the history of his country, Kwakoo could have told you all about William Rufus or the decapitation of King Charles.

In spite of all this, he remained thoroughly Ashanti in nature, and would steal sugar or a stray copper, or tell an artistic lie with the best of them. Needless to say, Kwakoo had been baptized on the very day he arrived at the Mission station. The pastor and his wife were convinced that their *protégé* as "James

Jones" would stand a much better chance of ultimately getting to Heaven than as Kwakoo of Achimfo. The boy was really an extraordinary product of Africa, and the Reverend Ebenezer, who believed in the future of the negro race, would point him out as a striking example of the capacity and possible development of our black brethren!

But one day, alas! there was grief and tribulation in the Mission, and a terrible fuss all round. It was spoken of with bated breath by the pastors and their wives. The coloured servants who, though saved, knew that the leopard could not change his spots, sniggered and chuckled in the corners when the news first spread. The sallow-faced clerks in the factory, which overlooked the Mission garden, grinned over their cocktails and said, "Same old story," while the worthy pastor almost wept when he thought of the wickedness of his *protégé*.

Just as the factory clerks had said—it was the same old story. A comely Denker wench who had been in the establishment for three years, and who, as Mrs. Jones pathetically remarked to one of the traders' wives, was "just beginning to do crewel-work so beautifully," was returned in disgrace to her tribe, while our hero, now a strapping youth of sixteen who tried to twist a few woolly hairs on his upper lip into the semblance of a moustache, left the Mission station in a hurry and with a stick at his back.

Anywhere else our young man would have been on his beam-ends, but not so with Master Kwakoo, or rather, I should say, with James Jones, Esquire, as he loved to style himself. On the Gold Coast, everyone who wears boots is an esquire, while the possession of a tall hat is equal to sixteen quarterings. The fellow was known to be an exceedingly smart youth and quick at figures, and barely two hours after his ignominious exit from the Wesleyan Mission, Kwakoo found himself engaged as outdoor clerk



in a factory at a salary of thirty shillings a month. In less than a year there were not many tricks of the Cape Coast trade that he was not fully equal to, and it was simply admirable to see the way in which he could swindle the "bush-people" out of their rubber, or palm off on them lengths of cotton which only measured thirty-three inches to the yard. In spite of his talents, however, he was employed and dismissed in turn by nearly every firm in the place, and it was wonderful to see what Kwakoo could do on thirty shillings a month. He wore patent-leather boots on Sundays, with very pointed toes, a beautiful silk hat, and the tallest collars that could be bought on the Gold Coast. There was not a petty Customs officer with whom he was not hand-in-glove, and the profits of whatever factory happened to employ him always dwindled somehow or other while it enjoyed the benefit of our hero's services. The factory managers would declare that the trade of the Gold Coast was "going to the deuce," and scurrilous letters appeared in the local papers abusing the Government for its criminal supineness. Though brass-filings would be found mixed up in the gold-dust taken by the cashier, and stocks of valuable goods seemed to shrink in an unaccountable manner, yet nothing was ever actually brought home to Kwakoo. Suspicion sometimes rested heavily upon him, and more than once was he threatened with a spell of forced labour on Her Majesty's roads, but he always exhibited such extraordinary talent in accounting for everything, and had such a frank open look in his sharp black eyes, that someone else was usually the victim.

All this was very well, but James Jones, as we must, at this stage, call him, pined for a wider field, and despised the feeble opportunities which were afforded to his talents in the restricted area of trade at a Cape Coast factory. During the six or seven years which had elapsed since

he had severed his connection with the worthy missionaries, he had done very fairly in a small way, and, being gifted with a considerable amount of prudence and foresight, he possessed, stowed away in a secure hiding-place, quite a respectable little sum as the result of his successful operations. Finding that the Wesleyans would have none of him, the sable Jones had looked with favour on the proselytism of the Roman Catholic fathers, and his early conversion had filled those good men with hopes for their future efforts in the place. By the time he was one-and-twenty he had married a respectable black girl, who had been taken in hand by the nuns, and though he had another little *ménage* in another quarter of the town, he passed as a decent member of society.

It may not be generally known that the British settlements in West Africa already possess a civilised native society, whose progress of late years has been quite extraordinary. In one generation a complete transition, from almost primitive savagery to the latest refinements of culture, has been witnessed; and there are a number of coloured gentlemen who fill, with perfect capability, high positions in Church and State. There are doctors, clergymen, responsible officials, and lawyers of pure black complexion; and their capacity in their different provinces compares favourably with that of their white competitors. Especially successful are the gentlemen of the Long Robe, and the fat fees pocketed by some of them would bring water to the mouth of many a hard-worked barrister at home.

James Jones' great ambition was to become a lawyer. The legalised pillage, as it seemed to him, of the native monarchs of the Interior, who became litigants in the Cape Coast Courts, especially appealed to his ideas on the fitness of things; and he heard, with much envy, of the heavy "retainers" paid by certain chiefs to barristers of

colour who undertook to look after their interests. He had what is known as the "gift of the gab" to a marked degree, and he foresaw the effect of his forensic eloquence on a susceptible jury. Rapidly he made up his mind. The hidden store was unearthed, a passage was secured on the mail steamer for Liverpool; and after a lukewarm farewell to his spouse, we find our hero, at the age of two-and-twenty, well on his way to London to enter, at one of the Inns of Court, as a postulant for wig and gown.

He was not quite alone in his attack on the great metropolis, for the same ship carried another young man of colour and ambition, hailing from another part of West Africa, who was also on his way to England, on academical honours bent. Theophilus Moncrieff, as he called himself, not possessing the amount of assurance boasted of by his compatriot, speedily attached himself to the stronger vessel, and was filled with awe and admiration at the audacity of his views and the breadth of his ambition. Theophilus, however, was the son of worthy parents, who had been civilised for some time; and who, owing to the kindness which they had often shown to unfortunate young parsons, who had left their bones in pestiferous West Africa, had been able to procure for their son several letters of introduction to persons in London society. These were the very things that James felt were most necessary to him in the strange land to which he was bound, and he spared no pains to obtain a predominant influence over the mind of his ductile and timid companion.

There were no difficulties in the preliminaries attendant on their introduction to one of the Temples; and our two young darkies found there a considerable number of their dusky brothers on legal distinction bent. A West End tailor had fitted them out in the height of fashion; and James Jones' collars were the tallest, and his boots the shiniest that could be

seen within a mile of the Law Courts. After a few days they were quite at home in their new surroundings; they dined in hall like the others, and rapidly lost all trace of the awe with which the dignified old buildings at first inspired them. The prototypes of the venerable portraits of bygone benchers, which hung on the walls, would probably have waxed very incredulous had it been foretold to them that the woolly Ethiopian, the dusky Hindu, and the yellow-skinned Malay would one day sit cheek by jowl at the tables whereat they themselves had sat and supped according to ancient custom.

Acting on the recommendation of Moncrieff's friends, the two men took up their abode in one of the thousand boarding-houses in Bayswater. It was a highly respectable establishment, and as the bills were made out in guineas instead of pounds, the landlady called it a "private hotel." The two new boarders made quite a sensation among the three widows, seven spinsters, and a shortsighted nondescript who formed the majority of what the proprietress called her "guests." Any amount of fuss was made over them, and the fact that the two darkeys could talk real English and did not say "Golly Massa" was so astounding to these good folk, that it passed their comprehension.

"My dear, I dare say they are princes in their own country," said one of the widows to her angular daughter, "and I'm not sure whether I ought not to have curtsied when they were introduced!" The lady was so exercised on the matter, that she took an early opportunity of having her mind set at rest on the point. She caught our hero, the next morning, in the little back drawing-room. "I suppose, er—er—Mr. Jones, that, in your own country, a good deal of ceremony is observed when ladies are presented to you; for—ahem—I was told, the other day, that you were a prince in Africa!" and the poor soul blushed at her audacity.

James Jones smiled inwardly when he thought of the amount of ceremony observed with the semi-nude ladies of his native village, but, at the same instant, it suddenly flashed upon him that his diffident interlocutor had unwittingly opened his eyes to a flattering vista full of grand possibilities. He instantly assured the lady that he certainly was a prince, and *sangre d'azul* which flowed in his veins was descended from the remotest antiquity. He informed her confidentially that for reasons of State he and his friend were temporarily travelling *incognito*, but that they hoped soon to appear in their real rank and condition. Of course, he told her all this in strict confidence, and by ten o'clock next morning there was not an inmate of the house who did not know that they were being honoured by one who, though of darkest hue, was nevertheless a Royal Prince, and entitled to the greatest consideration. The three widows, the seven spinsters, and the nondescript all swallowed the story with the greatest avidity, and the only one who showed himself inclined to be sceptical was a crusty old colonel on half-pay who was heard to mutter something, under his moustache, about "niggers," with a qualifying adjective.

In less than a week there was a complete metamorphosis. James Jones departed from the Bayswater boarding-house, leaving no address, and the visitors' book at a second-rate hotel in the centre of London recorded the arrival of Prince Kwakoo of Kokurantum, attended by his Private Secretary! It had not taken our young friend very long to discover that, as plain James Jones, his impression on London society would be nothing out of the ordinary. There were scores of decent young men of colour from Africa and the West Indies walking about the streets, and the attention they attracted was confined to a certain amount of passing interest on the part of those who had not travelled in tropic climes. The name

which the worthy missionary had conferred on his convert carried not the slightest distinction with it, and there was absolutely no reason why he should not change it for a better one. The weak-minded Theophilus had been easily persuaded to take part in Kwakoo's scheme, and he did not scruple to introduce his companion to his English friends in his new and glorified character. He comforted his conscience by the reflection that Kwakoo, for all he knew, might very possibly be a prince after all. Kings are plentiful as blackberries in West Africa, and all their sons are princes. Every petty chief who holds authority over a couple of bush-villages in the interior can call himself *Manche*, and the monarchs of West Africa remind one strongly of the kings of Ireland in the days of St. Patrick, of whom two hundred were slain in one battle!

Away went the tall silk hat, the Bond Street frock-coat, and the patent-leather boots, and in their place our prince donned a barbaric but gorgeous robe resplendent with gold lace and brocade of many colours. He wore a strange arrangement on his head, cunningly concocted of a yellow silk kerchief twisted round a gilded circlet that hinted at a coronet, and in this attire the fellow was quite a striking figure. He was really a handsome scoundrel in spite of his dusky hue and features of African type. Like most of his breed, he had a remarkably clean-cut and muscular figure, and his Ashanti blood showed itself in the comely shape of his narrow feet and hands.

One or two good introductions through Moncrieff's friends were quite sufficient, and the portals of Bayswater and West Kensington were thrown wide open for the handsome West African prince who could talk English so beautifully. Invitations to "At Homes" and dinners rained upon him, and all the Ladies Leo Hunter sent him cards for their parties. The Middle Temple, of course, knew him no



HE WAS SEEN EVERYWHERE.

more, and Kwakoo devoted himself entirely to playing the part which had, in a measure, been thrust upon him, and which he acted so well. There was not the slightest difficulty about it. No one seemed to think of doubting any of his stories, and the details which he gave about his native land, being always backed up by the docile Theophilus, were received by enthusiastic ladies with alacrity. His romantic story grew almost in spite of himself, and so often did he repeat it, that he began to think it was true. Gradually he evolved himself into being the son of an aged potentate whose dominions were located far up in the Interior, where British influence was quite unknown. He accounted for his mastery of the English language by a romantic little story in which he appeared as the young prince who had been kidnapped in his early youth by a hostile party and sold to others, who had brought him to a British Mission station, where he had been taught all he knew by the good pastor and his wife. He had finally made his escape and returned to the dominions of his royal father, who, after loading him with favours, had desired him to make a journey to England as a fitting preparation for the sovereign power which he would soon inherit. It was really quite a pretty little story, and as there was no one able or willing to contradict it, it was implicitly believed. The ignorance of people "at home" about the geography and condition of British possessions in West Africa is so astounding that no one dreamt of doubting the existence of the remote kingdom of Kokurantum. The only chances of exposure lay at the Colonial Office or from persons connected with the Gold Coast, and as Prince Kwakoo steered carefully clear of any such contact, the illusion was easily maintained.

Neither was the *rôle* of West African Prince a very expensive one. Two or three handsome robes of eccentrically coloured silks and brocades sufficed to

dress the character, and a few promises of handsome presents, which would be sent from the Gold Coast when he returned to his father's dominions, did wonders in a social way. The Prince even invested a few pounds in small gold nuggets, which can easily be purchased in London, and the two or three which he presented to ladies of his acquaintance were accepted in earnest of the vast wealth which probably belonged to him.

The papers began to have paragraphs about him; he was called "one of our distinguished visitors." He lunched with the Lord Mayor. It was "Prince Kwakoo" here and "Prince Kwakoo" there, and one paper took to speaking of him as "His Highness." Kwakoo forthwith had visiting cards printed for "H.H. the Prince of Kokurantum," with a crown in blue! He was seen everywhere: at the opera, at races, and at social functions of all sorts. He wore a glittering aigrette in his head-dress, made of Parisian diamonds, and gradually added so many gorgeous details to his costume, that a genuine West African chief would have been extremely surprised on being shown the *gala* dress which he was supposed to wear.

At Henley, Prince Kwakoo was seen in an elegantly appointed punt with a rather pretty girl, to whom he appeared to be paying considerable attention. The spectacle was an interesting one and gave rise to much comment. The remarks made by certain young men were anything but complimentary, and would have greatly offended the ears of His Highness.

All this, however, cost money, and in spite of the economy which he practised whenever possible, the small capital which the fellow had brought with him dwindled in an alarming manner, and he began to wonder what would happen when the last sovereign should disappear. He had run up a considerable bill at the hotel, and matters were beginning to look unsatisfactory, when, one afternoon, at an "At Home," in Hampstead, our hero made

the acquaintance of a Company Promoter of more or less doubtful reputation. This gentleman was attracted by the string of small gold nuggets which the Prince was wearing as a bracelet.

"Found in your Highness's country, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes," replied our man, with alacrity, "we have large gold-bearing tracts in Kokurantum, but, owing to the difficulties of transport, they have been barely scratched by my people."

"Indeed," answered the city man, whose eyes, as the American would say, "were beginning to bulge," "you don't say so! Dear me! This is very interesting," and he forthwith had a most animated conversation with the Prince on the subject of concessions, mining rights, and all sorts of company-promoting technicalities. He begged the Prince to favour him with a special interview, and His Highness was charmed to learn that, owing to a "boom" in Rand shares, anything in the shape of a gold-mining concession in Africa, South, East, or West, would be taken up with avidity in the City. Kwakoo instantly discovered that Kokurantum was one of the most auriferous regions in the world, simply pining in neglect from the fact that no one had hitherto taken the trouble to prospect in that remote region! Whether the astute negotiator believed His Highness's stories or not matters little. He saw his opportunity; Prince Kwakoo was making a "boom"; he wore gold nuggets on his wrists, was a Prince, and evidently prepared to grant concessions and mining rights over hundreds of square miles in Africa. In less than a fortnight a syndicate was formed to exploit the Kokurantum Ophir Gold Mines, with a capital of many thousands. Prince Kwakoo signed any number of papers and made sketches of the gold-fields, and the cunning way in which he trailed rivers about his maps, and put in forests just where they would be wanted, was delightfully artistic. Everything was working admirably for him. A

handsome sum was paid over to him by the concessionnaires in anticipation of the much heavier amount to be received when the company was formed and floated, and Prince Kwakoo lived like an English Duke.

The pretty girl with whom he had dallied in the punt at Henley had become quite attached to the fellow. She was a simple and rather silly girl, the daughter of very third-rate people, who thought they could not do too much for a real live prince, even though he might be only a black one. Kwakoo proposed, was accepted with transports of delight on the part of the family, and even with a certain amount of satisfaction by the girl, who saw considerable charm in her black lover, and called him "Othello." The remembrance of his sable wife and little naked brats in Cape Coast never troubled the scoundrel's mind for an instant. He was quite satisfied to live in the Present, and had the true darkey's contempt for the Future. There was a grand wedding, and any amount of fuss was made over the event. In order to make it more interesting, Kwakoo, who had affected all along to be a firm believer in the Gods of Fetish, publicly abjured his false Divinities, and, in an impressive ceremony, suffered himself to be received into the arms of the Church. He vowed to cheerfully resign the three hundred and thirty wives which, *à la mode Kokurantum*, his royal father had already selected for him, and the happy pair spent their honeymoon in a pretty country seat in the Midlands, which had been placed at their disposal.

Time sped on in the most delightful manner, and Kwakoo thought England a paradise. One day, however, His Highness was informed, on his return from his honeymoon, that the concessionnaires were ready to begin operations with the mines at an early date, and that they desired to know whether he proposed to return soon to his dominions,

or whether he intended to send out some properly accredited person who might place them in possession of their newly acquired rights. Prince Kwakoo, for the first time, was beginning to be doubtful of the results of his schemes. Although he had located the kingdom of Kokurantum as far away from beaten tracks in West Africa as he could without putting it into the Sahara, he now began to realise that he would soon be called upon to give it a local habitation as well as a name. He put a bold face upon the matter, however, and answered that he proposed to return to Kokurantum that day month! At the same time, as he had several commissions to execute for his royal father, whose remittances would only arrive after his departure for Africa, he would be much obliged if Messieurs les Concessionnaires would deposit to his credit an amount which he specified, in order to save inconvenience.

All arrangements were then made for the Prince's return to West Africa. Theophilus Moncrieff, who had been alarmed at the tremendous results of Kwakoo's introduction, through him, to London society, had lost all nerve, and, under pretence of desiring to learn French on the Continent, had disappeared from the scene shortly before the wedding. In spite of the Prince's strong objections, his English wife was thoroughly determined to accompany him to his native land. Her parents firmly backed her resolve, and in order to prevent the development of any suspicions in their minds, he finally agreed to take the lady with him. Passages were engaged for their Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Kokurantum by one of the mail steamers that ply between Liverpool and the ports of West Africa, and the couple had a great "send off." They were accompanied by an agent of the syndicate, and a mining engineer, who were to make a report on the concession which Prince Kwakoo had conveyed so successfully.

As soon as the subject of this memoir set foot on the African boat, he began to realise that the game was nearly up. The Captain and officers knew the exact value of West African princes, and their quotation of them was not a high one. Of a Prince of Kokurantum, of course, none of them had ever heard, but as West Africa is a great country where, as I said before, kings are very plentiful, no one cared to assert positively that there was no such Principality in the far Interior, and the pair were consequently treated with a certain amount of consideration. The ire of the Captain, a gruff old salt, was especially roused, however, by Prince Kwakoo's visiting card with its closed crown, which was ostentatiously exhibited on his deck-chair and on all his baggage, and once the old man declared to the chief officer, with some forcible language, his conviction that he had seen Kwakoo in some humble capacity at Cape Coast.

Shrewdly knowing that his exotic robes would be very much out of place on board a West African steamer, the Prince had resumed civilised attire, and his unfortunate wife, from whom the glamour was already beginning to depart, was fain to confess to herself that her husband, in the trousers and coat of a white man with a round felt hat, looked a very different personage from the gorgeous figure he had cut in London, with his brocades and jewelled aigrette. The poor woman was much pitied by the other passengers who knew what a wretched lot hers would be. They were well aware of the deep prejudice that exists in the tropics against the legitimate intercourse of the two races, and were sincerely sorry for the sad awakening that would befall her on arriving at their destination. She was a foolish little body though, and still persisted in the illusion concerning her husband's rank and position. She insisted on being addressed as though she were a real princess, and it was pitiable to hear her

talk, with evident satisfaction, about her husband's royal parentage. She had not the faintest notion as to where Kokurantum was located, and seemed to be under the impression that Kwakoo was something like an Indian Rajah. She looked forward to a sort of State reception on their arrival at Accra, the governing capital of the Gold Coast Colony, and asked a lot of silly questions about the number of guns that her husband would be entitled to at a "Durbar!"

The voyage progressed without incident of note, but the Syndicate's agent and the mining engineer were beginning to have their eyes opened by what they heard in the smoking-room concerning African kings and their concessions, and they wondered whether the concessionnaires would ever see any of their money back. Kwakoo, when questioned, would exhibit a very dignified reticence, and he, also, began to wonder what the end of it all would be.

The West African steamers touch at a host of small stations on the Gold Coast on the way to the principal ports, and about three weeks after their departure from Liverpool, the ship stopped for a few hours at a small place in order to put ashore a few tons of cargo which were consigned to that district. The vessel lay in the roads, about a mile from shore, and the great rollers, which everlastingly heave and surge on that surf-bound coast, caused her to roll so persistently that most of the passengers were glad to seek the seclusion of their state-rooms. The Princess, at no time a good sailor, was quickly put *hors de combat*, and she spent the afternoon prostrate on her sofa.

The cargo had, at last, all been landed; and, to the relief of everyone, the Captain was preparing to have the anchor hoisted, when her Highness rushed on deck, excitedly informing everyone near her that she could not find the Prince anywhere. She had searched in the smoking-room

and in the state-rooms fore and aft, and he was nowhere to be found. She was sure that something had happened to him, and the poor thing was quite hysterical. The Captain ordered a search to be made throughout the ship, but was immediately informed that Prince Kwakoo, with a couple of heavy bags, had gone ashore very shortly after the unloading had commenced. The Princess flew to her lord's state-room, and very quickly discovered that many of his things, including all his valuables and his money, had disappeared with him. She knew not what to think, and implored the Captain to send on shore and institute a search for the missing Prince. The steamer, however, was timed to arrive at her next port of call early on the following morning, and the Captain could do no more than wait an hour, while the steam-whistle was blown incessantly until it reverberated weirdly among the hills on the thickly wooded shore. He feared to tell the unfortunate lady his real opinion on the event, and tried to give comfort by assuring her that her husband must have been unavoidably detained on shore, and would surely overtake the ship at their next stopping-place. The Princess retired sobbing to her cabin, where she was far from reassured by the discovery that all her own jewellery had also disappeared with her husband and his belongings.

The Captain could wait no longer, and as the steamer dwindled on the horizon the unhappy wife, if she had possessed Sam Weller's patent double glasses of "hextra power," might perhaps have descried his Highness Prince Kwakoo, who was well on his way to French territory, executing an Ashanti war-dance, without a stitch of clothing, on a hill overlooking the little bay where he had landed.

The abandoned spouse returned to England by the first homeward-bound steamer, assisted by the Government, and her last condition was worse than the first.



The concessionaire and the mining engineer also returned by the same opportunity on finding that the gold-fields of Kokurantum were just as genuine as Prince Kwakoo's coronet. The great Kokurantum Ophir Gold Mining Company wound up suddenly, and many a poor widow had to shiver with the cold of that winter.

They do say that Kwakoo, or somebody very like him, was seen a few months ago, driving in a very grand carriage in Manchester by the side of a portly lady

of middle age. He was dressed in sober black, had a white tie and blue spectacles; and the hoardings bore large notices, announcing that the Reverend Osai Tutu would preach that night in the Albert Temperance Hall on the subject of "Lady Missionaries for the Western Sudan."

This little story has no reference whatever to any of the honourable gentlemen of colour from Africa, who have, of late years, frequently visited the country to which they owe their freedom.



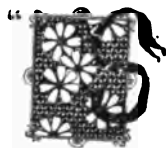


**HEARTS ARE TRUMPS.**  
*By Hal Hurst.*

# VAN WAGENER'S FLYING CAT.

BY W. L. ALDEN.

ILLUSTRATED BY COSMO ROWE.



“**B** PARROWS,” said the Colonel, “may be very upright, respectable, middle-class birds so long as they stay in England, but when they emigrate to America, they are no better than the average of our working classes. Some meddling idiot brought a lot of sparrows to the States ten or fifteen years ago, expecting they would kill all the worms on the fruit trees. They hadn’t been in the country above six months when they took the ground that they were as good as the best of our swell birds, and that they considered that killing worms was a degrading kind of labour fit only for blackbirds and crows. So they took to living on wheat, and strawberries, and cherries, and they multiplied so fast that they are the worst curse that the farmer and the fruit grower ever had, with the solitary exception of the McKinley tariff. That shows the folly of promoting emigration among birds, just as the exportation of rabbits to Australia showed the folly of supposing that man knows more about the proper distribution of animals than Nature knows. There are now about ten sparrows to every worm in the United States, and what we need more than anything else is some style of worm big enough to eat the sparrows.

“Professor Van Wagener and I were discussing the sparrow question one day, and I was complaining of the inefficiency of the American cat. Our cats are about as wide-awake as any monarchical cats that you can produce, but they can’t catch a single sparrow. I’ve known ambitious

cats who set out to catch sparrows, and who wasted away to mere skeletons, and died of weakness, through watching for sparrows from dawn to darkness, and never once getting within ten feet of one. As a general rule I don’t have much sympathy with cats, but the insulting language that sparrows use when they see a cat laying for them, and the aggravating way in which they will fly just over the cat’s head, or maybe hit the cat over the tail with their wings, is more than any cat can be expected to bear.

“‘The trouble is,’ said Van Wagener, ‘that the cat isn’t a flying animal and the sparrow is. The sparrow’s native element is the air, and you can’t expect a cat to catch a sparrow so long as the cat can’t fly.’

“‘That’s true enough,’ said I, ‘but it don’t help us out of our difficulty. Cats weren’t made with wings, and neither you nor I can invent a new model of cat that will be able to fly, and to catch sparrows on the wing.’

“‘Don’t you be too sure of that,’ said the Professor. ‘Science has improved everything that it has put its hand to, and I see no reason why science shouldn’t improve cats. A flying cat would supply a great public want, for she would kill off the sparrows as easily as she kills off the mice. I’ve half a mind to try the experiment of inventing a flying cat.’

“‘All right,’ said I. ‘When you get your flying cat finished just notify me, and I’ll come and see her fly. Then, if you are going in for improving animals, perhaps you will invent a cat that can sing like a nightingale. The present style of



IT WASN'T AN EASY JOB TO RIG UP VAN WAGENER'S CAT

singing among cats is disgraceful. They haven't any more idea of music than a Chinaman.'

"'You only show your ignorance, Colonel,' said Van Wagener, 'when you ridicule science. Give me six weeks, and I promise to show you a flying cat. I don't say positively that the flying cat will exterminate all the sparrows, for that would be a pretty large order; but I do say that she will fly, and that she will give the sparrows the worst scare that they have ever had.'

"Well, the Professor buckled down to business, and from his daily interviews with his private cat, and the consequent scratches that diversified his good old scientific countenance, I judged that he was doing his best to make a cat that would fly. Before the six weeks were up he sent me a note, inviting me to come round to his house at two o'clock the next afternoon to see the first successful flying cat that had ever been invented. I needn't say that I went. I had assisted at the birth of dozens of Van Wagener's inventions, and I had generally found that the presence of a man with experience in the treatment of accidents was a handy thing, so far as the Professor was concerned.

"I found Van Wagener sitting in his library with the most discouraged-looking cat that I had ever seen. As soon as he had shaken hands with me he launched out into a description of his new invention.

"'You know, Colonel,' said he, 'my method as an inventor. I ask myself what is needed for some particular purpose, and then I proceed to supply that need. Most people think that an inventor has ideas come to him all of a sudden, in a supernatural sort of way; but that is all nonsense. Inventing is a business, like any other, and any intelligent man can learn it. Now, when I saw that the reason why cats don't catch sparrows is that they can't

fly after the bird, I saw that what was wanted was a flying cat, and I proceeded to invent one. Here I have a small balloon. This I fix to that cat of mine, and when it is inflated it will just support the weight of the cat in the air. Then you see this pair of paddle-wheels. They are to be fixed, one on each side of the cat, and are to be driven by a small electrical engine. The balloon floats the cat, and the paddle-wheels propel her. In order to steer the cat I fix a flat piece of tin to the extremity of her tail. When she sees a sparrow her instinct will make her swish her tail from one side to the other, and her attention being fastened on catching the bird, she will unconsciously work her tail in such a way as to steer her directly towards it. Take it all in all I am justly proud of this invention. It is simple and effective, that is to say when the air is still, for of course my paddle-wheels will not propel the cat against the wind. I tried at first to fit the cat out with wings, but it was impossible to teach her to use them. Next to a woman a cat cares less for science than any other animal, and it is impossible to teach her to take an interest in an invention that is designed solely to benefit her. However, the day will come when flying cats will be as common as the ordinary type, and when they once get used to flying they will take to the sport as kindly as they now take to catching mice. Now, Colonel, if you are ready, we will rig up the cat for flying, and we will see what effect she produces on the sparrows in my backyard.'

"It wasn't an easy job to rig up Van Wagener's cat. She kicked and swore her level best, and got in several good scratches on the Professor's hands. However, he stuck to his task, and after a while the cat was ready, and we adjourned to the backyard. There was a whole gang of sparrows in the middle of the yard, forming a sort of ring round

two that were fighting, and from the way in which every sparrow was talking at the top of his voice it was clear that some heavy betting on the fight was in progress. When they saw Van Wagener and his cat, they naturally flew up to the eaves of the house, where the fight was resumed. Van Wagener took his flying cat to the extremity of the yard, and after showing her the sparrows on the top of the house, and exhorting her to gather them in, he launched her into the air.

"The cat rose slowly, kicking and yelling, until she was just about level with the eaves. The sparrows were so occupied with the fight that they paid no attention to her, and when she saw that there were at least twenty of them gathered close together, her desire to get at them made her temporarily forget her balloon and her paddle-wheels. She lashed her tail, as cats will do when bent on murder, and, just as the Professor predicted, the effect was to steer her in the direction of the sparrows. Her paddle-wheels were working smoothly and regularly, and though they were not large enough to give her any great speed, they steadily carried her across the yard towards the sparrows. Van Wagener was in ecstasies. He challenged me to point out any defect in his flying cat, and when I candidly admitted that it did seem to be a complete success, he was the happiest man in New Berlinopolisville. The cat came through the air so slowly and noiselessly that she was within two yards of the sparrows before they saw her. When they did catch sight of this new and startling animal, they were the worst frightened lot of birds that were ever seen outside of one of those so-called Happy Families, where half-a-dozen birds, clean paralysed with fear, are shut in a cage with a cat that has been filled up with chloral, and the public is asked to regard the exhibition as a specimen of what will be the usual sort of

thing when the millennium gets its work fairly in. Those sparrows left in a tremendous hurry. They had a sudden business call in some distant part of Illinois, and I don't believe a single one of them stopped flying until they had put at least thirty miles between themselves and Van Wagener's flying cat.

"'Now, you see,' said the Professor, 'how completely successful my invention is. My flying cat will either catch the sparrows and kill them, or she will frighten them out of the country. In either case the great sparrow problem is solved. It makes no difference to me, as a patriotic American citizen, whether all the British sparrows in the country are killed, or whether they are driven over into Canada. Come to think of it, I should prefer the latter result, for the driving of monarchical European birds out of our beloved country will be an object lesson in the enforcement of the Monroe doctrine, which will be of immense benefit to the nation.'

"The Professor, being a scientific crank, was naturally a political crank also, and he was more than two-thirds mad on the subject of the Monroe doctrine, which by-the-bye is unanimously believed in and worshipped by every lunatic in the States. When the Professor once got fairly started on the subject of the Monroe doctrine he forgot everything else, and he had clean forgotten his flying cat when Mrs. Van Wagener leaned out of a second story window, and advised him, in case he was going to make a political speech, to hire a hall. She was a mighty sarcastic woman, and her contempt for her husband's political views was even greater than her contempt for his scientific achievements. She was on the point of continuing her remarks about the Professor's political oration, when she suddenly gave the awfulest screech that I ever heard from female lips, though I was once in a room full of strong-minded women when a mouse ran across the



THOUGHT HER LAST HOUR HAD COME,

floor. Mrs. Van Wagener thought that her last hour had come, judging from her screams, but, as I had a full view of what was taking place, I knew it was only the cat who had come. Having missed the sparrows the cat turned partly round to see what had become of them, and just then Mrs. Van Wagener, having unconsciously put her head within the animal's reach, the cat judged that her opportunity for making a landing had arrived, and accordingly she lit on the top of Mrs. Van Wagener's head.

"Most any woman, not knowing that her husband had invented a flying cat, would have supposed when some monster with sharp claws, and a talent for using bad language, came flying through the air and lit on her head, that nothing less than the sea-serpent, or the flying dragons mentioned in Scripture, had attacked her. What with the cat's desire to kick herself free from her flying apparatus, and her anxiety to get square with the human race, she did more with that poor woman's hair in five minutes than any other cat could have done in a good half hour. The Professor tried to explain that it was only the cat, and begged his wife not to injure the flying apparatus. It didn't seem to occur to him that he ought to run to his wife's assistance, till I had taken him by the shoulders, and started him upstairs. I don't want you to think for a moment that he wasn't anxious to help his wife, but he was so in the habit of looking at things from a scientific point of view, that he forgot that while he was explaining things Mrs. Van Wagener might be clawed to such an extent that she would never be recognised by her nearest friend. When he had once grasped the idea that she

needed his help he fairly flew upstairs, and succeeded in transferring the cat's attentions to himself. Then I had to come to the rescue, for the Professor not having hair enough to interest the cat, she had devoted her efforts to beautifying his countenance, and if I hadn't succeeded in pulling her off, and tossing her out of the window, she would have torn his eyes out, or at all events ruined his nose. Her balloon had burst during her interview with Mrs. Van Wagener, and consequently when I threw her out of the window she struck the ground pretty heavily, and smashed up the paddle-wheels. We never saw her again, but every little while there would appear in the newspapers stories of a strange animal with a glittering tail, that haunted the lower part of Illinois. You see the cat couldn't rid herself of her steering attachment, and she naturally wasn't willing to show herself in what she considered a disgraceful dress.

"Mrs. Van Wagener made peace with her husband on condition of his making a solemn promise never to have anything more to do with flying cats. I consider that she was wrong in so doing, for Van Wagener's invention was bound to be a success. If he had been allowed to carry it out, flying cats would have become as common as bats, and every sparrow in the States would have emigrated. If it wasn't that I don't believe in using other people's inventions, I would go in for the manufacture of flying cats myself; and as it is, I believe that Edison will some day hear of Van Wagener's experiment, and will immediately invent a flying cat, and spend the rest of his life in trying to make the invention work."



# ARS AMORIS.

BY BENNETT COLL.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOSEPH SKELTON.

I.

## THE ANTIENT WAY.

**Q** H, Sir Richard! Cease—for very shame's sake cease, I pray you!"

"Nay, then; must I needs again set a bar—thus—upon sweet lips whose melody hath somewhat of a jarring sound?"

"A jarring sound! You are pleased to court me with a jest."

"No jest, sweet love. Must your own

Richard be dubbed Sire or Sieur by——"

"I pray your pardon, Richard. Be-think you how maiden modesty is unaccustomed to—to——"

"Tilly-vally! It will come with practice. Rick or Dick may stand for choice. But either is all too coarse beside the pretty syllables of 'Geraldine.' When did you first begin to love me?"

"Nay, that I may not tell. A maid is wooed, she knows not how, by a glance



ARS AMORIS. THE ANTIENT WAY

of meaning; a touch of the hand; the sigh of a whisper. 'Tis monstrous strange, I protest, how Love will come unbidden. And you?"

"I? Love hath ever held me thrall since first—oh, happy day!—Dan Cupid's shaft, winged from your bright eyes, pierced the heart of Richard Devereux. And yet——"

"Why that doleful sigh, beseech you?"

"Alas! I sigh to think of mine own unworthiness. You, sweetheart, the heiress of this vast domain; I but a poor baronet, possessed of a castle, picturesque only by reason of its ruin and decay."

"Yet my honoured father approves."

"Ay, in generous regard for his darling child, whose heart——"

"Hath freely been given to my dear lover and sometime lord. With what happiness will she devote her dower to the renovation of ruined walls and barren estate! Heaven is indeed kind; for how pitiful is wealth compared with the honest love of a worthy gentleman?"

"Queen of my heart——"

"And pocket, too, Richard."

"Nay, now——"

"Indeed, but it must be so."

"I protest——"

"It shall not serve you. What! is Love a thing of paltry gold and silver? When I surrendered myself to your embrace, the while you decked this foolish finger with the ring of betrothal, had I a thought of purse-strings? Fie, Richard!"

"But——"

"There is no 'but.' If thy handmaid hath found grace in my lord's eyes, he must e'en take all her unworthy self, though the glitter of gilt go with her."

## II.

### THE MODERN METHOD.

"Of course I shall expect you to make settlements."

"Er—is that a condition?"

"Well, rather! Popper's good for a couple of hundred thousand dollars a year, you bet. Question is, what capital you're prepared to chuck into the family frying-pan?"

"Never could guess a riddle. Give it up."

"You'll have to make some sort of a show, or else plump comes the whole gazoo. Popper's awful keen on bargains."

"Let's see. He's a Chicago pig-sticker, ain't he?"

"You're right on the track this time, young man. What's *your* dad?"

"Earl of Shaxton, Viscount Ketminster, Baron Orchard in the peerage of the United Kingdom, a Baron of Nova Scotia, and Member of Her Britannic Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council."

"Great Scott! Can he hold it all in his mouth at once—without spilling some? Where d'you hang out when you're at home?"

"At the old shop."

"What, Ketminster? Ah! shilling-entrance sort of place; kettle always on the boil; sixpenny guide to the ruins, and so on. Want my dollars to do up the place?"

"They'd come in handy."

"Sho! How old's the dad with the page-and-a-half of titles?"

"Er—does that matter?"

"Slightly, old sonny. I reckon there's a time-limit to most things."

"Well, he's seventy-five."

"H'm! Five years or so to wait—all right; you can scoop in the pot."

"Thanks. I s'pose we'd better mention it to our respective governors?"

"P'r'aps. Popper'll down me, though, for not flying a bit higher. I guess he'll r'ar round awful. I say; on my side the mill-stream, girls who're engaged sometimes expect a slobber. Kiss, you know."

"How delightfully odd!"



ARS AMORIS THE MODERN METHOD.

"Fact! Seen 'em myself. It's the male bird who begins."

"Sure?"

"Certain."

"Thought I saw you, yesterday, having it all your own way with another Johnnie."

"Well, why not? Error of judgment,

though, on my part. Guess he was only a third son. Ain't fond of lip-salve, are you?"

"Er—it all depends."

"Barmaids, I reckon; s'age-dollies and counter-gils? You'll have to drop 'em in St. George's, Hanover Square Got any engagement-rings to give away?"



## A MOVING ACCIDENT.

BY CLARENCE ROOK.

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD GRAY.

"ANYHOW," said Celia, wishing to console me, "we shall be able to drop the Higginsons."

Celia stood before me in a dress which, as experience had taught me, implied that Celia had cleared for action. In one hand she held a paint-pot, in the other a trowel. For Celia was off for a day's work upon the new house, while I was trying to write a humorous review of a scientific work on an upturned box in the old flat, sitting amid the ruins of two year's comfort.

Why we were moving I cannot tell. In some vague way Celia had given me to understand that she was uncomfortable. I protested that I was happy enough where I was; whereat Celia alluded disparagingly to the stairs, the hall-porter, and finally the Higginsons. Then came hints of an eligible house and garden at a microscopic rent. I assumed no interest, having none. And then one morning men came upstairs in their shirt-sleeves, fell upon the furniture and tore it from its moorings. I remarked to Celia that of all the happy days I had spent in my study this was not the happiest. And Celia replied that we should be able to drop the Higginsons.

"It would certainly be jolly not to see the Higginsons again," I said. "But this is a high price to pay for the pleasure."

Celia looked round, and, finding a coal-scuttle which the men in shirt-sleeves had overlooked, sat down upon it to explain.

"Everyone should move—well—once every two years," said Celia.

I laid down my pen and looked enquiringly.

"For one thing it means clearing up," said Celia, looking triumphantly round my ravaged apartment. "Think of the amount of rubbish one accumulates. Now you can weed it all out when you move, because it's not worth taking away. This room was simply awful, wasn't it? Crammed with things you'll never want—and never see again."

Celia gave a nod of victory. I shook my head slowly, and, I think, pathetically.

"I shall never absolutely want them," I said, "but—well—they were company."

"Pouf!" said Celia. And there was silence for the space of half a minute.

"Anyhow, the Higginsons are not company," said Celia. "And there's another advantage in moving. You send out fresh cards. And people who don't get invitations to the new house have no right to come."

"Then, socially speaking, we start again," I said.

"Exactly," said Celia, welcoming my flash of intelligence. "I am only going to ask the people we really want. I've got the list in my pocket."

"You haven't cut out Martin, I hope."

Celia had never said she disliked Martin Howard; but I had my suspicions, and did not intend to be parted from my best friend.

"Oh, no! of course you'll ask Mr. Howard," said Celia, graciously. "And I'm going to have fresh servants."

"Just as Jane is beginning to comprehend my little ways," I murmured.

"Jane," said Celia, "is beginning to consider herself necessary to us. It is a



WE SHALL BE ABLE TO DROP THE HIGGINSSENS."

great mistake to keep a servant so long that she becomes necessary to you."

"Is it not rather a mistake," I suggested modestly, "to send away a servant when she has become necessary?"

"You don't understand," said Celia. "I am determined to get rid of Jane and the cook. And we must have a boy. There is so much more to do in a house than in a flat. I shall begin looking out for fresh servants at once. Oh, dear! I *must* be going; there are such heaps of things to do."

Celia rose from the coal-scuttle and gathered up the paint-pot and the trowel. I resumed my pen. At the door Celia hesitated.

"I don't know," she said slowly, "how I'm *ever* to get everything done. And I want to ask some people for this day week. Just a few people—those we want to know, you know."

"I suppose," I said doubtfully, laying down my pen again, "that I really ought to be doing something to help—eh?"

Celia frowned thoughtfully.

"You're so silly," she said. "You can't even drive in a nail, or—oh! I'll tell you, what you might do. You might just write notes to the people we want. I have the list in my pocket. You *can* write, can't you? Just little friendly notes, saying I shall be at home between four-thirty and seven."

Celia dived into her pocket, bringing forth a handkerchief, a latch-key, a pair of gloves, a small box of chocolate-creams, a reel of cotton, some hair-pins, and a memorandum-book. This last she handed to me.

"You'll find the names and addresses there," she said. "Good-bye. There's a good boy."

I turned to my task. From the list I gathered that Celia had dropped the Higginsons, as well as several others of our old friends, some of whom I liked well enough. Martin's name was missing. But I meant to write to him on my own account.

It was rather difficult to devise the proper form for the notes. Many of the ladies who gather about Celia's "at home" days are quite unknown to me, and a glance showed me that several of the names on the list were strange ones. You can hardly write informal notes to people you don't know. However, I finally succeeded in inventing a sufficiently colourless formula, simply indicating that Celia would be glad to see so-and-so next Tuesday between four-thirty and seven. By the time Celia returned to dinner, the notes were written and posted, and I had finished my humorous review. Though tired and dishevelled, Celia complimented me on my industry.

"It will be such a relief," she said, "to know only the nice people that we—that we know."

Tuesday came; and Celia, after superhuman exertion, was ready for it. I had begged Martin to come early to support me, and, like a good fellow, he came. Then there was a pause. Celia and I were just showing Martin the verandah overlooking the garden, on which we intended to breakfast during the summer, when the bell rang at the garden-door. In a few moments Jane appeared, obviously "put about."

"A young person, 'm, about a place."

"Oh, there's some mistake," said Celia.

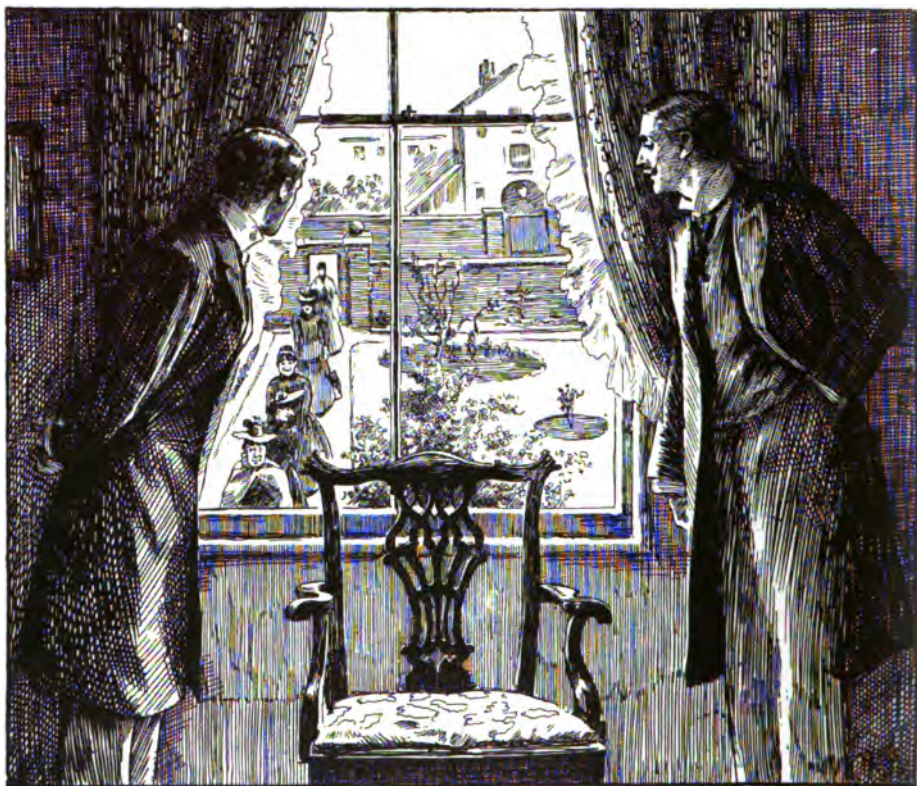
"No, ma'am," said the young person who was close behind Jane. "You sent for me to come to-day." She drew a letter from her pocket, and handed it to Celia, who glanced at it, and held it out to me.

"What is the meaning of this?" said Celia.

It was in my writing, and stated that Celia would be glad to see Mrs. Simmons on Tuesday between four-thirty and seven.

"I'm sure I don't know," I said. "Look here, Martin. Come upstairs to my den and smoke."





MARTIN AND I WATCHED THEIR ARRIVAL FROM THE WINDOW.

The bell rang again. And as I looked out of my study window I saw Jane coming up the garden path followed by an awkward-looking boy.

"Been making an ass of yourself again?" said Martin, as he selected a cigar.

"I'm not quite sure," I replied. "All I know is that I sent out Celia's invitations for to-day, and—and this is the result."

The bell continued to ring at intervals, and I judged from the look of the visitors, that Celia would have a wide

choice of cocks, housemaids, and boys. Martin and I watched their arrival and their departure from the window.

"Look here, Martin," I said. "You had better stay to dinner. It is quite clear that Celia had two lists, one of servants and the other of friends, and that I worked upon the wrong one. But it is equally clear that Celia gave me that list. Now I want you to give me, and Celia, your honest opinion as to whose fault it was."

Martin looked at me and smiled.

"I'll see you damned first," he said.



LA JOLIE PATINEUSE.  
*By Robt. Sauber.*



# THE ALTERATION IN MR. KERSHAW.

BY W. PETT RIDGE.

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST GOODWIN.



I'VE knocked about a pretty tidy bit in my time—I'm as much as fifteen next birthday—and I don't write this story from the standpoint of a man who is ignorant of the world. I'm wonderfully observant, and I take notice of little incidents sometimes in a way that surprises even myself. Incidents, I mean, that other people overlook. The junior partner called me the other evening a sharp lad, and 'pon my word he wasn't far wrong. I don't wish to brag about it; I only wish to hint that what I don't notice isn't worth noticing. I've picked out a horse sometimes, and I've—

But I want to tell you about Mr. Kershaw.

Mr. Kershaw is one of the senior clerks in our office; he's the one with rather rough hair, and a collar turned down low all the way round. Most of the clerks are smart and wear high collars, and they wear neckties too that make me gasp. All nice gentlemanly fellows they were when I first came here, bar Mr. Kershaw. Mr. Kershaw was what I call a terror.

"Billing, why aren't these inkstands seen to?"

"Beg pardon, sir, but——"

"I've had to speak to you before about this, Billing."

"I can't do forty thousand things a minute, sir."

"Another word of your confounded insolence, and I shall ask the firm to dispense with your services."

"That ain't insolence, sir, it's simply a

fact. If I want to be insolent I know a lot of words——"

"Go away, Billing! You're a perfect nuisance in the place. I shall take an early opportunity of asking the firm to look out for a decent lad."

That's the sort of thing that went on day after day, me and Mr. Kershaw going at it hammer and tongs. I should have got really cross about it only that Mr. Kershaw was just the same with all the others, especially with the juniors. The grumpiest man, I venture to say, that ever came up to the City from Dulwich of a morning since the line's been opened.

One July Mr. Kershaw went away for his three weeks' holiday, and when he came back, the first news was that he was married.

"Now," I said to Linkson, who copies the letters, "now you mark my words. Old K. 'll change his manner."

"For better or for worse?" asked Linkson. "There's something wrong with our copying-ink. This letter hasn't come out a bit clear."

"Whether for better or worse," I answered, "I can't tell you. Sometimes getting spliced has one effect; sometimes the other. But I'll bet you as much as three'apence that we shall notice an alteration."

"I've half a mind to take you," said young Linkson, doubtfully, "only I've got a good deal of money out just now. I've backed Swiftsure for twopence, one, two, three."

"Take it or leave it," I said. "It's an offer, and if you're not sportsman enough to have a bet on, don't."

"She's pretty, they say," remarked Linkson. He gave a twist to the copying press and looked narrowly at Mr. Kershaw hanging up his hat and smoothing his rough hair. "One of the young partners said she was as neat a little figure as ever——"

"Billing," shouted Mr. Kershaw furiously from his office, "come here at once."

To save argument, I went.

"Will you be good enough to explain," demanded Mr. Kershaw, hotly, "to explain, Billing, the condition of this table? Look here! I can write my name on it."

"So could I, sir," I said. "There's nothing clever in that."

"Why on earth isn't the place dusted properly," he shouted. "Why do I come back here——"

"'Eaven knows!" I muttered.

"And find the place neglected in this manner? Get a duster at once."

"Right, sir."

"But it is not right, Billing," he declared.

"Very good, sir," I said, "it's wrong. I'll fetch the duster in 'alf a tick. But first of all I 'ope it won't seem out of place if I congratulate you, sir, on what I may term a recent matrimonial event."

"Get a duster at once, Billing," he said, sharply, "and don't let us have *quite* so much talk. It's not business."

I felt very glad that Linkson hadn't booked that bet of threehalfpence, because I most certainly should have lost. So far from Mr. Kershaw's marriage improving his temper, I'm not at all sure that it wasn't worse. I used to say to Linkson I hoped he didn't carry on like that at home, and Linkson—he knows a lot, Linkson, although he's only a little bit of a chap—Linkson used to answer that men who had their tantrums in the City, were generally men who were not allowed to show them in their own homes. But, somehow, I'd an idea that this was not the case with Mr. Kershaw.

About twelve months after his marriage the alteration that I want to tell you about came. I was the first to notice it, and I passed the news round the office. There happened to be a new baby at my place, and I wanted the afternoon off to see some people my mother washes for. What does Mr. Kershaw do but look up from his table quite cheerfully and say,

"By all means, Billing."

"Much obliged to you, sir."

"Going to take your young lady out for the day, Billing?"

I never saw Mr. Kershaw smile before, and upon my word it took my breath away for a moment.

"No, sir," I said, "I've broke it all off with her."

"Sorry to hear that."

"Fact of the matter is, sir, she was a bit too fond of fourpenny ices. Turned up her nose, bless you, at twopenny ones. Would have fourpennies. And when you begin to shell out fourpence after fourpence, and see her getting less imible at each ice, why——"

"It is not with her, then, that you wish to spend the afternoon?"

I explained, and Mr. Kershaw rose from his chair and sat on the corner of the table, just as though he was the most cheerful gentleman in the City.

"Why, that's singular!" he said, good-temperedly.

"I don't know about that, sir," I answered. "There's nine of us already."

"But what I mean to say, it's odd. Because, do you know, Billing, I have a little arrival at home. And that's a boy, too."

"Fine boy, sir, may I ask?"

"As fine a little man," said Mr. Kershaw, enthusiastically, "as ever came into this world. Bright-eyed, healthy, chubby—perfect picture of a boy. I don't suppose, as a matter of fact, that such a perfect youngster is often seen. He's got a way of staring fixedly at one ——"



"FACT OF THE MATTER IS, SIR, SHE WAS A BIT TOO FOND OF FOURPENNY ICES."

Mr. Kershaw this time absolutely laughed. I went to the door.

"I say, Billing. I should like to give your new brother something. Has he got a mug?"

"He's got a rare funny little mug, sir," I answered. "We all pinch his little nose for him, but unless he alters he won't be what I call dazzlin' 'andsome."

"I mean a silver christening mug," explained Mr. Kershaw. "If not, you must let me present him with one. Good morning, Billing."

It wasn't believed in the office at first, but the clerks soon saw that the change was real. Linkson declared that he overheard Mr. Kershaw one evening, just before he left the office, humming a comic song; Linkson admitted that Mr. Kershaw hummed it all wrong, but still he hummed it. One of our clerks lived at Slough, and Mr. Kershaw called him in one day to ascertain his opinion of Eton as a school for a growing youth. The Slough clerk said that he had heard that Eton wasn't half a bad place, and Mr. Kershaw thanked him, and made a note of it in his diary. On another occasion, when the managing clerk to a solicitor's in Ely Place called at the office, Mr. Kershaw had a long conversation with him on the Bar as a profession for young men, and the chances it offered of advancement. I think that upon this point Mr. Kershaw was not quite decided, because I noticed on his blotting-pad a scribbled line.

"Bar. Query? Enquire *re* Church. See Canon Weste."

And underneath.

"Is Sandhurst expensive? Query? Tenth Hussars."

One day I posted a letter for him to a Sunday paper, and I got Linkson to persuade his father to buy a copy. In the "Answers to Correspondents" we found:

"WAHSREK.—In answer to your enquiry, I do not recommend a political career for

your son, unless he shows a special ability for speaking and a thorough grasp of the great questions of the day. But if he decides to enter St. Stephen's let him first read all John Stuart Mills's works and my own book called *Customs and Habits of the Laplanders*."

Somehow the whole office seem to be infected by the alteration in Mr. Kershaw. Everybody became a little more friendly with everybody, and when Master Kershaw was six months old and a proposal was made to send a birthday present to the little baby, the suggestion was taken up like one o'clock. Mr. Pascoe took the big basket of hot-house flowers into Mr. Kershaw's room, and presented it to Mr. Kershaw, and Mr. Kershaw came out into the office and shook hands with all of us, right down to me.

"Gentlemen," said he, as he stood at the door of his office, "I wish I could tell you how deeply I am touched by your kind thought of my—of my son. I shall take this delightful basket of flowers home with me this evening, and I shall tell my boy that although he is only six months old to-day, yet he has—he has friends who wish him well, and look forward with interest, and I hope I may say with affection, to the—to the time when——"

And here Mr. Kershaw suddenly broke down, went hurriedly into his office, and closed the door. Later he went off radiant, with the basket of expensive flowers, carried with great care.

The next morning Mr. Kershaw was an hour late coming to the office. This had never happened before within my knowledge, and there were a good many jokes going round the office about it. I remember that I made one or two of the best of them. When he did arrive he walked straight to his office and turned the key.

"Headache after the jollification last night," said the office.

My mother called round that morning with the baby. I don't believe in women



MR. KERSHAW CAME OUT AND SHOOK HANDS WITH ALL OF US.

folk coming into the City at all, but mother was so excited about father having got a good berth that she said (you know what women are) that she felt as though she must come straight down and tell me the news. I knocked at the door of Mr. Kershaw's office, and he unlocked it.

"Beg pardon, sir, for troubling you, but my mother and the baby—anything the matter, sir?"

"Go on, Billing," he said, and turned his head away.

"They've just called, and I thought perhaps you wouldn't mind if I slipped out for a few minutes to show mother and baby the Tower Bridge."

"Billing!"

"Sir?"

"Do you mind—do you mind bringing your baby in here for a moment?" He coughed as though there was something in his throat. "I should rather like to see him."

"Only too proud, sir."

I brought the baby in myself, because I was afraid mother would drop her aitches or make me look silly in some way. I sat the little beggar on the table, and I'm blest if he didn't put out both his chubby arms to Mr. Kershaw. Fact!

"I expect he ain't the baby yours is, sir," I remarked respectfully. Mr. Kershaw was patting the tiny chin and whispering baby-talk to the little kid.

"No, Billing," he said. "No." He turned away again so that I couldn't see his face, and kissed our baby. "My boy—er—died last night."

What I want to add is, that Mr. Kershaw has never been the one he was in the old days. He's as kind mannered a senior clerk as you'll find between Temple Bar and Aldgate. And I've noticed that in the street sometimes, when a baby goes by and he catches sight of it, Mr. Kershaw will stop—it don't matter who he's with—and he will watch it until it goes right out of sight.





NOTHING SIMPLER.  
*By D. E. Minns.*

"I see you won the 'toss' again to-day."  
*Cricket Captain.*—"Won it? yes, won it easily!"







# THE IDLER.

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## "THE PET CALF."

DRAWN BY GEO. C. HAITÉ, R.B.A.

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# AN ITEM OF FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

BY JEROME K. JEROME.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. DEWAR.



SAFELY speaking personally, I do not like the Countess of——. She is not the type of woman I could love. I hesitate the less giving expression to this sentiment by reason of the conviction that the Countess of —— would not be unduly depressed even though the fact should reach her ears. I cannot conceive the Countess of ——'s being troubled by the opinion concerning her of any being, human or divine, other than the Countess of ——.

But to be honest, I must admit that for the Earl of —— she makes an ideal wife. She rules him as she rules all others, relations and retainers, from the curate to the dowager, but the rod, though firmly held, is wielded with justice and kindly intent. Nor is it possible to imagine the Earl of ——'s living as contentedly as he does with any partner of a less dominating turn of mind. He is one of those weak-headed, strong-limbed, good-natured, childish men, born to be guided in all matters, from the tying of a neck-cloth to the choice of a political party, by their women folk. Such men are in clover when their proprietor happens to be a good and sensible woman, but are to be pitied when they get into the hands of the selfish or the foolish. As very young men, they too often fall victims to bad-tempered chorus girls or to middle-aged matrons of the class from which Pope judged all woman-kind. They make capital husbands when well managed; treated badly, they say little, but set to work, after the manner of a dissatisfied cat, to find a kinder

mistress, generally succeeding. The Earl of —— adored his wife, and deemed himself the most fortunate of husbands, and a better testimonial than such no wife should hope for. Till the day she snatched him away from all other competitors, and claimed him for her own, he had obeyed his mother with a dutifulness bordering on folly. Were the countess to die tomorrow, he would be unable to tell you his mind on any single subject until his eldest daughter and his still unmarried sister, ladies both of strong character, attracted towards one another by a mutual antagonism, had settled between themselves which was to be mistress of him and of his house.

However, there is little fear (bar accidents) but that my friend the countess will continue to direct the hereditary vote of the Earl of —— towards the goal of common-sense and public good, guide his social policy with judgment and kindness, and manage his estates with prudence and economy for many years to come. She is a hearty, vigorous lady, of generous proportions, with the blood of sturdy forbears in her veins, and one who takes the same excellent good care of herself that she bestows on all others dependent upon her guidance.

"I remember," said the doctor—we were dining with the doctor in homely fashion, and our wives had adjourned to the drawing-room to discuss servants and husbands and other domestic matters with greater freedom, leaving us to the claret and the twilight. "I remember when we had the cholera here—it must be twenty years ago now—that woman

gave up the London season to stay down here and take the whole burden of the trouble upon her own shoulders. I do not feel any call to praise her; she liked the work, and she was in her element, but it was good work for all that. She had no fear. She would carry the children in her arms if time pressed and the little ambulance was not at hand. I have known her sit all night in a room not twelve feet square, between a dying man and his wife. But the thing never touched her. Six years ago we had the small-pox, and she went all through that in just the same way. I don't believe she has ever had a day's illness in her life. She will be physicking this parish when my bones are rattling in my coffin, and she will be laying down the laws of literature long after your statue has become a familiar ornament of Westminster Abbey. She's a wonderful woman, but a trifle masterful."

He laughed, but I detected a touch of irritation in his voice. My host looked a man wishful to be masterful himself. I do not think he quite relished the calm way in which this grand dame took possession of all things around her, himself and his work included.

"Did you ever hear the story of the marriage?" he asked.

"No," I replied, "whose marriage? The earl's?"

"I should call it her's rather than his," he answered. "It was the gossip of the county when I first came here; but other curious things have happened among us to push it gradually out of memory. Most people I really believe have quite forgotten that the Countess of — once served behind a baker's counter."

"You don't say so," I exclaimed. The remark, I admit, sounds weak when written down; the most natural remarks always do.

"It's a fact," said the doctor, "though she does not suggest the shop-girl, does she? But then I have known countesses,

descended in a direct line from William the Conqueror, who did, so things balance one another. Mary, Countess of —, was, thirty years ago, Mary Sewell, daughter of a Taunton linen-draper. The business, profitable enough as country businesses go, was inadequate for the needs of the Sewell family, consisting, as I believe it did, of seven boys and eight girls. Mary, the youngest, as soon as her brief schooling was over, had to shift for herself. She seems to have tried her hand at one or two things, finally taking service with a cousin, a baker and confectioner, who was doing well in Oxford Street. She must have been a remarkably attractive girl; she's a handsome woman now. I can picture that soft creamy skin when it was fresh and smooth, and the West of England girls run naturally to dimples, and eyes that glisten as though they had been just washed in morning dew. The shop did a good trade in ladies' lunches—it was the glass of sherry and sweet biscuit period. I expect they dressed her in some neat-fitting grey or black dress, with short sleeves, showing her plump arms, such as girls wear who move among pastry, and that she flitted around the marble-topped tables, smiling, and looking cool and sweet. There the present Earl of —, then young Lord C—, fresh from Oxford, and new to the dangers of London bachelordom, first saw her. He had accompanied some female relatives to the photographers, and, hotels and restaurants being deemed impossible in those days for ladies, had taken them to Sewell's to lunch. Mary Sewell waited upon the party; and now, as many of that party as are above ground wait upon Mary Sewell.

"He showed good sense in marrying her," I said; "I admire him for it." The doctor's sixty-four Lafitte was excellent. I felt charitably inclined towards all men and women, even towards earls and countesses.

"I don't think he had much to do

with it," laughed the doctor, "beyond being, like Barkis, 'willing.' It's a queer story; some people profess not to believe it, but those who know her ladyship best think it just the story that must be true, because it is so characteristic of her. And besides, I happen to know that it *is* true."

"I should like to hear it," I said.

"I am going to tell it you," said the doctor, lighting a fresh cigar, and pushing the box towards me.

I will leave you to imagine the lad's suddenly developed appetite for decanted sherry at sixpence a glass, and the familiar currant bun of our youth. He lunched at Sewell's shop, he tea'd at Sewell's, occasionally he dined at Sewell's, off cutlets, followed by assorted pastry. Possibly, merely from fear lest the affair should reach his mother's ears, for he was neither worldly-wise nor vicious, he made love to Mary under an assumed name; and, to do the girl justice, it must be remembered that she fell in love with and agreed to marry plain Mr. John Robinson, son of a colonial merchant, a gentleman, as she must have seen, and a young man of easy means, but of a position not so very much superior to her own. The first intimation she received that her lover was none other than Lord C——, the future Earl of ——, was vouchsafed her during a painful interview with his lordship's mother.

"I never knew it, madam," asserted Mary, standing by the window of the drawing-room above the shop, "upon my word of honour, I never knew it."

"Perhaps not," answered her ladyship, coldly. "Would you have refused him if you had?"

"I cannot tell," was the girl's answer; "it would have been different from the beginning. He courted me and asked me to be his wife."

"We won't go into all that," interrupted the other; "I am not here to

defend him. I do not say he acted well. The question is, how much will compensate you for your natural disappointment?"

Her ladyship prided herself upon her bluntness and practicability. As she spoke, she took her cheque-book out of her reticule, and, opening it, dipped her pen into the ink. I am inclined to think that the flutter of that cheque-book was her ladyship's mistake. The girl had common-sense, and must have seen the difficulties in the way of a marriage between the heir to an earldom and a linen-draper's daughter; and had the old lady been a person of discernment, the interview might have ended more to her satisfaction. She made the error of judging the world by one standard, forgetting there are individualities. Mary Sewell came from a West of England stock that, in the days of Drake and Frobisher, had given more than one able-bodied pirate to the service of the country, and that insult of the cheque-book put the fight into her. Her lips closed with a little snap, and the fear fell from her.

"I am sorry I don't see my way to obliging your ladyship," she said.

"What do you mean, girl?" asked the elder woman.

"I don't mean to be disappointed," answered the girl, but she spoke quietly and respectfully. "We have pledged our word to one another. If he is a gentleman, as I know he is, he will keep his, and I shall keep mine."

Then her ladyship began to talk reason, as people do when it is too late. She pointed out to the girl the difference of social position, and explained to her the miseries that come from marrying out of one's station. But the girl by this time had got over her surprise, and perhaps had begun to reflect that in any case, a countess-ship was worth fighting for. The best of women are influenced by such considerations.

W. DEWEE



"I AM SORRY I DON'T SEE MY WAY TO OBLIGING YOUR LADYSHIP."

"I am not a lady, I know," she replied, quietly, "but my people have always been honest folk, well known, and I shall try to learn. I'm not wishing to speak disrespectfully of my betters, but I was in service before I came here, ma'am, as lady's maid, in a place where I saw much of what is called Society. I think I can be as good a lady as some I know, if not better."

The countess began to grow angry again. "And who do you think will receive you," she cried; "a girl who has served in a pastry-cook's shop?"

"Lady L—— came from behind the bar," Mary answered, "and that's not so much better. And the Duchess of C——, I have heard, was a ballet girl, but nobody seems to remember it. I don't think the people whose opinion is worth having will object to me for very long." The girl was beginning to rather enjoy the contest.

"You profess to love my son," cried the countess, fiercely, "and you are going to ruin his life. You will drag him down to your own level."

The girl must have looked rather fine at that moment; I should dearly love to have been present.

"There will be no dragging down, my lady," she replied, "on either side. I do love your son very dearly. He is one of the kindest and best of gentlemen. But I am not blind, and whatever amount of cleverness there may be between us, belongs chiefly to me. I shall make it my duty to fit myself for the position of his wife, and to help him in his work. You need not fear, my lady; I shall be a good wife to him, and he shall never regret it. You might find him a richer wife, a better educated wife, but you will never find him a wife who will be more devoted to him and to his interests."

That practically brought the scene to a close. The countess had sense enough to see that she was only losing ground by argument. She rose and replaced her cheque-book in her bag.

"I think, my good girl, you must be mad," she said; "if you will not allow me to do anything for you, there's an end to the matter. I did not come here to quarrel with you. My son knows his duty to me and to his family. You must take your own course and I must take mine."

"Very well, my lady," said Mary Sewell, holding the door open for her ladyship to pass out; "we shall see who wins."

But however brave a front Mary Sewell may have maintained before the enemy, I expect she felt pretty limp when thinking matters calmly over after her ladyship's departure. She knew her lover well enough to guess that he would be as wax in the firm hands of his mother; while she herself would not have a chance of opposing her influence against those seeking to draw him away from her. Once again she read through the few schoolboy letters he had written her, and then looked up at the framed photograph that hung above the mantelpiece of her little bedroom. The face was that of a frank, pleasant-looking young fellow, lightened by eyes somewhat large for a man, but spoiled by a painfully weak mouth. The more Mary Sewell thought, the more sure she felt in her own mind that he loved her, and had meant honestly by her. Did the matter rest with him, she might reckon on being the future Countess of ——; but, unfortunately for her, the person to be considered was not Lord C——, but the present Countess of ——.

From childhood, through boyhood, into manhood it had never once occurred to Lord C—— to dispute a single command of his mother's, and his was not the type of brain to readily receive new ideas. If she was to win in the unequal contest it would have to be by art, not by strength. She sat down and wrote a letter which under all the circumstances was a model of diplomacy. She knew that it would be read by the countess, and, writing it, she

kept both mother and son in mind. She made no reproaches, and indulged in but little sentiment. It was the letter of a woman who could claim rights, but who only asked for courtesy. It stated her wish to see him alone and obtain from his own lips the assurance that he wished their engagement to cease. "Do not fear," Mary Sewell wrote, "that I shall be any annoyance to you. My own pride would not let me urge you to marry me against your desire, and I care for you too much to cause you any pain. Assure me with your own lips that you wish our engagement to be at an end, and I shall release you without another word."

The family were in town, and Mary sent her letter by a trusty hand. The countess read it with huge satisfaction, and, re-sealing it, gave it herself into her son's hands. It promised a happy solution of the problem. In imagination, she had all the night been listening to a vulgar breach of promise case. She herself had been submitted to a most annoying cross-examination by a pert barrister. Her son's assumption of the name of Robinson had been misunderstood and severely commented upon by the judge. A sympathetic jury had awarded thumping damages; and, for the next six months, the family title would be a peg on which music-hall singers and comic journalists would hang their ribald jokes. Lord C—— read the letter, flushed, and dutifully handed it back to his mother. She made pretence to read it as for the first time, and counselled him to accord the interview.

"I am so glad," she said, "that the girl is taking the matter sensibly. We must really do something for her in the future, when everything is settled. Let her ask for me, and then the servants will fancy she's a lady's maid or something of that sort, come after a place, and won't talk."

So that evening Mary Sewell, addressed by the butler as "young woman," was

ushered into the small drawing-room that connects the library of No. —, Grosvenor Square, with the other reception rooms. The countess, now all amiability, rose to greet her.

"My son will be here in a moment," she explained; "he has informed me of the purport of your letter. Believe me, my dear Miss Sewell, no one can regret his thoughtless conduct more than I do. But young men will be young men, and they do not stop to reflect that what may be a joke to them may be taken quite seriously by others."

"I don't regard the matter as a joke, my lady," replied Mary, somewhat curtly.

"Of course not, my dear," added the countess, "that's what I'm saying. It was very wrong of him altogether. But with your pretty face, you will not, I am sure, have long to wait for a husband; we must see what we can do for you."

The countess certainly lacked tact, it must have handicapped her exceedingly.

"Thank you," answered the girl, "but I prefer to choose my own."

Fortunately—for the interview might have ended in another quarrel—the cause of all the trouble at this moment entered the room, and the countess, whispering a few final words of instruction to him as she passed out, left them together.

Mary took a chair in the centre of the room, at equal distance from both doors. Lord C——, finding any sort of a seat uncomfortable under the circumstances, preferred to stand with his back to the mantelpiece. Dead silence was maintained for a few seconds, and then Mary, drawing the daintiest of handkerchiefs from her pocket, began to cry. The countess must have been a poor diplomatist, or she might have thought of this; or she may have remembered her own appearance on the rare occasions when she, a big, raw-boned girl, had attempted the softening influence of tears, and have attached little importance to the possibility. But when these soft, dimpled



women cry, and cry quietly, it is another matter. Their eyes grow brighter, and the tears, few and far between, lie like dewdrops on a rose leaf.

LORD C—— was as tender-hearted a lout as ever lived. In a moment he was on his knees with his arm round the girl's waist, pouring out such halting words of love and devotion as came to his unready brain, cursing his fate, his earldom, and his mother, and assuring Mary that his only chance of happiness lay in his making her his countess.

Had Mary liked to say the word at that moment, he would have caught her to his arms, and defied the whole world—for the time being. But Mary was a very practical young woman, and there are difficulties in the way of handling a lover, who, however ready he may be to do your bidding so long as your eyes are upon him, is liable to be turned from his purpose so soon as another influence is substituted for your own. His lordship suggested an immediate secret marriage, but you cannot run out into the street, knock up a clergyman, and get married on the spot, and Mary knew that the moment she was gone his lordship's will would revert to his mother's keeping. Then his lordship suggested flight, but flight requires money, and the countess knew enough to keep his lordship's purse in her own hands. Despair seized upon his lordship.

"It's no good," he cried, "it will end in my marrying her."

"Who's she?" exclaimed Mary, somewhat quickly.

His lordship explained the position. The family estates were heavily encumbered. It was deemed advisable that his lordship should marry Money, and Money, in the person of the only daughter of rich and ambitious parvenus, had offered itself—or, to speak more correctly, had been offered.

"What's she like?" asked Mary.

"Oh, she's nice enough," was the reply,

"only I don't care for her and she doesn't care for me. It won't be much fun for either of us," and his lordship laughed dismally.

"How do you know she doesn't care for you?" asked Mary. A woman may be critical of her lover's shortcomings, but at the very least, he is good enough for every other woman.

"Well, she happens to care for somebody else," answered his lordship; "she told me so herself."

That would account for it. "And is she willing to marry you?" enquired Mary.

His lordship shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, well, you know, her people want it," he replied.

In spite of her trouble the girl could not help a laugh. These young swells seemed to have but small wills of their own. Her ladyship, on the other side of the door, grew nervous. It was the only sound she had been able to hear.

"It's deuced awkward," explained his lordship, "when you're—well, when you are anybody, you know. You can't do as you like. Things are expected of you, and there's such a lot to be considered."

Mary rose and clasped her pretty dimpled hands, from which she had drawn her gloves, behind his neck.

"You do love me, Jack?" she said, looking up into his face.

For answer, the lad hugged her to him very tightly, and there were tears in his eyes.

"Look here, Mary," he cried; "if I could only get rid of my position, and settle down with you as a country gentleman, I'd do it to-morrow. Damn the title, it's going to be the curse of my life."

Perhaps in that moment, Mary also wished that the title were at the bottom of the sea, and that her lover were only the plain Mr. John Robinson she had thought him. These big, stupid men are often very lovable in spite of, or because



SHE SCRIBBLED THE NAME DOWN.

of, their weakness. They appeal to the mother side of a woman's heart, and that is the biggest side, in all good women.

Suddenly, however, the door opened. The countess appeared, and sentiment flew out. Lord C——, releasing Mary, sprang back, looking like a guilty school-boy.

"I thought I heard Miss Sewell go out," said her ladyship in the icy tones that had never lost their power of making her son's heart freeze within him. "I want to see you when you are free."

"I sha'n't be long," stammered his lordship. "Mary—Miss Sewell is just going."

Mary waited without moving until the countess had left and closed the door behind her. Then she turned to her lover and spoke in quick, low tones.

"Give me her address—the girl they want you to marry!"

"What are you going to do?" asked his lordship.

"I don't know," answered the girl, "but I'm going to see her."

She scribbled the name down, and then said, looking the boy squarely in the face:

"Tell me frankly, Jack, do you want to marry me, or do you not?"

"You know I do, Mary," he answered, and his eyes spoke stronger than his words. "If I weren't a silly ass, there would be none of this trouble. But I don't know how it is: I say to myself I'll do a thing, but the mater talks and talks and——"

"I know," interrupted Mary with a smile. "Don't argue with her, fall in with all her views, and pretend to agree with her."

"If you could only think of some plan——" said his lordship, catching at the hope of her words; "you are so clever."

"I am going to try," answered Mary, "and if I fail, you must run off with me, even if you have to do it right before your mother's eyes."

What she meant was, "I shall have to run off with you," but she thought it better to put it the other way about.

Mary found her involuntary rival a meek, gentle little lady, as much under the influence of her blustering father as was Lord C—— under that of his mother. What took place at the interview one can only surmise; but certain it is that the two girls, each for her own ends, undertook to aid and abet one another.

Much to the surprised delight of their respective parents, there came about a change in the attitude hitherto assumed towards one another by Miss Clementina Hodskiss and Lord C——. All objections to his lordship's unwilling attentions were suddenly withdrawn by the lady. Indeed, so swift to come and go are the whims of woman, his calls were actually encouraged, especially when, as generally happened, they coincided with the absence from home of Mr. and Mrs. Hodskiss. Quite as remarkable was the new-born desire of Lord C—— towards Miss Clementina Hodskiss. Mary's name was never mentioned, and the suggestion of immediate marriage was listened to without remonstrance. Wiser folk would have puzzled their brains, but both her ladyship and ex-contractor Hodskiss were accustomed to find all things yield to their wishes. The countess saw visions of a rehabilitated estate, and Clementina's father dreamed of a peerage, secured by the influence of aristocratic connections. All that the young folks stipulated for (and on that point their firmness was supernatural) was that the marriage should be quiet, almost to the verge of secrecy.

"No beastly fuss," his lordship demanded; "let it be somewhere in the country, and no mob!" and his mother, thinking she understood his reason, patted his cheek affectionately.

"I should like to go down to Aunt Jane's and be married quietly from there," explained Miss Hodskiss to her father.

Aunt Jane resided on the outskirts of a small Hampshire village, and 'sat under' a clergyman famous throughout the neighbourhood for having lost the roof to his mouth.

"You can't be married by that old fool," thundered her father—Mr. Hodskiss always thundered; he thundered even his prayers.

"He christened me," urged Miss Clementina.

"And Lord knows what he called you. Nobody can understand a word he says."

"I'd like him to marry me," reiterated Miss Clementina.

Neither her ladyship nor the contractor liked the idea. The latter in particular had looked forward to a big function, chronicled at length in all the newspapers. But after all, the marriage was the essential thing, and, perhaps, having regard to certain foolish love passages between Clementina and a certain penniless naval lieutenant, ostentation might be out of place.

So in due course Clementina departed for Aunt Jane's, accompanied only by her maid.

Quite a treasure was Miss Hodskiss's new maid. "A clean, wholesome girl," said of her Contractor Hodskiss, who cultivated affability towards the lower orders; "knows her place, and talks sense. You keep that girl, Clemmy."

"Do you think she knows enough?" hazarded the maternal Hodskiss.

"Quite sufficient for any decent woman," retorted the contractor. "When Clemmy wants painting and stuffing, it will be time enough for her to think about getting one of your '*Ach Himmels*' or '*Mon Dieu*.'"

"I like the girl myself, immensely," agreed Clementina's mother; "you can trust her, and she doesn't give herself airs."

Her praises reached even the countess, suffering severely at the moment from the tyranny of an elderly Fräulein.

"I must see this treasure," thought the countess to herself. "I am tired of these foreign minxes."

But no matter at what cunning hour her ladyship might call, the "treasure" always happened for some reason or other to be abroad.

"Your girl seems to be always out when I come," laughed the countess. "One would fancy there was some reason for it."

"It does seem odd," agreed Clementina, with a slight flush.

Miss Hodskiss herself showed rather than spoke her appreciation of the girl. She seemed unable to move or think without her. Not even from the interviews with Lord C—— was the maid always absent.

The marriage it was settled should be by licence. Mrs. Hodskiss made up her mind at first to run down and see to the preliminaries, but really when the time arrived it hardly seemed necessary to take that trouble. The ordering of the whole affair was so very simple, and the 'treasure' appeared to understand the business most thoroughly, and to be willing to take the whole burden upon her own shoulders. It was not, therefore, until the evening before the wedding that the Hodskiss family arrived in force, filling Aunt Jane's small dwelling to its utmost capacity. The swelling figure of the contractor, standing beside the tiny porch, compelled the passer-by to think of the doll's house in which the dwarf resides during fair-time, ringing his own bell out of his own first-floor window. The Countess and Lord C—— were staying with her ladyship's sister, the Hon. Mrs. J——, at G—— Hall, some ten miles distant, and were to drive over in the morning. The then Earl of —— was in Norway, salmon fishing. Domestic events did not interest him.

Clementina complained of a headache after dinner, and went to bed early. The 'treasure' also was indisposed. She seemed worried and excited.

"That girl is as eager about the thing," remarked Mrs. Hodskiss, "as though it was her own marriage."

In the morning, Clementina was still suffering from her headache, but asserted her ability to go through the ceremony, provided everybody would keep away, and not worry her. The 'treasure' was the only person she felt she could bear to have about her. Half an hour before it was time to start for church her mother looked her up again. She had grown still paler, if possible, during the interval, and also more nervous and irritable. She threatened to go to bed and stop there if she was not left quite alone; she almost turned her mother out of the room, locking the door behind her. Mrs. Hodskiss had never known her daughter to be like this before.

The others went on, leaving her to follow in the last carriage with her father. The contractor, forewarned, spoke little to her. Only once he had occasion to ask her a question, and then she answered in a strained, unnatural voice. She appeared, so far as could be seen under her heavy veil, to be crying.

"Well, this is going to be a cheerful wedding," said Mr. Hodskiss, and lapsed into sulkiness.

The wedding was not so quiet as had been anticipated. The village had got scent of it and had spread itself upon the event, while half the house party from G—— Hall had insisted on driving over to take part in the proceedings. The little church was better filled than it had been for many a long year past.

The presence of the stylish crowd unnerved the ancient clergyman, long unaccustomed to the sight of a strange face; and the first sound of the ancient clergyman's voice unnerved the stylish crowd. What little clearness he possessed entirely disappeared; no one could understand a word he said. He appeared to be uttering sounds of distress. The ancient gentleman's infliction had to be ex-

plained in low asides, after which it had to be explained why such an one had been chosen to perform the ceremony.

"It was a whim of Clementina's," whispered her mother. "Her father and myself were married from here, and he christened her. The dear child's full of sentiment. I think it so nice of her."

Everybody agreed it was charming, but wished it were over. The general effect was weird in the extreme.

Lord C—— spoke up fairly well, but the bride's responses were singularly indistinct, the usual order of things being thus reversed. The story of the naval lieutenant was remembered, and added to; and some of the more sentimental of the women began to cry in sympathy.

In the vestry things assumed a brighter tone. There were no lack of witnesses to sign the register. The verger pointed out to them the place, and they wrote their names, as people in such cases do, without stopping to read." Then it occurred to someone that the bride had not yet signed. She stood apart, with her veil still down, and appeared to have been forgotten. Encouraged, she came forward, meekly, and took the pen from the hand of the verger. The countess came and stood behind her.

"Mary," wrote the bride, in a hand that looked as though it ought to have been firm, but which was not.

"Dear me," said the countess, "I never knew there was a Mary in your name. How differently you write when you write slowly."

The bride did not answer, but followed with "Susannah."

"Why, what a lot of names you must have, my dear!" exclaimed the countess. "When are you going to get to the ones we all know?"

"Ruth," continued the bride without answering.

Breeding is not always proof against strong emotion. The countess snatched

the bride's veil from her face, and Mary Susannah Ruth Sewell stood before her, flushed and trembling, but looking none the less pretty because of that. At this point the crowd came in useful.

"I am sure your ladyship does not wish a scene," said Mary, speaking low. "The thing is done."

"The thing can be undone, and will be," retorted the countess, in the same tone. "You, you——"

"My wife, don't forget that, mother," said Lord C——, coming between them, and slipping Mary's hand on to his arm. "We are both sorry to have had to go about the thing in this roundabout way; but we wanted to avoid a fuss. I think we had better be getting away. I'm afraid Mr. Hodskiss is going to be noisy."

The doctor poured himself out a glass of claret, and drank it off. His throat must have been dry.

"And what became of Clementina?" I asked. "Did the naval lieutenant, while the others were at church, dash up in a post-chaise and carry her off?"

"That's what ought to have happened, for the whole thing to be in keeping," agreed the doctor. "I believe as a matter of fact she did marry him eventually, but not till some years later, after the contractor had died."

"And did Mr. Hodskiss make a noise in the vestry?" I persisted. The doctor never will finish a story.

"I can't say for certain," answered my host; "I only saw the gentleman once. That was at a shareholder's meeting. I should incline to the opinion that he did."

"I suppose the bride and bridegroom slipped out as quietly as possible and drove straight off," I suggested.

"That would have been the sensible thing for them to do," agreed the doctor.

"But how did she manage about her travelling frock?" I continued. "She could hardly have gone back to Aunt Jane's and changed her things."

The doctor has no mind for minutæ. "I cannot tell you about all that," he replied. "I think I mentioned that Mary was a practical girl. Possibly she had thought of these details."

"And did the countess take the matter quietly?" I asked. I like a tidy story, where everybody is put into his or her proper place at the end. Your modern romancer leaves half his characters lying about just anyhow.

"That also I cannot tell you for certain," answered the doctor; "but I give her credit for so much sense. Lord C—— was of age, and with Mary at his elbow, quite knew his own mind. I believe they travelled for two or three years. The first time I myself set eyes on the countess (*née* Mary Sewell) was just after the late earl's death. I thought she looked a countess, every inch of her, but then I had not heard the story. I mistook the dowager for the house-keeper."





*Drawn by Robert Sauber.*

"Certes, fair lady, 'tis a paradoxical sport. The only fish that anglers catch are the fish that have taken their hook."

And then—not unnaturally—the river dried up.

# IN THE COLLIERS' COUNTRY.

SKETCHES WITH PEN AND PENCIL.

BY WILLIAM ROE AND CHAS. PEARLS.



I.  
WE are in the colliers' country — grimy and unlovely enough by day, but at the evening hour, how pregnant with weirdness and mystery! The hot summer day is dying. No longer does the colour gleam in the fields where the pit-heads are reared; the but-tercup has no longer the glow of aureolin; the

crimson flush has left the sorrel, which by day had rippled in the sun like a lagoon of blood. The roar of machinery is stilled. Now and again a throb is heard as if from some deep-sunk engine, but save for this, and the cry of some hovering bird, the place gives forth no sound. A few miners loiter among the stacks of timber and heaps of bricks, indistinctly seen as the light grows fainter. Up from the earth springs a ponderous platform, topped with great wheels whose revolutions bear the miner to his toil, or bring up the hard-got fruit of the earth's interior: purple almost to blackness loom the wheels in silhouette against the pink and yellow sky. A blue mist rises from the refuse heap; here and there the heap reveals itself, burning with incandescent fierceness. By-and-bye the

light fades from the sky. The grey of night envelopes all. And out of the darkness tower the great black wheels — solemn, majestic.

## II.

Tread lightly, the child is asleep. The doctor who came this morning said it might sleep as the night drew near. The father has come home from his subterranean labour to take his turn by the bed of his little daughter; the mother, patient soul, weary with long watching, sees him creep to the bedroom door. Yes, the child sleeps; did not the doctor say it would sleep? The mother and father sit on through the hours, glad in their anguish and anxiety that the little one sleeps. They wait for



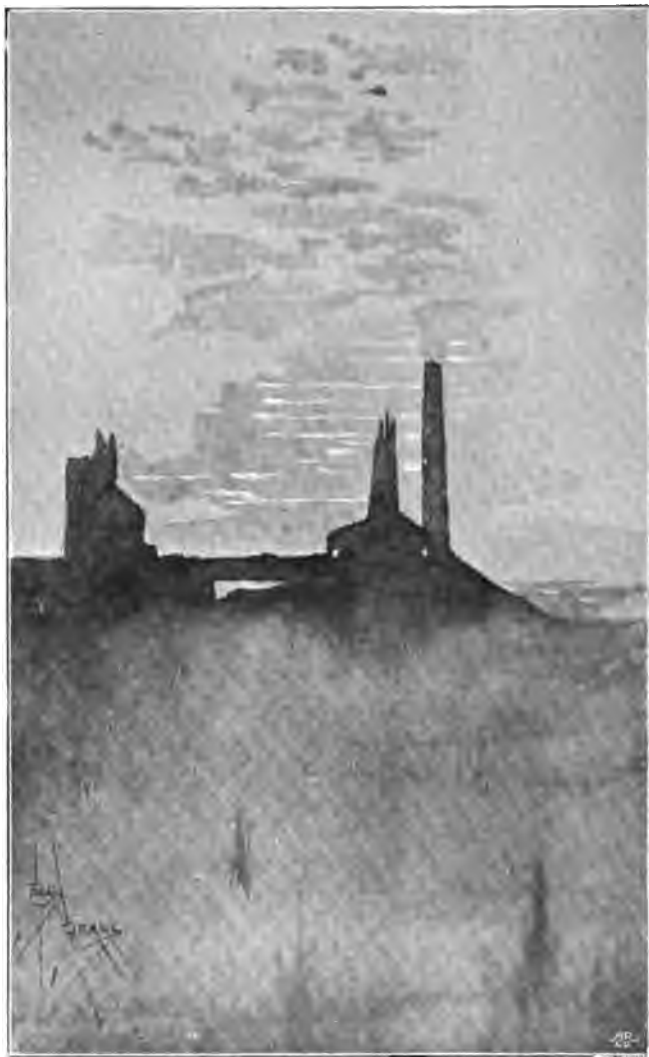
ON STRIKE.

some movement, but no motion is made. The child sleeps. The fever burns in its blood no more. The tortured brain is



at rest. The watchers with one instinct move towards the bed—they see the end has come. They clasp each other's hand, but speak no word.

Morrison is as steady a man as you will find in any colliers' camp. He hopes to be a deputy soon, and he will be. His garden is known for miles around. People



SUNSET IN THE COLLIERS' COUNTRY.

### III.

Some of the miners who live in the colony drink a good deal. Some of them are sober enough, however. The time one man spends over the pewter-pot and the sanded floor of the "Golden Lion," another spends in his garden. Jim

talk about it as a thing worth going to see. Morrison calls it his "bower of beauty," which is a "flowery" expression in more senses than one. But who shall say that the title is inapt? Look at the little plot of ground this summer evening. How it glows with colour! How charged the air is with perfume—the perfume of the rose, the sweet-pea, the ten-week stock, and the evening-primrose. Observe the ingenious archway spanning the path to the door—the nasturtium drops its flaming petals of vermillion and yellow, and the canary-creeper twines in and out among the lattice-work. Here in a corner is a bed of Shirley poppies—most exquisite and fragile of garden flowers; close by is a mass of shimmering foliage amid whose mazes nestle delicate blue florets which they call "Love-in-a-mist." Here is a bed of mignonette

paying its tribute of incense to the departing day; around it is a fringe of Virginian stock alternated with candytuft; while close by blossom in their respective ways the cornflower, the calliopsis, and the Clarkia. Geraniums and calceolarias and asters have all a place, and many other flowering plants of varying



THE COLLIER'S DAUGHTER.

size from the scabious to the sunflower, but to mention them all would be to compile a catalogue. And you would not think, if you saw Morrison come home, swarthy with "pit dirt," that he had a mind for such things.

## IV.

They walked sulkily along the road—the collier and the woman. Perhaps they were man and wife; perhaps not; they have strange ways, some of these miners, who live here oneweek and there the next. It was in the heart of the country where the man and woman walked, and quarrelled. They were the only jarring note in the prevailing peace. Suddenly I saw the man clench his fists and look at the woman. He said nothing—only looked. The woman fell behind. For half a mile they walked so. Then the woman came level with the man, and they both stood still. They wrangled in a high key, and which poured out the foulest language 'twere hard to say. Then the man went on, and the woman slunk behind. But the man came back uttering awful curses. He lifted his hand and struck the woman on the breast. She fell into the ditch.



COLLIERS' COTTAGES. A QUAIN OLD STREET.

On the brute walked; the woman got up and followed him. Soon they came to a little road-side shop. The woman went in and came out with a loaf of bread and a piece of Bologna sausage. The man ate greedily; the woman sparingly; and the meal over, they rose and walked on, quite cheerily. All of which I know to be true, for I saw it myself, wondering at the time how much a woman will stand from the man she has given herself to.

## V.

Police-Sergeant Richards is a humorist in his way, and he thought he would go and see how Mrs. Hopkinson took it. He smiled to himself as he thought of the surprise he had in store for the miner's better-half, for he had a charming little joke on hand. He set off to Mrs. Hopkinson's about seven o'clock on Monday morning, looking as fresh as a daisy, notwithstanding that he had had a very bad night with the poachers, and that Tom Hopkinson, previous to being handcuffed, had given him a nasty crack over the shoulder with a piece of paling. Perhaps the recollection of this outrage

tinged the sergeant's humour with a dash of grimness. The collier's wife was blithely whitening the windowsill, and wondering what on earth had become of Tom, when our sergeant strolled up to the house.

"And is your husband at home, Mrs. Hopkinson," he asked, "for if he is, I've a little job I want him to do after he comes home in the evening?"

"Well, he was at home only a blessed minute ago. He went out to see the gaffer. I wonder you didn't meet him. You see he has been out on strike for a month, and hearing that the men were stopping play, he thought he'd go and ask if there was any chance of his

getting on again. He'll be back in a minute."

So the poacher's wife's tongue wagged on mendaciously.

"Perhaps you'd like me to wait a bit, and see if he comes back?" ventured the officer, his tongue in his cheek.

"Yes, come in and take a chair. He can't be more than a minute."

Then the sergeant played his trump card.

"Can't he? Eh? Perhaps you don't know he's been out poaching all night, and that we've got him safe in Wakefield gaol?"

Police-Sergeant Richards had his little joke, but the woe-begone look on the face of the poacher's wife haunted him for many a day.





IN HOSPITAL.  
*By Ernest Goodwin.*

"And was your husband kind to you?"  
"Kind? Oh, miss, 'e was that good—w'y, 'e was more like a friend  
than a 'usband!"

# MARTIN KEARY'S DAGO PARTNER.

BY A. J. DAWSON.

ILLUSTRATED BY B. E. MINNS.



IN a stiflingly hot Saturday night, towards the end of January, old Martin Keary celebrated his birthday by holding free-house in the bar of the First Nugget. He devoted his that week's clean-up to the process, and the function was a pronounced success, the sore head period being staved off till the light of Sunday evening was dying in the western sky. Mick Farnham, the hotel proprietor, had relinquished his official position shortly after daylight on Sunday; and at mid-day it is probable that, always excepting Pedro, there was not a sober man on Nulla Nulla.

Pedro was a silent, abstemious man, who did most things well, and reached perfection in the arts of minding his own business and making wages out of worked-out claims. He was also a Maltese Jew, whose frame was muscular, and whose upper lip did not properly cover his eye-teeth. But, to be sure, these matters are accidents of birth.

Putting aside the man's extraordinary sobriety—perhaps the chief thing against him in the eyes of the Nulla Nulla camp—was the fact that he had been more than once surprised in the act of sleep-walking. Total abstinence was a thing calculated to grate unpleasantly on every nerve of the average Nulla Nulla miner; and the majority of the searchers after gold in that locality looked upon somnambulism as a kind of secret vice, in its way an offence

against decency. In view of these things, and of the success which attended the Dago's methods of minding his own affairs, Pedro, after a short residence there, became the least liked man on the Nulla Nulla.

But who shall gauge the value of popularity? We were all more or less fond of old Martin Keary, whose most notable peculiarities were his extraordinary command of vituperative blasphemy, and his proven ability to live and to work, week in and week out, on the extreme verge of delirium tremens. It is true the old man made no bones about frequently giving, not the half, but the whole, of the only shilling he possessed to any casual sundowner who might ask the price of a drink. Thus it will be seen that in many respects Martin Keary was the embodied opposite of Pedro. He did not mind his own business, and was as popular as any man in the camp.

At an early hour on Monday morning the camp was as busy as a hive of working-bees. Bush air and the exigencies of a miner's life breed great recuperative powers. At about breakfast-time Martin Keary swaggered out from his gunyah to his claim, and, standing there with both hands in his waistband, and his slouch hat crushed down on the nape of his neck, saluted his partner thus—

"Come up and get your breakfast, Dick, an' leave that one-eyed hole to take care of itself." Here the old man raised his eyes, and addressed the heavens profanely: "If you were put onto the inside of a corn-beef barrel, Dick, it's my belief you'd pick an' wash at that barrel

for colour. This misbegotten claim of ours was never worth lightin' a fire on, an' now th' carrion's played out."

"D'ye think so?" queried Dick, meekly, stroking his forehead, and leaving thereon three broad stripes of clay.

"Will a snake bite?" returned the old man, oracularly. "I'm sure of it. Anyway, I'm goin' to catch Micky Doolan, an' I'm goin' out prospectin' Nyngan way. So you won't see me in this dust-bin, not this good-looking day."

And after breakfast, the old man caught Micky Doolan—the fastest and worst-tempered horse round Nulla Nulla—and rode away in the morning sunshine, with a two days' swag strapped across his saddle. Dick, his partner, said nothing, but settled down to "bullocking" again in the "dust-bin." That was Dick's way. The rest of the camp smiled, and said the old man would be back at work again next day. It was a habit of his to take these little excursions after a birthday, or other occasion, the celebration of which taxed even his capacity as a consumer of tangle-foot. And he always returned to settle down to his working life on the extreme edge of alcoholic dissolution.

However, though the following day came in due course, as days will, it did not bring Martin Keary back to Nulla Nulla. On Wednesday evening, when billies were being boiled and the day's work was done, the old man rode into the camp at a brisk canter, and turned Micky Doolan out to feed. An expression of weary discontent was noticeable in the horse's wicked face, and it was plain that Martin Keary had ridden far in poor country.

During that evening the old man looked into the bar of the First Nugget, and sat down quietly on an empty whiskey case. Everyone knew that Martin must be penniless, and, as a consequence, he was called upon to drink somewhat more than his usual quota. At last, when the bar was full, the entire aristocracy of the

camp being represented there, Martin Keary began to talk.

"Boys," he said, "the old man's struck colour at last."

"Good iron!" "Buck in and win, Martin!" "More power to ye, old son!"

They had heard somewhat similar announcements from Martin before, and the "colour" had proved failure's neutral tint.

"Yes, I've struck the richest bit of creek-bed in New South Wales, an' as true as I'm alive it's been chucked up by John Chinaman—chucked up as played out. And they haven't begun to see what's in it. But old Martin saw it. An' I tell ye there's three years' wages or six months' bust in it."

"You'll take the wages, Martin, eh?"

"Well, a man can take which he likes, I reckon. I only want to get my share of the dirt. I'll know what to do with it. It's there, sure as God made little apples; an' it's only a good day's ride from here. Now, I want a mate. I'll take two. I won't take more. My partner prefers his — dust-bin. So there it is, boys. I can't say more. Don't fight over it, but just say who's coming with me in the morning."

Half an hour later the old man walked out of the First Nugget in a towering rage. The Nulla Nulla claims were panning out pretty well just then. The camp had heard similar yarns from old Martin before. The boys laughed while thanking Martin for his offer, but no one volunteered to share his find. And here it is worth noting that there was no more popular man than old Martin on Nulla Nulla. Had Pedro, the least popular man, told the same story and made the same offer, half the camp would have been ready to follow him.

Early next morning, when Martin, still in high dudgeon, was loading a pack-horse preparatory to riding out alone to his find, Pedro, the Maltese Jew, strolled past on





"BOYS," HE SAID, "THE OLD MAN'S STRUCK COLOUR AT LAST"



the way from his claim to his gunyah for breakfast.

"You go away to 'nuther place?" he asked, mildly, as he paused by Martin's gunyah.

"What's that to you, Dago?" snapped the old man.

The Southerner's upper lip receded apologetically.

"No!" he said, vaguely, "but other men they tell me you have find, and I much surprised you go alone to work him."

"You'd be more surprised if you saw the find," said the old man, now somewhat mollified. "An' all alluvial, too."

"Ah-h so-o!"

"Yes, and they prefer their damn old played-out. Would you like to come?"

"Oh, yes! I come," said the Dago, quietly.

"Come on, then. Saddle up quick. You've got a pack-horse, haven't you? An' bring a week's tucker. Hurry up, Pedro! Jumping Jerusalem! but we'll show these bat-eyed chaps what we can do."

Less than an hour afterwards, Pedro the Dago, and Martin Keary, the latter holding his grizzled head very high, rode out of the camp together, driving their pack-horses before them. Then the camp took a brace, and having laughed for five minutes at the notion of this odd couple doing anything together, wiped its collective lips and settled down to work again.

It was on the evening of the fifth day after this that word was brought into the bar of the First Nugget to the effect that Pedro was in Nulla Nulla and up at the store buying provisions. Most of the boys strolled out of the bar at this, and along the rocky track towards the store.

"Where in hell's old man Keary, then?" was what Mick Farnham asked. And he may be said to have voiced the sentiments of the party.

Half-way between the store and the First Nugget, the boys met Pedro leading

a loaded pack-horse in the direction of his gunyah.

Again Mick Farnham put into forcible words the curiosity felt by the men of the camp. Pedro's clothes were a good deal stained with clay and dirt, and he looked as tired as a man who has been working triple shifts for a week.

"Keary he stop by our camp," said Pedro, languidly; "and he tell me go for Nulla Nulla for bring tucker. So I get tucker, an' in morning I go back for our camp."

"Ah! So you're working, are you?" asked Farnham.

"Oh, yes! We work."

"H'm! Plenty colour, eh?"

"So—not plenty much, but Keary he think p'raps bimeby we find plenty. Now we make wages."

"Oh! An' you think it good enough to stay, eh?"

"Oh, yes! Not always. P'raps week—two week."

"H'm! Must be pretty dam good, it strikes me, then," muttered Farnham.

"Now I been very much tired," explained Pedro, showing weariness with a Southern movement of head and shoulders, and apology in his backward lifting upper lip. "I go sleep in my humpy, an' go away early in morning. Good-night, genteelman."

And Pedro moved on down the track.

"H'm! Well, well! Good-night, Pedro! See and sleep well now!"

And as the figures of the tall, thin Southerner and his Roman-nosed brumby, melted into the darkness which preceded moonrise, the boys turned and meandered back to the hotel, thinking a good deal and talking very little.

The atmosphere of the First Nugget bar being in itself a thing conducive to conversation, the boys began to talk as soon as that haven of sociability was reached. Dick Matthews, old Martin Keary's partner, led off with:

"Let's have some whiskey, Mick.

What are ye goin' to drink, boys? Mighty queer thing to me, if the old man's got money for stores, that he didn't come in for a liquor up, instead of sending that teetotal Dago."

The landlord muttered his unqualified endorsement of this sentiment.

"Mighty queer thing for those two to be working together at all," said another man. "Old Martin never has stayed away from the camp, before, not since I've been here."

"Never has since he's been on Nulla Nulla; an' it's a lick to me he hasn't come back to tell us what he's struck."

This desultory gossip went on for best part of an hour, during which time the men in the bar were growing more curious every moment. But they were only curious. Then Dick Matthews said:

"I know old Martin pretty damn well, an' I know his temper. How he could live a week alone with that Dago just gets over me. I should have thought Martin would've killed him for want of patience."

No one replied to this, and the atmosphere of the bar grew more tense. The boys ceased to be merely curious, and became disturbed—almost nervous.

Half an hour passed, and then a wiry youngster from Queensland side jumped down from his seat on the end of the bar counter. Your Australian bushman is generally a tea drunkard, amongst other things. This youngster was the son of a cockatoo farmer from way back in Queensland. The situation had got on his nerves.

"I'm goin' up to th' Dago's humpy, anyhow," he said. "I want to hear some more about old Martin. That's what's wrong with me, boys."

Tom Waters, the Queensland youngster, started out across the verandah of the hotel, and four other men followed him. The moon was riding fairly high in a clear southern sky then, and all the Nulla Nulla was flooded in the sheen of its

light. The Dago's gunyah was perched on a ridge towards the edge of the settlement and close to the track which led to the Nyngan coach-road. So the four men, with Waters at their head, walked down the track, meaning to turn off abreast of Pedro's gunyah.

Just as Waters was about to step on to the little log culvert which Pedro had thrown over the ditch below his humpy, he stopped short in answer to an exclamation from the man behind him, and, glancing quickly up the ridge, said:

"Great jumping snakes! What's this?"

The youngster was nervous enough to be frightened by his own shadow. But what startled him was something more tangible than his shadow, though almost as silent.

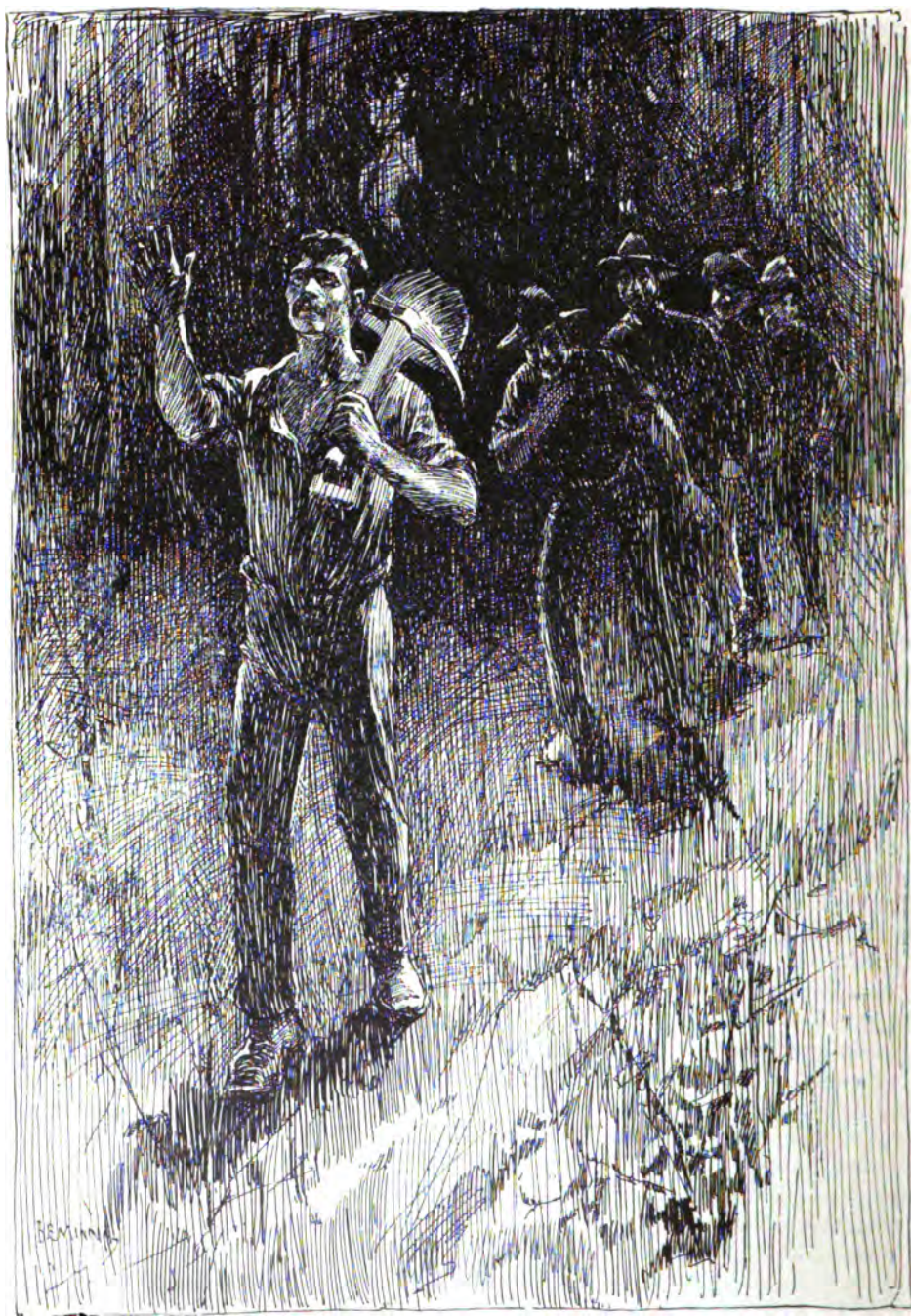
The moon bathed the ridge in a light as clear as that of day, though not so matter-of-fact. Half way down the slope and moving with long, silent, springless strides towards the little party on the culvert, was the tall figure of Pedro the Dago. With one raised hand he supported over his shoulder a pick-axe and a shovel. The other hand was also raised, palm outward, and seemed to have an expression of its own, such as a man's face might have, a watchful, seeking look. The man's face might have been a piece of stone. His outstretched hand held all his individuality. The moonlight showed the skin of his face to be dusky, greyish-white in hue, and apparently free from its usual lines. His eyes were wide open, without movement, and unmistakably sightless.

"The dirty Dago!" muttered the man behind Waters. "He's walkin' in his sleep again."

"But what the devil's he doing with that pick an' shovel?" whispered Waters.

"God knows! Stand back. He'll cross here. Let's follow him."

Waters and the four other men stepped back quickly out of the track. Pedro



"THE DIRTY DAGO!" MUTTERED THE MAN BEHIND WATERS. "HE'S WALKING IN HIS SLEEP AGAIN."

strode noiselessly past them, his outstretched hand within six inches of Tom Waters's face, his unseeing eyes fixed staringly on the moon gleaming above him.

"Well, I'm damned," said the man behind Waters.

"Hush! By Gad, it—it ain't wholesome."

"Not for nuts, it isn't," murmured another man.

By this time the Maltese's long strides had carried him twenty or thirty yards away to the rise in the track to the Nyngan road. And now his spare figure, his backward thrown, bare head, and his horizontal burden of pick and shovel, stood out, black and clean-cut, against a sky of silver-splashed, unfathomable blue.

Once more the weird nature of the scene drew a perfectly innocent and serious oath from the man behind Waters.

"Good God, man, don't swear!" whispered the Queenslander, his long fingers twitching with nervousness.

Then with one accord and silently, the five men stepped out along the glistening, stone-strewn track behind the least liked man on the Nulla Nulla. On went the Dago, his questioning right hand still outstretched, his head still backward bent. Once a little bough falling from a great height reached the ground not twenty yards from Pedro.

"That'll wake him if ever he's going to wake," murmured one of the five men.

But no. Pedro did not show by even the movement of a finger that he was conscious of any sound. Serenely he proceeded on his mysterious way, and never for an instant did his apparently all-knowing, all-seeing right hand lead him astray, or even aside from the centre of the track. After this his followers slackened a little in the care they had observed to avoid disturbing the sleep-walker.

At last the Dago paused in his even

stride, taking two or three short, uncertain steps, while his right hand moved uneasily in mid-air. Then he turned sharply to the left along an uneven, grass-grown, bullock-waggon track.

"Damn if he isn't making for the old Waterhole claims," said the oldest of Water's four friends.

The Nyngan road had been crossed, and altogether a little more than two miles had been covered, when Pedro came to a sudden standstill beside one of the small gravel-heaps which were scattered over the fossicking ground called the Waterhole claims. These claims had only been picked over by a few Chinamen and sanguine new chums, and had then been deserted.

Pedro laid his tools down gently on the gravel-heap before him. His five followers drew together into the narrow, black shadow of a huge blue-gum. Pedro threw aside a few shovelful of gravel from the edge of the heap before which he had paused. Stooping then, the man's all-sensitive right hand seemed to question the disturbed earth for a moment. Then the arm became rigid, and a heavy saddle-bag, partially covered in coarse sacking, was drawn into the moonlight and raised with a little softly clinking sound to the level of Pedro's breast.

"The real thing, sure enough," murmured one of the watchers. And the others nodded, when as Pedro lowered the bag to the ground once more, that clinking sound reached their ears a second time.

Then the Dago picked up his big shovel and stepped firmly out to the side of a wide-mouthed hole so close to where the men from the First Nugget stood that Waters involuntarily shivered off to the left of the big tree. The movement was quite unnecessary.

Pedro's unerring right hand closed firmly over the handle of his shovel, and plunging it into loose gravel, he threw a spadeful into the wide-mouthed hole.

Instantly, and as though corresponding in some way to this action of the sleep-walker's, a muffled, moaning sound reached the ears of the five men grouped in the shadow of the blue-gum. The sound might have been caused in many different ways, but it was horribly suggestive of human pain. To the five nervous watchers it *was* a cry of human pain, and it issued from the hole which Pedro, in his uncannily mechanical way, was proceeding to fill.

The fact is worth noting, that before doing anything else, each of the five wrought-up men expelled his favourite oath from between clenched teeth. Then each looked into the face of his friends.

Then, without a word, the five rushed forward, brushing Pedro aside as men might thrust an obstinate weed out of their path. And as helplessly as a broken reed Pedro fell. But as he fell he screamed once like a woman. Then he lay still and unnoticed.

Waters, the Queenslander, was leading when the five had sprung forward, and as he swept the Dago out of his way the moonlight had shown him that the wide-mouthed hole was not more than five or six feet in depth, though it had on one side of it a shelving excavation, at the beginning of which was a dark shadow. So, with hardly a break in his plunging stride, Waters had leapt into the hole while his friends paused on its brink, and leaned over towards him.

Waters was seen to bend down over the dark shadow which lay across the opening of the shelving place. Then his shoulders straightened, and he drew back, his face upturned in the moonlight towards his friends above.

"So help me God," he gasped, "it's old man Keary."

Then three men made inarticulate sounds as they slid down into the hole where Waters stood. And the other man, the oldest of the party, turned and placed one foot heavily on the shoulder of Pedro, who still lay outstretched like a fallen log.

Three minutes afterwards old man Keary was sitting up, his back to a heap of gravel, his feet within a yard of the Dago's. He had been bound hand and foot with bucket rope, and he had been gagged almost to suffocation with the sleeve of his own shirt and a piece of cord.

"And all I know about it, boys," the old man said, when, an hour afterwards, they set him down in the bar of the First Nugget, a bottle of whiskey and a glass at his elbow, "all I know about it is, that the Dago must 've hit me a pretty crack over the head, by the blood an' th' lump there. We'd struck it pretty rich out Nyngan way, you know; but I reckon he thought there wasn't enough for two. Anyhow, I woke up hours ago in the hole where you found me, an' tried to shout. I hadn't half a cooey in me, an' I suppose it would 've been much about the same if I had. I was a long time chokin', though. Then, at last, I felt a shovel o' gravel come down by my shoulder, and I believed I was booked to be buried alive by that Dago. That sort of screwed me up like a fire under a bullock, an' I made some sort of a noise. Yes! That's the saddle-bag, Waters. That's the saddle-bag we put the stuff in, an' there's a deal more in the creek-bed where that came from, so there's not goin' to be a sober man, not on the Nulla Nulla, this good-looking night."

"I reckon that Dago's got to hang," said Mick Farnham solemnly, from behind the bar.

"Why, yes, he'll hang sure enough, since they don't burn such carrion in this country," said Dick Matthews.

"Anyway, he'll do all the burning one man can manage after he's buried. That's when his contract 'll begin."

"We'll take him into the Court at Nyngan, to-morrow, boys," said Queenslander Waters, "an' we'll give old Morton special instructions to have him hung quickly."

"Slowly, you mean," said another youngster.

"In this God-forsaken country they hang men for several things, sonny," said an old man, "but not for murder, not unless the murder comes off."

"My oath, but that's so. I'd forgotten," said Mick Farnham. "Gosh, boys! but that Dago's got to hang, somehow."

"Where is he?" asked Dick Matthews.

"He's still asleep, the carrion," said a voice at the door. "An' Maori Joe's sitting on his chest here on th' verandah."

Slowly the men trooped out from the bar to the moonlit verandah, making way

by some unspoken but tacit consent, to allow Martin Keary to have the first glimpse of the man who, without having the strength of purpose, apparently, to strike him dead, had determined to bury him alive.

Old man Martin Keary kneeled down on the edge of the verandah and peered into the Dago's pale face. Then he raised his own head, and said quietly:

"You needn't bother, boys. He's asleep for good this trip."

And it was so.







HOW WE BUY HORSES.  
By Fred. Pegram.

II.—"HAS BEEN DRIVEN AS A LEADER."

# PHROSO: A ROMANCE.\*

BY ANTHONY HOPE.

ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. MILLAR.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### THE ISLAND IN A CALM.



HE did not fight. My friend the Captain proposed to rely on his British *confrère's* sense of justice and of the courtesy which should obtain between two great and friendly nations. To this end he accompanied us on board the ship and laid his case before Captain Beverley, R.N. My argument, which I stated with brevity but not without vehemence, was threefold: first, that Phroso had committed no offence; secondly, that if she had, it was a political offence; thirdly—was Captain Beverley going to hand over to a crew of dirty Turks the prettiest girl in the Mediterranean? This last point made a decided impression on the officers who were assisting their commander's deliberations, but it won from him no more than a tolerant smile and a glance through his *pince-nez* at Phroso, who sat at the table opposite to him, awaiting the award of justice. After I had, in the heat of discussion, called the Turks "dirty," I had moved round to our friend the Captain, apologised humbly, and congratulated him on his gallant and spirited behaviour. He received my advances with courtesy, but firmly restated his claim to Phroso. Captain Beverley appeared a little puzzled.

"And, to add to it all," he observed to me, "I thought you were dead." For I had told him my name.

"Not at all," said I resentfully. "I am quite alive, and I'm going to marry this lady."

"You intend to marry her, Lord Wheatley?"

"She has done me the honour to consent and I certainly intend it—unless you're going to send her off to Constantinople or heaven knows where."

Beverley arched his brows, but it was not his business to express an opinion, and I heartily forgave him his hinted disapproval, when he said to the Captain,

"I really don't see how I can do what you ask. If you had won the tr—— I mean, if you had succeeded in taking the lady on board, I should have had no more to say. As it is, I don't think I can do anything but carry her to a British port. You can prefer your claim to extradition before the court there, if you are so advised."

"Bravo!" cried Denny.

"Be good enough to hold your tongue, sir," said Captain Beverley.

"At least you will take a note of my demand," urged the Turk.

"With the utmost pleasure," responded Captain Beverley, and then and there he took a note. People seem often to find some mystical comfort in having a note taken, though no other consequence appears likely to ensue. Then the Captain, being comforted by his note, took his farewell. I walked with him to the side of the vessel.

"I hope you bear no malice," said I, as I held out my hand, "and that this affair won't get you into any trouble."

"Oh, I don't think so," said he. "Your ingenuity will be my excuse."

"You're very good. I hope you'll

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come and see us in Neopalía some day."

"You expect to return to Neopalía?"

"Certainly. It's mine—or Phroso's—I don't know which."

"There's such a thing as forfeiture in our law," he observed, and with this Parthian shot he walked down and got into his boat. But I was not much frightened.

So, the Turk being thus disposed of, Denny and Hogvardt went back to the yacht, while Phroso, Watkins, and I, took up our abode on the ship. And when Captain Beverley had heard the whole story of our adventures in Neopalía he was so overcome by Phroso's gallant conduct that he walked up and down his own deck with her all the evening, while I, making friends with the mammon of unrighteousness, pretended to look very pleased and recited my dealings with Mouraki to an attentive group of officers. And clothes were produced from somewhere for Phroso—our navy is ready for everything—and thus in the fulness of time we came to Malta. Here the Captain had a wife; and she was as delighted as, I take leave to say, all good women ought to be at the happy ending of our story; and at Malta we waited. But nothing happened. No claim was made for Phroso's extradition; and I may as well state here that no claim ever has been made. But when we came to London, on board a P. and O. steamer in charge of a benevolent but strict chaperon, I lost no time in calling on the Turkish Ambassador; for I desired to put matters on a satisfactory footing at once. He received me with much courtesy, but expressed the opinion that Phroso and I alike had forfeited any claim which she or I, or either, or both, of us, might have possessed to the Island of Neopalía. I was very much annoyed at this attitude, and I rose and stood with my back to the fire.

"It is the death of Mouraki Pasha that

has so incensed your Government?" I ventured to ask.

"He was a very distinguished man," observed the Ambassador.

"Practically banished to a very undistinguished office—for his position," I remarked.

"One would not call it banishment," murmured his Excellency.

"One would," I acquiesced, smiling, "of course be particularly careful not to call it banishment."

Something like a smile greeted this speech, but the Ambassador shrugged his shoulders.

"Consider," said he, "the scenes of disorder and bloodshed!"

"When I consider," I rejoined, "the scenes of disorder and bloodshed which passed before my eyes, when I consider the anarchy, the murder, the terrible dangers to which I, who went to Neopalía under the sanction and protection of your flag, was exposed, I perceive that the whole affair is nothing less than a European scandal."

The Ambassador shifted in his arm-chair.

"I shall, of course," said I, "prefer a claim to compensation."

"To compensation?"

"Certainly. My island has been taken from me and I have lost my money. Moreover your Governor tried to kill me."

"So did your wife," remarked the Ambassador. "At least the lady who, as I understand, is to be your wife."

"I can forgive my wife. I do not propose to forgive your Government."

The Ambassador stroked his beard.

"If official representations were made through the proper quarters——" he began.

"Oh, come," I interrupted, "I want to spend my honeymoon there; and I'm going to be married in a fortnight."

"The young lady is the difficulty. The manner in which you left Neopalía——"

"Is not generally known," said I.

The Ambassador looked up.

"The tribute," I observed, "is due a month hence. I don't know who'll pay it you."

"It is but a trifling sum," said he contemptuously.

I smiled, and I said,

"Will that take more than a fortnight?"

"I venture to hope not."

"And, of course, pardon and all that sort of thing will be included?"

"I will appeal to His Majesty's clemency," promised the Ambassador.



"AND CONGRATULATE THE DEAR CHILDREN FOR ME."

"It is indeed small for such a delightful island."

The Ambassador eyed me questioningly. I advanced towards him.

"Considering," said I, "that I have only paid half the purchase money, and that the other half is due to nobody—or to my own wife—I should not resent a proposal to double the tribute."

The Ambassador reflected.

"I will forward your proposal to the proper quarter," he said at last.

I had no objection to his calling it by that name, and I took my leave, very much pleased with the result of the interview. But, as luck would have it, while I was pursuing my way across Hyde Park—for Phroso was staying with a friend of Mrs. Beverley's in Kensington—I ran plump into the arms of Mrs. Kennett Hipgrave.

She stopped me with decision; for I confess that I tried to pass by her.

"My dear Lord Wheatley," she cried with unbounded cordiality, "how charm-

ing to meet you again! Your reported death really caused quite a gloom."

"You are too good," I murmured. "Ah—er—I hope Miss Beatrice is well?"

Mrs. Kennett Hipgrave's face grew grave and sympathetic.

"My poor child!" she sighed. "She was terribly upset by the news, Lord Wheatley. Of course, it seemed to her peculiarly sad; for you had received my letter only a week before."

"That must have seemed to aggravate the pathos very much," I agreed.

"Not that, of course, it altered the real wisdom of the step I advised her to take."

"Not in the least, really, of course," said I.

"I do hope you agree with me now, Lord Wheatley?"

"Yes, I think I have come to see that you were right, Mrs. Hipgrave."

"Oh, that makes me so happy! And it will make my poor dear child so happy, too. I assure you she has fretted very much over it."

"I'm sorry to hear that," said I, politely. "Is she in town?"

"Why, no, not just now."

"Where is she? I should like to write her a line."

"Oh, she's staying with friends."

"Could you oblige me with the address?"

"Well, the fact is, Lord Wheatley, Beatrice is staying with—with a Mrs. Hamlyn."

"Oh, a Mrs. Hamlyn! Any relation, Mrs. Hipgrave?"

"Well, yes. In fact, an aunt of our common friend."

"Ah, an aunt of our common friend," and I smiled. Mrs. Hipgrave struggled nobly, but in the end she smiled also: and after a little pause, I observed,

"I am going to be married myself, Mrs. Hipgrave."

Mrs. Hipgrave grew rather grave again, and she observed,

"I heard something about a—a lady, Lord Wheatley."

"If you had heard it all, you'd have heard a great deal about her."

A certain appearance of embarrassment spread over Mrs. Hipgrave's face.

"We are old friends, Lord Wheatley," she said at last: and I bowed in grateful recognition. "I'm sure you won't mind if I speak plainly to you. Now, is she the sort of person whom you would be really wise to marry? Remember, your wife will be Lady Wheatley."

"I had not forgotten that that would happen," I said.

"I am told," pursued Mrs. Hipgrave, in a somewhat scornful tone, "that she is very pretty."

"But then that is not really of importance, is it?" I murmured.

Mrs. Hipgrave looked at me with just a touch of suspicion; but she went on bravely.

"And one or two very curious things have been said."

"Not to me," I observed with infinite amiability.

"Her family now——?"

"Her family was certainly a drawback; but there are no more of them, Mrs. Hipgrave."

"Then somebody told me that she was in the habit of wearing——"

"Dear me, Mrs. Hipgrave, in these days everybody does that—more or less, you know."

Mrs. Hipgrave sighed pathetically, and added with a slight shudder,

"They say she carried a dagger."

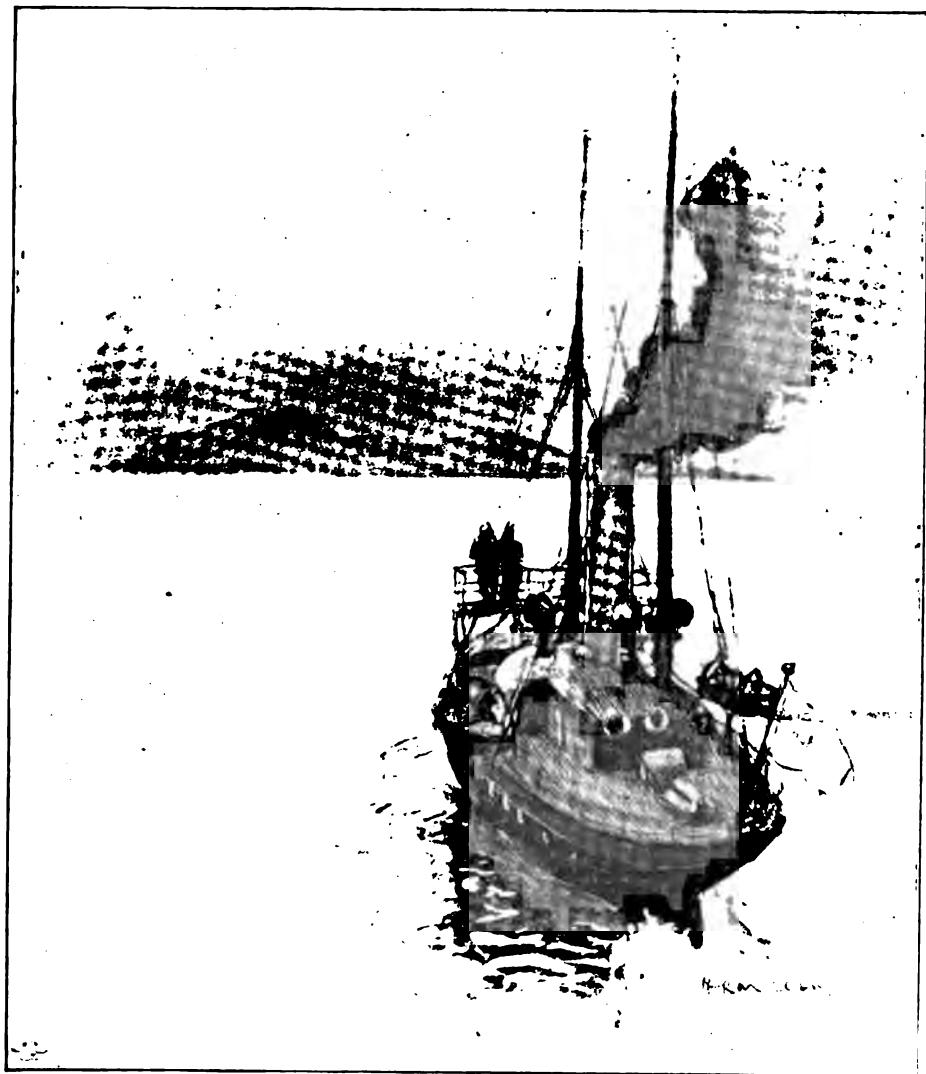
"They will say anything," I reminded her.

"At any rate," said Mrs. Hipgrave, "she will be quite unused to the ways of Society."

"Oh, we shall teach her, we shall teach her," said I cheerfully. "After all, it's only a difference of method. When people in Neopolia are annoyed, they put a knife into you——"

"Good gracious, Lord Wheatley!"

"Here," I pursued, "they congratulate



BACK TO NEOPALIA.

you ; but it's the same principle. Won't you wish me joy, Mrs. Hipgrave ? ”

“ If you are really bent upon it, I suppose I must.”

“ And you'll tell the dear children ? ” I asked anxiously.

“ The dear children ? ” she echoed ; and she certainly suspected me by now.

“ Why, yes. Your daughter and Bennett Hamlyn, you know.”

Mrs. Hipgrave surveyed me from top to toe ; her aspect was very severe. And

then she delivered herself of the following remark :

“ I can never be sufficiently thankful,” she said with eyes upturned towards the sky, “ that my poor dear girl found out her mistake in time.”

“ I have the utmost regard for Miss Beatrice,” I rejoined, “ but I will not differ from you, Mrs. Hipgrave.”

I must shift the scene again back to the island that I loved. For His Majesty's clemency justified the An-

bassador's belief in it, and Neopalia was restored to Phroso and to me. Thither we went in the spring of the next year, leaving Denny inconsolable behind, but accompanied by old Hogvardt and by Watkins. This time we went straight out by sea from England, and the new crew of my yacht was more trustworthy than when Spiro and Demetri (ah, I had nearly written 'poor' Demetri—when the fellow was a murderer!) were sent by the cunning of Constantine Stefanopoulos to compose it. We landed this time to meet no threatening looks; and the death-chant that One-Eyed Alexander wrote was not raised when we entered the old grey house on the hill, looking over the blue waters. Ulysses is fabled by the poet to have—well, to put it plainly—to have grown bored with peaceful Ithaca. I do not know whether I shall prove a Ulysses in that and live to regret the new-born tranquillity of Neopalia. In candour, the early stormy days have a great attraction and I love to look back to them in memory; and so strong was this feeling upon me that it led me to refuse a request of my wife's—the only one of her's which I have yet met in that fashion. For when we had been two or three days in the island—I spent one, by the way, in visiting the graves of my dead friends and enemies, a most suggestive and soothing occupation—I saw, as I walked with her through the hall of our house, mason's tools and mortar lying near where the staircase led up, hard by the secret door. And Phroso said to me,

"I'm sure you'd like to have that horrible secret passage blocked up, Charley. Why, it's full of terrible memories."

"My dear Phroso, wall up the passage?"

"We shan't want it now," said she with a laugh—and something else.

"It is true," I admitted, "that I intend, so far as possible, to rule by constitutional means in Neopalia. Still one never knows. My dearest, have you no romance?"

"No," said Phroso shamelessly. "I've had enough romance. I want to live quietly; and I don't want to push anyone over into that awful pool, where poor Kortès fell."

I stood looking at the boards under the staircase; and presently I knelt down and touched the spring. The boards rolled away, the passage gaped before us, and I put my arm round Phroso, as I said,

"Now heaven forbid that I should lay a modern sacrilegious hand upon the Secret of the Stefanopouloi! For the world makes many circles, Phroso, forward sometimes, sometimes back; and it is something to know that here in Neopalia we are ready, and that if any man attacks our sovereignty, why, let him look out for the secret of the Stefanopouloi! In certain moods, Phroso, I should be capable of coming back from the chasm—alone!"

So Phroso, on my entreaty, spared the passage; and even now, when the shades of middle age (a plague on 'em) are deepening, and the wild doings of the purchaser of Neopalia grow golden in distant memory, I like still to walk to the edge of the chasm, and recall all that it has seen, the contests, the dark tricks, the sudden deaths, aye, to travel back from the fearful struggle of Kortès and Constantine on the flying bridge to that long-ago time when the Baron d'Ezonville was so lucky as to be set adrift in his shirt, while Stefan Stefanopoulos' headless trunk was dashed into the dim water and One-Eyed Alexander the Bard wrote the chant of death. Ah me, that was two hundred years ago!

[THE END.]



**THE SIREN OF THE POLE.**

*By T. E. Donnison.*



R. CATON WOODVILLE.  
(Photo by Elliott & Fry.)

## A CHAT WITH CATON WOODVILLE.

BY ROY COMPTON.

**T**HERE is scarcely a soldier, to say nothing of civilians, whose pulse does not beat higher as he looks on the realistic productions of Mr. Caton Woodville's wonderful brush.

It is he who has taught the peaceful citizen to regard warfare as it has never been seen before by "stayers at home," and his works appeal strongly to the national love of "victory." In his capacity of war artist, he has not only witnessed, but depicted on canvas, or with pen and pencil, some of the most stirring incidents, and ghastly episodes enacted on the battlefields of Europe

during the present century. Who, looking at his pictures, does not hear the "thud of the horses' hoofs," the low moan of mortal agony, the hiss of the bullets, and feel the spatter of blood as a "screaming shell" tells its own tale?

As I entered Mr. Caton Woodville's fine studio in South Kensington, I found the well-known artist "working hard." He was sitting at his easel, busily engaged upon a small painting of a Russian Cossack.

Round him on all sides was his wonderful collection of fire-arms, weapons, and accoutrements, remnants of historical



JAMESON'S LAST STAND.

(From the painting by R. Caton Woodville.)

(By permission of H. Graves & Co., Ltd., owners of the copyright.)



battles ; helmets and shakos from Waterloo ; Soudanese spears, rifles dating from the flint-lock of Louis XIV. to the present day. All these curios are intermingled with proof engravings of his Academy pictures, many of which have elicited Royal approval, and have been painted and purchased by command of Her Majesty ; notably, "The Death of

Seeing how greatly interested I am in all his curios, the artist joins me as I wander round the studio ; and I induce him to gratify my curiosity respecting the numerous souvenirs that adorn the walls.

To enumerate the story of each interesting relic would be to write a National History of our Times ; for there is the Russian blade surmounted by a Gallic



MR. CATON WOODVILLE'S DRAWING-ROOM.

(Photo by Elliott & Fry.)

Sir Herbert Stewart in the Desert," which was exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1888, and now hangs at Windsor ; sketches of his last year's vivid picture "1815," which represents Napoleon ordering the advance of the Old Guard against Wellington, exhibited at Grave's Gallery, Pall Mall ; studies for "Balaclava," "Badajoz," and the "Relief of Lucknow." Several of these pictures are now being etched.

cock, recalling the Retreat of Moscow ; a lance from Balaclava ; an assegai from Zululand, side by side with a Moorish spear, and the strangely-shaped cap worn by the Cossack hetman in the Crimea ; also reminiscences of his interesting wanderings in Morocco across the Atlas Mountains, where he witnessed many queer sights in the Slave Market. And he pauses, in answer to a query on my part, to tell me that the price usually paid



STUDY FOR MONT ST. JEAN. 1815.



STUDY FOR "JAMESON'S LAST STAND."

for a healthy young girl is from 30 to 80 dollars. Apparently men are more thought of in that uncivilised land, as he saw a man-slave realise 100 dollars.

According to Mr. Woodville's account, slaves have a far easier time than we imagine; they are not only decently fed and clothed, but often, when given freedom, a slave will deliberately sell himself again at his own price.

"And your most interesting tour?"

"When I accompanied the late Duke of Clarence through India. We visited all the palaces; the principal idea of the Indian Potentate appeared to be as English as possible. Whilst there, I painted a life-sized portrait of both the Nizam of Hyderabad and the Maharajah of Mysore. The former I completed in a fortnight."

"But then you are a very rapid worker.

Tell me, how long does it take you to do your weekly 'soldier' for *The Sketch*?"

"About an hour. I could knock off twelve of those if necessary in a day."

"Your method of work?"

"I have none. But when I have once started a picture, I become so absorbed in it that I work at it all day until two or three o'clock in the morning. But I admit that at the conclusion of painting a large picture, I always find it absolutely necessary to take a rest."

The public being aware how unique Mr. Caton Woodville is in his accuracy as to details, I ask him how it is that he knows exactly where to put the buttons and minor details of spurs and buckles.

"Simply a matter of memory. A war artist has only the opportunity of taking a few hurried shorthand notes, and



E. CATON WOODVILLE IN HIS STUDIO.  
(Photo by Elliott & Fry.)



THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

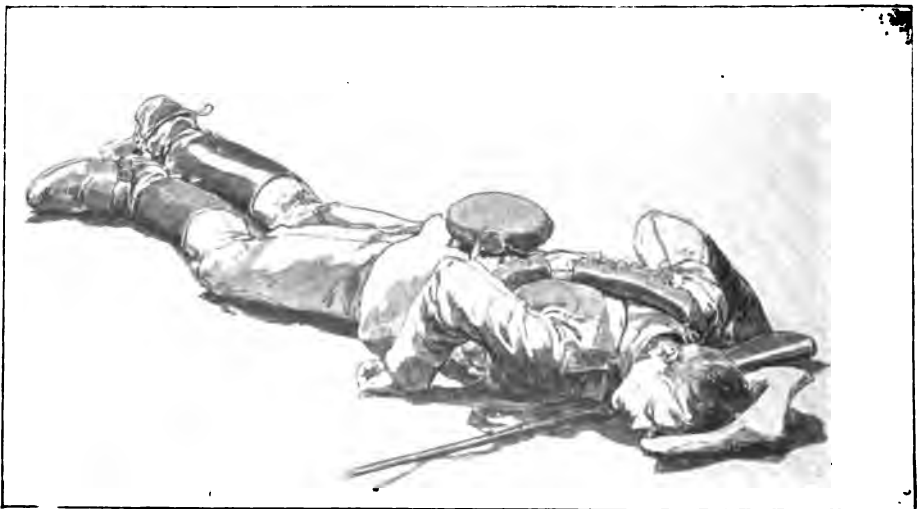
(From the painting by R. Caton Woodville.)

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absolutely has to depend upon his faculty for recollection. Give me any uniform to sketch, and as I work it out, I will put the exact number of buttons in their relative positions ; and you must remember that

no two uniforms are exactly alike. When painting a horse, I can distinctly remember where a buckle or a strap ought to come."

"And your subjects?"



STUDY FOR "JAMESON'S LAST STAND."



STUDY FOR THE BRITISH GUARDHOUSE IN TANGIER, 1630.

"Simply evolve themselves as I work; as possible. My practical knowledge and I have all sorts of contrivances in gained on the battlefield is invaluable."

"And outside your war pictures?"

"I have done a vast amount of black-and-white work, which I have now almost entirely given up. At the present time I am engaged in illustrating a story for *Harper's*, dealing with the Franco-German war; and very shortly I am going to begin again on a large canvas, the subject for which I am not at liberty to disclose."

"And now to consider your own personality. When did you start?"

"I came to London in 1875. My first drawing for the *Illustrated London News* was a sketch representing a skirmish in the Servian War. My first picture for the Academy was 'Frederick the Great on the eve of the Battle of Leuthen.'"

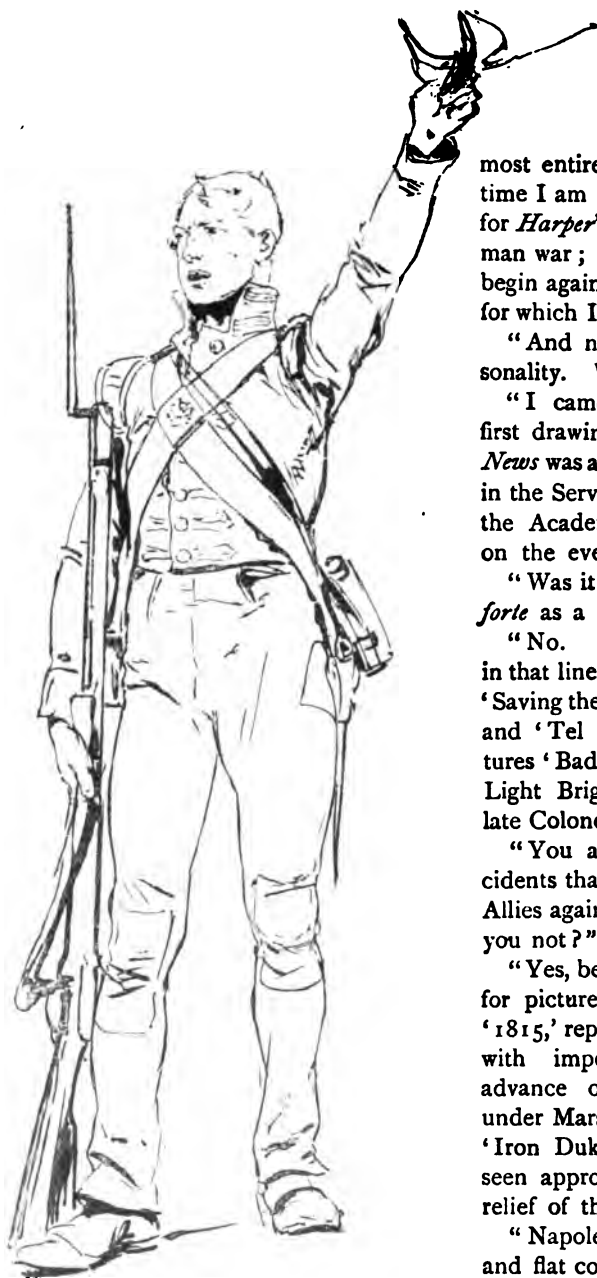
"Was it then that you discovered your forte as a battle painter?"

"No. 'Blenheim' was my first hit in that line. Then followed in succession 'Saving the guns at Maiwand,' 'Kassassin,' and 'Tel el Kebir,' &c., &c. My pictures 'Badajoz' and 'The Charge of the Light Brigade' were purchased by the late Colonel North at a very high figure."

"You are very fond of depicting incidents that took place in the War of the Allies against Napoleon Buonaparte, are you not?"

"Yes, because they offer so much scope for picturesque treatment. My picture, '1815,' represents the Emperor watching, with imperturbable countenance, the advance of his celebrated Old Guard, under Marshal Ney, against the intrepid 'Iron Duke'; whilst the Prussians are seen approaching in the distance to the relief of the attacked forces."

"Napoleon, attired in his grey surtout and flat cocked-hat, is as attractive a subject for the brush of the painter as for the facile pen of the novelist or historian; and whatever may have been his faults, it is an undoubted fact that he was a very



STUDY FOR "BADAJOZ."

the way of models to enable me to get the details as accurately and as realistically



A STUDY FOR "LUCKNOW."



fine soldier, and one of the most striking figures in this or any century."

"And your latest?"

"'Jameson's Last Stand.' Here are some of the sketches that I made for the picture."

Mr. Caton Woodville hands me as he

"The picture itself is now being exhibited at Liverpool. It took me under a month to paint."

"What are you by birth—French?"

"No; I am distinctly English; though I have spent many of my early days abroad: in St. Petersburg in my child-

hood, and later in the studio of Wilhelm Kampschussen, the 'Court Painter' at Dusseldorf; and latterly Paris. I am proud of the fact that one of my ancestors, Charles Carroll, of Carrolltown, was the last surviving signer of the Declaration of Independence, whilst from my father's family, the Lancashire de Wydevilles, Edward IV. chose his Queen. I think, from my earliest recollections, I was always '*in the battle-field*,' and my heart was ever at the cannon's mouth."

"Can you recollect your narrowest escape from a violent death?"

"Well! really! I have had so many near shaves that it is difficult to remember the most blood-curdling," and here Mr. Caton Woodville lays aside his brush to reflect.

"I think it was in Montenegro, during the last Turkish War. I was sleep-



STUDY FOR "JAMESON'S LAST STAND."

speaks studies of the stirring episode, and tells me that the long coat worn by Jameson in the picture, which has given rise to so much comment, is the identical one that the intrepid doctor donned on that memorable occasion; and as I admire the masterly treatment displayed in every detail, he very kindly offers to lend them to me to have reproduced for the benefit of the readers of *The Idler*.

ing soundly, when I suddenly awakened with a horrible sense of impending danger, to find that a wretched Turk was leaning over me with every intention of cutting my throat. The weapon he used, or intended to use, now hangs up on the walls of my drawing-room. I value it as a 'fetich' of what might have been. Later on, when I reached headquarters, I had the satisfaction of seeing my would-be



STUDY FOR AN 1870 PICTURE.



STUDIES FOR "JAMESON'S LAST STAND."

assassin well bastinadoed, and imprisoned for a considerable time. I fell into the hands of brigands in Albania during the Dulcinio affair, who likewise displayed an intense desire to cut my throat in cold blood. A war correspondent, as you know, is accustomed to hair-breadth escapes, which, I assure you, after a length of time, are very difficult to remember.

"One of the most disagreeable sights I witnessed was the hounding down and despatch of a spy. When the poor devil was brought to close quarters, the pursuers whipped out their revolvers, and literally riddled his body against the building in which he sought shelter. I have experienced all the usual 'fortunes of war,' and travelled through India, Morocco, and other parts of the world."

There are two lamps on a shelf close by the easel, which have the appearance of electric lights, and which the artist uses, as they give a pure white light that is unattainable from any other source. He is thus enabled to work throughout the night until the dawn is breaking.

"Do you not feel exhausted after a long night's work?"

"I generally manage to get my eight

hours' sleep. If I go to bed at three o'clock in the morning, I do not get up until about eleven. A peculiarity of mine is that I am unable to work unless I have someone reading to me; then the time passes with me very quickly. Naturally, my favourite books are histories of wars, now and again relieved by a good novel."

"Here, there, and everywhere" would best describe Mr. Caton Woodville's wanderings, so far has the versatile artist travelled.

A small sketch of Tangiers recalls to his memory an amusing boar hunt in which he took part, and which he kindly recounts at my desire. "Every Saturday whilst I was out there we had a boar hunt, which generally took place at Shaf-el-Lucab, Cape Spartel, for there is the only flat part of the country, the rest being far too mountainous for good sport. The rule was to start at daybreak, but on this particular morning I had overslept myself, and with a couple of friends was so late in arriving that the first heat was over. My Mahometan servant suggested we should stop in a gully close at hand, down which the animals must inevitably rush to escape their pursuers, and we agreed,

as it was so late, to fall in with the idea and content ourselves with the sport that came our way. In the centre of the gully was a huge boxwood-shrub some forty feet in diameter, and I stationed myself on one side and my friend Edwards on the other. Soon we saw sport, for a boar rushed down, followed by several dogs. We both fired, and after five or six shots he fell, for the tough hide of a boar requires some penetrating. In a few minutes two or three more pelted down, pursued by the dogs, and one, doubling, rushed into the bush. Two Moorish servants went into the bush after him in full pursuit to drive him out. One Moor returned, whilst the other suddenly delivered a series of most terrific yells and cries for assistance.

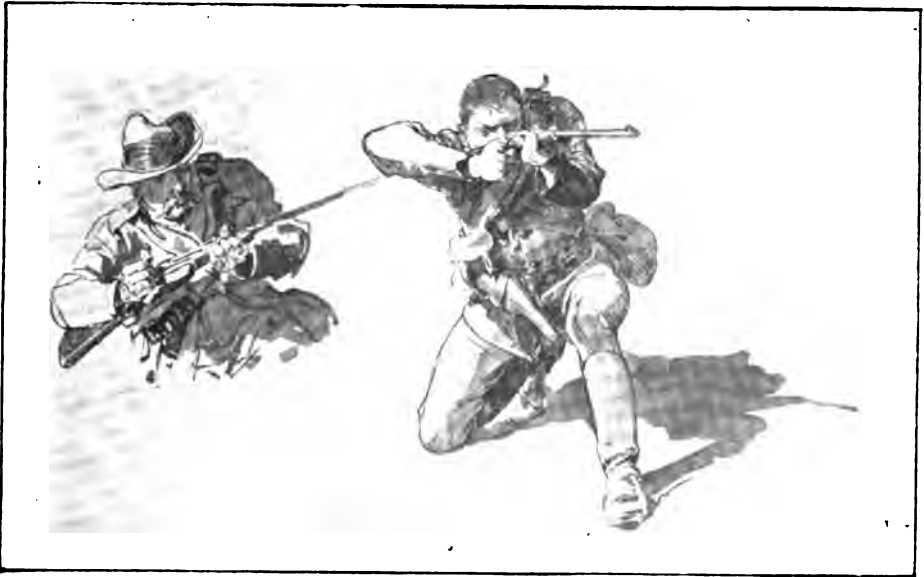
"I called out to Edwards, who was stationed some forty yards away: 'That boar has got the poor devil! Look sharp or he will be killed.'

"To which he replied laconically: 'I am not going to risk going in there for any damned nigger.' And he had very good

reason for his reluctance, for he had no hunting-knife, and it would have been impossible to use a rifle with any execution in such thick bush, and we had also but lately had a warning what boars were capable of in the case of Sir Drummond Hay, who had been three times ripped up the back by the beast's tusks whilst hunting, and had been in consequence *hors de combat* for six months.

"I, having a long knife, forced my way into the bush and came on the dogs fighting their prey with fury, and for a few minutes it was a very lively scene at close quarters, especially as the Moor, a few yards away, was yelling like a demon at the top of his voice, and I was quite under the impression he had been seriously ripped by the infuriated brute.

"I whipped out my knife and flung myself across the boar, and, stooping, quickly dug my long knife into his vitals. Before he recovered his surprise, and had reared to throw me off, I went for him again, and settled him comfortably. Then pick-



STUDIES FOR "JAMESON'S LAST STAND."

ing myself up I went to the Moor, who was still rendering the air melodious with his lung power. When I got close up I saw that the poor devil was transfixed with fright, and that in front of him lay

pilgrimage to Mecca, *via* Timbuctoo. On the spot close by one had been awakened by conscience and had confessed that all the long journey he had kept three dollars carefully sewn up in his shirt. This in-

formation had madened his companions, who had suffered much from want, and all the pangs attendant on hunger and thirst, and they fell upon him and slew him, throwing his head into the bush, thinking there the crime would be hidden. The Moor, coming upon the spectacle suddenly, was terribly frightened, believing it to be an evil spirit."

"And was that the end of the incident?"

"Well! we buried the head," replied the artist with a laugh, "but I went back next day to find it, for I thought that stuffed and dried it would make an excellent addition to my collection of curios, and be an unique ornament in my studio."

Mr. Caton Wood-

ville then leads the way across to his drawing-room, where he shows me the very identical yatagan with which he was nearly murdered.

The room is filled with innumerable souvenirs, photographs, quaint Indian carving, against which the gorgeous Eastern draperies form an admirable



STUDIES FOR PENINSULAR WAR SUBJECT.

the head of a nigger whose glassy eyes were staring up into vacancy.

"I suppose there had been a murder?" I interpose.

"Yes; and rather a curious one, as I afterwards discovered. Down the road, or track, close by the gully, had passed four Dervishes on their return from a

background, and one photograph especially of the artist's charming wife attracts my attention, and he very kindly lends it to me for reproduction; for Mrs. Caton Woodville is as devoted to her husband's profession as her own duties, and is verily a helpmate in every sense of the word. It is here also that I have the honour bestowed upon me of being the first pressman to interview little Miss Woodville, who, though she refuses at the age of twelve hours to be questioned, makes an interesting study in lace-flannels. A curious photograph which attracts me induces the artist to ask if I have ever visited Albania, and reminds him of his acquaintance, "Betchie Churcha," which is sufficiently interesting to repeat verbatim.

"Curiously enough, the translation of 'Betchie Churcha' signifies 'The Lamb,' and certainly a more unlamblike person I never encountered. He was an Albanian Bey, it being the custom of the country that each Bey should keep a large number of 'Irregulars' under his command, to be used by Government in the time of war. During the Dulcinio Rising, when the Montenegrins were trying to take possession of the port and Albanians were fighting both Turks and Montenegrins, all these Beys with their men were ordered to the front by the Montenegrin Government against the Albanians.

"Betchie Churcha had something better in view than only fighting for the honour of his country. He was known all over

the country as a swash-buckler, and had killed forty or fifty people—mostly by the ingenious method of waiting round the corner and shooting them unawares; in fact, he was a very unscrupulous scoundrel, and when all the chaps had gone off to Scodia he reappeared on the scene and



MRS. CATON WOODVILLE.

began to levy blackmail on the Christian merchants and shopkeepers in proportion to their income. He knew it would be useless for them to appeal to the Turkish Government, as they never interfere with the Albanians, but let them settle their own differences; for the Albanians are a sturdy, warlike race living amongst the mountains, and once entered into a warfare with the Turks which lasted from

1872 to 1876, and left them conquerors in no small degree. The scandal created by Betchie's goings-on was great, and he shot several Christians who refused to obey his exorbitant demands. It was then the Pasha, to show his authority, sent four Zaptieh to arrest him. I was

—five bullets entering his right side, the fifth smashing his shoulder in the joint. Then Betchie chuckled his revolver in the lieutenant's face, and bolted up the streets, the Zaptieh after him; he dashed into his sister's house, and took down a Snider rifle from the wall, which was, like all



STUDY FOR PENINSULAR WAR SUBJECT.



STUDY FOR "BADAJOZ."

in my room at the hotel, on the first floor, lying on my bed, reading the latest English news, when I heard a few shots. Betchie was a visitor at the hotel also, and was standing in the hail with his back against a door, when the four Zaptieh commenced firing on him with Winchesters, whilst he replied with a Gasser revolver. Several shots hit Betchie

firearms in Turkey, kept loaded—even when purchasing one in a shop it is always ready for use. He dashed the rifle through the window and attempted to fire it with his left hand, but the Zaptieh officer was too smart for him, and shot him through the forehead, killing Betchie on the spot. For three days his body was exposed in an open coffin in the mosque

by the bazaar. He had not been buried before all his relations flocked in to take up 'blood feud,' and there would have been a considerable loss of life had not the Turkish Government settled the feud by an indemnity of cattle and Marie Theresa dollars, judiciously divided, which effectually quieted his affectionate relations."

It is marvellous to note how the artist has every incident, name, and place at his finger tips. Every scene and most trifling detail appears to be as fresh in his memory to-day as though the adventure or incident had occurred but a few hours instead of years past.

"I think I told you I am dropping all black-and-white work now, and going in strongly for pictures. Those which are being published in *The Illustrated London News* now are four or five years old. I intend painting two upright pictures as companions to 'Balaclava.' One is to be entitled 'The Thin Red Line,' and will portray the Duke of Cambridge with the Guards at Inkerman, and the other in the trenches before Sebastopol with Lord Raglan in command."

"Before I leave you, will you come out from the battlefield and give me the most amusing incident you have witnessed?"

With his charming courtesies, which is one of his chief characteristics, the artist complies.

"On the Roumanian side of the Carpathian Mountains, where by-the-bye, the scenery is all that can be desired, I witnessed one day a most curious custom. Every villager keeps a pig as a pet, in the same way as we keep dogs and cats, &c. In the early morning the doors of the cottages are wide open, and a swineherd stations himself in the centre of the village and blows lustily on his horn. Instantly all the pigs rush out and gather round him, and, blowing his horn, he leads them away into the mountains to graze all day. At night time he brings them back, and as soon as they get within sight of their homes they gallop up the street at a fearful pace, upsetting anyone who stands in the way, and each pig dashes into his own abode."







## TWO DREAMERS.

BY MARIE M. A. BULAU.

*Drawn by* STEPHEN REID.

WHEN violets in bushland hollows blow,  
When tints and tones enchant and heaven seems nigh,  
We had a dream in common, you and I—  
Who was the *wiser* dreamer time must show.  
The *happier* dreamer of us did not know  
The lyric light and love were all a lie,  
That when the blue grew greyer in the sky,  
The other dreamer and the dream would go!

The wild white violets in flower will see  
One dreamer lying where two kissed last May;  
The winds and streams in undertones will play  
The finish of a fitful melody.

Best for *that* dreamer, too, if he forget  
The tender song whose burden is regret.



# THE CONVERSION OF JOHN TOMS.

BY L. QUILLER COUCH.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANCIS EWAN.



FORTY-ONE years ago, John Toms — down at the blacksmith's shop — married his wife Jane; and twelve months ago, at harvest-time, the Wesleyan revivalists came to Tewan and converted him. Jane's rage when this took place was not pleasant, even as seen on her face by the neighbours, and for John it was very hard to bear. "They were cantin' hypocrits," she raged, "as comes into a place an' turns everythin' upsidown to wance, an' into a decent home an' sets husband gainst wife—I h'ant no pashunce with 'em. Here be you, fer one, as sensible a man in yer own way before you went to that there meetin'-house, as any woman could expect in this 'ere world, an' if you was a brave bit tryin' in your temper at times, why I know'd how t'would show out, an' I know'd what to do; but now—to go, after us bein' married more'n forty years, an' leave me to sit in church alone, seemin' for all the world as if my man was a unbeliever, an' would'n be seen wi' me; an' all the time you'm drawin' yer face so long as a fiddle—why, 'tis nothin' but mazedness; next, I s'pose, you'll be too pious to till your titties of a Good Friday; an' how is any woman to know how to take 'ee? 'Tis too late in life to begin wi' yer changes."

John Toms was a tall, mild creature, with a bare, smiling, unintelligent face, surrounded by an outlying fringe of sandy-grey beard. Jane, his wife, was not of prepossessing presence; her face seemed

to have hardened into lines of strong practicability, her grey hair was scanty, and her figure gaunt; but she had always been a good wife to John. Now, alas! after the first wrathful tirade, a barrier rose up between these twain, and gloomy silence fell upon the cottage.

John was as yet in the first pleasant flush of what he called "the grace of God," and bore all this in a lamb-like manner, deciding in his slow mind that it was one of the discomforts to be lived through, naturally consequent on conversions; but it troubled him, nevertheless, and he felt a sneaking sensation that he had begun the warfare, had struck the first blow which shivered the placid monotony of their married life, and Jane had a right to the luxury of her gloom. It was late in life for John to begin the wooing of his wife again, and a gaunt, silent, angry woman is even more "difficult" than a capricious maiden; but John set about it. In his slow, clumsy way, he was ever at Jane's side when his own work was done; fetching and carrying, hewing wood and drawing water, to a most unnatural extent; but she took it in bad part, and shook him off with a glowering face, muttering, "I hates a man as turns Molly."

Forty years of ups and downs, and now a meeting-house to come between them! Jane's heart was sore and unforgiving, and every day she grew harder and less approachable, and drifted farther and farther away from John. John himself continued to make advances with a bravery equal to any displayed on a battlefield; in fact, excelling it, in that

all his efforts had to be made in cold blood; there was no beat of drum nor roar of cannon to urge him on, no Victoria Cross when it was over; nothing but cold, silent gloom. Jane's scowl froze all trivialities on his tongue; he made no attempt at her conversion, nor did he even speak of the meeting-house after his first defence of his behaviour, but he spoke up cheerfully when occasion offered. Other attempts he made also, but with no better success; the water which he fetched from the well for Jane's use during the day, she always contrived to upset before his eyes, or murmured some snappish remarks about "muddy stuff, not fit to use," and steeled her heart against the wounded, wistful expression which came over his face. He pleased her no better with the brilliant idea for her assistance which occurred to him one Sunday morning, when, after cleaning his own boots for "meeting," he quietly fetched Jane's—while she was in the garden gathering herbs for the seasoning of their dinner—and cleaned them with much vigour, laying on an extra allowance of blacking to ensure a polish; unfortunately they were Jane's best kid boots, which she had been careful to sponge with milk on Monday mornings after every Sunday's wear since their purchase, and her rage, though curbed, was terribly visible when her eyes fell on John, as he cheerfully polished away, with a pleased light on his face, in his hope of softening her heart. She snatched the boots from his hands, and, holding them over a bucket, scrubbed them violently with her scrubbing-brush, and then dashed them, dripping wet as they were, into a corner, as being utterly spoiled. And John, realising slowly that he had done the wrong thing, silently laid down the blacking-brush and went off to meeting full of depression.

It was a gloomy household. Sullen anger raged in Jane's heart that John should have ignored her, that he should

have gone and joined a "set of ranters" which she had ever railed against, regular Churchwoman as she was; and a yet deeper anger ate into her heart that, after his first defence of the religion of his choice, he had never attempted to win her to his views. Undoubtedly, scathing indignation would have descended upon him had he done so, but her heart was sore and chafed that he should display indifference to her soul's well-being, and also that he should be so cheerful and placid under the chill of her displeasure. She raged and fumed in her heart, and grew more and more irritable and distant towards her neighbours.

"Jane takes it mortal 'ard," murmured John Toms to himself, with a sigh, as he rose to his work in the morning, and lay down again at night with the same chill depression hanging over his existence; "but she'll get used to the thought of me in time, maybe." But Jane showed no sign of unbending as time went on, and only on prayer-meeting nights was the silence at the supper-table broken, by the violence with which the knife and fork were banged down before John, and by the clatter of his plate and mug, as his meal was boisterously served to him.

At the meeting, however, he would forget the strength of Jane's mood, and kneeling on his bench, with closed eyes, and his mild, great face raised to the white-washed ceiling, he would "bless the grace o' God" with a fervency most unexpected from such a placid exterior.

One chilly, drizzling night, John went forth to his prayer-meeting, and Jane banged the door after him, crying as she did so, "Go an' read yer ole Bible if you like, an' I hope as you'll choke over 'en." John's face grew troubled as he heard the angry words and the bang of the door, and that night at meeting, when Brother Toms was called upon to "say a few words in prayer," his heart failed him, it was so over-full of desolate discomfort, and he did



OTHER ATTEMPTS HE MADE ALSO, BUT WITH NO BETTER SUCCESS.

not appear to be quite so ready as usual to bless the grace of God.

Slowly rising to kneel on his bench, he began with a few halting words. "We come—to Thee—dear Lord——" then a long pause. "We come—to Thee—dear Lord——" another pause. He screwed up his eyes very tightly, and gulped in his throat, but Jane's angry words sounded in his ears, and it seemed to him that the devil himself was aiding and abetting her in her shameful wishes, forcing back his words and paralysing his tongue. Then, once more starting, he cried, "We come to Thee, dear Lord, when things is vexin' an' contrariwise, an' troubles is mortal hard," and having once fairly launched himself, the torrent of his pent-up dreariness carried him on, he gripped the back of the bench as he leaned over it, and swayed to and fro in his sincerity, forgetful of any other listener than his Maker to the pleadings which he sent straight up to Him. On and on he prayed, and by and bye the unnatural tension of his face relaxed, his gentle expression returned, and he brought his outburst to a calm close with thanksgivings for the blessed grace of God.

"'Twas a pleasurubble meetin' to-night, John," remarked William Davy, fellow-member, as they emerged from the white-washed porch together.

"Iss, William, you'm right; when Brother Knight, fer one, do make prayer, 'tis allays worth givin' 'en a hearin'."

"Iss, sure enuff, that's true; if ever a full-growed workin' man can be an angel, Brother Knight is that there man. Talkin' 'bout angels, hev' 'ee seed my tarnups; them as I set such store by?"

"No, I b'ant a seed 'em. Be 'em fine?"

"Aw, bless 'ee, yes; white as lilies. You come 'long home wi' me, an' I'll give 'ee one or two to take home to yer missis."

"Thank 'ee, William; 'er'll be proud to have 'em; 'er's powerful set on tarnups."

The light had faded from the sky, and the rain which had come down gently earlier in the evening, was descending in a steady downpour, and the wind had risen by the time John Toms left William Davy; but a fat white turnip swung from each hand, and an almost childish hopefulness warmed his heart as he thought of Jane—and the efficacy of prayer.

And then he went cheerfully home—and found his door bolted against him.

And then he remembered the length of that prayer, and knew that the night must be far gone. Upstairs a light shone from the bedroom window, but below all was darkness. John shook the door and rattled the latch, but no sound came from within, all was silent except for the patter of rain on the ground and the rush of the wind through the trees. To be bolted out from his own home by his own wife was an emergency which he had not foreseen; he had accepted her uncomfortable resentment as a natural result of his conversion, to be endured quietly within the seclusion of their own four walls, but this last blow, to John's mind, appeared to be an act of conjugal treason, an indelicate dragging of their family skeleton before unsympathetic and curious eyes; it went against his principles, and he felt the cut of it.

Again he rattled the latch and rapped at the door with his knuckles, again, and yet again; still Jane made no sign from within. Then John left his doorstep and backed across the road, looking up at the lighted window; then, placing one turnip on the sodden ground, he picked up a small stone and threw it lightly against the glass, calling "Jane! Jane! will 'ee come 'long down an' open the door?" Then a shadow fell across the white blind, and in another moment Jane slammed back the lattice. "Will you go away, John Toms, an' not come a-wakin' up decent folk at this time o' night, heavin' stones up to winders like as if you was any May-gamin' boy."



IT WAS JANE, HIS WIFE.

"But a man may be 'lowed to heave a stone when he's wantin' to get inside his own door," protested John Toms.

"Well, a man kin want ; men as don't know how to come 'ome at a decent time kin stay out altogether, that's what I say ; an' I don't care if I never sets eyes on 'ee no more," and, slamming the window shut again, Jane Toms disappeared from view.

John stood for a few moments still gazing up at the lighted window. "'Tis 'er way," he murmured, "'er's taken it terrible hard all along, an' now I spose 'tis all up with us," and then he leaned over the garden palings ; and then he looked down at the great white turnip which he still held in his left hand, and a mist came over his eyes ; he had fancied that the turnips might have softened her heart, they were to have been a sort of peace-offering ; a half-sob rose in his throat, and then he turned and walked slowly away from his home.

The rain by this time was coming down in torrents, hitting the road before him and plashing back in his face, and the wind buffeted him roughly.

On he went, slowly, towards the churchyard, stepped over the stone stile which led into it, and walking straight to the church-porch, sat himself down on the step. He did not appear to notice the rain ; he just sat there on that step, with his turnip beside him, and looked up at the black sky ; there was no anger on his face, and after a while the trouble died out of his eyes ; he forgot Jane's hard words, he forgot that his present mode of spending the night was somewhat unusual ; he sat on, motionless, while the only sounds that could be heard were those of the wind moaning amongst the trees, and the ceaseless rain beating on the path and splashing on the leaves.

And the hours passed by.

After a while the wind blew off his hat ; the occurrence aroused him ; he did not pick it up, but he moved forward and knelt upon the soaked gravel. The rain

quickly drenched his hair, and streamed down his face as he raised it again to the black heavens. "Thanks be for the grace o' God a-fillin' of my heart," he murmured over and over again. And the wind still blew half a hurricane, and the rain struck down pitilessly, and the night wore on.

Then, at length, out of the darkness a patch of white came moving towards the man, nearer and nearer, in and out of the tombstones, on it came ; but John Toms did not see it, was not conscious of it, until it came quite close to him and touched him on the shoulder. It was Jane, his wife, with her grey hair all wet and blown about, her neck bare and her apron thrown over her shoulders ; her face was pitiful, and her eyes were misty. "John," she said gently, "John, I'm afeared you'm wet through an' cold out 'ere." He brought his eyes slowly down towards hers. "No matter, Jane, I h'ant a-felt it."

"But you'm drenched, John ; be you terrible vexed wi' me fer keepin' of 'ee out of yer bed on such a night ?"

"No, Jane ; I h'ant thought 'bout bein' vexed."

"But you'm thinkin' that I'm a hard, wicked woman, John, to shut yer door against 'ee."

"No, you b'aint wicked, Jane ; 'tis all right, my dear, I b'aint nowise angry with 'ee ; don't you go frettin' of yerself. I just come'd here an' sot down on that there step, an' I looked up to the sky, an' then I did'n feel no storm, nor no rain neither. 'Twas the grace o' God, Jane. An' then I kneeled down, an' as I kep' on kneelin' 'twas so pleasurable-like, I could a-kneeled on there till doomsday. 'Twas a powerful bootiful feelin'."

"John, you'm a born saint, an' I'm a hard, cruel woman ; but 'twas a mazed thing for 'ee to do. Will 'ee come home now, John ?" She knelt down by him and took his hand in hers. "Come, my dear, 'tis a whisht poor night to be out

o' doors." Her voice was very tender now, and tears were mingling with the rain as it trickled down her old cheeks. "Let's

come home, John," she pleaded. And hand in hand they battled their way back to the cottage.





# REVELATIONS OF AN ALBUM.

PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE.

BY JOSEPH HATTON.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. MARGETSON.

XXX.

TOM PURNELL AND TOM TAYLOR.

"Q" is a favourite symbol of anonymous writers. Three of them, however, have been too strong in their own individuality to make it a complete mask

to their identity. They are Douglas Jerrold, Thomas Purnell, and A. T. Quiller Couch. Long before Charles Reade dubbed Purnell "a cipher signed with an initial," "Q" was a leading power in *Punch*. Jerrold, according to Mr. Spielmann's authoritative history, "made Q as a personality every bit

as important and influential among his readers as *Punch* himself." It cannot be said for Thomas Purnell that he was more than a shadow of Jerrold, so far as his capacity or influence was concerned. Among

the limited class who take an interest in the stage, he, nevertheless, made a considerable stir as "Q" of *The Athenæum*. He hit Tom Taylor with a wit as keen as *Punch's* own. *Dramatists of the Present Day* (republished from *The Athenæum* and dedicated by the author to his friend,

Algernon Swinburne) exposed a custom of "authorship" as discreditable to England as it was unfair to France. Within the memories of most of us, plays were presented at the great London theatres professing to be new and original and bearing upon their title-pages the names of English



TOM TAYLOR.

authors, when they were nothing more than translations from the French, or, at the most, adaptations of novels, mostly foreign. We had become so accustomed to this wholesale piracy that,

like our cousins on the other side of the Atlantic who stole our books, we had come to look upon the French play, done into English, as a rightful basis for a London reputation, and men rose to fame and wealth thereby.

Now Mr. Tom Taylor was a man of letters and wrote for *The Times*. Born of humble parents, he plodded his way to a certain distinction in artistic circles. Never brilliant, he was, however, always painstaking. He had risen by dint of sheer industry, without the impulse of genius. He had no creative power, but he knew how to criticise those who had. It is not unusual to find "the architect of his own fortune," when he lacks the divine spark that humbles the noblest intellect, assuming what he conceives to be the virtue of it, only to become after all, in the general estimation, what Forster was to the cabman, "a harbitery gent." I remember that sweet, and too little known poet, Dora Greenwell, telling me how, on her visits to Lavender Sweep, the residence of Mr. Taylor, at Clapham, "they were always at work translating plays," and how she often assisted Mrs. Taylor in this entertaining occupation. To Miss Greenwell the work must have been very much like glimpses of the world to a nun; for at home she lived almost in seclusion, under the shadow of Durham Cathedral, and her muse was religiously inspired. But Mr. Taylor kept the French mill continually grinding, and why should not his amiable and cultured guest take a hand at the wheel as well as another? The grist of it did not absorb all the playwright's attention; he had other wheels at work. He was a serious and busy journalist, and when great folk died wrote mechanical dirges for *Punch* that set poor Mark Lemon's teeth on edge. But Taylor was a University man, and Mark was not. Moreover, he was "such a harbitery gent," as the cabman remarked of the aforesaid Forster, who was another "architect of his

own fortune" from the North (and more power to all such!), but one of infinitely larger capacity than Taylor. He was, however, no less "all-pervading." Jerrold called him "the Beadle of the Universe." It is open to question whether it is better to be a genius, doing original and lasting work, and live frugally in peace, than to be crammed with second-hand knowledge, and push your way industriously into social consideration and live in a mansion. Anyhow, the world's a stage, and every character in the *dramatis personæ* has to be cast. One man works for love and posterity, and starves; another for *réclame* and money, and prospers. Once in a way genius pauses to make a bargain and take the reward of its work. In this connection, it has great examples. Shakespeare is suspected of playing the ghost in *Hamlet* that he might have time to "go in front and look after the money" (this was Andrew Halliday's cynical suggestion), and Lord Tennyson was a match for the most astute of publishers. He sold his poems by the word, but his words were golden to begin with, and will be current on the counters of posterity, as they are to-day, wherever the English language is spoken.

Tom Taylor's most conspicuous exercise of authority on *The Times* is not the least important of the editorial reminiscences of that difficult department called "The Drama." John Oxenford had laid down his pen for awhile, and sailed for America when Mr. Taylor was entrusted with the double duty of art and dramatic critic. Never was there such a dust in the theatrical world. The new broom cleaned out every cobweb in the temple. All the picturesqueness of the place went by the board. Tradition, custom, the playwrights of the moment (with one exception), previously accepted methods, dresses, scenery, everything was disturbed. The commotion was tremendous. Printing House Square has had many a peck of troubles about theatrical criticism, but

never, I imagine, so exciting a time as when Mr. Taylor sat on John Oxenford's throne, and flung the bolts of Jupiter about broadcast. But this is more or less by the way. It occurs to one, in passing, as helpful to the reader in comprehending the two opposite individualities, "Q" of the *Athenæum* and Taylor of *The Times* and *Punch*, and to explain probably something of the cheerfulness with which the "Criticaster" opened an uncompromising warfare against the scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge. When Tom Taylor had won his way to the foremost position among English dramatists of the day, Tom Purnell convicted him of treating translation as authorship. In reply Mr. Taylor simply claimed that he had made such constructive and literary changes in the work of the foreigner as to entitle his translated plays to be called new, if not original, and without expressing any indebtedness to the French author. If Mr. Taylor's own view could by any possible reasoning have been accepted, what meaner thing can there be in art than to deliberately take another's idea, his scheme, his plot, his whole intention, without giving him the credit at least of initiating the work upon which the adapter writes his name and takes the profits? Mr. Taylor was a business-like man. Clever and adroit in many ways, he had an instinct for stage effect. He was always writing "new," and once in a way "original," plays; and whenever a management met with a first-night failure, there was this Anglo-French Providence ready with a new piece, either for a stop-gap or a run. It did not make his case any the better that Charles Reade, coming to his rescue, pointed out that Tom Taylor was a scholar, had obtained a fellowship at Trinity College, Cambridge, was fertile in invention, rapid in execution, his early plays nearly all original, the head of a public office, a contributor to *The Times* and *Punch*, and the author

of two biographies of great research, and that "Q" was "a mere variety of the literary insect, 'Criticaster.'" Tom Taylor had, nevertheless, given to the London stage, as "new," sometimes as "new and original," at least a dozen eminently successful pieces that were taken without acknowledgment from the French. The list of plays thus treated, while it is a reproach to English playwrights in the past, is a remarkable tribute to the genius of the French dramatist. So long as we could have gone on helping ourselves to the works of our neighbour, so long should we, probably, have remained without a legitimate modern drama. We could always hark back to Shakespeare and his contemporaries as sufficient proof that Englishmen are not necessarily born without those gifts of dramatic poetry and stagecraft that distinguish the French in an eminent degree. We may also, in our own immediate day, point to original writings for the theatre that give ample evidence of invention, fertility of imagination, technical skill in construction and grace of language that will bear the test of the closet as well as the stage. And, when it is desired to add to the national repertoire examples of the elegant and dexterous work of France, it has at last become as much a pleasure as an act of grace, on the part of English authors, to give the original creators their rightful place on programmes and title-pages. Educational progress, an increased knowledge of the French stage, a larger and more liberal observation of the theatre by the daily press, and something of a revival of the literary status of the dramatist, in the natural order of things, might in time have brought about this desirable change; but the reformation was started by Tom Purnell's successful indictment of Tom Taylor, the most brilliant offender of his day. It was shown that those seemingly very characteristic English plays, *A Wolf in Sheep's Clothing*, *Still Waters Run Deep*,

*To Oblige Benson, The Hidden Hand, Payable on Demand, An Unequal Match, Victims, and The Ticket-of-Leave Man* were taken from the French with one exception, and that was from the German. Human nature is the same, whatever its nationality. If Tom Taylor had given us *A Pair of Spectacles*, no one would ever have thought of saying "I know that play, it comes from Sheffield." It would have required a "Q" inspired by that mysterious person who used to sit by his side and "tell him things" to have labelled it "Made in France."

# XXXI.

"STILL  
WATERS  
RUN DEEP."

Tom Purnell, otherwise "Q" of *The Athenæum*, was one of the last of the

Bohemians known to Fleet Street, the minor clubs, the first nights of new plays, and the late nights of journalism and letters, as Bohemia existed before the Licensing Act of Mr. Gladstone and the consequent early closing of the Albion bar. I remember that, in company with Andrew Halliday, Charles Dickens the younger, James Albergy, and some half-dozen others, the last night of late sittings at the Albion was signalled by the police turning the company out (quite in a

friendly way), and the company finishing their after-the-theatres chat under the auspices of a coffee-stall conductor. The manners and customs of one decade are out in the next. Purnell was conspicuous among a pleasant group of men and women who were wont to meet at Dr. Westland Marston's modest house, north of Regent's Park. It was there I met, for the first and almost the only time, Alger-

non Swinburne, then at the height of his fame and vigour. Among the guests were Hepworth Dixon, Joseph Knight, Miss Ada Cavendish, Sir Thomas Duffus Hardy and Lady Hardy, Tom Purnell, and other persons of distinction in connection with letters and the stage. In his riper years, had Purnell don-



TOM PURNELL.

ned the livery of Society and delivered himself over to its cant, he might have held a foremost place among those whose names are recorded in the fashionable columns of the Press in connection with the social and public functions of the day. He could have dressed the part to perfection, and he had certain physical and mental qualities that always command attention. It was a striking individuality. To something of an ascetic cast of face he added an abun-

dance of silky white hair, and his eyes were bright and beady. If his manners lacked the repose of the Vere de Veres, it was the alertness of his mind that no doubt gave impulse to his body. He was a restless being, one of those who are the first to go out between the acts of a play, but not, one must say for him, the last to return. For many years he was a prominent first-nighter, and one who was fearless, as well as discriminating and conscientious in his criticisms. Like all enthusiasts, he was as hearty in his condemnation as he was in his approval, and he was nothing if not critical. Both Mr. Tom Taylor and Charles Reade felt the prick of his lance, but the joints in Taylor's armour literally yawned. Reade invited the assault of "Q" as the defender of Taylor, his brother-dramatist. Reade's was defence and attack all in one, strong, hearty, virulent, contemptuous; Taylor's defence was specious, diplomatic, guarded. But there was no answering Purnell. It is no good, as a poker player would say, bluffing against a man who holds four aces. It was in his rejoinder, on the charge of taking *Still Waters Run Deep* from a novelette by M. Charles de Bernard, entitled *Le Gendre*, that Mr. Taylor was most unfortunate. If ever there was a play that might have been an English original, it was *Still Waters*, unless you would have elected to say as much for *The Ticket-of-Leave Man*, both French, and both, as in other cases, presented to the public as Taylor's own work. In regard to *Still Waters*, *The Standard*, in a brief editorial, summed up Mr. Taylor's claims to have "thought for himself," and "engrafted dramatic shoots of my own growing upon the stocks which I have transplanted," and responds: "A comparison of *Le Gendre* with *Still Waters Run Deep* will show how accurate this is. For example, Mr. Tom Taylor has absolutely invented new names for every one of his characters. And this is not all. Thus Chandieu, the Mildmay of

the original, grows asparagus and peaches; while Mildmay, in the English play, grows celery, which is quite different, though it is true that both paint trellis work. Again, the French Hawksley (Laboissière) has not floated a company to build galvanic boats, but to build '*les inexplosibles-transatlantiques*'; and when the supposed pigeon calls on the hawk in the French, the hawk is writing a letter, whereas, in the English, he is finishing a calculation. Laboissière says that when the boats are started, '*nous tuons le Hâvre*.' Hawksley never mentions Hâvre. He says, 'We shall destroy Liverpool.' Once more, in the French book, Madame Bailleal (Mrs. Sternhold) has written to Laboissière (Hawksley) no fewer than forty-three letters, which Chandieu (Mildmay) goes to retrieve. In Mr. Tom Taylor's version it is quite different. He has here 'engrafted a dramatic shoot of his own,' and Mrs. Sternhold has only written thirteen letters, which, it will be observed, is as many as thirty less, fully justifying Mr. Tom Taylor's boast that he 'has not confined himself to the functions of the mere reproducer of another man's thoughts.' Chandieu returns to find from Bailleal that the dinner of that evening is to be put off, just as Mildmay returns to find from Potter that Mrs. Sternhold is not well enough to receive her friends, who were to have dined at the house that evening. On the whole, perhaps, it is a little unfortunate that the printer should have left out M. de Bernard's name. Of this, however, readers who will take the trouble of comparing the two can satisfy themselves. The task of comparison is certainly amusing."

## XXXII.

## NABOTH'S VINEYARD IN HOLLAND.

But enough, for the present, on this theme of "new and original." It is the consolation of the honest, needy pen to break a lance for the true Art with the prosperous Pretender. Purnell regarded Tom



THE LOCK ON THE NORTH HOLLAND CANAL.

*(From a photo by Percy Lindley.)*

Taylor from his point of view, though not questioning his scholarship or his trained ability. "Q" was a free-lance, a soldier of fortune, and for many years a picturesque and familiar figure in artistic and theatrical society, happy if he had a guinea or two in his purse, but not depressed if his purse was empty, a light-hearted son of Bohemia. One day in 1895, in the general room of the Kras-

nopolski, at Amsterdam, if Purnell had been spared to accompany me thither, he would have been sorely tempted into a rebuke that would have torn his very heart-strings. He had one international hobby, and he frequently rode it in the front page editorials of *The Globe*, always as a gentleman, sometimes with the spur of political foresight. He believed in Germany's intention to remove her

neighbour's landmark. Holland was the Naboth's vineyard of Germany, and Purnell contended that only a wholesome fear of England prevented the Fatherland from swallowing up the Lowlands. He and I were together on two excursions in Holland. We once walked to the boundary posts of the two countries, at which spot he delivered himself of a patriotic defiance of Germany, and waved the united flags of Holland and England over the threatened

"Land that rides at anchor, and is moor'd,  
In which they do not live, but go aboard."

Purnell said Germany would never be content until she had conquered a sea-board that should give her ports of rivalry to England. The other day, when Bombastes von Blumenthal's plan for invading England was described in the newspapers, with its aggressive march through Holland and the seizure of her ports and marine service, I thought of Purnell and his prophecies. In face of Von Blumenthal's scheme, "Q's" anxiety for his favourite Hollanders does not appear to me quite so fantastic (Disraeli was scoffed at for what seemed to be whimsical, not to say ridiculous, forecasts that have since his death proved prophetic), as it did, when I contemplated his Quixotic figure, one leg in Holland, the other in Germany, pointing with a long bony finger the way in which the German legions would come; and then turning towards the sea to describe the British ships that would have landed blue-jackets to the aid of Amsterdam and Rotterdam, to say nothing of their neighbour, Antwerp, which would be in no less peril of her ships and her liberties. What would he have said to the half-dozen Hollanders who railed at England that night of '95 in the handsome salon of the Dutch Hotel at Amsterdam? It would have cut him to the quick; not alone their ingratitude towards England (and himself who loved everything Dutch), but their utter folly in talking of an alliance with Germany,

which would mean nothing more than an alliance between the wolf and the lamb. Shortly before my first visit to Holland and Purnell's Mecca, which was Hoorn, he had personally guided thither an Afrikaner, who had rejoiced his heart with forecasts of a kind of Dutch Republic in Africa under the protection of England and in alliance with the Government of the Cape; and that is more than a dozen years ago. Talking of the present "Q" (Mr. Quiller Couch)—he who came after Purnell, and who has proved himself no less of a genius, with far more executive skill than Purnell—the latter wrote to me in December, 1887,—“I know absolutely nothing of the new ‘Q.’ He may be Bacon, or our friend L——. I have not read *Dead Man's Rock*, but hear it is fairly good. Two or three lady journalists have to my knowledge said the best they could of it, thinking it to be the work of Yours ever, Q!!”

### XXXIII.

#### POETRY AND TRADITION.

The Hollanders thought Purnell was mad. Many Londoners did, for that matter. Though he was generally taken for an eccentric Cockney, he was a Welshman, and wore a beard that the bard in Gray's famous ode might have envied. In Holland, which was his only playground, he usually wore shoes and white stockings, the former a little down at the heels, the latter a little down on the shoes; and once, at Delft, I remember a tribe of youngsters following him for sweetmeats. He might there and then have stood for the Piper of Hamlin.

"Hamlin town's in Brunswick,  
By famous Hanover city;  
The river Weser, deep and wide,  
Washes its walls on the southern side;  
A pleasanter spot you never spied."

But if it had not been for Browning's version of the story of the piper and the rats, who would have cared about the High Street of Hamlin? Tradition out-



**TOM FUNNELL AS THE "PIPER OF HAMLIN."**



lives history, and poetry outlives both. Browning's verses will outlive the tremendous reality of the Hanseatic League. But for Longfellow's *Wreck of the Hesperus*, even despite its suggestive name, who would linger by the "Reef of Norman's Woe" with any deeper feelings than those which any rock-bound coast awakens? *Othello* is of more enduring fame than the most historic Doge of Venice. Who would ever talk of Edmonton, outside the metropolis, but for *John Gilpin*? Beyond the farthest seas Verona lives in the fabled story of *Romeo and Juliet*. There never was a *Mary, the Maid of the Inn*, as Southey depicted her; yet Kirkstall is only known to millions as the scene of poor Mary's exploit.

"She, the poor maniac whose wildly-fixed eyes  
Seem a heart overcharged to express."

But, in Holland, fact may be said to have left more landmarks than fiction, real tragedies more than poetic legend; almost every *carillon* in the tintinnabulary country has its own real, sad, grim story. If I valued a reputation for the bravery of my race, and I were not an Englishman, I would be a Dutchman.

Purnell was fond of quoting Swinburne, and among friends would recall with eloquent personal descriptions of the two celebrities, and a certain mimetic power, the reading of *A Song of Italy*, by Swinburne to Mazzini, at which Purnell was the only other auditor beyond the famous Italian. "I fancied that towards the close of the passage in which allusion is made to St. Christopher and the Holy Child that the brilliancy of Mazzini's black eyes were clouded. The poet had evidently sounded a chord in the breast of the exile that brought back to his mind's eye youthful days spent in his Genoese home before the storm and turmoil and weariness of his later life had come upon him. But the cloud, whether of joy or sorrow, soon passed away. If the mind had been absent it was only for

a moment. The eye suddenly recovered its function; and when the poet entered upon the litany of praise he sat absorbed, and immovable to the end. Never had such heartfelt and supreme fervour of praise been wedded to such noble verse." Another of Purnell's red letter nights was Irving's appearance in London as Hamlet. "On his first entrance," he says, in a brief reminiscence of the then great event in theatrical circles, "the actor seemed to me to be suffering from nervousness. The odd dead silence following the applause that welcomed his appearance might well have disturbed him. When, however, he seated himself in the chair, I overheard someone behind me—I think it was Mr. Clement Scott addressing Mr. Sala, or Mr. Charles Dickens the younger—calling attention to the 'superb melancholy' exhibited by the actor. I felt I was wrong; and afterwards that experienced play-goer, playwright, and critic, John Oxenford, confirmed me in my opinion that Mr. Scott was right. 'By Gad, sir,' said Oxenford, 'he has found the key of the position.'" After the curtain fell on the first act, Purnell went round. "Well, dear friend, how is it going?" Irving asked in his modest way.

"Garrick, Kemble, Kean, Macready—Irving," was Purnell's reply. I was present at Irving's first performance of Hamlet before a Boston (U.S.) audience, and that was their verdict also. Naturally, they added to their list the name of Edwin Booth, who will always represent their most cherished memory of *Hamlet* and *Lear*. Until Irving appeared, America had only one Hamlet. After that first night of the English actor, at Boston, they had two, and so the tally still remains.

#### XXXIV.

##### A RIP VAN WINKLE ON WHEELS.

Once upon a time I spent a holiday with Sir Henry Irving in Holland. Did I ever tell you of a little adventure we had, which led to collaboration in an idea

for a new Vanderdecken? "Someone telling pleasant lies," says our friend Broughton in his delightful book on Holland, "has told me that with the English and French languages you can go everywhere in the Low Countries. But when one asks an intelligent railway official where the ticket office is, and he looks puzzled, not to say pained, and we put the question in another form and point to a crowd, and say, 'Ticket office?' and he says, 'Yes,' and nods vigorously, and we rush off and find a refreshment-bar instead, it must be admitted that faith in the prevalence of English in Holland is somewhat shaken." Irving hired a carriage and pair at the Hague. Besides myself, his party consisted of Mr. Bram Stoker and Mr. H. J. Loveday. The driver was Flemish, reticent and deaf. Aided by our landlord, who spoke several languages, we appeared to have penetrated the man's inner intelligence, and we started merrily on our way. The time came, however, when we doubted whether he understood any language, dead or alive, spoken or suggested. It was an exceptional experience, my first and only difficulty of the kind, and I have penetrated the least known corners of Holland with very few words beyond my native English; and that was Purnell's experience also, as it is that of many visitors who find their way about its remote canals and ancient villages.

It was after church, on a grey autumn afternoon. We had driven for miles and miles, always on and on, over long roads and short, through villages, over bridges, beneath formal avenues of trees; and nothing we could say or do would induce our driver to return Hague-wards. We had been talking about Vanderdecken and his phantom ship, when suddenly Irving developed the idea of a phantom carriage, with phantom guests who had ordered supper at the hotel at ten o'clock, and had never turned up, but through some strange enchantment had gone on and on, by

dyke and wood, skirting the sea, scouring the plains, a phantom carriage and pair, with a second Vanderdecken, expected every night at the hotel, and never arriving. "One can imagine the phantom carriage," continued Irving, as we drove on into the darkness, "startling travellers in lonely places, appearing on stormy nights in the glare of the lightning-flash. It would be easy to fit the skeleton chariot with some story of banishment, or some romantic fancy belonging to the days of witchcraft and warlocks of the glen." We followed up the idea with many a hearty laugh through all its possible windings, and at last post-dated the years, and imagined the future of the room where the host and guests were to have supped. We saw it in the distant days to come as a show-place, a quaint wainscoted room, with everything remaining as it had been prepared for the four doomed guests; the supper-table with clumsily-designed crockery, odd-looking bottles, knives and forks of ancient pattern, the table-cloth worn with age and beginning to decay; curious squat chairs for the guests who never came. We saw our luggage laid out upon an old worm-eaten chest, our leathern trunks out of date, and stiff, with rusted buckles, our combs and brushes, our changes of clothes and linen, all looking very much like the relics of some ancient tragedy; and we imagined nervous visitors being shown into the ghostly room on the anniversary of the original supper hour, doubtful whether the phantom guests might not take it into their phantom heads to come and eat the supper which they had ordered a hundred years before.

## XXXV.

## IN A MINOR KEY.

One of the most delightful trips in the Netherlands is from Amsterdam by the North Holland canal, through Zandam, to Alkmaar. You pass picturesque old houses dominated by church towers, and here and there by steam mills. The wind-



**A VANDERDECKEN ON WHEELS.**

mill, however, never leaves you. It is the Dutch sentinel, on every mound, the working power of the country. The villages are nearly always newly cleaned, painted, and varnished. The houses remind you a little of country districts in America, with this exception—they are neat and ornamental, and rejoice in gardens and well-kept trees. Here and there they stand upon stilts, like the campongs of Borneo or the bamboo dwellings of the Malays. The Dutch pictures on the canal have quite a "foreign" look.

he might be permitted to arrange it in a minor key, "to giff sentiment to it." And curiously enough, that is exactly what the Alkmaar ringer was doing. It was Miss Collins's tune in a minor key, and it came down upon us from the high tower in a ripple of pleasant melody. There are not many book-stores in Alkmaar, but there were several Dutch editions of English books that looked odd in their translated presentations. The old and the new literature were both represented. Among the former was *Bedsermoen*, by Douglas Jer-



ENTRANCE TO ALKMAAR. NORTH HOLLAND CANAL.

(From a photograph by Percy Lindley).

They are more Oriental than European. Zandam is a world of windmills. The Dutch, as you know, are great in campanology. Their bells are mostly hung outside their church towers, and from one end of the watery land to the other they are always chiming. In some places they are played upon by professors. You may, now and then, hear quite a concert up in the air. At Alkmaar you will hardly believe that a year or two ago (1894) we were saluted with "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay," The German bandmaster, in a certain wild farce at Toole's, only consented to play the familiar tune in "Homburg" if

rold. The Hollander would not, it is presumed, understand "Curtain Lectures"; "Bed Sermons" is a very direct interpretation. *Punch's* picture of the night-capped couple had been adapted with equal success; the pair were Dutch. The announcement of the newest book was as follows, *Mijn Officiële Vrouw*; door R. H. Savage, is Heir Voorradig. A curious-looking language in print, the sound of it is not always musical. I heard a Hollander preach; it sounded like a mixture of German and Welsh. I don't know whether the bell-music had added to the notoriety of the song, but one of the most popular

pieces of music in the shops was entitled *Ta-ré-ré-booem-di-jé*.

Spite of a comic melody filling the sunny atmosphere of Alkmaar, the bell-music of Holland inspires thoughtfulness. Just as one feels the mysterious suggestion of a ruling Providence in the story of the Jews, Holland continually presents itself as evidence of the Hand of God in history, which is a favourite theme with the orthodox Protestant. Viewed from this standpoint, history becomes an exponent of the Divine power. Given the orthodox belief, there is no more remarkable illustration of an overruling Providence than the fierce and tyrannical war waged upon Holland by that fiend in human shape, Philip of Spain. His own country having suffered torture and death, Holland and the Low Countries became his pit of destruction. The Reformation had struck here some slight roots that needed to be watered by the blood of martyrs. Philip vowed to exterminate the new hopes, the God-like ambitions, and he flung upon the devoted Hollanders armies of fanatics who shamed the name of man and rivalled the traditionary deeds of demons. The outcome was victory for civil liberty and religious freedom in Holland. It led to the Spanish attack on England, which, in its turn, led to the conquest of the New World for Protestantism and Liberty. What strikes one in these suggestions of the Divine Hand are their constant lessons in toleration. It is not only that Christ pleaded for the woman taken in adultery and promised paradise to the penitent thief, but that God frequently selects His instruments from among the humblest, and occasionally gives great missions to men and women of apparently the worst type, judged by

the ordinary rules of morality and religion. The first successful blow against Spain was struck by a marauding sea-robber; a man who, being driven forth, with his ships, from an English port by Elizabeth, when she was coquetting with Alva, sailed for Brill, and by strategy and courage took the place, his one hope being plunder. Happily he had allied captains with nobler aims; and the capture of Brill became the foundation of the Dutch Republic.

Apart from its historic interest as the beginning of the downfall of Spain in Holland, Brill is a landmark dear to Englishmen. During the long and weary days of the war between France and England, the royal route of travel from this country to Holland was by way of Brill, which lies on the southern bank of the Maas, nearly opposite the new station of the Holland railway. It was to Brill that Boswell sailed when Dr. Johnson saw him off at Harwich; thence went Sir Philip Stanhope to The Hague, where he received the first of *Lord Chesterfield's Letters to his Son*. Mr. Walter Scott, of Abbotsford, sailed the same way when, between Harwich and Brill, the captain made the voyage perilous by too much drinking of his illustrious passenger's health. Oliver Goldsmith landed at Brill on his adventurous travels beyond the sea. Going back to the history of more exciting times, the story of England and America has a long link of interest in the voyage of the pilgrims who counted Miles Standish among their heroes. To-day Brill seems to have retired behind the dunes of the Maas, while other ports stand forth to mark a newer and more luxurious course of travel.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]





**NEW-MATIC.**

*By Malcolm Patterson.*

"Aren't the tints beautiful from this window?"

"Ya-as. I always did admire the autumastic effects."

# THE HORRORS OF LONDON.

BY ALLEN UPWARD.

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST GOODWIN.

## XI.—THE BRITISH MUSEUM.



THE British Museum has long established its claim to be London's crowning horror. Since the abolition of the Black Hole of Calcutta, it has even put forth its proud pretension to be the greatest horror of the world. But there is a hotel in Bournemouth which runs it very close, and wise men will hesitate before they give the palm to either.

There is nothing funny about the British Museum. It brutalises. Persons subject to suicide will do well to avoid this Museum. Calculations have proved that if the British Museum could be burnt down, the average takings of the metropolitan coroners would be diminished by about 50 per cent. per annum.

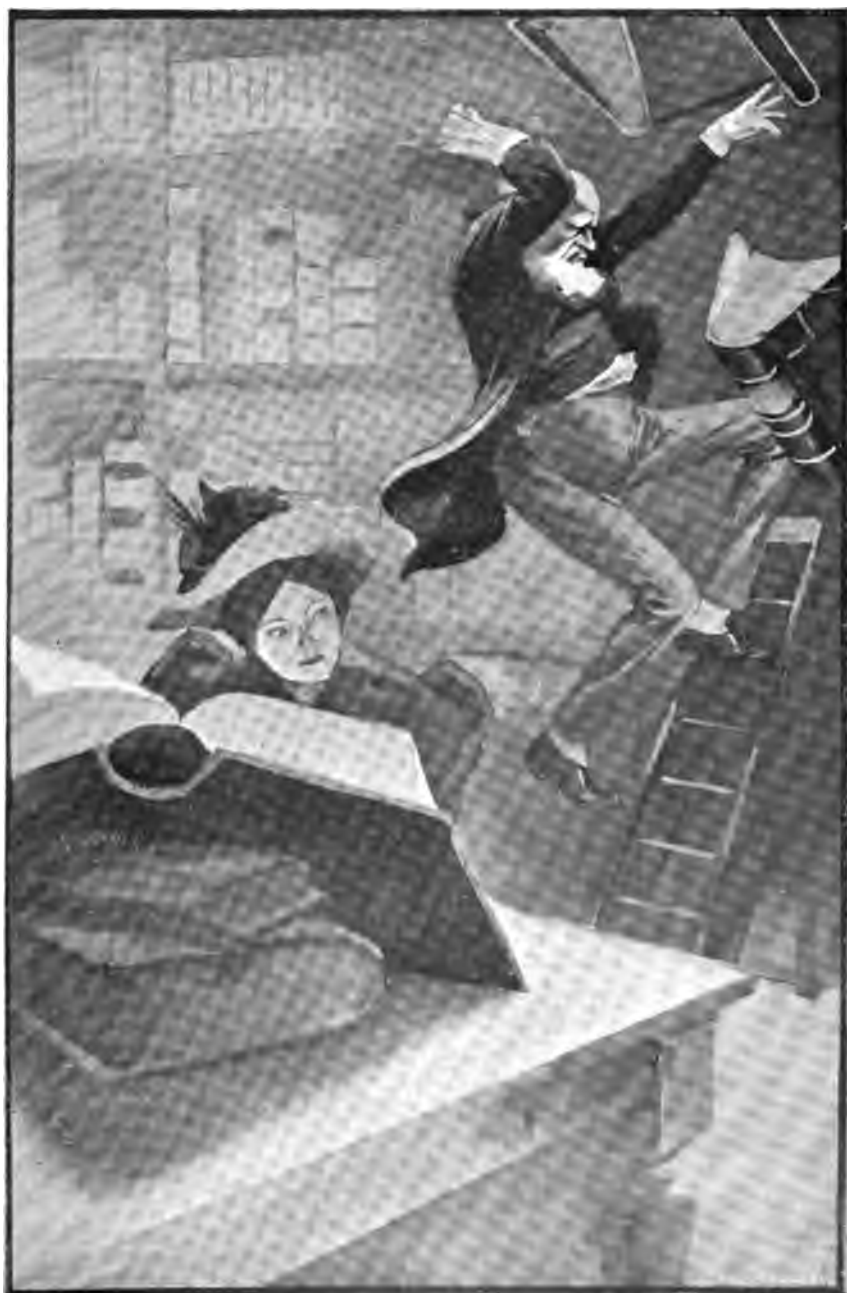
The most horrible place in the Museum is the Reading Room. No one who had never been to it would believe that it was possible for any Reading Room to be so horrible as this Reading Room is.

No one is allowed inside the Reading Room without a ticket. This, besides being an unlawful, is a perfectly needless precaution. No one not driven by the direst necessity would dream of coming near this place. The trustees cling to the belief that the public pines to get into their Reading Room. This is a delusion. What the trustees want to do is to give tickets authorising the public to stay outside. Such tickets would bring joy and soothing to many a weary student, and would ensure for the trustees a popularity second only to that of the German Emperor.

There is an impression abroad that this Reading Room is the resort of scholars and literary men. Such is not the case. No scholar, no man whose time and temper were things he really cared about, could face the deadly trial of a visit to this place. The Reading Room is run in the interest of contributors to the snippet Press. Persons who desire to earn half-a-crown easily and honestly by sending a paragraph to one of those machine-made journals which circulate like leaves in Vallombrosa, will find this Reading Room fit them to a hair.

The chamber in which the readers are immured is a vast round cavern, in general plan not unlike a model prison, though there is a haunting suggestion of the underground railway about the atmosphere. The books are divided into two sorts, those which you have to fetch for yourself, and those which you put down on a printed form and hope that an attendant will fetch for you.

The first of these classes is supposed to consist of works of reference, like dictionaries and such, the sort of book which you might want to reach down for a moment to look up a date. These works are stacked round the walls of the basilica. There are about 100,000 of them, and they are in no particular order. There are English books, and French books, and German books, books on theology and ornithology, medical works, popular histories, and an encyclopædia. Very good. We will suppose that you want to ascertain the date of the death of the last Chief Librarian. You promenade round the



THE SHELVES ARE CHOKED WITH PORTUGUESE CYCLOPÆDIAS.



cavern for half-an-hour or so, and at length, with the aid of a chart which the authorities thoughtfully provide for the distressed mariner, you anchor opposite a set of, say, three hundred shelves, on one of which *Haydn's Dictionary of Dates* is supposed to lurk. You look for ten minutes, and realise that it has been annexed by someone else.

With sullen obstinacy you next turn to the Encyclopædia section. Here you find one copy of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. The volume you want is probably in use, and you have then lost the game. The shelves are choked with Portuguese and Danish cyclopædias, and penny cyclopædias, and forgotten rubbish dating from somewhere in the 'thirties, but if two persons want to consult the same volume of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* on the same day, one of them must go to some other place than this Reading Room.

As a set-off to this, if you do secure the book you want, you have the satisfaction of gloating over the distress of a dozen other explorers whom you see wandering up and down in their vain search for the same volume. In fact, there is nothing but the moral law to prevent your going to the Reading Room the first thing in the morning, carrying off the whole of the Encyclopædia, and keeping it till the room shuts up, and, by pursuing these tactics for a week, bankrupting the entire snippet press.

The other class of books cost you less physical labour but more patience. You have, first of all, to hunt up in the catalogue the particular book you mean to read. I am unable to say how many volumes there are in the catalogue, but lengthways it measures about a furlong. Having unearthed your quarry, you next provide yourself with the printed form, on which you transcribe the name of the book and sundry mysterious hieroglyphics, together with your name, your occupation, and your views on eternal

punishment. You deposit this form in a basket and retire to your seat.

Having spent a quiet half-hour in sitting still, wondering why the law is so strict about murder, it occurs to you to go and lunch. There is a restaurant in the Museum which is approached by a devious and perilous route leading through a grove of Egyptian mummies and similar light aids to digestion. There is no chart of this route, but by leaving the Moabite Stone well to the starboard, and bearing up for the bust of Nero, with the aid of a pocket compass, till you sight a bearded lion with hoofs and a helmet, made in Nineveh, you cannot go far wrong. It will be well to allow from half-an-hour to three-quarters for the meal, and by the time you find your way back to the Reading Room, and re-discover your seat, you have a fair chance of getting your book. Of course, if they have come with it while you are away, you must start after it again while the scent is fresh. If you are in luck it will then be dusk, and the Reading Room will close for the day.

Savants like Huxley and Darwin and myself ought to be allowed to read in separate cells, with a special man to bring us as many Encyclopædias as we want. Respectable mediocrities like the Editor of the *Idler* and the Archbishop of Canterbury might be put in a nice room with a copy of the Encyclopædia between them. While mere flirting butterflies like Mark Twain and the author of *Spiritual Law in the Natural World*—or words to that effect—should be admitted under the severest restrictions, and allowed nothing more than *Whitaker's Almanac*.

To conclude, it is a mistake of Sabbatarians to oppose the opening of this Museum on Sundays. After once tasting its guilty joys, the prodigal would return a sadder and a wiser man, and dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

# LIFE OF NAPOLEON III.

BY ARCHIBALD FORBES.

ILLUSTRATED FROM NUMEROUS SOURCES.

## CHAPTER VI.

### FROM PRISONER TO PRESIDENT.



BEFORE Prince Louis Napoleon received his sentence of perpetual imprisonment he had already completed his preparations for the worst.

He arranged his property in such wise that the pensions bequeathed by his mother to her entourage should be safely settled. No claim was disregarded. For the benefit of those dependent on him he held it necessary so to dispose of his property that it should be beyond the reach of the law. This was accomplished, and when, on October 6th, 1840, he left Paris for his prison, he was, in the words of the faithful Thélín, "as poor as Job." It was something of a coincidence that on the day on which Napoleon quitted the Conciergerie for Ham, the *Belle Poule* arrived at St. Helena to receive the remains of his great uncle, and restore them to the France which he had loved.

Accompanied by the venerable General Montholon, on the evening of the 6th he was put into a carriage, without being permitted to see any of his friends, and, under the charge of a colonel of the municipal guards, he was escorted to Ham, where he arrived at midnight of the 7th. Dr. Conneau, who was allowed to share the imprisonment of the Prince, followed in a few days, and with the faithful Thélín, the little coterie was complete. Ham is an obsolete fortress, situated in the marshy region through which flows the sullen Somme. It had been long used as

a State prison. At the commencement of his enforced sojourn in Ham the Prince occupied the rooms which had been previously appropriated to M. de Polignac, the Minister of Charles X. ; and he was later transferred to those which had been occupied by the Count de Peyronnet, the colleague of Polignac. Those apartments were simply in a state of utter dilapidation, and comfort was as carefully excluded from this melancholy abode as was liberty. The ceilings were full of holes, the paper on the walls was torn, the brick flooring was badly laid and rotten, the doors and windows could be neither closed nor opened. To remedy in some measure this condition of matters, which was sensibly injuring the Prince's health, and against which the doctor had remonstrated with vigour, the Minister of the Interior placed 600 francs at the disposal of the Commandant for the purposes of repairs. The pittance of £24 was ridiculously inadequate, for new floors, ceilings, windows, and doors were needed. Nevertheless no supplementary amount was forthcoming, and the Prince was actually asked to complete the repairs from his own resources. "It is not for me," he quietly answered, "to keep a State prison in repair." He certainly was not of an exceptionally querulous nature. The Chevalier Wikoff, an American, who visited him in his prison, thus writes: "From his person my glance wandered over the room, which surprised me by its extreme rudeness. It was very small, the walls were bare, and the floor was without covering. Three or four wooden chairs, a single table, on which,

among other objects, stood a simple student's lamp, constituted its principal furniture. In a recess on either side of the chimney were shelves running up to the ceiling filled with books, and here and there round the apartment were suspended several engravings, with some miniatures of the Prince's family. On the

of the damp brick floor, which in this wet climate and decayed old building was seriously impairing my health. I am afflicted with a violent rheumatism, which, you see, has lamed me ; but I trust it will pass off with time."

The garrison of Ham consisted of 400 men, of whom at least 60 were constantly

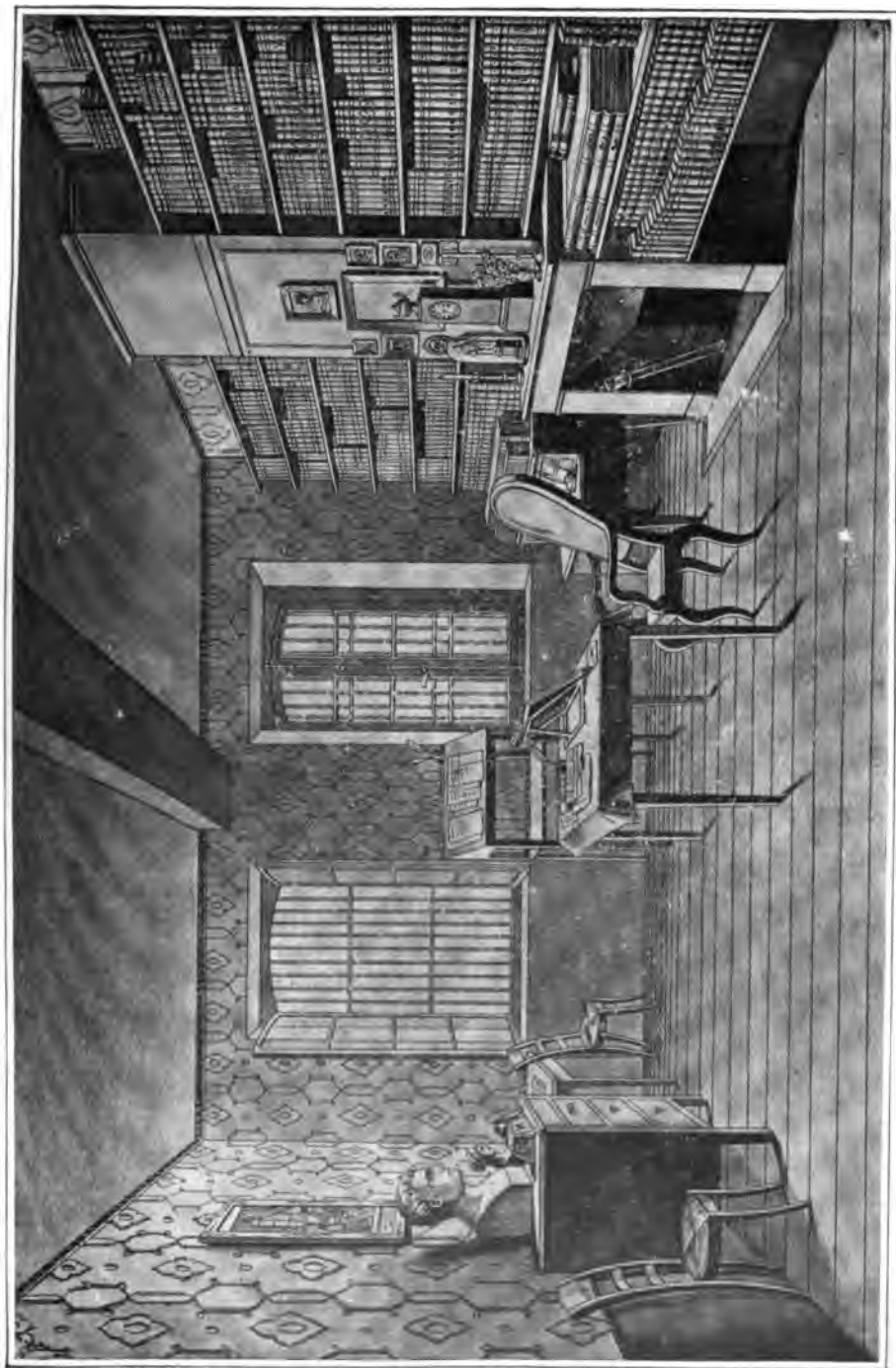


THE FORTRESS OF HAM.

(From a drawing by Jules Girardet.)

low wooden mantel-piece stood a common clock, and a small plain looking-glass above it. The whole had very much the appearance of a common kitchen in some unpretending private house." When Wikoff observed that nothing could well be more vindictive and illiberal than the spirit which had assigned him those miserable quarters, the Prince answered, "Oh! I am very well off now, I assure you, since they have ordered the removal

on duty. In addition to the military guard, which, properly speaking, formed the guard of the fortress, there was within those gloomy walls a brigade of warders, turnkeys and keepers, to whom the constant watch on the person and movements of the Prince was more particularly entrusted. Besides this mass of espionage, the Commandant of the place zealously performed the duties of high surveillance. Sentries there were in all directions—on



THE PRIVATE APARTMENT OF PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON IN THE FORTRESS OF HAM.

the stairs, in the corridors, at the doors, keepers were stationed, whose duty it was never for a moment to lose close sight of the prisoner, and who dogged his footsteps even when he took his walk upon the ramparts in a space of forty yards long by twenty broad.

As regarded the interior arrangements the Prince's household consisted of a very modest establishment. The expenses of his table had been regulated by M. Lardenois, Lieutenant-Colonel of Gendarmerie, who had escorted the Prince from Boulogne to Paris, and from Paris to Ham. The sum paid to the canteen was fixed by this officer at seven francs a head per day. The Prince arranged his mode of life to the best possible advantage. He rose early and worked until ten; after breakfast he walked on the rampart, or cultivated the flowers for which he had made a sloping parterre along the parapet; he then retired to read his correspondence, to write to his friends, or to take up his reading; and he thus continued to occupy himself till dinner, which was served at half-past five. After dinner he conversed with his friends, and received the formal daily visit on the part of the Commandant of the fortress; and in the evening, a game of whist, in which General Montholon, the Commandant, and Dr. Conneau joined, completed the somewhat dreary day.

In the further right-hand corner of the main court-yard of the fortress were the watched and barred windows of the building in which the Prince and his companions were confined. The main entrance was by a narrow door opening to a white-washed passage, at the extremity of which was the guard-room. On the ground floor to the right of the passage were the two rooms occupied by General Montholon; on the other side of the passage were the bath-room and chapel. The Prince's quarters consisted of two rooms on the first floor, the windows of which were closely barred. One of these

was the work-room; the other the salon, which was the first on entering. Its principal furniture consisted of a great mahogany bureau, an old commode, a couch, an easy chair, four straw-bottomed chairs, a deal table converted into a card-table, and a screen hung with designs from *The Charivari*. Little by little the Prince had added several engravings connected with the historic epic of the Empire—a portrait of his mother, busts of the Emperor and the Empress Josephine by Chaudet, statuettes of soldiers of the Imperial Guard; and, lastly, on the shelves fixed against the walls, a number of books—in particular a file of the *Moniteur* and fifty volumes of the *Journal des Débats*. The second room served as a bedroom, in which was a bed of painted deal, a toilette table in white wood, a jar of earthenware, several chairs, and two small deal tables on which was a toilette service in silver bearing the imperial arms. The Prince habitually wore either a military great-coat and forage-cap, or a blue frock-coat buttoned up, with a red *képi* trimmed with gold cord. The presence of the three men, Montholon, Conneau, and the valet Thélén, who were always, so to speak, at his side, very greatly ameliorated the bitternesses and sorrows of the Prince's captivity, all the more because they loved him devotedly.

Nevertheless, Louis Napoleon chafed under the petty and continual vexations of which he was the victim. He had calculated that he should be able to refrain from making complaints until he had endured nine months of suffering; but then he considered that he was called on no longer to endure in silence an intolerable situation, and he consequently addressed a protest to the French Government.

"Accustomed from my youth," he wrote, "to a strict rule of life, I do not complain of the inconvenient simplicity of my dwelling; but that of which I do complain is being made the victim of vexatious measures, by no means necessary to my safe-guarding. . . . During the first

months of my captivity every kind of communication from without was forbidden, and within I was kept in the most rigorous confinement ; since, however, several persons have been admitted to me, these internal restrictions can have no longer an object, yet they are the more rigorously enforced. . . . The attentions of my single faithful servant who has been permitted to follow me, are encumbered by obstacles of every description. . . . The insulting inquisition which pursues me into my very chamber, which follows my footsteps when I breathe the fresh air in a retired corner of the fort, is not limited to my person alone, but extends even to my thoughts. My letters to my family are submitted to the strictest scrutiny, and if a letter to me should contain any expression of too lively a sympathy, the letter is sequestered, and the writer is denounced to the Government. . . . The treatment which I endure is neither just, legal, nor humane. If it is to be supposed that such measures will subdue me, it is a mistake ; it is not outrage, but marks of kindness which subdue the hearts of those who suffer.

“(Sd.) NAPOLEON LOUIS BONAPARTE.

“Citadel of Ham,

“May 22nd, 1841.”

The effect of this protest was, that the Prince's valet Thélin obtained permission to go out into the town of Ham ; and that the authorities were induced to adopt measures more conformable to their true dignity. The future of the Prince was accepted by him as that of one who, notwithstanding numerous offers of devotedness to his cause, chose to remain a stranger to any thought of escape. Indeed, this acceptance of an indefinitely prolonged imprisonment had a certain serene pleasure for the exiled. “Recovered,” he wrote, “from all the illusions of youth, I find in my native air which I breathe, in the studies which I sedulously pursue in the quiet of my prison, a charm which I have never before felt, even when partaking of the pleasures of foreign lands.”

Apparently he was in earnest. Writing to Lady Blessington in 1841, he said : “I have no desire to go beyond the limits within which I am enclosed, because here I am in my place ; with the name I bear, for me is either the gloom of a dungeon or the glare of power. My life passes

here monotonously enough, because the rigour of authority is unbending ; nevertheless, I cannot say that I find myself bored, because I can create for myself occupations which interest me. I am just now engaged in writing some reflections on the history of England, and then also I am planting a little garden in a corner of my rampart by way of change. But I must own that those things merely pass away the time without stirring the heart, and sometimes I do recognise a vacuity of thought. But I make no complaint of the position I have made for myself, and I am completely resigned.”

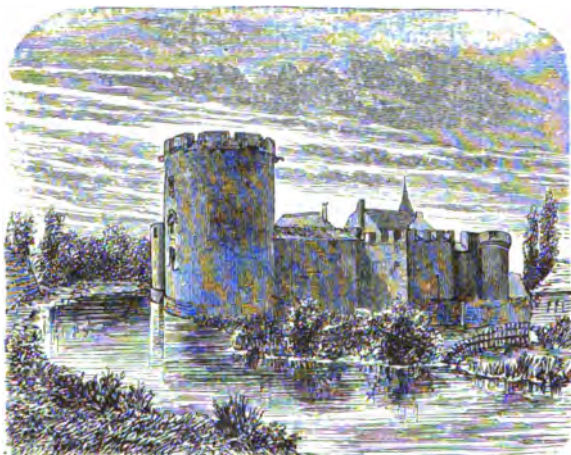
The Prince carried on a large correspondence ; but that by itself did not occupy his active mind. In the course of the five years from 1840 to 1845, he wrote and published articles on a curious variety of subjects. It was while in Ham that he wrote his *Fragments Historiques* ; where he treated on the *Analysis of the Sugar Question*, published in the local journals ; where he published a treatise on the *Extinction of Pauperism* ; and where he drew up a memorial, which he sent to Arago, on the *Production of Electric Currents*. He wrote a memoir of his uncle, Joseph Bonaparte, who died in July 1844. Among his other works were *Opinions on Various Political and Administrative Questions, Of Governments and their Supporters, A Reply to M. de Lamartine, The Past and Future of Artillery*, and *The Revision of the French Constitution*, as well as a series of *Miscellaneous Papers*. In 1844 he schemed out a history of Charlemagne ; and in 1845 he occupied himself with the junction of the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans by means of a canal. The Minister Plenipotentiary of Guatemala offered him the presidency of the construction of the Nicaragua Canal, as the sole person who could fulfil the diverse conditions which might bring success to that important undertaking.

In April, 1845, Lord Malmesbury visited the Prince in Ham, at the request of the

latter. The Prince stated that a deputation from Ecquador had come to him, offering him the Presidency of that Republic if Louis Philippe would release him, and in that case he would give the King his parole never to return to Europe. He was anxious that Sir Robert Peel, then Prime Minister of England, should intercede with the French King to comply with his wishes, promising every possible guarantee for his good faith. The Prince assured Lord Malmesbury that the soldiers had for the most part been gained

tion, or rather philosophy, of Prince Louis, but putting little faith in his ever renouncing his pretensions to the throne of France. Sir Robert Peel was not averse from applying to the French Government in favour of the Prince on certain conditions; but Lord Aberdeen, then Foreign Secretary, "would not hear of the" Ecquador proposition.

In the end of 1845, Louis Napoleon had been a prisoner in the fortress of Ham for over five years. His father, the ex-King of Holland, was lying dangerously ill in Florence; and he sent an emissary to beg of the French Government that he might have the presence of his only son at his approaching death. The Council of Ministers, however, decided that "it could not accede to the Prince's request, because it would be contrary to law, and because it would be granting a full and free pardon without the King having the merit of it." The Prince then wrote directly to his Majesty. On receiving the letter Louis Philippe seemed satisfied; and without breaking the seal,



THE FORTRESS OF HAM.

over, and that the prestige of his name in the French Army was universal. "You see that sentry under my window?" asked the Prince. "I know not whether he is one of mine or not; if he is, he will cross his arms; if not, he will do nothing when I make a sign." He went to the window and stroked his moustache; there was no response until three sentries had been relieved, when the fourth answered by crossing his arms over his musket. "You see," said the Prince, "that my partizans are unknown to me, as I to them. My power is in an immortal name, and in that only; but I have waited long enough, and cannot endure imprisonment any longer." Lord Malmesbury returned to London deeply impressed with the calm resolu-

said "that he thought the guarantee previously offered by the Prisoner of Ham — 'his honour' — was sufficient." But the Council held that the acceptance of the letter would be a pardon by indirect means; and that "in order to maintain the proper exercise of the King's clemency, it was necessary that this act of grace should be deserved and frankly avowed." M. Odilon Barrot proposed to M. Duchâtel the drawing up of a new letter to the King, containing the following passage: "I had hoped that your Majesty's Government would see in that engagement (of returning to prison) one guarantee more, and a new obligation in addition to those which gratitude should have imposed on me." The Prince, how-

ever, refused to go further. "I may die in prison," he exclaimed, "if unexampled severity condemns me to such a lot, but nothing shall induce me to degrade my character. My father, I am convinced, would regard my liberty as over-dearly purchased at the expense of my dignity, and of the respect I owe to my name."

Yet the Prince, being anxious to go as far as possible, without failing in what he owed to the dignity of his name, authorised his English friend, Lord Londonderry, to assure the French Government that if the Prince were set free from his imprisonment in Ham, he would undertake, after spending a year with his father in Italy, to betake himself into exile in America, there to reside permanently. But to this proposal no reply was accorded; and then it was that the Prince resolved to attempt making an escape from his imprisonment in Ham. This resolve was finally made only ten days before the plan was put into execution, at a time when at length some workmen appeared to repair the dilapidated rooms and staircases. Dr. Conneau has described the preparations and the Prince's escape:

"Every morning we rose betimes, to watch the movements and habits of the workmen as they entered the prison, and to ascertain whether there had occurred any alterations in the usual orders. We noticed that the Commandant was more vigilant than ever, and that he was constantly superintending the workmen; but, as he was then suffering from a severe rheumatic attack, we found that he did not rise before eight o'clock, and we therefore determined to carry out our project before that hour. On May 25th we rose early, by six o'clock. The Prince put on his workman's disguise, consisting of a coarse shirt, a blue blouse, and a pair of blue trousers with an apron, and a pair of sabots over his boots. As his face was naturally pale, he coloured it with some dye which gave him a rugged complexion. He also painted his eyebrows, and put on

a black wig which completely disguised him and covered his ears. Shortly after seven he shaved off his thick whiskers and moustache; and I should certainly not have recognised him, notwithstanding my familiarity with his person. Thélin invited the workmen to have something to drink; and when the Prince knew that they were all partaking of a morning dram, he went downstairs with a plank carried on his shoulder, convinced that he would not be recognised. I assured him that he might go forth in safety. The workmen came out one by one and I saw that none of them recognised the Prince. He went out into the courtyard followed by the workmen. It had been arranged that Thélin should hold the guards in converse, in order to keep them engaged while the Prince passed out. I ran to the window to watch what was occurring. I had a few moments of anxious doubt; but presently I saw the Prince, with the plank on his shoulder, advance towards the officer who was on guard, and who was reading a letter and paying no attention to the workmen. I observed the engineer officer and the director of the works come into the court separating the prison from the guard. As both were well acquainted with the persons of all the workmen, I dreaded lest they should recognise the Prince; but they were both reading papers, and did not notice the Prince. He then advanced towards the gate; the guard opened the wicket, and to my inexpressible relief I saw his Highness go forth."

In a letter written from London a few days after his escape the Prince thus described his adventures to the editor of *The Progress du Pas-de-Calais*:

"The gate of my prison was kept by three warders, two of whom were always on duty. It was, therefore, necessary to pass them first, next to traverse the whole interior court; at the gate, it was necessary to pass the wicket kept by an orderly, and then to pass in succession a sergeant, a turnkey, a sentry, and finally a post of



thirty men. I had cut off my moustache and taken a plank on my shoulder. Scarcely had I left my room, when I was accosted by a workman who took me for one of his companions. Face to face with the keeper at the foot of the stairs, I screened myself with the plank, and

reached the court, always keeping the plank towards the sentries. As I passed in front of the first sentry, I let my pipe fall; I stopped, however, to pick up the fragments. The soldiers at the wicket seemed surprised at my figure; meantime, however, the orderly of the guard opened the gate, and I found myself outside the fortress. There I met two workmen, who looked at me with attention. I shifted the plank to the side next them; they appeared,

however, so curious that I thought I should not be able to escape them, when I heard them say: 'Oh, it's Berton.'

"Once beyond the walls, I walked rapidly towards the St. Quentin road. Shortly afterwards Th  lin, who on the previous evening had engaged a cabriolet, joined me, and we reached St. Quentin. I crossed the town on foot, having got rid

of my blouse. Th  lin having procured a post-chaise under pretence of a drive to Cambrai, we arrived without hindrance at Valenciennes, whence I took the railroad through Belgium to Ostend, and thence crossed to England."

The faithful Conneau made great efforts

to conceal the escape of the Prince; his anxiety was to gain at least twenty-four hours for the escape of his Highness. He gave out that the Prince was ill in bed, and had taken medicine. Conneau took the medicine himself; then he mixed coffee and nitric acid to produce a disagreeable smell, so that his men-of-all-work might be persuaded that the Prince was really ill. At noon came the Commandant, whom Conneau informed that his patient



DR. CONNEAU.

*(From a photo taken after Prince Napoleon's accession to the throne.)*

was somewhat easier. He came again at seven in the evening, with an air of some suspicion. "If," said he, "the Prince is still ill, I must speak to him!" Conneau had prepared a large stuffed figure, which he had laid in the Prince's bed, the head resting on the pillow. He called the Prince, who naturally made no reply. It was then indicated by a sign to

the Commandant, that the Prince was asleep. This did not satisfy the suspicious officer; he sat down in the salon, with the observation, "The Prince will not sleep always. I shall wait." The hours passed, and the evening drum beat. At length the Commandant rose, and said, "The Prince has moved, he is waking up." He strained his ears, but heard no sound of breathing from the form in the bed. Conneau pleaded, "Let him sleep on." But the suspicions of the Commandant had reached a climax. He approached the bed, to find there the stuffed figure. Turning to Conneau, he angrily exclaimed, "The Prince has gone! At what hour?" Conneau answered, "At seven this morning." "Who were the persons on guard?" asked the irate Commandant. "I know nothing," replied Conneau. "These," he has said, "were the only words which were exchanged between us; and the Commandant went out." Conneau was sentenced to three months imprisonment; the Commandant and keepers were acquitted; and Thelin was condemned *in absentia*, to six months imprisonment.

On his arrival in England, Prince Louis wrote to the British Foreign Minister, assuring him of his peaceable intentions. Lord Aberdeen replied that, on this assurance, the Prince's residence in England could not be objectionable to the Queen or her Government. He publicly intimated to the French Ambassador to the British Court his escape from Ham and his arrival in England, stating formally that he had no intention "to enter on the political scene, nor to attempt to disturb the peace of Europe, but solely to fulfil a sacred duty." But his endeavours to procure passports which would admit of his reaching his father's death-bed met with no success. The Austrian Minister refused his request, the reason alleged being deference to the expressed desire of the French Government. The Grand Duke of Tuscany refused to allow him to pass even

twenty-four hours within his territory, on the pretext that French influence blocked the way. The French Government remained pitiless; and King Louis died at Florence on July 25th, 1846, without having had the solace of having been permitted to embrace his only surviving son.

From May, 1846, until February, 1848, Prince Louis Napoleon lived quietly in England. In the beginning of 1847, he installed himself in a newly-built house in King Street, St. James's, where he occupied himself in collecting his books, portfolios, and family portraits. It was while living in this house, now numbered No. 10, King Street, that, according to Mr. Jerrold, "he saw his days of comparative poverty." Yet the rent of his house amounted to £300 a year; and although he incurred heavy losses on the turf, and needed to have recourse to the help of friends, he probably never was in the straits to which he has been said to have been reduced. He had many staunch and true friends, although it seems unquestionable that when he went to Paris in February, 1848, he was "almost moneyless." The subject is not one on which there is any necessity to dwell; it remains that in his worst days Prince Louis Napoleon was always able to pay his way with more or less promptitude.

The Prince was living his usual life in London, waiting and watching with alertness yet without impatience, when the Revolution of February, 1848, suddenly opened for him a vista of which he did not delay to take advantage. He had departed for Paris as soon as the tidings of the flight of Louis Philippe reached London; and on February 28th he addressed the following letter to the Provisional Government:

"GENTLEMEN,—The people of Paris having destroyed by their heroism the final vestiges of the recent foreign invasion, I hasten from exile to place myself under the flag of the Republic just proclaimed. With no other ambition than that of serving my country, I announce my arrival to

the Provisional Government, and beg to assure them of my devotion to the cause which they represent, and my sympathy for them personally.

"L. N. BONAPARTE."

The Government, however, promptly requested him to withdraw from France,

strongly pressed, he declined to be nominated for the Constituent Assembly elected on April 23rd, but was elected in June in three departments and in Paris; in each case, however, he declined the honour. He was well out of the ferocious and bloody insurrection of June, during which tremendous conflict between the Red Republicans and the guardians of society more than 300 barricades were erected, 16,000 persons were killed or wounded, 8,000 prisoners were taken, and the loss incurred by it to the nation was estimated at 500,000,000 francs.

At length, in his fortieth year, after a life of exile and captivity, of danger and trouble, the nephew and heir of Napoleon the Great entered the capital of France, called thither, in spite of the animosity of hostile factions in the Assembly, as the representative of five departments, offering him a total of over 200,000 votes. He elected to sit for Paris, which was his place of birth; and he went quietly to the Hôtel du Rhin in the Place Vendôme, from the windows of which he could see towering over the capital the figure of the great man whose genius had been the guiding star of his life.



NO. 10, KING STREET, ST. JAMES'S,  
PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON'S RESIDENCE IN LONDON  
(Photo by Elliott & Fry.)

thus acknowledging the danger in which his presence would involve them. He answered courteously, "You think that my presence at this time would be an embarrassment; I therefore retire for the present." He returned to England to serve in London on April 30th, on his beat in Park Lane, armed with the truncheon of a special constable. Although

On the 26th September, 1848, the heir of Napoleon made his first appearance in the National Assembly. On his way he had been heralded by irrepressible shouts of "Long live Louis Napoleon!" "Long live the Emperor!" Inside the Assembly he was received in deep silence. Under the gaze of his enemies his bearing was quiet, composed, and resolute; when he

mounted the tribune the audience listened to the firm voice and marked the soldierly attitude. He wasted no words :

"After thirty-four years of proscription and exile," he said, "I have returned to my country and to my rights as a citizen. The Republic has given me this blessing ; let it receive my vow of gratitude and devotion, and let the generous compatriots who have returned me to this Assembly be assured, that they will always see me devoted to the noble task which devolves on all of us—that of securing order and tranquillity, and of the development of the institutions of the State which the people have a right to demand.

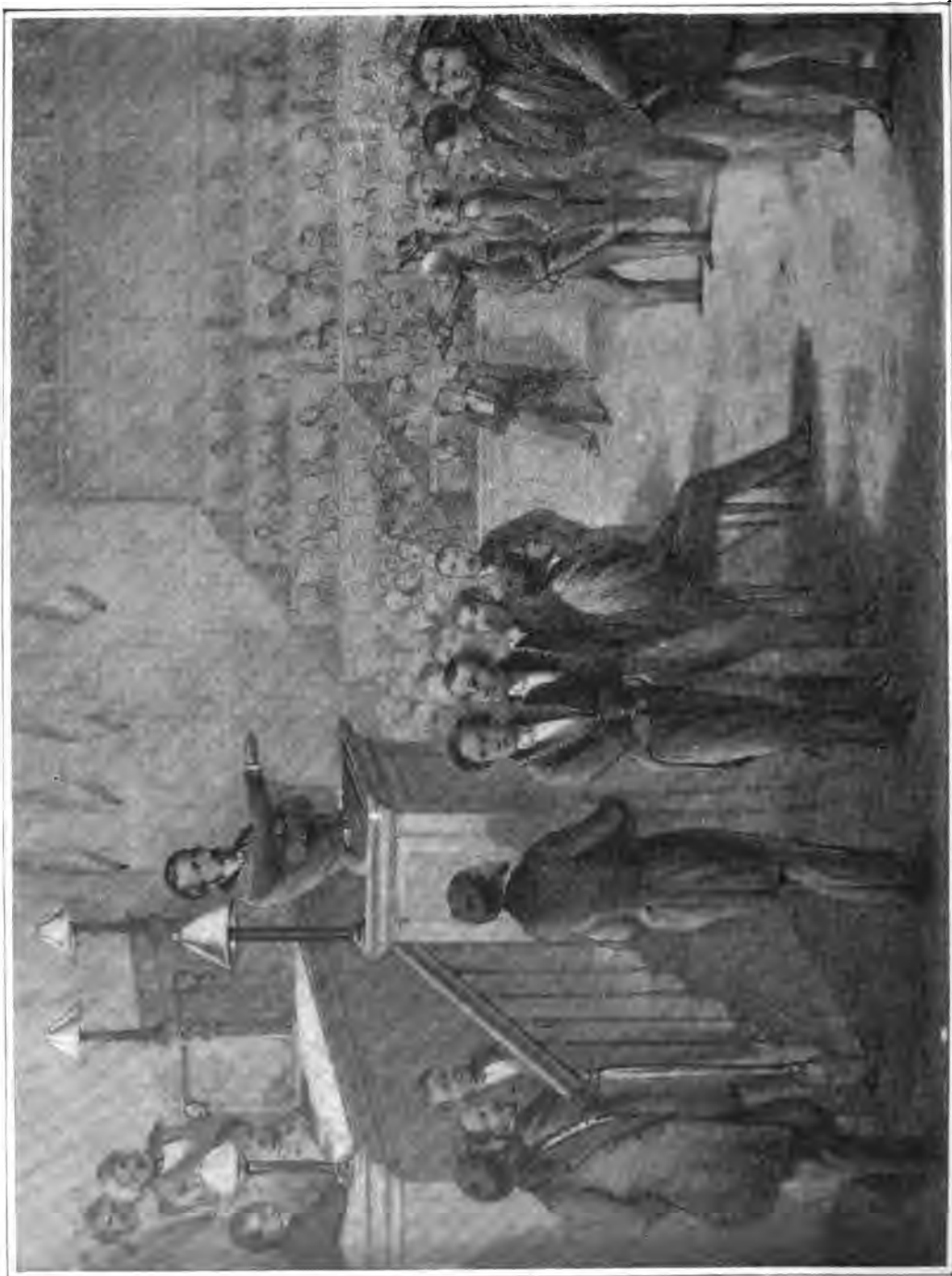
"For a long time, gentlemen, I have been able to give to my country only the meditations of exile and captivity. To-day the career which you follow, is opened to me also. Receive me into your ranks, dear colleagues, with the affectionate sympathy I myself feel. You need not doubt that my conduct will always be inspired by respectful adherence to the law ; it will prove to all who have endeavoured to traduce me with the design of proscribing me still, that no one is more devoted than I to the defence of order and the consolidation of the Republic."

On October 13th the Republican Constitution of 1848, which Marrast, President of the Assembly, had prepared, was carried ; on October 9th the Assembly decided by a vote of 627 against 130 that the President of the Republic should be elected by a direct universal vote of the nation ; and on November 4th the famous Constitution of 1848 was finally carried by 739 votes against 30. On November 12th was held the national *fête* of the promulgation of the Constitution. Venetian masts from which tri-colour banners waved, and from the base of which incense rose in the air, adorned the Place de la Concorde. By the gates of the Tuileries rose a gorgeous altar, all velvet and gold,

and surmounted with the sacred legend "Love one another." Armand Marrast, the President of the Assembly, with General Cavaignac on his right, and Marie, Keeper of the Seals, on his left, stood bareheaded in the wind and snow of the bitter winter day, and read the Constitution in a loud voice. The Arch bishop of Paris celebrated high mass, followed by a *Te Deum*, and on the morrow the *Moniteur* approved this grand and simple manner of promulgating the new code of laws "in the face of Heaven."

The method of the election of the President of the Republic was the battleground of parties in the Assembly, the Republican democrats fully conscious that election by universal suffrage meant the return of Prince Louis Napoleon. In the ballot of December 10th, the great class of small owners and small manufacturers voted in a body for the Prince. They voted for law, order, and authority, for settled times and quiet streets, because they wanted to be at work and to renew the old happiness of saving. And the result was decisive, for Prince Louis Napoleon had a majority of three and a half millions over all his rivals combined. The election was held on December 20th. No opposition was presented against the colossal majority which the Prince had obtained. As he entered the thronged Assembly all eyes were turned upon him. M. Marrast rose from the Presidential chair, and announced that Citizen Louis Bonaparte, having obtained an absolute majority of votes, was proclaimed by the National Assembly President of the French Republic from that day until the second Sunday of May, 1852, and he was invited to ascend the tribune and take the oath. The spectacle was sombre in the dimly-lighted chamber as M. Marrast read aloud the oath :

"In the presence of God and before the French people, I swear to remain faithful to the democratic Republic, and to defend the Constitution."



PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON TAKING THE OATH TO REMAIN FAITHFUL TO THE DEMOCRATIC REPUBLIC.  
(From a lithograph.)

The Prince raised his right hand, and said, "I swear." M. Marrast again spoke in a solemn voice: "I take God to witness the oath that has been sworn. It will be inserted in the *procès verbal* in the *Moniteur*, and will be published in the form prescribed for public oaths."

The scene ended with the measured withdrawal of the Prince President, escorted by questors nominated to conduct him to

the Elysée Palace with the ceremonies due to his exalted position. So hurriedly had the function been prepared for that not a single room in the Elysée had been arranged for his reception:—A bed, a table, a chair, and a wash-hand-stand sufficed for the new occupant of the Elysée, who had returned to one of the haunts of his childhood after forty years of wandering and exile.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]





WONDERING WHERE ON EARTH SHE SHALL BEGIN.

# THE DRAWER OF HER DRESSING-TABLE.

BY FLORENCE HAYWARD.

ILLUSTRATED BY ST. CLAIR SIMMONS.



HEN, in the course of human events; a girl has a spasm of industry, its first manifestation is in the shape of an attack on the drawer of her dressing-table.

That long-suffering receptacle for everything smaller than an entire dress has at last made a mute declaration of independence, and refuses to shut up until proper attention has been paid to it. And so, in feminine parlance, its owner determines to "put it straight."

Pulling it open, she stands for a moment wondering where on earth she shall begin, then very naturally begins at the beginning. The first thing she takes out is a pair of curling-tongs that she used yesterday when she ran upstairs "to put on her hat."

Now, you know that running upstairs to put on one's hat is not an exact term; it is a comprehensive phrase signifying any dressing that takes less than three-quarters of an hour. In this instance it meant a hasty frizzling of short front hair with curling-tongs, and a dropping of the iron that was not too hot for that hair into the drawer, where it had burned a bit of real lace beyond redemption. But a nod is no better than a wink to this blind pony; she will take care never to burn her lace again, but will go on searing her pretty soft forelocks indefinitely.

The hair-tongs suggest hair—hair that demands immediate attention—and a diversion in its favour is effected, resulting in a combing out and plaiting up of all her locks, natural and acquired. A return to first principles and the contents of the drawer brings to light a fichu, a

glove, and a sash still tied in a bow. She tries on the fichu, unties the sash, pulls out the fingers of the glove, and wonders blankly where its mate is. On general principles she is sure that it is not where this one was; it isn't on the dressing-table, nor behind the cushion, nor hanging on the towel-horse—certainly not in her glove-box (who ever kept gloves there?), nor in any of the dozen and one hiding-places that a girl's odd glove affects. They were quite new, too, the first time of wearing; and where is the handkerchief she used last night? Lost that too?

Well, she is the unluckiest girl to lose everything she owns; she supposes that she will lose her head some day. But this is not the drawer. A return and a dive into it results in half-a-dozen handkerchiefs, all clean, but too rumpled to use; a broken-spirited glove-stretcher, a great many lengths of ribbon, mostly yellow, and a large silk handkerchief, at which she smiles and blushes to herself. For it is a manly handkerchief, tied round her neck not long ago by somebody who is very careful of her when it turns cool, and, indeed, at all other times.

Remembering the tender little speech that somebody made when the handkerchief was offered her, she folds it carefully and slowly, smooths it out with her pretty white fingers, thinks she will embroider his initials on it before she returns it to him, and lays it in her handkerchief-case, where it enjoys itself as a manly silk handkerchief is sure to do when in the company of delicate cambric and lace.



Eleven cuffs, five of them odd; a package of violet powder that the mice have tasted and found not at all to their liking—for it is far from being the real rice powder that the label says it is—a fan-box, holding the dear remains of its original contents now broken past all mending, but kept because it was a birthday present from somebody; a paper of pins, unfolded and extra prickly; several reels of sewing silks all at loose ends, and the empty case of her manicure set.

Now, where are all the tools? Oh, yes; the pad is worn out, the scissors are dull at the points, the file is lost, and she never did use the little powder-box; all the contents of the case are gone. But she is not going to throw it away. It is perfectly useless, to be sure; but who ever heard of a woman throwing away a box of any sort, size, or description? Then a box of correspondence cards, containing three cards and fourteen envelopes; the natural result of her always beginning a note before she knows what she is going to say.

More ribbons, more handkerchiefs, more gloves, some bills which, being receipted, are not worth keeping; some battered-looking cotillon favours, which are precious treasures and ever to be preserved. A veil or two, evidently suffering from a species of cramp, for they are drawn up into lumps and knots; and upright all around the sides of the drawer, notes and letters galore.

She re-reads every one of these, too absorbed even to sit down, but standing first on one foot and then on the other; sometimes frowning, sometimes smiling, all the time reading between the lines in a fashion that would startle her correspondents into calling her a veritable witch for the correctness of her interpretations and translations. She comes to the end one at last, and with a little sigh and a little smile, she ties them all up with—a stay-lace.

The drawer is almost empty now, but there is yet an amazing collection of pins, black, white, crooked, and straight; of hairpins, mostly disabled by arduous duty as button-hooks; of broken-backed cigarettes, which she has saved to smoke when she wants to do something very reckless, but somehow has never quite had the inclination to light, much as she “loves” somebody’s cigar smoke; of buttons, pen-points, bonnet-pins, and pencils; of pieces of sealing-wax and bonbons; of monograms on coins, and, as she lives! her diamond collar-stud, that has been missing for weeks.

The finding it is such a delightful distraction that she forgets everything else, drawer included, and does not think of it again until hours afterwards, when, coming up in a mighty hurry to dress, she beholds it, with all its contents lying about in distracted heaps, gaping open at her like a toothless mouth.

And so it falls out that it is not she, but her mother, who dusts out the drawer, lines it with smooth paper saved from bundles, and puts all away, things of each kind together, with much neatness, but with a singular fatality in laying what will be needed first at the bottom of the pile.

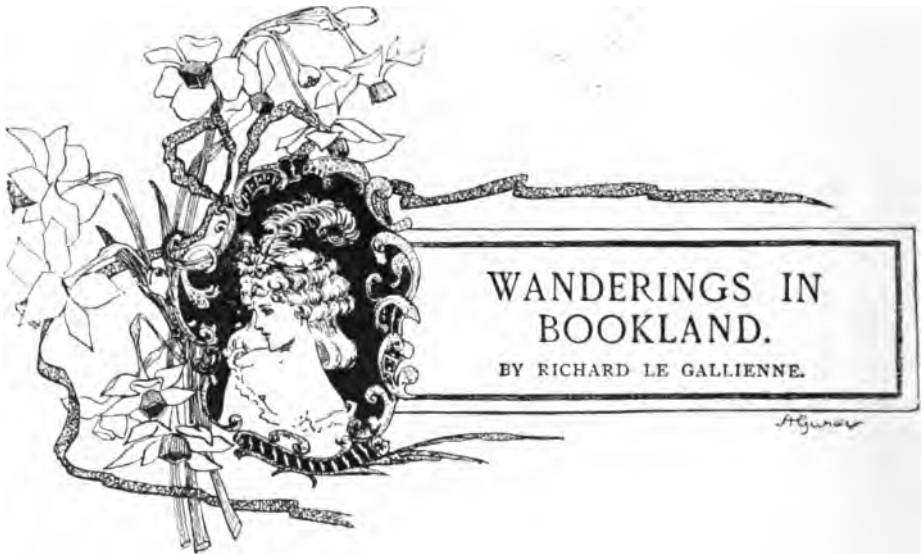
This orderly state of affairs is so unusual to her daughter that the young woman will stand in awe of the drawer for two days: she will then make herself feel at home again by deliberately mixing everything up as thoroughly as Buttercup does the babies in *Pinafore*.

Even then she will not be entirely satisfied; she will not be truly content until every ribbon is unfolded, every glove at odds with every other glove; in fact, she will only be thoroughly happy again when she has once more reduced the contents of the drawer to such a state that when she wants to find something she will only have to “rummage” until she sees the end of it sticking out, and then pull the end.



JANUARY.

*By Max Cowper.*



HE publishers' lists have seldom maintained a higher average of interest than during the last two months. They have been rich in minor excitements, and in addition to these there have been two major excitements which claim first place in a retrospective review such as this—Mr. Kipling's *The Seven Seas* (Methuen & Co.) and Mr. Barrie's *Sentimental Tommy* (Cassell & Co.), both books highly characteristic of their authors, and new possessions of price to their admirers. The accident of their being thus thrown together into the same parcel brings into suggestive contrast the minds and methods of two men who are so different and yet have so much in common. Both are poets and humourists of the actual,—yet, by divers roads men come to the same end. Mr. Kipling's method might be described as centrifugal, and Mr. Barrie's as centripetal. Mr. Kipling takes all the world for his province, and for Mr. Barrie Thrums is all the world. To recall an old phrase

of Mr. Barrie's, Mr. Kipling roams the four continents in bad company seeking romance, whereas the poet of Thrums finds it at home by his mother's knee. In his new book Mr. Kipling's cosmopolitanism suggests too much the *tour de force*. He is too consciously stretching the octave of the universe. No doubt he singeth

"who lovest best  
All things both great and small,"

but the singer must not make too great a point of the omniscience of his love. After all, it is given but to One to be omniscient, and doubts have been expressed as to whether even He really knows all that goes on in the circuit of His world. No doubt Mr. Kipling could jog the Divine memory on many points, for there seems to be nothing hidden from him, from the thoughts of pleistocene artists to the working of a liner's seven thousand horsepower, from beach-courting to theosophy; there is apparently no tongue or slang however technical in which he would be

at a loss for profanity, and there can be no doubt after reading his sea-songs that he is wise in all ticklish navigation. Yes, he knows his world—"from the Ducies to the Suris," wherever those poles of knowledge may be situated.

However, there is a certain illusion in all this world-spanning, the illusion with which we always flatter the travelled—and though "the little things he cares about" are legion, Mr. Kipling's worth is really no more truly universal than that of a stay-at-home artist like Mr. Barrie. After all, he has but sung the other end of the world, instead of our end—not the whole world, in spite of his heroic efforts to be epical. It is only when he attempts the epical in such a poem as his ambitious "Song of the English" that he really fails—and gives us high-sounding mysticism and imperialist rhetoric. He has collected all his notebooks for a burnt-offering, but the heavenly flame refuses to descend upon the altar.

But, of course, it is quite otherwise when he is content to touch the universal by lyrical means, content to light up with his imagination some single moment of so-called common, even "vulgar," human life, or exhibit in his wonderfully dramatic ballads various aspects of the world he knows best—the little "Thrums" world (after all!)—of the British army. Mr. Kipling has an eye for poetry wherever it lurks: he can find it in the Scotch engineer, McAndrew, as he sits, dreaming and doting over his seven thousand horsepower—a Browningsque "Dramatis Personæ" study—though Mr. Davidson has been before him in singing "the song of steam."

But he finds it oftenest and sings it best where he first found it with Tommy Atkins. Though the section of new *Barrack-room Ballads* hardly contains anything so catchy and haunting as "Mandalay" or "Fuzzy-Wuzzy," yet I think its average is as high if not higher than that of the original ballads, and

it contains a ballad which I'm inclined to think strikes a deeper, more serious note than any that have gone before it. I mean "Mary, Pity Women!" the tragic simplicity and reality of which recalls some of the finest of the old ballads, such a ballad as the great "Clerk Saunders." I quote it pretty freely. For, whereas, long before this, pretty well all the other good things in Mr. Kipling's volume have been quoted and quoted again, reviewers have seemed to fight shy of (to use Mr. William Platt's phrase) this "naked masterpiece":

"You call yourself a man,  
For all you used to swear,  
An' leave me as you can,  
My certain shame to bear?  
I 'ear you do not care—  
You done the worst you know.  
I 'ate you, grinnin' there . . .  
Ah, Gawd, I love you so!

*"Nice while it lasted, an' now it is over—  
Tear out your 'eart an' good-bye to your lover!  
What's the use o' grievin', when the mother  
that bore you  
(Mary, pity women!) know it all before you?"*

"It aren't no false alarm,  
The finish to your fun;  
You—you 'ave brung the 'arm,  
An' I'm the ruined one;  
An' now you'll off an run  
With some new fool in tow.  
Your 'eart? You 'aven't none . . .  
Ah, Gawd, I love you so!

*"When a man is tired there is naught will  
bind 'im;  
All 'e solemn promised 'e will shove be'in'd  
'im.  
What's the good o' prayin' for The Wrath to  
strike 'im  
(Mary, pity women!) when the rest are likin'  
'im?"*

"What 'ope for me or—it?  
What's left for us to do?  
I've walked with men a bit.  
But this—but this is you.  
So 'elp me Christ, it's true!  
Where can I 'ide or go?  
You coward through and through! . . .  
Ah, Gawd, I love you so!

*"All the more you giv'e em the less are they  
for givin'—  
Love lies dead, an' you can not kiss'im livin'.  
Down the road'e led you there is no returnin'  
(Mary, pity women!) but you're late in  
learnin'!*

For two pages and no longer in reading *Sentimental Tommy*, one has a great dread that Mr. Barrie has forsaken Thrums for the universal, or at least the metropolitan—for, as his opening sentence tells us, "the celebrated Tommy first comes into view on a dirty London stair," near Waterloo. However, the third page sets all fear at rest. Tommy is taking a hand at brag with a playmate, a disreputable little one eyed urchin called Shovel, and their conversation was on this wise:

"Shovel, a man of seven, had said, 'None on your lip, you weren't never at Thrums yourself.'

"Tommy's reply was, 'Ain't my mother a Thrums woman?'

"Shovel, who had but one eye, and that bloodshot, fixed it on him threateningly.

"'The Thames is in London,' he said.

"'Cos they wouldn't not have it in Thrums,' replied Tommy.

"'Amstead 'Eath's in London, I tell yer,' Shovel said.

"'The cemetery is in Thrums,' said Tommy.

"'There ain't no queens in Thrums, anyhow.'

"'There's the auld licht minister.'

"'Well, then, if you jest see'd Trafalgar Square!'

"'If you jest see'd the Thrums town-house!'

"'St. Paul's ain't in Thrums.'

"'It would like to be.'

"After reflecting, Shovel said in desperation, 'Well then, my father was once at a hanging.'

"Tommy replied instantly, 'It were my father what was hanged.'

"There was no possible answer to this save a knock-down blow, but though Tommy was vanquished in body, his

spirit remained staunch; he raised his head and gasped, 'You should see how they knock down in Thrums!'

So you see, Mr. Barrie has retired to a distance from Thrums, simply to add distance to its other enchantments, to take delighted glimpses of it through the telescope of the imagination—as I have observed tourists visit North Wales and climb its hills, for no other purpose, it would seem, than that of gazing in the direction of Liverpool through their glasses. Like his hero, Mr. Barrie only drags in London for the purpose of glorifying Thrums. He contrives, like a very epicurean of sentiment, to further heighten his sensations by the piquant contrast of a Thrums actually in London, "an enchanted street" of Thrums settlers, in which one day as by magic Tommy found himself hearing the sweet Thrums speech. His mother, Jean Sandys, knew the street too well, and ever since she had left Thrums in unpopular splendour with the flashy husband, for whom she had given up the meek weaver, Aaron Latta, she had hidden herself from the knowledge of its inhabitants. Her pride could not support that the Thrums folk should know what a mean failure her marriage had been, now her husband was dead, and she and her little son living in poverty in a squalid street. Not satisfied with merely hiding her ill-fortune, she hit on the device of sending home romancing letters of her magnificent way of life. I know of few things in fiction more truly pathetic than those terrible letters, written to the burden of "Tell Aaron Latta that." "Mydear Esther," she would write, "I send you these few scrapes to let you see I have not forgot you, though my way is now grand by yours. A spleet new black silk, Esther, being the second in a twelve-month, as I'm a living woman. The other is no none tashed yet, but my gudeman fair insisted on buying a new one, for, says he, 'Rich folk like us can afford to be mislaid, and nothing's ower braw

for my bonny Jean.' Tell Aaron Latta that."

The time came when poor Jean could fight the battle no longer, when death proved even too strong for her great pride, and Tommy and his little sister Elspeth, in the care of Aaron Latta, set out north, at last to see their Promised Land of Thrums. How they fared there the reader must hear from Mr. Barrie himself. Whatever Tommy's and Elspeth's experience, the reader is certainly not disappointed. As a novel, *Sentimental Tommy* is open to much technical criticism. Its construction is of the loosest, and its characterisation frequently lapses into unreality. Personally, I don't think the set novel the form in which Mr. Barrie's gifts best express themselves. He is really a sort of dramatic essayist, with the imagination and fancy of a poet; and the form that best suits him is, as so often happens, the form to which he instinctively turned when he began to write, that of the idyll. However, one may describe *Sentimental Tommy* by whatever literary label we please, it none the less remains a sort of fascinating book, one of the few products of sincere spontaneous genius which recent publishing seasons have given us. It is a book that could not have been "made," not even by the very cleverest young man going.

And, talking of book-making, everyone who appreciates irony should read Mr. James L. Ford's *The Literary Shop* (Lane), one of the brightest books of essays that has come from America for

ever so long. The subject-matter will be more familiar to American than to English readers, for it deals entirely with American literary conditions, and is for the most part a caustic indictment of American magazine and newspaper editing, which, by the strict censorship to which it subjects the contributor, has, according to Mr. Ford, prevented the development of original talent among American writers. The American editor would seem to have had but two rules in the choice of "copy"—to print only what will sell, and what will not offend his subscribers. Mr. Ford gives some very amusing illustrations of the working of this sublime system. Here is one of them. A certain poet had written a really good thing, entitled *The Stepmother's Prayer*, and sent it in to Bonner, the famous editor of the *New York Ledger*. "Ah, Jack!" exclaimed a sympathising poet, 'you never should have taken it to the *Ledger*. Didn't you know Bonner was down on stepmothers? Change it round so as to make the stepmother a beast, and he'll give you ten for it.' And why was Bonner 'down' on stepmothers? Simply because he wished to avoid giving offence to those who disapproved of second marriages, and who formed a very large part of his constituency."

Of five recent novels I am able only to note the appearance, Mr. H. G. Wells' *Wheels of Chance*, Mr. Arthur Morrison's *A Child of the Jago*, Dr. Conan Doyle's *Rodney Stone*, Mrs. John Oliver Hobbes' *The Herb Moon*, and Mr. G. B. Burgin's *Tomalyn's Quest*.





STUDIES OF FAIR WOMEN. III  
*By W. & D. Downey.*

# AN ANCIENT CUSTOM.

BY KINETON PARKES.

ILLUSTRATED BY D. B. WATERS.



GEOFFREY WITHERS had not written much, but he had written well, and mainly to please himself and those few, his friends, who, of a like mind with his own, admired his works. He had published three romantic dramas in slim volumes printed on hand-made paper; a symbolist novel with three characters only who never met each other, but whose lives were lived out under identical conditions, with varying, but typical results; and his last book consisted of seven essays called respectively "The Lost Sense," "The Epigenetic Theory of Passion," "Pale Phantoms of the Past," "The Nearer Way," "Nature the Unnatural," "The World's Youth," and "Eternal Boyhood." By these things he had gained his friends, but his wife he had won by his beauty.

There is a beauty which is never old, a beauty whose changes are as imperceptible as the changes of a blue sky on a still and cloudless day, and a beauty which belongs not only to the face, but to the whole body, and such was the possession of Geoffrey Withers, and had been his for all those years which had passed over his head without altering the colour or the texture of its hair. He was not young when he met the girl who became his wife, but he seemed to be youth embodied; not the robustness of youth, or its mere strength and carelessness, but the soul of youth, the central, undying principle of youthhood, and it was irresistible. He never loved his wife, neither did he or had he loved any other woman, in the manner in which

the love of a man for a woman is generally understood, for his only love was for the embodiment within himself, of which he was perfectly conscious. Women had loved him, and he had shared their passion and had been happy in doing so, and had made them happy. The bond which held him to his wife was such, and she for her part regarded him with worship which was accepted by him with apparent unconsciousness.

They had met at the house of one of his friends whose guests they were: she had been staying with his friend's sister some weeks when he arrived, and in that time she had read his books, one of them inscribed to this friend, all of them presentation copies. When Joyce Joicey met their author she knew that she would never love any other man. Joyce was an artist and was very rich, and Withers knew it to be unlikely he would ever meet a woman less calculated to disturb the faith he had in the system of life which he had created for himself, and they were married.

The house they found for themselves in the wild, moorland highlands of the southern part of the Peak was built early in the sixteenth century, and successive owners of it had time after time added to its beauty. Geoffrey Withers and his wife made it still more beautiful within; without it was perfect, as was also the park by which it was environed and the woods which enclosed it from the world. Geoffrey had no definite intention of ever again publishing anything he might write: his wife and his friends might read in the manuscript pages all that he



might produce, and he would be content with so restricted a public. For the rest he lived in the serenity of the present; in the beauty of his wife, in her wonderful voice and her perfect mastery of the more than one musical instrument which were to be found in this remote and quiet home.

Time slowly and surely ran on, and the life at Badlesmere Hall was seemingly unchanged, save by the occasional coming and going of those friends cherished by Geoffrey and his wife, and by even more occasional visits to these friends. The household moved with a reflection of the serenity which characterised its head. The servants even, of whom there were several, seemed to have assimilated the spirit of the place: they had been carefully chosen. They were not young, with the exception of one whose position was more than a servant, but less than an equal. She was Mrs. Withers' companion, a sweet-natured girl named and called Marian in that intimacy into which she was admitted by those two, who never allowed her to think of her dependency. She had quiet, luminous eyes, often filled with a great affection. She gradually became an essential portion of the life at the Hall. Less passionate than her mistress, she was even more affectionate in her disposition, and while not demonstrative, easily conveyed the love which she felt. Geoffrey Withers was to her an object to adore, and to be near him was a painful joy.

There came a time for Marian when joy for the most part gave place to pain, and in the secure secrecy of her bedroom, hidden away in one corner of the beautiful old Hall, such unhappiness filled her heart that it was sorrowfully near to breaking. Her anguish became harder to bear when Joyce Withers, with a holy smile of shame and love, placed soft linen in her hands and bade her cut and sew as she should direct. Then in the long nights of winter, when the wind spoke to

her from the other side of her curtained windows, Marian's passion of weeping knew no cessation, and her shame had no outlet. But Joyce's eyes were too full of the light of a greater happiness to notice that her companion's were too incessantly bent over the fine work her fingers accomplished, and Geoffrey gave no sign.

Soon, from the neighbouring county came an addition to the housekeeper's table, and garrulous Mistress Gutterige talked mysteriously to Mistress Woodnott who kept house, and who now more than ever held sway over the Hall. Then came a day when all was bustling within, and harnessing of horses without. Marian's work had some time been finished, and she was alone with her misery, and unoccupied. Her grief no longer escaped her in tears, but dry-eyed she sat at her window and gazed across the park, where the spirit of spring was at work at its annual task of re-awakening.

A tapping at the door came as dusk stole over the land: all noises were hushed now, and a calm was within the Hall. Marian started and opened the door, and a maid there with a coy smile said:

"If you please, Mistress Gutterige would speak with you in Madam's bedroom."

A great trembling seized upon Marian, and she fell on her knees by her little white bed before she left her room. Silently then she stole along the passages until upon the threshold of the chamber she had been bidden to, she paused and held her hand to her heart. Then she gave a still, small knock upon the panel, and the door was opened by Mistress Gutterige, who, with a beaming countenance, invited her to enter the room, where the shaded candles gave but a subdued light.

"Come in, miss," said Mistress Gutterige, "I want you to help with an ancient custom of my own country-side, and



MARIAN TOOK THE CHILD.

Madam was kindly willing," turning towards the great, black-oak bed, where Marian saw her mistress lying with a pale, beautiful, and happy face.

"In Yorkshire, you know," continued the nurse, "we always give the baby into the hands of a maid, ere ever anyone else may touch it. Here, miss, is a bonny boy, and you shall be the first to hold it in your arms. God bless it, the gallous little rogue."

Marian took the child, and with a strength, the source of which she knew not, kissed its face and then quietly walked to the bed, and, placing it in the arms of its mother, kissed her too on the forehead, and then turned and left the room.

Outside the door her fictitious strength was gone: she stumbled along the corridor and then consciousness departed, and she felt herself falling and falling, always towards nothing. When she opened her eyes she found her master bending over her, and she felt the impact of his kiss upon her lips, and shuddered and lay still, too helpless to move.

"Marian," said Geoffrey, in his beautiful voice, "what has happened to you? Was

the room so hot? I was waiting jealously for you to come away, and was just in time to save you from falling."

"I shall be well in a moment," said the girl, in a brave and pitiful way, "do not wait, go to your wife, she is expecting you, and you wish to see your son."

"Well, dear girl, if you are better I will, but stay here until I return," and Geoffrey Withers went to join his wife and child, glowing with the pleasure of a somewhat unpleasant and dangerous episode well and safely passed.

Marian speedily rose from the couch on which she had been lying and went to her room. But a little while after, when everyone at Badlesmere Hall was concerned with the great news, the birth of the heir, she stole forth, and the moors knew her that night, and by the morrow she was far away.

Geoffrey Withers and his wife never ceased to regret the strange disappearance of Marian, and had it not been for the absorption in the baby which Mrs. Withers felt at the time, she would have been very unhappy. Geoffrey always regards it as the most unpleasant of the very few unpleasant features of his singularly serene existence.



# "THE OLDEST CIRCUS IN THE WORLD."

BY G. B. BURGIN.

ILLUSTRATED BY LOUIS GUNNIS.

**I**T certainly looked very ancient indeed, for the rain had only just ceased as we reached an open space in Barking, where some sixty or seventy labourers were busily engaged in putting up a huge circus tent. The efforts of the labourers were supplemented by the unofficial exertions of every ragged child within a three-mile radius. That Napoleon of circus proprietors, "Lord" George Sanger, stood by amiably expressing his opinion that it would be just as well when erecting the seats to leave an opening for the performers to enter, as, otherwise, the audience

might be disappointed. "That must be Sanger himself," said Mr. Gunnis. "I wonder what we ought to call him? I believe he's a German baron at least. If we address him as 'Your Lordship,' he might think we were poking fun at him; and if he is a real live lord and we call him 'Mr. Sanger,' he'll evidently conclude that we're not accustomed to move in aristocratic circles."

My own private opinion was that "Mr." Sanger must be a Japanese nobleman of the Order of the Chrysanthemum, for he wore a large mauve one in the band of his brown billycock hat; but someone addressing him at that moment as "Mr."



THE ELEPHANTS' TOILET.

we followed suit, first making a mental note of his appearance. The celebrated "Lord George" sported a blue frock-coat, striped trousers, and white tie, in which was set a gorgeous brooch (the figure-head of a sailor) in blue and white enamel and diamonds. He also wore neat pointed shoes, brown kid gloves with worsted backs, and was of medium height. The general impression conveyed by his sinewy frame and alert movements (always noiseless), was that of a well-preserved man of fifty, whereas his real age is sixty-eight. He has a dark complexion, a small black beard and moustache tinged with grey, eyes deeply set and wrinkled at the corners, a genial and pleasant smile, and all the fluency of one accustomed to harangue multitudes. In addition, he is well known for his kindness to animals, and the poor of Margate and Ramsgate frequently have occasion to bless the time he made "The Hall by the Sea" his headquarters.

Mr. Sanger thought that in giving an account of "the show" we had better waive details of the customary financial sort; his own opinion was that people weren't interested in knowing how many men he employed and what were the daily expenses of the circus. "It's all very well," he declared, "to say the fodder costs so much, but you'd much better see the heaps of it scattered about and get an idea of its bulk. The advance man looks after all that kind of thing. I'll take you round now: they're washing the horses, and we can talk as we go along."

Crowds of small boys in the elephant tent were thrusting whatever came handy at the waving trunks of some half-dozen elephants, picketed by the hind-leg to great iron bars sunk in the ground. The biggest elephant of all, "Old Ajax," immediately enfolded Mr. Sanger in an affectionate embrace. "He was called Old Ajax some fifty years ago in the States," said Mr. Sanger; "and goodness alone knows how much longer he'll go on. Some people who were in the show the

other day had seen him performing forty years ago, and knew him by the holes in his ears, where chains had been fastened to them. But I can go back farther than fifty years. I remember the Coronation Fair in Hyde Park when Her Majesty came to the throne. It was to last three days and nights, and intended to take the crowds of people out of the streets whilst she was going to receive, as it were, the nation's favour. This fair was a very pretty sight and never stopped. Even the men who stood outside the shows in special dresses to attract people got seven-and-sixpence a day. Nearly all the old showmen have now passed away. The only one alive I can remember is a man named Gregory. At that time the great attraction was the Pig-faced Lady, and the way you made a Pig-faced Lady was to get a bear, brown or black, and shave its face and paws. Then you stuck it up in a chair with a strap round its waist, dressed it, and hid a man behind the chair.

"The man who introduced the Pig-faced Lady to the audience would say:

"I will next introduce to your notice that wonderful freak of Nature, Madame Stevens, the Pig-faced Lady. Well, Madame, how are you this morning?"

"Madame makes no answer.

"Are you very well?"

"Man behind stirs up bear. Madame Stevens grunts.

"Will you be good enough to tell the ladies and gentlemen your age?"

"No answer.

"Oh, I suppose you are too old and particular, and wouldn't like to make it known. Well, ladies are always of that nature and don't care to tell. But I suppose you are right."

"Grunt from Madame Stevens.

"Would you like to marry?"

"Emphatic grunt.

"Would you very much like to marry?"

"The fellow behind the bear gives it



THE LADIES' TOILET.

several digs in the ribs and the bear grunts half-a-dozen times with emphasis.

"'If any of you want a nice, quiet, worthy wife,' says the showman, 'now's your time, gentlemen,' and so it went on.

"The most celebrated character at Bartholomew Fair was old 'Salt-box' Brown, who had a box like a salt-box

played the pandean-pipes. Then old Salt-box would do some conjuring, and say to his wife: 'Fake bona cativa dona rough and peck your munge,' whatever that may mean, and she would produce a stuffed serpent which she swallowed whole, tail and all.

"There was another old friend of mine,



IN THE STABLES.

which he used to beat with a stick, and play all kinds of instruments with his mouth and heels at the same time. People would go miles to see this wonderful, thin, old, funny, wretched-looking man, who also had with him a dwarf about two feet and a half high. This dwarf stood behind the drum, and you could just see his arms and head as he

one Sawney Williams, who had a theatrical booth and played nautical characters. He prided himself on playing William in *Black-Eyed Susan*, and used to say, 'I play William better than any man alive. Why, I chew all through it, cully,' taking the quid of tobacco from his mouth as he spoke. William's booth was known as a 'Conscience Show'; that is, for the



WAITING HER TURN.



actors to take whatever the conscience of the proprietor felt disposed to give them, but, after a time, owing to some discontent, it was decided that the show should be more of a commonwealth. So many shares were to be taken for the use of the booth, the dresses, the proprietor, and actors. The principal was to take the money, and one of the actors the checks. After the fair was over, the money would be thrown upon a drumhead and counted to see whether it balanced against the checks. But Sawney Williams had a young wife who was very extravagant in her dress, and there was no doubt that she appropriated to her own use some of the money, for the amounts seldom balanced with the tickets, and the matter invariably finished up with an original drama, farce, or extravaganza in which were high words and blows.

"There were two other showmen I remember," continued Mr. Sanger, "both cruelly afflicted with the marks of small-pox. After Camberwell Fair was held on Camberwell Green there was a meeting of showmen for the purpose of deciding which was the ugliest, Chipperfield or Bill Naylor. At last, as no one could decide the question, they tossed to see which was the ugliest, and Chipperfield won."

Then Mr. Sanger harked back to the great fair in Hyde Park.

"In those days," he said, "there were four hundred and thirty shows, some of which could not now be made to pay. It was then that fried fish came into existence, and there was a terrible smell of oil, vinegar, whelks, and pickles. When the fair was over, there were hundreds of loads of crabs and lobsters and other refuse left to rot on the ground. The weather was fine and hot for the whole thirty-six hours. To crown the whole thing, next door to my father's own show was where the roasting of the prize bullock took place. The bullock had been killed two or three days before the

fair commenced; the charge to see him roasting was one penny. The neighbourhood grew black with flies; you could nose the stench at the other end of the fair. Some people put their handkerchiefs to their faces; others put their hands to their stomachs and bolted; this terrible stink was too much for the most hardened. I remember that my eldest brother was allowed to have all the four-penny bits taken at my father's small show during the fair. Out of these four-penny bits he paid seven guineas for a marriage certificate, and had £21 os. 8d. left, after paying for the wedding expenses. Everything in the way of exhibitions did a wonderful trade; there never were such good-tempered millions. The light-fingered gentry were very few; and the people all donned their best apparel and their best nature, so that the occasion was absolutely devoid of crime."

By this time we had reached the horse tent, and were looking at a beautiful little Shetland pony stallion for which Mr. Sanger had recently paid a hundred and twenty-five guineas. Mr. Sanger patted one old skewbald affectionately. "Ah, poor chap, he's getting old, and the lions will have him soon. I never part with a horse that has once served me. When past work, they are shot and eaten." The one hundred and sixty horses in the show were all being washed in the open air, Mr. Sanger deploring the fact that their coats dried very slowly. As the travelling season ends on December 3rd, everything was a little used up. When the horses had been washed, Old Ajax, the big elephant, came out, and marched up to the huge tub. Buckets of water were thrown all over him, and half-a-dozen men scrubbed him with hard brooms, a proceeding hailed with shrieks of delight by the multitude as Old Ajax went on assimilating everything edible within reach of his enormous trunk, even dexterously appropriating a bundle of celery out of a pass-

ing cart. By the time the greengrocer discovered his loss, the last stick of celery had vanished, and Old Ajax looked round with an air of innocent wonderment as to what was the matter.

Notwithstanding their hard work, the horses seemed in surprisingly good condition. They nearly all assist in drawing the circus *impedimenta* from place to place. In summer, the circus generally starts at daybreak, and reaches the next town about ten o'clock. Then the horses are washed and fed, and got ready for the procession through the town. The performances take place at half-past two and half-past seven.

On enquiring how it was that the horses looked so wonderfully well, Mr. Sanger explained that they were not confined to heated stables, but led natural lives. They are simply tied with head ropes all round the huge tent, whilst the grooms sleep on trusses of straw in the centre. The only animal who did not look quite happy was a thoroughbred "talking-horse," who had been having words with a neighbour, and in return lost a big piece of his own neck.

Here is a table for one week of distances travelled by the circus :

Monday	...	...	...	40	miles
Tuesday	...	...	...	43	"
Wednesday	...	...	...	43	"
Thursday	...	...	...	46	"
Friday	...	...	...	18	"
Saturday	...	...	...	20	"
					<hr/>
Total	...	...	...	210	"

It is said that,

"Seven cities claimed the poet Homer, dead,  
Through which the living Homer begged his bread."

Similarly, although Mr. Sanger has not the least intention of dying, many towns have claimed the honour of being his birthplace. He is said to have been born in a caravan at Jedburgh, in a tent at Carlisle, and on the sands of Plymouth, whereas he first saw the light at his father's house in Berkshire. He was much amused

when performing before the Duke and Duchess of Fife, by the Duke's delicately asking, "If it is a fair question, Mr. Sanger, how did you become a lord?" and explained that it was his father's ambition which had led him to have his son christened in such a way, lest his merits should be overlooked in the future. The Duchess was more concerned to know how Mr. Sanger managed all his work-people. "We made a capital Royal Box for the Duke and Duchess," said Mr. Sanger, "in a very short time, by getting a lot of barrels together, putting bags of sawdust on them, then planks, and some nice red cloth on top of that. But they're just getting ready for the procession. Would you like to see the lion come out of his cage and get on top of the car? If so, we'd better get as near to him as possible. It's all nonsense about my lions being dangerous. They're as affectionate and gentle as kittens. But the British public will have its red-hot irons and all that kind of thing and mustn't be disappointed. We'll get close to him as he comes out."

I didn't quite see the necessity for such close quarters, but, as Mr. Sanger seemed to think there was nothing unusual in his proposal, we went up to the cage which stood beside the triumphal car. Five great lions "wamped and woawed," within, *i.e.*, they uttered sounds between a moan and a grunt. "That means rain," said Mr. Sanger. "I've never known them make a mistake; they can feel it coming."

A kind of gangway was rigged up between the car and the cage, and one extremely energetic lion was evidently in a hurry to get out. Round his neck was fastened a leather collar, not particularly thick, from which trailed an iron chain. The keeper got up on one side of the cage and began to open the door, saying, "Woa, my pet, gently, beauty, gently," to the huge beast. Directly the door opened, the lion gave one bound half-way up the gangway,

and in a second was on the top of the car, contentedly curling himself by the side of Britannia. The keeper, who was habited something like a guardsman, gave the chain a twist round the wood-work of the car, and the huge vehicle, dragged by six horses, moved slowly off, the lion's tail and hind legs hanging down over the side of the car in an airy and *déagé* manner, the huge beast looking extremely well-bred and dignified, and not moving a muscle.

"That reminds me," said Mr. Sanger, "I must go and see how the baby's getting on. He swallowed a big piece of felt some days ago, and it hasn't agreed with his internal arrangements."

Wondering at the precocity of this amazing infant, I followed Mr. Sanger until we came to a covered cage. There we found "the baby" covered up to his neck in warm straw and prepared to be languidly amused. It was a lion cub of a few months old, as affectionate and playful when in health, Mr. Sanger declared, as a kitten. "He's getting over it, but it was a close shave," said Mr. Sanger. "Though we breed lots of lions, I wouldn't like to lose this one." The cub gave a feeble wag of his head as if he fully concurred in this statement from personal motives, and went to sleep again.

When the performance began, we stood just inside the entrance and watched the performers enter. A little girl of about twelve, wrapped up in a thick cloak, suddenly discarded the cloak and appeared in all the glory of pink tights. As the searching draught crept down our backs, we fully understood the necessity for her cloak whilst waiting to "go on." One of the ring-men took her hand, as she skipped out across the intervening space to the fifty-foot ring, and began to get ready for the wire rope. Just then an anxious-looking woman, without a bonnet, rushed into the outer circle, and demanded that her son should be given up to her. As the audience consisted mainly of boys,

it was almost impossible to discover her offspring, but she went the whole round of the circus looking for him, quite unconscious of the fact that he was lying flat on the ground just under her nose, with three other boys sitting on him. At first we were inclined not to give him up to maternal justice, but the woman pathetically explained, "Oh, dear, gentlemen, if you don't find him for me I'm ruined. I've a greengrocer's business, and nobody but him knows who the customers are or where to take the things." Under the circumstances, it was deemed expedient to haul the boy out, and give him a pass for the evening.

The man who rang the bell as a signal for the performers to enter, was the son of a great tragedian at Astley's. Most of his family were connected with the circus, but, owing to a bad cold, he himself was not performing. "It's just this way, sir," he said; "if any of my children take to it, I let 'em; if they don't, they can go in for something else. Things are much better now than they used to be. It was a good thing when the Act was passed compelling us to have a net beneath the wire and the trapezes." He ruefully rubbed his arm. "It would have saved me two broken arms and a fractured leg if it had been the law in my time."

"Of course that going round the ring isn't as easy as it looks?" I enquired, as a girl appeared on a milk-white steed, and threw us airy kisses.

"You must learn to ride for the ring with your right shoulder forward. If you don't, the motion of the horse will pitch you out of the ring. A great deal depends upon the horse's steadiness. If the pitch isn't good, a horse will slip about a good deal sometimes."

"But why have a bearing-rein?"

"Well, if you didn't the horse would throw his head about all over the place. It steadies him. You see, there is a bearing-rein and a lower rein fastened to the pad. The rein on the left-hand side is a

trifle shorter than the outer one. In a rough pitch like this it is very difficult to ride. Sometimes, too, that horse will vary his pace—suddenly pitch forward at a tremendous rate, and go like the wind. What you want is a steady horse that won't play any tricks."

"Doesn't it hurt the girl's knees when she comes down on the pad with a thump like that?"

"Oh, no! it's horsehair, and as soft as a sofa. If you'd like to sketch my son, the Red Indian, he's just painting himself in the dressing-tent, sir."

The "Red Indian" (another member of the company) was said to be a nephew of Longfellow's. The son of a well-known English actor stood by a brazier of coals in the dressing-tent, talking to the clown, who smoked a short clay pipe with the saddest expression I had ever seen on mortal countenance. Mr. Gunnis was busily engaged in the dim light, whilst a crowd of performers stood round and criticised with a respectful desire not to hurt his feelings. They all wanted to be in the sketch, and were very much disgusted when called away to the ring. Then we were informed that we might have a peep at the girls' dressing-tent, and, with wild daring, Mr. Gunnis penetrated to those mysterious regions in order to make a sketch. Not having a similar mission, I remained outside and waited for him in the gloaming.

Just before nightfall, the rain began to splash ominously as we entered the horse tent. The thunder of a mimic battle in the Soudan reached us from the great tent, and a dozen hussars and lancers were busily engaged in saddling and mounting for the final spectacle. The horses not wanted, contentedly chewed hay round the sides of the tent. Tea was "laid" on a truss of hay, with bowls for cups, and tin plates in lieu of crockery. We soon found that the safest place for us was by the tent pole, as every now and then someone on horseback suddenly bolted in with a reckless

abandon which provoked angry words from a negro who objected to "You — white trash, obfuscatin' a genelman's foot with datyaller hoss." The favourite method of mounting was to vault into the saddle with a crash. One restive horse, however, not approving of this ungentle plan, nearly waltzed into the tea-things. A few trusses of hay and straw, covered with horse-rugs, served for couches. The sides of the tent, unfortunately, were two inches from the mud, and did not keep out the biting wind. Here and there, a lance stuck into the ground was curiously suggestive of real warfare. Cannon boomed in the distance, the heavens opened, some of the riders (many of them were "time-expired" men) got ready to dash into the storm, and those who were not wanted began to smoke. Outside was a sea of mud, into which we waded, only to bang up against a dromedary; the dromedary swept us on to Old Ajax, the elephant, whilst an intensely miserable-looking camel was not too dejected to reach out at us, "'Is silly neck, a-bobbin' like a basket full o' snakes." Ajax, too much of a gentleman to add to our misery wittingly, simply left huge holes for us to slip into, and disappeared in the darkness.

"The 'orse 'e knows above a bit, the bullock's but a fool,  
The elephant's a gentleman, the battery-mule's a mule;  
But the commissariat cam-u-el, when all is said and done,  
'E's a devil an' a ostrich an' a orphan-child in one,"

sings my friend, Mr. Kipling; but a circus "cam-u-el," when he is annoyed by the rain, and resents being prodded with an umbrella to make him get out of the way in the dusk of a December evening, seems to have sixteen mouths, all of which are armed with great grinning yellow teeth. It was only when we discovered that we had emerged from this Slough of Despond,

with sketch-books and ears intact, that we were able to turn in the direction of a neighbouring hostelry and recruit our exhausted energies before again sadly facing the pitiless pelting of the storm. Even then, our host was unkind enough to remark that he wished when we purchased land in the neighbourhood, we would leave it outside and not try to carry it

into the bar on our feet. Of course we ignored his rude, rustic wit, although conscious that he had right on his side. I asked Mr. Gunnis to sketch that landlord, but he only sadly shook his head and muttered something about going home to die. So we went, taking our huge feet with us, and had them scraped at the railway station.



FINIS

## "BY A SPECIAL INTERPOSITION OF PROVIDENCE."

BY MAUD NEPEAN.

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD GRAY.



THE 11.45 train from Vayners to Allen's Hill left the rails half a mile outside the former station, and the engine took the first two carriages with it down the steep embankment.

There were only three people killed outright, though there were many wounded. The local hospital was called upon to make ready all its available beds, and everything was done that was possible for the relief of the sufferers.

The three dead bodies were not taken to the hospital.

Of what use was it? and all the superfluous space there already occupied to overflowing.

One was that of the engine-driver, the second that of an old farm-labourer whom everybody knew by sight.

These were conveyed to their homes.

The third was that of a stranger. Somebody said she was a lady who had been staying at one of the farmhouses a little outside the village, but no one was quite sure, and everyone was too hurried and excited to know for certain, so she was carried into the little "general waiting-room" and laid on the table—there to await identification.

She was young, and pretty, with yellow hair and a round, child-like face, but little altered or contorted by the presence of that Great Death which had come upon her in the twinkling of an eye, and hurried her, without a moment's warning, into an unknown Eternity.

And she was not at all fit to go, less so

than she had ever been before in her short life.

Later on, when the wounded had been attended to, the doctor and his assistant came into the waiting-room, bringing with them one of the hospital nurses.

Of course, it was hopeless from the first, anyone could have seen that; and they merely looked at the big blue mark on the white forehead, and shook their heads apathetically. There was no horror there, compared with that they had just seen!

So they left her, and the nurse began to search her dress, to discover, if possible, some clue that might lead to her identification.

In the pocket of her gown there was a letter, dated from Scotland, in a man's handwriting.

It was a straightforward, manly, cheery letter; it expressed much honest, healthy devotion to the recipient, and it immensely regretted her dulness and boredom during her stay at Vayners, and announced the writer's intention of joining her that very day about one o'clock, concluding with the signature "Arthur Broughton" below the words "Your devoted husband."

In the breast of her gown was another letter, dated from Allen's Hill, also in a man's handwriting.

It was a passionate, extravagant protest of undying affection, desperate pleading, cleverly worded argument; it implored her, by their mutual love, to leave Vayners, the little town where she waited the arrival of her husband—to join him at



AND LOOKING AT HIM, SHE KNEW.

Allen's Hill by the 11.45 train, catching the express to London *en route* for Paris by the night mail.

It concluded with the signature "Cyprian Clayford" below the words "Your devout lover."

And the accident had happened to the 11.45 train from Vayners to Allen's Hill. The nurse had hardly time to realise the tragedy expressed in these two letters, when the door of the waiting-room was burst open, and a haggard, miserable man, with horror written large on his white face, agonisedly demanded :

"My wife!—Mrs. Broughton—where is she? Not . . ." and saw the quiet figure laid on the middle table.

There was no need of explanation, no need of anything but silence and the good taste which made the nurse leave the room and go out on the platform, closing the door behind her.

And there she met another man—just as distraught, just as wretched, who also asked for "Minnie!—Mrs. Broughton?" . . . and looking at him, she knew.

Then she remembered the letters still in her hand.

Taking the one signed "Cyprian Clayford," she handed it to him quietly.

Then she said :

"You are Mr. Clayford! Mr. Broughton has just arrived, and is in there—with—Mrs. Broughton. I think this letter belongs to you. I found it in Mrs. Broughton's possession just before her husband came."

She looked him straight between the eyes. He returned the look, took the letter, and, mechanically lifting his cap, staggered away.

The nurse sat down on a bench outside the door, and waited.





# THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

BY J. F. NISBET.



IF there is one wing or appurtenance of the great Darwinian theory that has fallen into disrepair, it is the so-called principle of Sexual Selection. Darwin believed that the females of all species exercised a preference in their selection of males, and that this sexual selection, as he called it, tended to the evolution of improved types. The principle is much contested, and the further observation extends, the more reason there seems to be to doubt its validity. It is a little surprising, therefore, to find Mr. Grant Allen, in a recent paper, taking his stand upon this principle as one of the most important to be considered in the development of human society. The conclusion is a little alarming. It points to something in the nature of free-love as the best for the species. It is the business of the female, he declares, to guard the profoundest interests of the race, and to see that she accepts none but the "help" that is "meet" for her. He goes further; he suggests that it is her duty to accept the help "then and there" meet for her. For, if impulse differs from time to time, he asks, may we not conclude, as in the case of appetite for food and drink, that circumstances have rendered a person once desirable, now, for sufficient reasons, an unfit and improper person. In other words, I take it, a woman having married for reasons which seemed to her sufficient at the time, Mrs. A—— is entitled, when her fancy changes, as it might, say from a fish to a meat diet, to mate with Mr. B——, and so on through the entire menu. It is an interesting theory, but is it in the least degree true?



If the best "types" of men and women consistently selected each other, generation after generation, while the inferior types remained unmated and unproductive, the human race would no doubt develop in a certain direction on the prize ox principle. But the commonest observation teaches us that such preferences as may exist lead to no definite result. Practically, every man, irrespective of his type, contributes his quota towards the population, while only a very small proportion of the total number of women in the world remain unmarried, or, at least, childless. It follows, then, that all the types, good and bad (from Mr. Grant Allen's point of view), are constantly being blended in the race, and that sexual selection is more or less of a myth. It is natural selection or nothing which is the operative principle of evolution. This is a logical deduction from the facts as they lie before us, though properly to observe them it may be necessary to clear our minds of prejudice contracted from a perusal of the Darwinian literature of thirty years ago. Certain it is that all of Darwin's conclusions were not equally sound.



In this particular theory of sexual selection the Weismann principle of heredity has made a sad breach. If Weismannism, which Mr. Grant Allen appears never to have heard of, is true, and there is an immense body of scientific opinion supporting it, the individual preference of the females and males of any species can be of no account whatever, seeing that in the germ-plasm from which the young animal is built up the characteristics of at least eight or ten generations

are represented (to all appearance capriciously), and probably many more than ten. The poorest type of humanity may therefore be the bearer of a potentially fine offspring, and *vice versa*. Proofs of this we see every day. Under-sized parents have usually sons and daughters of average stature, while just as frequently tall people have offspring smaller than themselves. This is the result of "reversion," the unquestionable existence of which seems to me to knock Mr. Grant Allen's "preferences" on the head. For how are we to know whether the object of your fancy is the representative of a desirable strain or not?

And then who shall say what are the best types? What is the standard of excellence to be? The young lady novelist gives us as her beau ideal a tall, lanky young man with an ebony moustache (if it is not golden), a graceful fall in his back, a languid manner, and a taste for ortolans and dry champagne. Is he the type to strive after? The male preference again may lie anywhere between a soft partridge-like plumpness and the angularities of a "rational" bicyclist.

Frankly, I am disposed to attach very little importance to sexual preferences which are mainly determined, I believe, by circumstances. Any healthy young man is capable of falling in love with any healthy young woman, tall, short, dark, fair, stout or lean, and the healthy young woman may be trusted to be equally unprejudiced. The essential condition to young people falling in love is that they should be thrown into each other's society. This is the theory of the French system of marriage which, when the couple are fairly matched in age and other qualities apart from fortune, produces excellent results. It is true there is a good deal of divorce in France, but that is because the process is easy. Of conjugal infidelity, I

do not know that there is more than in England on the whole. We are apt to be deceived in this matter by the prevailing tone of the French novel. Over the greater part of the world the French system, which may be defined as selection by parents or go-betweens, is practised, and it is difficult to suppose that the majority of the human race have all these thousands of years been going on the wrong tack in their matrimonial affairs.

In our apparently free system of selecting partners, chance is still the sole arbiter. Any average man or woman placed in a conspicuous position is sure to attract the admiration of other average members of the opposite sex. This is the secret of that homage which is paid to actors and actresses on the stage, to the heroes of the battlefield, and generally to all people who for any reason are placed upon a pedestal where they can be seen by large numbers of their contemporaries. The "beauty man" of the stage would pass unnoticed in the street. In private life, he would boast the limited number of conquests rightly falling to his share. The beautiful actress off the boards—it will be noticed that every young woman on the stage is accounted beautiful, and so indeed she is, if sound of wind and limb—would command but a restricted circle of admirers. Broadly speaking a very good match is made when the average man mates with the average woman, and this means that for all practical purposes we might make the marriage of a nation by taking up all the marriageable people and shaking them out of a box in couples, like dice. The "profoundest interests of the race," we need not trouble our heads about, because we don't know what they are.

It is amusing to see how every theorist on the subject of evolution wants to mount the box and drive the human race

to the goal that he thinks best. The other day Mr. H. G. Wells attempted this feat. His view is that the natural man, being a slow breeder compared with the rabbit (and still more the microbe of London water, which is a grandfather in ten minutes), remains what he was in the age of unpolished flint instruments which itself was doubtless a very long age, as much (the author of *The Time Machine* believes) as 100,000 years, on the most moderate estimate. All the difference between the hero of *Locksley Hall* or even Mr. Wells himself (according to Mr. Wells), and his remote ancestor of the stone age is due to education. It is curious to think that but for the accident of his having been taught the three R's, and not much perhaps of the third R, Mr. Wells would have been chipping flint arrowheads instead of writing admirable romances. That, however, is the theory of Mr. Wells himself. And mark what he would do. By dint of educating the culminating ape (you, I, everybody, Mr. Wells himself), he would lift humanity to such a level that it would at last "attain and preserve a social organisation so cunningly balanced against exterior necessities on the one hand, and the artificial factor in the individual on the other, that the life of every human being, and, indeed, through man, of every sentient creature on earth, may be generally happy." Nothing here about giving the "sexual preferences" of Mr. Grant Allen their fling! No! Only let the School Board have its fling! That is Mr. Wells' panacea. An education rate of eighteenpence in the pound and the future of humanity is assured!

•••

For my part, I have no views about the future of humanity at all. I don't know what the scheme of creation is, and I doubt whether Mr. Wells knows, or Mr. Grant Allen either. I agree with Mr. Herbert Spencer that the human mind is incapable of appreciating the Power which

lies behind the universe, though, unlike him, I do not pretend to define its objects. I rather imagine that having elaborated certain "laws" or principles of matter, it stands aside as an amused observer of what they lead to. "Amused" is, perhaps, too human an expression for the case. We don't know whether the Power in question condescends to being amused, though I feel sure that an anthropomorphic Godhead (the three big Lord Shaftesburys of Matthew Arnold sitting up in the sky) would not be incapable of that manifestation of feeling, if it (or they) did not also weep.

•••

As, in outer space, there can be no up or down, so in the abstract there can be no right or wrong, and, therefore, as it seems to me, no purpose. But, as I say, I don't know. We can only follow the course which appears to us to be best. I am pretty sure that we delude ourselves with the word "progress," which is a favourite with most theorists about evolution. Progress can be made only with reference to some fixed standard of excellence in the universe which, as far as I see, fails us. It is like the lever which Archimedes wanted in order to lift the world. There is no lever and no fulcrum. Birth, life, and decay seem to be the universal law, and if this principle holds good with regard to human affairs, evolution may tend downwards as well as upwards. Ultimately, in fact, it must tend downwards. Whether we are still on the up-grade or not is a question that can only interest finite minds. I sometimes fancy that intellect is a sorry gift. The lower animals (as we call them) seem to enjoy a higher degree of happiness, on the whole, than educated man. Look at the cow chewing its cud in the pasture, and then look at Mr. Grant Allen and Mr. H. G. Wells preoccupied with the destiny of their kind.

•••

Of the remarkable coincidences that

happen in the working out of dreams, telepathic warnings, and other occult phenomena, we hear a great deal from the Society for Psychical Research. We are never told officially of the failures. Yet the failures seem to me just as important as the proofs. For that reason I am giving one which concerns myself. A short time ago I was overwhelmed with an avalanche of letters and telegrams of enquiry from a well-known "percipient" in matters occult, who lives in the midlands. He had had a bad dream about me for three nights running. Not for weeks had I been in his mind, though we had at times corresponded on the subject of supernatural problems. Suddenly one night he was seized in a dream with a sense of horror with regard to my fate. I seemed to be in imminent danger. How or why he knew not. He could see nothing, hear nothing, feel nothing definite. There was an overmastering terror—a flash of the consciousness of peril which made him jump out of bed in his eagerness to clutch at and save me. This dream perplexed my friend a little, who, however, was prepared to treat it as a mental aberration. Next night, strange to say, it came again in exactly the same indefinite, but none the less impressive, form; whereupon my correspondent sat him down and wrote me two letters, one

after the other, enquiring about my safety. He was travelling that day from Derby to Manchester, and he said to himself,

"If this comes again I shall accept it as a sign."

It did come again; whence more letter-writing and telegraphing, which, by this time, struck me as getting past a joke. I was able to assure the alarmed vision-hunter that there was nothing at all in his supernatural monitions—that I had never been better or safer in my life than at the period of the supposed danger, and so I presume the case is not going to be placed upon the records of the P.R.S. Now it is quite within the bounds of possibility that, on one of the three days over which the dream extended, I should have been in danger of some kind, and then a marvellous case of premonition would have been established. Statistically the evidence for and against telepathy will never be fairly established, until the undoubted failures as well as the apparent successes are recorded. The latter, no doubt, make a very good show; but, after all, it is only relative. If a first-class percipient cannot perceive truer things than my correspondent did in the present instance, then the business of telepathy is assuredly in a very bad way. The dream was vivid enough and pointed enough to seem to signify something



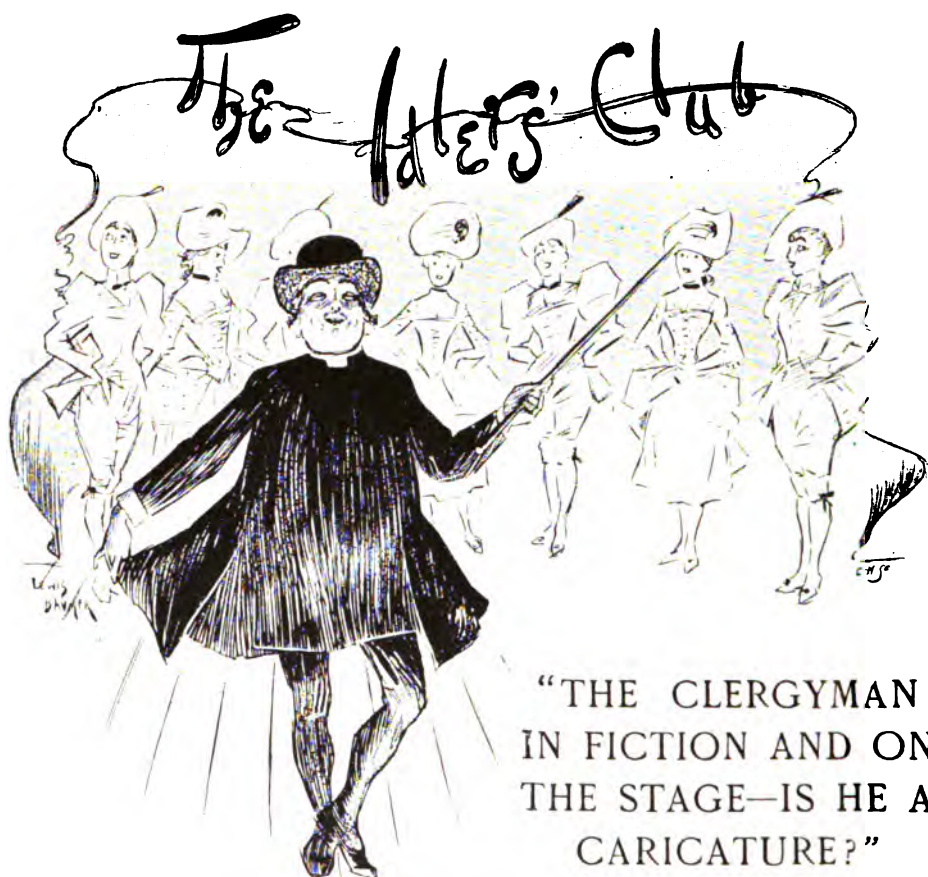


**A CONTRAST.**  
*By Frank Gifford.*

**IN THE CITY.—“ Only a penny, sir !”**



IN THE WEST END.—“Only a guinea, Duke!”



“THE CLERGYMAN  
IN FICTION AND ON  
THE STAGE—IS HE A  
CARICATURE?”

BY BENNETT COLL, G. B. BURGIN, W. L. ALDEN, B. L. BENSUSAN, W. PETT RIDGE,  
FREDERICK ROGERS, AND F. FRANKFORT MOORE.

**Bennett Coll says,**  
“Yes.”

Yes, sir. Undoubtedly the Parson (I use the old-fashioned term) in Fiction is a caricature. Amongst my personal friends I number a good many Parsons, and I have heard their roars of merriment at the preposterous sketches of Parsons portrayed in the average novel. The majority of Novelists appear to consider that the wearing of an M.B. collar and long-tailed coat instantly qualifies a man to become little less than an idiot. Mr. Penley, in *The Private Secretary*, is a capital type of the Novelist's idea. Facts, however, are sadly against the accepted theory. It may not be generally known, but over fifty per cent. of Parsons annually ordained come from either Oxford or Cambridge, which usually means that they were brought up at Public Schools; and the 'Varsities have a way of enucleating any remnants of humbug from a man which have escaped the attention of the Public School. His social training, therefore, is not a bad one, to begin with. After taking his degree—which is some guarantee of scholarship, at all events—he must present his Bishop with Letters Testimonial from his College and



from persons of credit who have known him intimately for the past three years ; which again is some guarantee of good conduct. Then follows a week's stiff examination by the Bishop and his Chaplains ; if he passes this test, well and good ; if not, he is declined with thanks. Previous to this examination he must read a "Si Quis" on Sunday, and in the face of the congregation, calling on any objectors to report their veto to the Bishop. Finally, the Bishop himself calls upon the congregation assembled in the Cathedral to veto the election of any Parson offering himself for Ordination. Consequently, every Parson has received the best obtainable testimony to his qualifications for ministerial work. He can hardly be called a fool. One of my friends is a well-known Examining Chaplain. I have seen what he calls his "List of Subjects," and not even the promise of an Archdeaconry would induce me to submit myself to him for examination.

Where, then, does the Novelist obtain his models ? Is it from the forty-five per cent., or so, which does not come from "our ancient Universities ?" I cheerfully pause for his reply, and shall be glad to assist in collecting his subsequent remains. Because many Parsons come from the Universities of Durham and London, to say nothing of the Theological Colleges. The modern Sir Walter has never yet drawn a real live Parson. This is what I am told. My clerical friends grieve over this one blot upon his genius, while devouring his novels with avidity. They instance three notable caricatures of his ; one in *The Children of Gibeon*, another in (I think) *Beyond the Dreams of Avarice*, a third in the man who folded up his robes in a neat parcel and made a theatrical exit—things impossible, they tell me, in any Cathedral. They say that no Vicar, of ordinary common-sense, would have looked a second time at either of these fantastical creatures ; yet they all obtained Curacies. They are passionately eager to know what the Bishops were about, to ordain such curious specimens, and how they (the Curates) managed to escape ordeals still green in the memories of these seekers after knowledge. But I know that Sir Walter has altered his mind lately, so far as his beloved East End is concerned. He admits that Parsons are not thread-paper duffers thereabout. R. D. Blackmore, too, who loves to poke fun at the tribe of Levi, never offends in this way, I understand. Also I learn that D. Christie Murray has drawn a real Parson in his *Capful o' Nails*—an act of sheer foolishness on his part. With a wild disregard for his reputation he has set lance in rest against accepted traditions. I invite the Members of the Idlers' Club to mourn for David Christie Murray.

The ladies are worst of all. I mention no names, because advancing years have left me only a few available locks. Their idea of a Curate (so far as one judges from their novels) is that of a man, with an exasperatingly everlasting simper, who is useful for tea-parties, bazaars, clothing-clubs, tennis, and flirtation. They still believe that he is a convenient receptacle for any number of pairs of slippers, and dwell ecstatically upon the heavenly order of his delightful sermons. Also, they can depend upon him to fill an eleventh-hour gap at a dinner-table, where he is expected to make himself generally useful. This is the sort of thing which makes the Curate of real life kick and say things which ought to be immediately reported to his Diocesan. No item in





the above catalogue—except, perhaps, tennis and flirtation—comes within the legitimate sphere of any Curate's work. The wonder of it is that these Authoresses fail to see the humour of their own imagination. Can they climb to the height of imagining a Graduate of Oxford or Cambridge solaced by the mad extravagance of a parish tea-party? No; the Parson of real life, as I know him, is a man of many human sympathies, who shares with the doctor the privilege of being called upon at all hours of the day or night, by any old woman who can invent an excuse. For society, he depends, in a great measure, upon the friendship of his grocer or butcher. His stipend, far below that of an ordinary butler, is at the mercy of every cry for help. He plays shuttlecock to the various battledores of his parish. And, if he is not an athlete, he ought to be; for the number of miles he traverses in a day would knock up most men. He works seven days in the week, and his chief amusement is to read the picture of himself in the pages of the last new novel.

\* \* \* \* \*

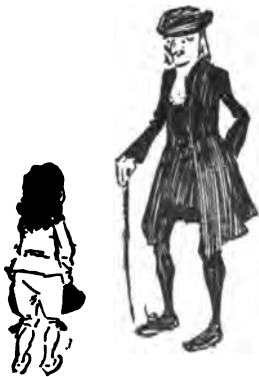
It all depends on the man who writes about clergymen. In *Burgin* is doubtful. the old dramatists you get the time-serving sycophant who sits below the salt and who is the go-between in intrigues. In Thackeray you have the Rev. Dr. Tusher; he is rewarded for his complaisance by marrying the lady's maid. Goldsmith gives us the Rev. Dr. Primrose, who was by nature an admirer of happy human faces. "When," says that loveable divine, "anyone of our relations was found to be a person of very bad character, a troublesome guest, or one we desired to get rid of, upon his leaving my house I ever took care to lend him a riding-coat or a pair of boots, or sometimes a horse of small value, and I always had the satisfaction of finding he never came back to return them." Goldsmith's clergymen are among the happiest of his creations. Who does not remember—

"A man he was to all the country dear,  
And passing rich on forty pounds a year.  
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,  
Nor e'er had changed, or wished to change, his place."

Widely different was this amiable cleric from the well-known modern divine who received a "call" to a richer living. When a visitor wanted to know whether the

Vicar had made up his mind, the Vicar's small son informed him, "Pa's praying for guidance in his study; Ma's packing upstairs." Anthony Trollope's clergyman is always alive—a very human man with all the faults of humanity—a man who sometimes takes a lofty view of his holy calling, but, who, in other cases, simply uses it as a means to an end. The most shocking story I ever heard of a clergyman happened some fifty years ago; but not even the wildest caricaturist could have dared to depict such a man in a book or on the stage. He had been promised the reversion of a very fat living, the occupant of which was an old man with one foot in the grave. Meantime, there came to him the offer of a living superior to the one he then occupied, but not so good as the one held by the old man. The old man was ill, but the parson,

seeking preferment, did not want to miss the inferior living in case the old man should recover. His Bishop demanded a decision one way or the other. The last day allowed for the decision had come, and the seeker after preferment was in an agony of doubt.



Just as he sat down to write to the Bishop accepting the inferior living, in came a message to say that the old clergyman was dead. "Father, I thank Thee," said the self-seeking cleric, and immediately accepted the better living. I may mention that he had had the old clergyman's house watched for a fortnight in order to get the first news of his death. This, of course, is an extreme case, and would not be credited for a moment in fiction, but looked upon as a caricature.

With regard to the stage cleric, you have only to go and see *Trilby* to get an answer to the question. The clergyman in that play is "on" for a few minutes only; but he looks at questionable photographs, evinces a prurient curiosity, and suggestively conveys to the audience that the cloth is but an accident with him. Give him opportunity and he will rollick with the wildest of laymen.

To come down to modern instances in fiction, Mr. H. G. Wells' clerics in the *Wonderful Visit* are very finely drawn. The loveable Vicar, with his passion for collecting, and the darkly suspicious Curate are equally true to life. Take, for instance, the scene between the Vicar and the Angel:

"What is this?" said the Angel abruptly.

"That's a stuffed kingfisher. I killed it."

"Killed it!"

"Shot it," said the Vicar, "with a gun."

"Shot. As you did me?"

"I didn't kill you, you see. Fortunately."

"Is killing making like that?"

"In a way."

"Dear me. And you wanted to make me like that—wanted to put glass eyes in me and string me up in a glass case full of ugly green and brown stuff?"

"You see," said the Vicar, "I take an interest in birds, and I—(ahem)—collect them. I wanted a specimen——"

"... The Angel thought for a minute. 'Do you often *kill*?' he asked the Vicar."

But in most modern books "the fool curate" is a stock character, and is easily caricatured. On the whole, I am inclined to think that for every well-drawn clergyman on the stage or in fiction, you get about a dozen caricatures. This seems to me a tolerably fair proportion of the facts of the case in real life.

\* \* \* \* \*

As to the clergymen whom we meet in Fielding, and in Thackeray's *Esmond* and the *Virginians*, my own belief is that they are faithful, as well as delightful, portraits. But then, I was not born until almost the end of the eighteenth century, and I therefore cannot say of my own knowledge what sort of men the clergymen of Fielding's day, and of the days of *Esmond* and the Warrington brothers, really were. So far as the clergymen of contemporary fiction are concerned, I can, at this moment, recall very few who seem to be caricatures. "Stiggins" and "Chadband" are certainly caricatures, but I deny that they were clergymen. They were a pair of scoundrelly hypocrites, but they were not in holy orders. Barrie's "Little Minister" was a thoroughly good fellow, and I like him very much, but, speaking for myself, and, be it carefully understood, not for *The Idler*, I cannot call a meenister of the "Auld Lichts" a clergyman. There are quantities of "meenisters" in the other novels of the kailyard school, but no Anglican will admit that they are clergymen. Of course, I am extremely bigoted. At least I try to be; and if anyone will show me how to be more bigoted than I am, I will extend to him my warmest thanks. I will go to the stake, or I will even read one of Miss

Alden says  
no clergyman is  
criticised in  
English fiction.

—'s romances, sooner than abandon the conviction that a man is not a clergyman unless he is in holy orders. Of course, there are unpleasant clergymen, just as there are noble "meenisters," but to draw an unpleasant clergyman is not necessarily to caricature him. There are Charlotte Brontë's curates. They were not the sort of men for whose society one would seriously pine, but I do not imagine that they were caricatures. There are Bulwer's clergymen. To be sure they were not alive, being, like most of Bulwer's people, men in the astral form, rather than men of flesh and blood; but surely they could not be classed as caricatures. If I recollect aright, Miss Broughton has given us only one or two clergymen. I should not like to meet either of them at a tea-party, but I will not admit that Miss Broughton ever caricatured anyone, though she created a number of eccentric, but entirely real people. Perhaps Thackeray's *Charles Honeyman* was a caricature, and there can be but little doubt that the clergyman who figures in the latter part of *Tribby* was a gross caricature. Then, again, the clergyman mentioned in *Tess*, who refused to bury Tess's baby on the ground that it was unbaptized, was a caricature, for there is not a clergyman in all England, whether Anglican or Roman, who would deny that Tess's baptism of her baby was perfectly valid. Still, these few instances of real or possible caricature do not affect the fact that, as a rule, no clergyman is caricatured in English fiction.

The reason is plain. No writer cares to array against himself the great body of



English novel readers. If he were to caricature a clergyman he would wound the feelings of thousands of devout people, who would ever after carefully abstain from buying his books. This may not be a very lofty motive, but it is a sufficient one to keep the novelist from caricaturing the clergy. Then, again, there are novelists who, from conscientious motives, abstain from caricaturing clergymen. Sir Walter Besant has again and again shown his detestation of what he erroneously imagines to be "Ritualism," but he does not caricature even the Ritualist. It may be that the clergy are caricatured in the novels written by New Women, but I have never found time to read them, and therefore I have no knowledge of the way in which the New Woman treats the clergy. I am told that she is in the habit of ridiculing marriage as it is generally understood, and hence she would naturally ridicule

clergymen who perform the marriage ceremony. But the question put to me was limited to the "clergymen of fiction," and I have yet to learn that the vapourings of discontented women have any claim to be called by the honourable name of fiction.

Nobody really knows, and opinions only serve to obscure the truth. There are many visible aspects of a clergyman; there are many invisible. One must consider the clergyman as he appears to himself, as he appears to his friends, and as he appears to his enemies. The problem reminds me of that famous brain-puzzling John of Oliver Wendell Holmes, because here also we must consider the clergyman as he really is, *i.e.*, in the eyes of his Maker; and at present our development doesn't stretch so far. To compare one thing with another it is as well to know something about both, and anybody who will follow up and amplify my arguments will discover that he knows nothing, or very little, about a clergyman. Then comes another difficulty.

There are a great many clergymen, and they probably differ as much mentally as physically. If, now, it be impossible to properly estimate a single clergyman, how shall we judge clergymen? And when we have given up the work as hopeless, must we not hesitate to say whether novelists and dramatists have caricatured him? Quite recently, while out shooting, I met a farmer who is reputed to be a marvellous weather prophet. "How will to-morrow turn out?" I asked him, and the wiseacre, after looking round the country very carefully, remarked, "It may rain or it may keep fine." This luminous way of treating a question may safely be applied to the one under discussion. The Clergyman of Fiction and the Stage may or may not be a caricature; but those who devise, depict, read, or see him are not in the position to judge. To decide the difficult question every living clergyman must be weighed in an impossible mental balance, and then the result will only apply to the present generation. The caricature of to-day may be the faithful presentation of the eighteenth or twentieth century. When those who care to do so, have disentangled these difficulties, I have yet another. Here it is. The average man and woman takes his idea of a clergyman largely from books, to some extent from plays, and in a very tiny degree from a personal experience, which is almost inevitably prejudiced and founded on the false assumption that every action is a sign of rare individuality. The tendency of the average man is to measure humanity by books and plays rather than take the trouble to reverse the order.

He is a modern Procrustes; a combination of the daily paper, the popular book, and the successful play, form the bed, to fit which he lops or stretches every personality he comes across. Not having yet written a book or a play, I am free to confess that I doubt the absolute accuracy of novelists and dramatists, and, without prejudice to the good terms on which I stand with many editors, I think the editorial insight into character is not necessarily better than that of the average man who charges nothing for his opinions and yet asks the full market value. Novelist, dramatist, and editor have but one wish in the matter, to be interesting and convincing. It is an odds-on chance that, if they came with a really accurate analysis of character, the result would be so unlike what popular imagination creates, that book and play and paper would fail. Several writers of books and plays have told me that the failure of their efforts has been due to their extraordinary merit. Finally, I confess that the problem is quite beyond my range of satisfactory solution, and I have been content with an endeavour to get a divorce for Fact against Theory and Sentiment. I trust the Court of Common-Sense, to which I appeal, will grant a Decree Nisi. I shall not ask for costs; they will come from my editor, who will have the custody of the arguments.



There are clergymen and clergymen; there is fiction and fiction; and there is drama and drama. I have met some very real and agreeable clergymen in fiction who were not unlike those I have met in real life, and I suppose it is generally agreed that Anthony Trollope's Bishops were *plus royaliste que le roi*—more like Bishops than the Bishops themselves. Time was when the clergyman in his chrysalis or curate stage, held the field in minor novels, and opulent ladies manœuvred for the possession of

Pett Ridge  
"hedges."

his fair hand with no success, because his heart was already given to a governess of no great wealth but immense amiability of temper, and her he married on the last page, and shared with her his fortune of £120 a year. Later, came a time when it appeared that clergymen had more strength of character than we had hitherto suspected, for they took to committing blunders, such as murder and arson and breach of promise, and, not being men to brag, kept it all very dark until one quiet Sunday evening when what must they do but go up into the pulpit and give to amazed parishioners, in lieu of a sermon, a frank record of life and crimes. Just now he is less in evidence, but when he does appear he is generally very muscular; he knocks



people down all over the book, and he can put such a twist on the ball at cricket that mere laymen are bowled out before they know it. Meeting him in real life, one finds that he manages to call on people, and he does as much good as he can, sees that his poor are souped and blanketed, he remembers everyone's complaint, never mixing them, and when he takes the chair at dinners, they sing with some truth when his health is proposed, "For he's a jolly good fellow." He does it all so admirably that seeing it is like seeing Mr. Charles Hawtrey act; it looks as if anyone could do it. But you just try.

I know more than one clergyman in the East End who could have stood as a model for Father Sturt in Arthur Morrison's new (and clever) book. When one thinks of the stolid persistence of these men, striding about their grimy parishes with a Humane Society belt ever ready to throw to those who are sinking in a sea of vice; and when one compares this with the elaborate care that most of us take to avoid doing good to any but ourselves, the feeling comes that it is pretty cheap humour to cast ridicule on any one member of their profession.

This is why the newly-invented clergyman who appears in musical farces with smoothly-parted fair hair and a vacuous countenance always makes one inclined to throw something. He generally brings on a carpet-bag, an article now kept exclusively for the stage and for his use; he is very nervous in the presence of ladies, and smart young gentlemen in the army score off him as easily as anything. If he sings, which is seldom, because he is generally hustled off, and his carpet-bag thrown after him, when the last repartee at his expense has been scored, it is generally something to the effect that—

"In an omnibus I got (oh, it cost me such a lot),  
And I sat there munching quietly some cake,  
When in stepped a lady fair who sat down near me with care—  
She seemed to be unusually awake.  
The conductor came downstairs and looked in to take the fares,  
And then the lady hurriedly withdrew.  
She said she'd lost her purse, and, well I began to—hem,  
For unfortunately I'd lost mine too.  
Oh! I'm really very sorry I came to London town,  
It does seem such a ——"

The thoughtless laugh at this, but the judicious go out and buy guns. Everybody knows enough about the drama to tell Mr. Redford what he ought to do; and I declare that if I were Mr. Redford and I had a little blue pencil, I should draw a line

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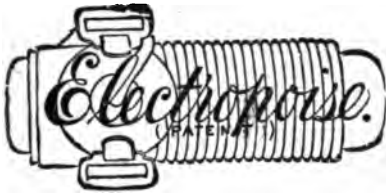
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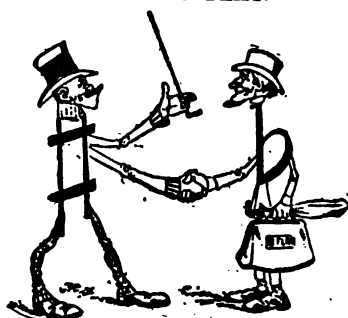
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### THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF MR. SHARP AND MR. FLAT.



athwart all comic clergymen, place at the side a large sign to indicate deletion, and telephone to Covent Garden for a six-and-five-eighths laurel wreath for my own wear.

But perhaps musical farces are not drama. They cannot be when one comes to think of it, because musical farces are alive, and the drama, so everyone says, is not. The number of Mr. Curdles who are going about at the present time saying, "The drama, my dear sir, is gone, perfectly gone," is past counting. And yet Pinero—do you remember the Rev. Noel Price in *The Hobby Horse*—and Sydney Grundy are with us, and there are others whom we may trust to put clergymen, or any other men, on the stage, and to make them real, and to make them convincing. May all good dramatists live for ever!

\* \* \* \* \*

In the matter of parsons the stage but rarely holds the mirror up to nature. The elements in the clerical character that lend themselves to caricature are many and strongly marked, and it is not the fault of either actor or dramatist if the stage parson is often like the stage servant-maid without any counterpart in actual life. Intense earnestness is sometimes droll. The sincere cleric, without imagination and with a narrow mind, who honestly desires to be faithful in little things and who only succeeds in becoming passionately enthusiastic about trifles, or the worldly wisest, preaching an unworldly gospel, glorifying the saints and ascetics in the pulpit, but preferring the Sybarites and the sinners in the drawing-room, are intensely comic personalities, and a great temptation to those who would picture the humours of our social life. The finer elements, and finer types of clerical character have not as yet been sufficiently studied by the dramatists, and are, moreover, difficult of treatment on the stage, and so, although the clergyman is a commoner object alike in the play and in the audience than he was thirty years ago, he is only occasionally a faithful picture, and in the majority of cases is simply an exaggerated impersonation of certain common and well accentuated clerical characteristics.

Frederick Rogers explains the present situation.



Audiences enjoy a laugh at clerical foibles, but they prefer that the parson shall be a good man, and if he is on the side of the weak and helpless like Mr. Eden in *It's Never too Late to Mend*, his popularity is immense—far greater than that of the ordinary character who does the same things; while if he is a hypocrite or a cad he is more bitterly hated than even the ruffian who tramples on his wife. As the hero of Adelphi melodrama (imagine such a thing if you can in the days of Benjamin Webster and Madame Celeste) he is a popular personage, but is hardly taken seriously. Audiences know very well he is only a variation of the ordinary type of hero, with nothing clerical about him but his dress. The most carefully elaborated stage cleric is the comedy parson; he is, and is perhaps meant to be, a caricature. Generally an archdeacon or a minor canon, he talks impossible platitudes; impossible even for a clergyman. He seasons them occasionally with a little humour, is redolent of respectability and old port, and is invariably bullied by his wife. Audiences like him, there is enough of truth and common nature in the caricature to make it palatable. The dramatic possibilities that lie in spiritual heroism and spiritual conflict have been finely indicated by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, but he has given us no



really great clerical study, though *Michael* and *Judah* were fine conceptions. George du Maurier—his pencil a magic wand, his pen but a conjuring stick—in his parson in *Trilby* has added only one more to the list of clerical caricatures, with none of the power or the finish that marks his caricatures elsewhere.

In fiction the clergyman has better chances, and we know him in the modern novel as our great-grandfathers did in the books of Fielding and Jane Austen. There is more variation of type, but caricature only comes in of set purpose, or because the author does not understand his character. The Church dignitary in the *Sinners Comedy* is like no cleric that ever lived, and from every clerical standpoint is an impossibility. The finest clerical studies in present day fiction are, perhaps, those of George Macdonald and Mrs. Humphry Ward. With Mrs. Ward the clergyman is the servant of society, with Dr. Macdonald he is a spiritual athlete wrestling with the deepest problems of the soul. Dr. Macdonald's conception of the religious teacher is too high for caricature, but he has plenty of sly touches of humour at the littlenesses of religious people, as in the dean's wife who counts her husband among the saints because he stopped in the street to speak to a pauper. Of the parson as the parson paints him the mere layman is unwise to speak. Sometimes we understand our own order better than those who are outside it, and the clerical novelist now sets forth the ideals and the errors of his cloth. Mr. Crockett shows us better than any other clerical writer how finely this can be done. For him the teacher of religion is a man with a man's faults and weaknesses, gathering out of the blunders of life strength and sympathy to help those among whom he ministers. By the side of this ideal the priest is an archaism, and the society cleric an impertinence and a sham.

\*     \*     \*     \*     \*

**F. Frankfort**  
**Moore alleges that**  
**the clergyman of**  
**fact is a caricature.**

My experience certainly leads me to believe that it is not the clergyman of fiction but the clergyman of fact who is a caricature. Every writer of books has had, I am persuaded, the same experience as has fallen to my lot, when the exigencies of his art have compelled him to bring a clergyman into some prominence in a story. In one book I ventured to describe a clergyman precisely as I had known him. He knew a good deal more about '34 port than he did about the Thirty-Nine Articles, and he held peculiar views on the subject of the marriage ceremony. He was accustomed to complain bitterly of the amount of good that was being done by the pirated publication of a volume of his sermons in America. Although he daily received letters from persons in the States who had been induced to lead a new life through reading this volume, he had never received a single penny from the pirate-publisher. Could anything be more disgraceful? he asked me more than once, while recapitulating his grievance. Nothing, I assured him; but, latterly, after giving the question more careful thought, I have come to the conclusion that there are a few more legitimate grievances in the world than that of seeing sinners reformed without the agents obtaining a commission on the transaction. I need scarcely say that my portrait of this special clergyman was pronounced a gross caricature. Again, I referred to a clergyman—he was a Bishop—who had endeavoured, through the agency of his chaplain, to sell me an article to which he had referred as an “antique carved oak press,” and which I proved answered this description very well, only that it was not antique, it was not carved, nor was it oak. It was a writer in a paper with well-defined agnostic tendencies who declared that this story was a pure (only pure was not the word he employed) fabrication. It so happened, however, that every word of the story was strictly true, only I suppressed

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### THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF MR. SHARP AND MR. FLAT.

(Continued from p. xiv.)



II.



III



IV.



V.

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